

HENRY DARGER -

"THE REALMS OF
THE UNREAL"

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VOLUME 1

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VOLUME ONE.

OF THE STORY OF THE CIVILIAN GIRLS,

IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE REALMS OF THE UNREAL,

OF THE GLANDECO-ANGELINIAN WAR STORM,

CAUSED BY THE UNITED SLAVE REBELLION...

FOURTY SEVEN CHAPTERS TO VOLUME.....

WRITTEN BY H. J. DARGOFF.

THIS VOLUME ONE..... IS COMPLETELY FINISHED,

AND ALL DETAILS CONFIRMED AS I THE WRITER AND ORIGINATOR

WISHES IT SHALL BE SAID CONFIRMED.

IT SHALL NOT BE DUPLICATED, NO ONE SHALL BE ALLOWED TO
MAKE STATEMENTS OF THIS STORY SAYING IT IS A TRUE FACT

AND NOTHING ELSE SHALL BE WRITTEN IN IT OR ANYTHING ELSE ON DETAIL

THEREOF..... SIGNED. H. J. SAUNDERS SAUNDERS:

ORIGINAL WRITER.

TOTAL NAME OF STORY. IN THE REALMS OF THE UNREAL....

Descriptions about seventy of disasters, and of the power and ways of great Blengiglomenean creatures. A dventure with the powerful spies known as the Gemini. Twenty seven other incidents, mostly with Blengiglomenean creatures, and also storms. Seven incidents during the break of the war.
Seen in chapter one.....Volume one.

Seige and battle at Crowley.....seen in chapter two, volume One.

Christian army under Concoctinian Aronburg victorious at the second battle of Crowley called the two battles of Kromor.....

.....Also seen in chapter two.....volume One.

Undecided conflicts ending at Jennie-Wren-Town. Chapter two. Volume one.

Tornado at Jennie-Wren Town. ..Seen in chapter three, volume one.

Great victory for christian armies at Jennie Wren Town. Battle of three days duration. Seen in chapter three. Volume one.

Christian defeat at Pullaway, and Angelinia Agathis threatened. Seen in second part of chapter three, Volume One.

Christian victory at Titanic Fiar. Chapter three. Volume one.

Christian victory at the battle of Titan River.Seen in chapter three, ...Volume One.

General Campaigns Angelinian and other christian armies badly outwitted at the three days sanguinary battle of Snowflake Gap, seen in chapter three... Volume One.

Christian advance checked at the battle of Beoc Beppo Necklace.... seen in chapter three..... Volume One.

Christian army under Aronburg worsted at the battle of Pepper-Necklace.....Seen in chapter three. Volume One.

Christian advance delayed by battle at Clatterville.....Seen in chapter three. Volume One.

Kindernines christians victorious at the battle of Henrietta, seen in chapter three also, Volume one.

Christians capture the cities of O-M-B-B, Onion, Allia, Carr, Career, Foamious, Famous, Fort Galson, and Beehive after desperate battles. Seen in chapter three. Volume one.

THE STORY OF THE BRAVERY OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS, CALLED VIOLET, AND HER SISTERS, IN THE REIGN OF TERROR, OR THE GREAT GLANDCO-ANGELINIAN WAR....

INTRODUCTION:

This description of the great war, and its following results, is perhaps the greatest ever written by an author, on the line of any fabulous war, that could ever be intitled, with such a name. The war lasted about ~~five~~ years and seven months in this story,, and the author of this book has taken over eleven years in writing out the long and graphic details, and has fought on from day, to day, in order to win for the christians side this long and bloody war, and though the christians had been threatened with defeat, on account of a strange Aronburg mystery which could not be solved by any one, not even myself, they finally won when they turned the tide against the enemy at the frightful battle of Aronburg Run.

The Aronburg mystery as well as the murder of the Aronburg child, had threatened the doom of the three christian states, for the whole length of the great Glandco Angelinian war, and it was predicted that the solving of the Aronburg mystery or for the revenge of her assassins, was the only hope for any chance of the christian nation winning the war. Abbieanna managed to crush Glandelinia herself, after Claverinia had been ruined, and almost destroyed, and Angelinian nation almost wiped out in her armies.

By Henry Joseph Darger.
The author of thrilling story.

The scenes of this story as its title indicates, lies among the nations of an unknown or imaginary world or countries; with our earth as their moon, though there are two big islands belonging to Glandelinia that well form the shapes of our lands. The names of these nations are Angelinia, Abyssinkile, Protestantia, and Abbieanna four great Catholic nations, there being no protestant nations. Other Catholic nations but rivals of Glandelinia also are, Mormonia, Hickenile, Hickencille,, Condormonia, Glandlina, Spoomia, Croetoria, Madorria, Claressinia, and Fruetinia. Next to Abbieanna Glandelinia is the most powerful of them all, and three quarters of the population are as wicked as wickedness can be. There are scores of other nations, but their names are not given. The two nations Glandelinia, and Abbieanna, alone have in this story hundreds of thrillions of men, many thrillions of women, and children. The names of the Oceans are the same as the nations,.....

THIS imaginary planet is a thousand times as large as our own world and the largest body of water known as the Angelinian seas, could hold scores of our own worlds, and still have room.

its near neighbor and the next largest ocean called the Mc-Whirthian sea, but which is the Protestantian Ocean, on account of its heat waves sweeping into the cool Angelinian sea, and drawing down upon its waters the colder atmospheres of the Calverinian winters, is a most dangerous and fatal ocean, for typhoons which carry all before them, even in swooping the land, occur so frequently that no one dares travel on it during the typhoon seasons. The Angelinian seas also have frequently severe typhoons which havoc every thing in an instant. Governor Hanson, and his brother Governor Robert Angelic Vivian, with their two wives, brothers, and the little Vivian girls, are the main ones related in this story. The beautiful children are so pretty that it could never be described. Before and during the war as we will see as we proceed, these brave little girls passed through indescribable horrors, but their imprisonment at Calverine, and Andrean, was the worse suffering which they experienced before the out break of the great war.

In this story for more than forty three years, child slavery existed in the Calverinian country. Hundreds of thousands of children, torn from their parents were thrown into the horrible factories, made to work themselves to death without getting a cent, and horrors upon horrors almost equalled that of perdition.

Abbieannia made four attempts to break this evil, in waging four wars with Glandelinia and though successful in the war did not completely stamp out this dreadful cancer eating at the heart of the wicked nation. Before the Glandco-Angelinian war broke out Abbieannia had threatened to strike down the Glandelinian a nation with one deliberate war, but other nations mediated untill the danger of struggling with the foe was averted for only two weeks and then bang, bang, as Angelinia drove in herself despite all mediators.

The fifth war, the War of 1841 was so successful for Abbieannia, that she succeeded in freeing the Calverinian nation from the powers of Glandelinia, but failed to have the desired effects of the child slave horrors. Smaller nations not named had been overthrown by Glandelinia, millions of child children alone had been carried off, and for forty years, the poor child children had lain blind and bleeding in those Glandelinian child slave prisons of horror, imploring for help from bondage seemingly in vain.

No slavery had been as cruel and shocking as this, and Angelinia herself looked on in horror, but as long as Hanson or his brother did not make any move that threatened war with Glandelinia, nothing could be done.

During the bloodiest war of eighteen forty three, the Calverinian country succeeded to Angelinia, and Abbieannia, and this brought the first serious trouble between Glandelinia and Abbieannia, which led to the destruction of the ship loaded with children, and the Kings Wife and daughter and which caused the Kings death when he heard the news. At the same time Abyssinkile had desired to make a junction with Angelinia, and at this news Glandelinia went mad, and struck a blow against Abyssinkile, but Abbieannia in the war of eighteen forty one put a stop to her folly.

Only two years later after the great war was over, the child slavery which had only slackened, only was renewed and expanded so rapidly that the Zimmermanian councils rushed orders for the crushing of that worse of evils and so war was declared, and Calverinia invaded, the foe driven out, and their own country invaded by the Abbieannians, and the wicked nation brought to her knees. Some of the most terrible things in the first part of the story are the ravages caused by the Glandco-Angelinian war, and by typhoons of great and destructive force. Great heat waves moving northward cross the Calverinian country, and also the cool Angelinian seas, and as it sweeps into the atmosphere of the Angelinian seas, the hot tropical sun causes the lower layers of air to expand, while lifting the upper layers like a great gaseous sheet at the same time. The lifted gas then spreads uniformly, outward in all directions, thus causing the heated area to become one of low pressure, while the surrounding area has its pressure increased.

An ascent of air from an limited area causes an uprush which forces a local chimney through the upper upper atmosphere it contains, becomes condensed thus liberating as heat, a large amount of energy, which had been previously stored up in the process of evaporation. In turn this still rarifies the ascending current so that the draught is strengthened.

Warm vapor laden air blows in from all sides at the bottom to supply the partial vacuum, and the current in meeting at the center and rush past one another produce a whirling motion, which is increased by the additional new volumes of light air, which is condensed into clouds. These spread outward in the upper regions, and the central area becomes quickly through some mysterious cause one immense suction, which increases in violence, the motion, becoming more spirial, being now more than overcame, by suction into the great roaring vortex. Motion around the center develops a stronger vacuum with the greatest violence in its immense stem of thousand mile funnel, which the layers of clouds spread far from the whirling storm brings upon the

region not struck by the cyclonic wind, fearful cloud bursts and floods, which commits almost as severe damage. This is the formation of the typhoons that sweeps the Mc-Whirthian seas in particular and which tear their way into the Calverinian seas, and commit so much damage to the cities and towns, and the forests along the shores of Abbieannia, and Angelinia. Motion of this kind is called gyratory motion.

The wind of the worse of these typhoons blow at a rate too high to be measured, but certainly one hundred times the velocity of the wildest tornadoes. The violence of the vortex prostrates, and sweeps away whole forests, and devastates the strongest cities, raising waves on the Angelinian, Calverinian, and Mc-Whirthian seas that overwhelm the largest ships, and at times swamps low islands. On the advancing side of the typhoons which are the wildest there is very little rain or hail, but as the storm sweeps over the shore, and land, the rain falls in blinding torn torrential sheets like torrents which are driven horizontally by the wind and broken into blinding spray, so that objects become invisible at a distance of thirty feet. Typhoons which threaten the Calverinian coast, in winter, but which, fortunately pass off many times, are nevertheless attended with the most blinding blizzard and snow storms that could ever be described. Calverinian summers are long, and Calverinian winters are long. The winter is extremely cold at times, and mild at other times, but in all cases no winter passes without forty great snow storms every winter. Summer is so scorching that millions of people unused to such climate move up to the north or into the Angelinian country to get away from the terrific heat.

The Typhoons which traversed the Mc-Whirthian seas are defined as immense tornadoes of exceeding great violence, in which unlike the tornado the area covered by the whirl is too large for the gyration to be always determined by deflection due to their earth's rotation. Different from the tornado in size, yet like the tornado it quickly becomes extinct, despite its size, but nevertheless travels an enormous distance despite the resistance it encounters from the surrounding air and the earth. The direction of its progress is generally northeastward, and the gyratory motion is opposite to the motion of the hands of a watch.

It is hard to determine when the typhoon forms but they are known to show their terrifying appearance in the afternoons or even evenings, though more occasionally during the typhoon seasons, and more frequently in the Mc-Whirthian seas than the Cold Northern seas. There are some storms called Angelinian hurricanes, which exceed over ten thousand miles in circumference, while the path of the whole typhoon storm outside of its whirling destructive motion is nearly twelve thousand miles in width, its path of death and destruction being less than two thousand miles, its greatest force being the extent of one thousand, and its greatest vacuum one hundred hundred miles. The centrifugal force developed in gyration so close to the axis is too enormous to be real, and the diminution of the atmospheric pressure at the main center is such as to create a wild vacuum whose tremendous roar could be heard for two hours before the wind strikes.

Hence when a typhoon of this sort passes over a city, the sudden expansion and crush of air tears the houses to fragments in a very short time.

The whirling mass of air around the extensive axis moves solid masses many thousands of tons in weight, and scatters towns like chaff on either side of its path. The general formation of these typhoons are the same as the tornadoes but more quicker. Dark clouds meet from opposite sides of the sky in a head long rush. Gyratory motion is established and warm air is drawn up into the vortex from below, while an ascending twisting column of air spreads out spirally as it joins the clouds above, but as the storm progresses forward, and grows larger, the cone shape cloud gets so large large that it cannot be distinguished as the form of a dark whirling funnel and as the motion increases in vocal, and violence, nearly the entire funnel descends untill it sweeps the sea. The column when full grown has a progressive motion that varies from fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred miles in three hours but does not rise or descend at intervals like the American tornado, but sweeps on like the hurricane, while the rushing of the wild wildly conflicting elements produce a loud roaring sound, that can be heard at the distance of fifty miles before it strikes.

There are also peculiar typhoons, which are generally nicknamed the peevish typhoons. These blow in different varieties than the gyratory-typhoons lasting only a brief time. One variety is somewhat like a terrific hurricane in its raging fury, these storms occurring any time of the year, having no general seasons whatever, but they are more frequently raging in March, April, May, June to December. From March to May they expend their force and become gyratory, their force lasting but a very few hours carrying all before them like the typhoon at Jennie Wren Town before the great battle there. In the months of June to December, they have a calm center like the hurricane, but during the

other months when they become more violent their center is but a few rods in width and so rage like the tornado carrying all before them. In this period their fury is unaccountable and their force is the greatest at the beginning. Their approach is similar to that of a thunderstorm but the clouds are more freakish and more denser, and the storm occasionally displays whirling funnels. They are generally mistaken as hurricanes, but the Angolinian hurricanes are very slight, and only wreck weak structures. Typhoons of these kind are considered as violent gyrators which may have lost its greater force as they generally strike the Calverinian shores and Angolinian coast in the east. Of the main description concerning the so-called poorish typhoons is well to be related. They are really of different varieties, and many varieties. One general variety known as the Spirian Tearian has three varieties. One variety which is temporarily mild in fury occurs only in the months of July and August and this is the first variety which blows in a similar way like the hurricane but are far more violent and not quite so long. These hurricane like storms are not so long, but the worse kind which are described during and before the war are worth noting. One of the most noted is the terrific typhoon at Jennie Wren town before the battle occurred there. Never have these storms got anything called lulls.

The first storm in chapter one was also one of these kind, and the great typhoon that shipwrecked governor Hanson and the rest at Calverine was one of these storms, and another tore the city of Evangelistia sometime before the Glandco-Angolinian war, and one that swept the Angolinian coast late in the Summer season of eighteen seventy two. The most violent of these had swept Jennie Wren town and other cities, and another great one occurred during the later Easter Season of Eighteen Forty. There are three reasons why these typhoons got such names. As they are gy ratorial in motion all three of the varieties are exceedingly violent and vehement in force, and make such an indescribable clamor that nothing else can be heard.

The second reason is because they make such an angry roar in its approach. The third reason is because of its sudden outburst. The first varieties are generally called hurricanes by the Angolinians though that is not their proper name. Their character is notably different, their force much greater, and their approach swift and clamorous like the tornado.

At the advancing side of these typhoons the thunder lightning and rain fall is peculiarly violent, but at the rear portions of the storm the rainfall is very violent though there is very little thunder and lightning, and floods usually follow. These storms generally occur in the typhoon seasons which is the month of September, to April and May, though they have been known to appear in the other months as well. But in the months named they are unusually, and frequently more violent than ever imagined.

The first variety is generally called the Sirocannian Typhoon. The second variety generally occurs from the month of October to April, but are more frequent in October, than in any of the other months. Their velocity is never accurately known. They are exceedingly destructive and extremely wild, the Salablanian typhoons a good deal being its resemblance.

They advance like the tornado making a roar heard for miles in its approach. The rush of the conflicting elements is something terrific, the violence of the wind carrying all before it. The thunder and lightning is similarly violent throughout the whole storm, and make raging floods. This storm is generally called the Spirian Tearian typhoon. The Third variety is in the form like the tornado. But however they are the wildest. The force of such a storm cannot be described. They are completely gy ratorial in motion, and advance in a more straight course than the other two varieties. Their duration is seldom more than two hours and their velocity is generally unaccountable, moving at a rate contrary to its tremendous whirling velocity. Their fury at times can change the region swept by them into a general wind hell, and terrific are the circumstance that follow in its wake. By the Angolinians they are called the Demonedanian TYPHOONS; by the Abbieannians the Salablanian Tornadoes.

Jennie Wren town was predicted struck by one of these during the last day of March Eighteen Forty One, which slew three hundred thousand people, and destroyed property valued at three hundred million dollars alone in that city, and its surrounding districts. It gave not the slightest warning, and its roar was only heard when within grasp of the already doomed city. Hundreds of towns and cities were wrecked the coast on the Island of Hickencile, and the main land of Calverinia suffering the greatest, as there incalculable damage was done for the distance of two thousand five hundred miles, and cities and towns by hundreds were demolished beyond repair in fourteen hours.

Its rate was never known though many believed that it traveled thirty three thousand six hundred miles in fourteen hours. This was much disputed. It took nearly forty years to repair the damage done, and was worse of all it tore across a good portion of Abbieannia committing damage that was not repaired yet as far as the Glandco Angolinian war itself. It tore across a portion of Abbieannia and Concontinian country at the same time it being Easter Sunday of Eighteen Forty one, where it destroyed three hundred billion billions of dollars worth of property, and killing and wounding three million people. This is one of the first greatest calamities that occurred before the great Angolinia Agathia disaster which also smote Abbieannia before she barely recovered from the other disaster. Its origin was considered as gy ratorial like the Abbieannian storm of August the Thrid, but its velocity was never learned also. In the Abbieannian state Tripolygonia which had been swept along its eastern coast, hundreds of towns and cities were completely wrecked and destroyed, and the death list was considered as nine hundred thousand. This disaster also occurred on an Easter Sunday. Two months after the disaster it was found that seven million people had lost their lives in these three Abbieannian states.

Abbieannia had been the scene of many terrific typhoons, but the greatest one occurring on Easter Sunday in eighteen Eighty nine caused the greatest damage. Concontinia was the center of all the woeful misery and distress, it being stated that seven thousand cities towns, and villages had been destroyed in this nation along the eastern coast. This was only the second time that Abbieannia had suffered such a visitation for a similar typhoon of Eighty Eighteen eighty nine but in the fall, had occurred along the western coast which killed nine million people and destroyed six thousand cities and towns. Recently violent Terrocian Typhoons that had been vastly destructive to property and lives in addition of that in Abbieannia occurred two years before the Angolinia Agathia disaster while the whole Mc-Whirthian sea was in a very cyclonic condition. One was the type typhoon of June 23th which swept southern Dandobia and Tripolygonia, and crossing the innermost coast of Calverinia, killing about three million, three hundred thousand people, and destroying two hundred cities, and hundreds of villages and large towns.

Another in August of the same year which tore across the coast of Protestantia killing five hundred thousand, and destroying three hundred towns and cities. Again the whole of Protestantia was swept the year later in the same month, by a gy ratorial typhoon of the Thrid variety, which destroyed five million people, and caused so much damage that Abbieannia and other nations had to go to the aid of the severely smitten nation. Mormonia the same month was swept by a hellish Terrocian typhoon which tore across her southern and western coast and screaming like a sea filled with demons, destroying thousands of cities, and towns, and prostrating whole forests, with a loss of life that was unaccountable, or never accurately estimated, though sixteen million, and thirty million injured had been extracted within two weeks weeks after the frightful disaster.

How many dead there were was never known though 11,899,888 were found within the two weeks. The force of the storm prostrated millions of trees, a thousand feet high, and fourteen hundred feet in circumference, and raised waves along the coast that swept fourteen miles inland. The next year the year of Angolinia Agathias disaster in the month of March Hickencile was again visited by a strange and most peculiar typhoon never listed among the named storms of such varieties ever known. But though a strange storm, its force was something terrible, and made an unsolved toll of lives and a property loss of sixty million dollars. The cause of such a kind of typhoons are never known though it is stated that the eastern Mc-Whirthian seas may be responsible on account of the hot atmosphere over its surface.

South or northerly winds from the Angolinian seas west of Min Hickencile generally drive these extensive hot waves across the eastern Mc-Whirthian seas with great speed, whose opposing currents of winds from the cooler Calverinian seas, and from the winter regions of Calverinia and Angolinia generally starts these terrific and destructive storms which travels northeastward and annihilates all before it. These strange and terrific typhoons generally form in the extreme southern regions seventy thousand miles southwest southwest of the group of the great Flenglomenean islands, and some of the fiercest further south or north also crossing the regions of Abbieannia and Concontinian shores. There are eight others of the Spirian Tearian typhoons. Snobannian typhoons of mild force called gales, which move in any course, and do little or no damage. They probably form at small distances and have a short way to travel, and do not have much force. Their velocity is about eighty miles an hour at its worst. The Terranian typhoons traveling across the southern and middle regions of the Mc-Whirthian seas seldom hit the shores,

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and to the great fortune of the nations at that. They have four varieties, Spirial, Gyratorial, Demonodanian and Spirian Tearian.

The last two as previously mentioned are wild and dangerous, and woe to the nations afflicted by them. The Spirian Tearian and Demonodanian are much alike in their force, but the Spirian Tearian at times exceeds them all. The third variety is called a Succannian much like the Yellow death that struck in Pinkenole. Their path is one thousand miles, and their force is gradual but dangerous. They are much dreaded by the sailors, but these storms nevertheless seldom hit the shores of the main land. If they did people would have to live in caves and not built houses.

The fourth variety sweeps in the region called the Devils Blow Hole and are called the Banhobocian Typhoon. They are real Terrocians too but of four days duration, and these wind storms known as the black death generally become a Spirian Tearian. They are very extensive their distance being far more however so far that they have never been known to hit the shore. But the hellish destruction witnessed by sailors on islands, and by the inhabitants give reason for these storms to be dreaded. They are the longest storms for their duration, and are the wildest typhoons known, and no tornado can ever equal their speed or violence.

The fifth variety much like the fourth though still longer in duration are not much dreaded as they never hit the land or shore line, but they are feared by the sailors, and no ships sail out during the season of for these storms. They are called the Lin/lenian typhoon. The sixth variety also much like the fourth is called the Mildirian Typhoon. Their velocity is not known but nevertheless they call early all before it. Their path is often five hundred miles wide. Chamberlane and Ophelia got one of these during the month of December on the first day. Their onrush is most swift and terrific, and comes without the slightest warning despite the deafening clamor in its approach. The seventh variety is called the Virthrocon iann Typhoon. Their cause is very mysterious but their character is much like the Spirian Tearian though of longer duration generally raging for three to five days. They are peculiar typhoons and are similar to the fourth variety as their approach is marked by intense blackness of clouds marked at intervals by tremendous lurid lights known as typhoon lights. Their occurrence is very rare along the coast, but frequent out at sea, and form only when the heat waves of are of a years duration. Their formations are generally at the devils blow hole and their path is often eleven thousand miles and their regular force is unknown. They alone do not start with gradual fury. They may be insidious Spirian Ty Tearian Typhoons of exceedingly great violence as they are clamorous in their approach. They approach frequently on a hot after noon in all months of the summer. Here are the greatest typhoons listed.

1. March the 30th 1841. Jennie Wren torn at ruck by a typhoon of the most inconceivable violence. Three hundred thousand killed. Six hundred thousand injured. Property loss three hundred million dollars.

2. March the first 1841. Succannian Typhoon at Abbieannia. Death list seven million. List of injured considered as twenty one million. Property loss three hundred trillion dollars.

3. March the Twenty Third Eighteen hundred ninety one. Abbieannia again torn by Terrocian Typhoon. Death list sixteen million in whole path of storm.

4. January Twenty First 1910. Hanson shipwrecked in north horn Abbieannian seas by violent typhoon of strange character. Great havoc along Angelinian coast. Jennie Wren torn wrecked by same storm whose circumference is thirty eight thousand miles. Three hundred sixty thousand killed, and six hundred thousand injured. Property loss three hundred million dollars.

5. December 5th 1910. Marcucian and whole coast for the distance of ten thousand miles struck and torn by the most terrific storm. Marcucian badly damaged. Hundreds of cities and towns wrecked and blown away. Loss in life never accurately estimated. Angeline also affected. Angeline coast the hardest hit. City of Bondinia prostrated to the ground with thousands of families buried under the ruins. Inroads of the sea carry all before it.

7.

to

July 9th 1911.

Terrific hurricane at the city of Growley. Also at galverine. Loss of lives however are very few, though wounded are great in numbers, and damage to houses very severe. Thousands of trees prostrated.

August 31th. Nineteen eleven. Again galverine and many other cities destroyed by severe typhoon of three days duration. One third of city of galverine swamped and wiped out by dreadful inroads of the galverinian seas. 300,000 killed, and 500,000 injured.....

September 30th. 1911. Hanson and eight-seers caught in a four hours typhoon on the summit of Mt Vivian. No damage reported as no cities or towns were in its path, though the funnel of the cyclone made a great sight in sucking into its whirling focus the molten lava of the volcanoes crater.

November 4th. 1911. Terrific hurricane at Pullaway. Also the cities of Angeline line riches, and Angeline hit by another storm of wind of different character the same day. In whole path of storm the loss in lives and wounded is one hundred sixty three thousand five hundred fifty six.....

November 27th. 1911. Vivian girls caught in severe hurricane at Andean which causes great devastation, and great losses in lives.

January 31th 1912. Vivian Gals caught in terrific hurricane, at region not mentioned here.

February 1th 1912. Hanson on Vivian caught in big typhoon storm in chase of the wicked glandelinian pirates, and is shipwrecked on the northern islands of the Blongia, amonuan island islands.

February 9th 1912. Shipwrecked by a worse storm of same description but of longer duration, but saved.

March 31th 1912/ Shipwrecked at the coast of galverinia near the city of Galverine by a Terrocian Typhoon of four hours duration.

April 7th. 1912. Terrific typhoon of great extent along the Angelinian eastern coast. Four hundred thousand sixty five thousand killed and one million two hundred thousand injured. Prostration of forest cities, and towns.

April 12th. 1912. Five hours hurricane at Growley. Two hundred killed and seven thousand injured.

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March 23th. Jennie-Wren-Town and scores of other cities and small towns prostrated by a two hours typhoon. Loss great but not known.

June 1th. 1912. Vivian girls saved from enemy by a hurricane which breaks loose loose near Pullaway at night.

June 30th. 1912. The Vivian girls are caught out at sea in a leaky boat during a great typhoon. Have a thrilling time, but are saved.

September. 29TH 1912. Terrific hurricane at Galverine. Severe havoc inflicted.

October 7th 1912. Mildred and Carrie wiped out by a typhoon storm.

THE LIST OF GREAT DISASTERS THAT OCCURED BEFORE AND DURING THE WAR ARE AS FOLLOWS;

1. March the thirtieth eighteen forty one, Jennie-Wren-Town struck by typhoon of inconceivable violence. Three hundred thousand killed, six hundred thousand injured. Property loss \$300,000,000. Character of storm unknown. Same typhoon that took Abbeinnia. See in this chapter.

2. Easter Sunday eighteen n forty one. Typhoon at Abbeinnia. Death list sixty million. List of injured, twenty one million. Property loss, \$1: \$300,000,000,000. See in this chapter and other chapters especially chapter one, volume one.

3. March 23, th eighteen seventy eight, Abbeinnia again torn by Terrocian typhoon. Death list to three million. Injured, twenty one million. Part of nation partially crippled in industrial matter. Chapter not given.

4. Moth Month not given. Year 1912. Shipwrecked at Galverine during a four days typhoon. Angelinian governor with Vivian girls on board ship. No one lost. Chapter not given.

5. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and forest fires. Glandelinian suspected of this outri outrage. Volume one. Chapter not given.

6. Another hurricane or typhoon at conclusion of eruption. And frightful clouds of death. Cities wrecked. Loss in lives great. Galverine. Almost overwhelmed by lava flow. Volume one.

7. Five hours hurricane

7. Five hours hurricane or typhoon at Crowley. Two hundred killed and seven thousand injured. Character of storm mysterious. See early part of volume two.

8. Terific typhoon along Angelinian coast. Four hundred thousand killed and four hundred thousand injured and homeless. Prostration of forests and towns.

9. Continuation of volcanic eruptions and windstorms, and tremendous earthquakes produced by eruptions. Two hundred killed and hundreds of thousands injured. Volume one.

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10. March 30th. 1912. Jennie) Jennie-Wren-Town and scores of cities prostrated by eight hours typhoon. Twenty one thousand killed in Jennie-wren-Town alone. List of injured prohibitive. Volume one.

11. Vivian Girls saved from the savagery of Glandelinian horrid horrors at Pullaway by terrific typhoon. Storm broke at night. Volume One.

12. Pullaway burned after being abandoned by Glandelinian hordes and cannad by christian guh guns. Great loss in lives and property. See in volume one.

13. The Vivian girls caught out in a leaky boat during a approaching typhoon but escape after a thrilling experience. Seen in volume one.

14. 1912. Burning of Apple Orchard. Great battle and destruction of lives and property. Forests ignited and burned. Great disasters. Volume one or two.

15. Terrific hurricane at Calvina of three days duration. Severe havoc inflicted. Great inroads of the seas. Sad loss in property. Loss in lives so prohibitive. Volume one.

16. Mildred and Maria Francis devastated and wiped out by scathing battles and forest fires. Great destruction for miles. Frightful carnage and sanguinary loss in lives. Volume one.

17. Typhoon of inconceivable violence along the Angelinian coast. Carrie and Norma wiped out. Terrible loss in lives. Time of great Calmanrinia war disaster. Volume one.

18. Vivian girls as rumored caught in terrific spiral typhoon of devastating violence at Jennie Riches while prisoners among Indelinians. Volume one or two. Jennie Riches series.

19. Vivian girls saved from the horrors of massacre by Spirian Tarian typhoon of inconceivable violence at Jennie Riches. Forests annihilated. Great loss in lives. Volume three. See Jennie Riches series.

20. Rumors about Vivian girls being caught in terrific typhoon that devastated Angelina (Calverinia). But facts not accurately known. Angelina slightly damaged by war horrors. See Aronburgs gun series.

21. Tornado at Angelinia Agathia. One thousand killed. Thirty to sixty thousand homeless. Funnels believed to be outrider of great typhoon then roaring through the Mc-Whirtherian seas. 100,000 injured. Whole blocks leveled to the ground. \$1500 \$15,000,000 damage. Public and presidents headquarters totally wrecked. Occupants annihilated. See Cedernine series.

22. General forest fires south of Angelinia Agathia. Great destruction. Gloria ruined. Fires caused by exceedingly violent battle. November 1th 1915. Volume three. Gloria Series.

23. Burning of Aurandicallio. Considerable loss of lives. Great damage in property loss amounting to millions of dollars. Part of Manuscript not given.

24. Sacramento and Chamberlane destroyed by gigantic spiral spirial Terrocian Typhoon. Twenty thousand killed and sixty thousand injured. Two cities completely leveled. Volume three. N Cedernine Series.

25. Roseanna Hogan swept by Spirian Tarian Typhoon. Christian a miles thrown into a conglomerate of confusion. No loss of lives reported however though the storm was damanating wild. City in ruins before storm outbreak. Christian trenches smashed in destroyed trees. C Volume three. Gloria series.

26. Frightful typhoon along Angelinian coast. Calverine (Angelina) badly damaged. Scores of town along Angelinian and Calvinian shores blown away. Big fleets of ship ships totally wiped out. Great loss in lives. See chapter one volume three. Gloria Gloria series.

27. Raging forest fires of wide extent. Vivian girls saved by Colonel Jack Evans. Fires believed to be caused by the foe or a battle raging before this occurrence. Volume three Gloria Gloria series.

28. Rumors of terrific typhoon at Swancincondia, but believed to be a great devastation caused by a great battle there, though a real typhoon of Dedominadian type was really heading that way. May have passed her. Great damage in property however as the city was found wrecked. Fearful loss in life, too great to be accurately estimated. Volume two or three.

29. Forest fires caused to extinction by Spirial typhoon in the vicinity of Evangelistia (Calvinia) which was badly torn by battle and storm. And wiped out by fire. Volume three, Gloria Series.

30. Terrific hurricane at Bonillian rumored. Doubts are held however as no wreckage of the city was witnessed by those who went to see. The reports were that no loss of lives were experienced. Town of Francis Josephine found hit by Hobbie Skirt typhoon. Five hundred thousand injured in whole path of storm. Volume not given.

31. Furious hurricane or typhoon at Calmanrinia. Five hundred thousand killed and six hundred to one million injured. Terrible damage along Calverinian coast. Seen in this chapter.

32. Burning of Calmanrinia (Calverinia). Caused by violent shelling of Christian guns. Great loss in lives. Narrow escapes of the Vivian girls. See battle of Calmanrinia. Volume two or three. Either Cedernine or Aronburgs gun series.

33. Imperia and scores of cities torn to pieces by shell fire during the battle of Cedernine. Great destruction for one hundred miles. Seen in same volume. Cedernine series. See Battle of Cedernine.

34. Gollyer and Stanck wiped out by forest fires caused by same terrific battle of Cedernine. Great destruction for two hundred miles. Seen in same volume. Phelantonburg series.

35. Vivian girls caught out at sea in terrific typhoon. Have most thrilling times ever experienced by them in typhoons. Seen in Volume three. Norma Katherine series.

36. Another big typhoon at sea. Many lives lost. Blengiglomenean islands galled. Serious destruction to shipping. Cities and towns wrecked. Seen in volume three. Seen in Francis Atlanta series.

37. Big forest fires near Marcocellio. Caused by the frightful battles raging along these quarters. Great destruction of lives towns and a thousand miles of forests. Volume three. Big Arkknook series.

38. Big Typhoon predicted to have raged at Tartaria but nothing like it having been founded in facts unless a typhoon of battles raging there with sanguinary fury. City destroyed by battle which caused great havoc among the lines of the opposing lines. Great nine to ten days drama or of horror. Christmas day a bloody panorama of damanation. Forest fires by hundreds. Seen in volume three. Aronburg gun series.

39. June 21st 1884.

Southern Tripangonia and nondobia and Calverinia swept by great typhoon of inconceivable violence. Total loss in property considered as \$300,000,000 to three hundred million three hundred thousand dollars. Loss in lives too great and horrible to be estimated. Abbieannia fortunately skipped by the Terrician typhoon. Loss in injured sixteen million. Loss in cities and towns predicted by thousands though real number of towns and cities destroyed were thirty six. Calverinia haveoked worse than any other place. Chapters in volume one. Child slave series.

40. August 4th/

Protestentia swept by great typhoons fringe. Death list five hundred thousand. Three hundred of towns and villages damaged. Besides two cities. F Volumes not given.

41. Proastentia swept by another typhoon of frightful violence. Five million injured. Loss of lives never accurately estimated, but hundreds of thousands were taken from the mass of tan led ruins. Ten cities wrecked.

Two hundred towns and villages and small cities literally blown away. Great destruction of forests. Five million dollars done damage done in Francis and Clarence Schmith alone. Loss in property about \$800,000,000. Volume three. Glorinia series.

42. Mormonua swept by typhoon. Thousands of villages completely blown away. Three hundred cities completely wrecked. A hellish confusion of wreckage over a space of thousands of leagues. General forests prostrated. Loss in lives or property not accurately estimated. Floods and conflagrations follow storm. See volume three. Francis Atlanta Series.

43. Hickencille ally to Glandelina, visited by terrific typhoon. Cities totally wrecked by the score. Ten thousand villages towns and twenty cities fairly flown away by wind of a thousand mile an hour force. Property loss sixty trillion dollars. Loss of lives never known as many victims were burned by fire or torn from limb to limb by the rushing floods that followed. Loss of known injured. Twenty million. Known dead; Six million two hundred thousand. 80,000,000 homeless.

Volume not given.

44. Easter Sunday 1841.

Abbieannia swept by typhoon of almost preternatural fury. Thousands of towns torn to pieces. Five hundred large towns, twenty large cities, including Jennie Wren town, Mc-Hollester, Angeline and Jennie Richee and others frightfully palled. Angelinia in Calverinia scathed in eastern section by great outrider. Cities on islands laid in ruins. More than seven thousand ships lost. Loss in lives unaccountable. Loss in injured; millions. Calverinia, and Angelinia torn by same storm. Both countries harassed by flanking outriders. See this chapter and chapter one volume one. Child slave series.

45. Terrific hurricane in Calverinia. Probably at Pandora and elsewhere with great destruction and loss of lives. Pandora only hit by fringe but severely haveoked. See volume three. After Francis Atlanta. Glorinia series.

The

46. Great Battle at Glorinia. Hundreds of cities and towns by the thousands reported wrecked by the concussion and shell fire. Greater loss in lives than any ever caused by all the typhoons combined. Calverinia shaken down by concussion. Concussion felt in Abbieannia and Angelinia also. Property loss known is \$649,668,263. Total loss in property predicted to be \$66,000,000,000,000. Over the continuance of the horrid child slavery after Hanson and governor Vivian had presided in Calverinia for that space of time after their children had been about seven years old of the eldest and six to five of the youngest the war had broken out and was raging with some considerable fury along the boundary line of Angelinia and Glandelina. Glandelinian armies had tried to pass through Crowley and Jennie Wren town to stop a rebellion of children then going on in Calverinia and considering it an invasion the Christian armies down there had opposed the Glandelinians furiously. The war had raged for considerable months beginning really in 1911 but the general way of the struggle did not start until March 31st 1912.

Death of Hanson's wife and daughter.

After living in Abbeonnia with his wife and daughter for several years for many years, Hanson soon observed a tragedy, which occurred on a forlorn and sad Easter Sunday. That day had been observed to be unusually warm for even such a tropical climate as was in Abbeonnia. Early in the morning as soon as the sun was up the temperature had risen to a hundred and eight, and was one hundred thirteen in the evening at half past four, after being one hundred fifty at noon.

His brother Robert Robert Angelic Vivian, was with governor Hanson at that time, and being childless at that time, had seen the days of great Abbeonnian typhoons, and other disasters as well. Hanson had quarreled with his servant long before this, and now seemed restless, and so did every one he met. Fearing that at last something unusual was about to happen, and remembering the fatal storm of seventeen ninety nine, and having seen in pictures the wreckage, in the path of that furious storm, Governor Robert Vivian made up his mind to seek a better place for safety.

He warned his brother that signs of an elemental warfare was at hand, but Hanson scoffed and did not believe it, for as the time for a typhoon outbreak had not come, and as nothing happened as yet, though nine thirty o'clock came, Hanson had lost his suspicions, and retired at Ten O-Clock.

However both could not sleep for the heat of the night, and on account of the howling of the many dogs rushing hither and thither. Hanson's wife and daughter became scared and fretful, and Hanson himself was in for begging pardon of his servant, and he also began to fear that a great evil was at hand. However with only a few fearful thunderstorms the night passed away without any stranger occurrence, though morning broke with gray skies, with the temperature again one hundred four: forty five at noon. Not as it was a high southwesterly wind was blowing, and the sun shone brightly with out a cloud, the clouds having cleared away at ten o'clock that morning.

Toward the afternoon at two o'clock when the heat wave had reached its height being near a hundred and fifty, when his wife went to a tea party, Robert Vivian his brother, going near the beach of the southern sea shore, noticed a sudden changing of the atmosphere, and that the wind had changed to four directions in four minutes, then back to the south. Then all of a sudden while the atmosphere became oppressively quiet Robert noticed ink dark threatening storm clouds of fantastic colors and shapes spreading over the southwestern horizon, with amazing animation. Darker and darker became the ponderous globular avalanches of clouds, which though purple in color at first because of an ink hue or exactly looked like smoke, while a strange ominous booming roar was heard along the distant horizon in that direction.

Robert however did not at first believe that there was anything like a typhoon coming as he had heard that most of them only threaten and pass off to one side. As it became apparent that it was really coming headon, he watched the storm approach with gravity however, and soon realizing it's true character from the weird booming roar which he still heard that it was really striking its course for Abbeonnia at this section at least, he retraced his steps finding Hanson alone near a newsstand, and warned him, both then setting out together to look for his wife and daughter.

There was a sickening sulphurous smell in the air, and the strange noise was getting louder, while the cloud which had already spread way overhead and past the zenith became freakish in appearance, and seemed to dissolve itself into some thing mysterious and fearful. Simultaneously they noticed from the straight south there began a furious chasing of amber hued clouds mixed with yellowish white, followed behind by a great canopy which extended along the whole horizon from west to east, and a larger part

which spread over the entire west was trying to move straight eastward and westward, and north, and southward at the same time with a strange and peculiar roaring. This immense cloud was as black as a caverns opening, or like erebus and was intermingled with sheet and riverflash of lightning every moment mingled with a continual quivering of the heavens. Occasionally a louder crash of booming and rolling thunder would shake the air. It was a succubian that was approaching.

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The whole city of Pandora in which they lived, was in death like silence early that morning, but now all the population was beside itself with terror many watching the approach of the fearful storm or rushing with precipitate haste for their cyclone cellars. The silence had now been broken by the millions of outcries from the panic stricken people, and of the strange noise of the approaching destroyer. The city itself was almost black in hue from the quickly gathering darkness, while the green of the trees and meadows glowed with a weird and spectral green and splendor. Puffs of hot wind swept through the streets, and isolated heavy raindrops clattered like big hailstones against the sides of the wooden houses, and made wet splotches on the side walks as big as a mans head. The darkness had quickly become so thick that nothing could be seen unless it was from the increasing flashes of lightning, that was being preceded by the quickly increasing cannonading of the heavens. Simultaneously Robert Vivian heard a sound like something vomiting and like violent coughing.

He knew by these sounds that the advance of the windstorm was coming a tearing as if all the devils of hell had blown it out of their infernal regions, and having reached home, Hanson himself hurried to warn the others while Robert Vivian hurried for safety. Suddenly from the dark mass of clouds there blazed forth a bluish yellow flash of lightning, burning the eyes of the beholder like pepper. Terrific was the reverberating thunder which seemed to rend the heavens and earth like a park of crashing guns, whose concussion shook down several stories of buildings and made all the windows rattle and quiver in the city.

At this moment Robert Vivian glanced to glance up, and beheld in its approach an appalling canopy of crimson clouds spreading of over the sky near the zenith, and moving forward with the most amazing rapidity. It had an resemblance as if the judgement day and hells immense clouds had come at the very same time, and the very clouds seemed to roar in the most relentless rage with the continuous roar of rolling thunder growing louder and nearer every moment the rage of the approaching storm seeming to defy anybody, even the heavens, and the dull boom of the windstorm itself in the distance was more plainly audible.....

Robert noticed the action of the great typhoon clouds, and realized that it was a wild Spiran Teurian typhoon.

The immense reddish clouds, had already passed to the northern horizon while the southwestern horizon became lit far and wide, by a sudden iridescent lurid glow, which enshrouded the whole of country in a strange red darkness. Three times this secondary red light appeared and disappeared while now amid the ever growing din of the thunder there seemed to be a terrible noise in the air as all hell had been let loose, resembling the far-away howl and screech of millions of legions of demons, which gradually increased.

Simultaneously there was a queer roaring and rushing sound high up in the sky while now all of the greater clouds seemed full of red fire, the thunder now roared in salvos of deafening cannonading, and with surprising rapidity followed the vast columns of water precipitated from the sky.

Soon the sounds changed, becoming almost metallic in their ring, then a rattling and a clanking, and a terrific explosion of thunder that sounded like a hundred the sand cannon.

Then all of a sudden there came a blinding flash of lightning proceeded by another dreadful thunder roll that seemed to rend the heavens and earth simultaneously, and which caused the ground to tremble severely. Down fell the ruin everywhere, as echoing through the streets in response to the great thunderroll. Another flash followed a moment after its forked streaks and rivers seemed to blast and sign the air, many of the streaks being like leviathans. Another thunder roll followed with tenfold vehemence, and from the shock of the concussion scores of buildings utterly collapsed, with a great roar heard far and wide.

At this moment the dull booming roar of the approaching windstorm could be heard louder and louder it grew, while again came a searing river of lightning, which seemed to fill the black clouds with millions of streaks, that seemed to furiously stab the darkness. The report of the thunder roll seemed like a million cannon, going off in one sudden crash and rolling echoes. In consternation Robert rushed through the rain beaten streets it being almost impossible for him to make his way in the face of the pouring rain which would have in the day time hid objects thirty feet away it came down in such sheeted torrents. Before he could go any further the earth trembled as if there was an approaching earthquake, there was again the flash of lurid light three times more brighter at all however, than came the frightful roaring and crashing that reverberated far above the din of the other noise of the thunder.....

16.

By the illumination of the lightning Robert beheld the approach of the sootying destruction, for far behind he could see the clouds of advancing wreckage flying through the air at a terrible rate..... From the direction it came he knew that his brother Janson would fail to rescue his wife and daughter in time and he himself was in the greatest peril. In the dazzling blaze of the lightning Robert saw an open manhole in the street into which he jumped and just in time for the storm was now passed through with a fury that no one could describe correctly. All of the houses about him went to pieces with an conglomeration of earsplitting sounds, there being a wild swirl of wreckage in every direction, and the tremendous rush of the wind as shrieking like a thrillion devils cleaned out the streets as fast as they were smashed in wreckage. The atmosphere became frightful with swirling and dashing clouds of wreckage, a which roared, crashed and banged amid the tremendous screaming of the storm. In a second more the storm had increased with redoubled fury, and the city of Pa Pandora became a roaring hell of destruction.

The uproar of the elements itself could not be described.... All of the half remaining demolished houses, now crashed about into total ruins, and the air became clouded with rushing debris of all description. So loud was the clamor that hell and its damnation seemed to possess the air and were venting the savage rage in the most horrible unearthly sounds, even louder than the screaming of a thousand railroad whistles.

Every place in the city within a few minutes time was reduced into total ruins. Monsterous frame houses were rended to fragments, lifted into the air and dashed for blocks like a foot ball kicked by a madman. Shells of debris poured into the manhole almost suffocating the Abbieannian governor Robert Vivian, the savage fury of the storm continuing on in a savage paroxysm of relentless furious rage, then increased with tenfold vehemence the storm now blowing at its greatest force.

How long the tremendous uproar continued, and the shrieks of those being killed or mortally wounded sounded in his ears Robert could not tell. The crashing of the houses as the wind tossed them about like baseballs and rended them to pieces actually made the ground tremble. Within twenty minutes all of the houses had become maelstroms of swirling and dashing fragments of wreckage and human beings but nevertheless the storm continued its withering fury for a whole hour, and then it suddenly ceased though the rain still fell in sheeted torrents. Whole sections of the strongest houses had been reduced to mere rubble. When three days had passed after the storm, Robert and relief parties who declared that over over fifty cities and towns had been isolated from the regions swept by the mighty cyclone, all railways were interrupted, and everything in the wrecked city and other cities and towns in the path of the storm was wrecked beyond repairs.

Robert had failed to locate his wife or Janson's wife and daughter I mean and also Hanson, though he looked everywhere, and the only news that he got was that two hundred towns and cities had been stricken by the extensive tornado and that eight million were under the dismal ruins.

It was a long while before he finally succeeded in locating Janson. His wife and daughter had been rushed amid the ruins. Grief stricken Janson decided to make preparations to leave Abbieannia, and get married again in Calvernia and to force down child slavery then going on in that saddened country. Robert Vivian himself was the father of seven little Vivian girls whose beauty could never be painted had they been seen for real. Of violet, Joice, Jennie, and Evangeline, their beauty could never be described, but their nature and ways in goodness and soul was still more pretty pretty and spotless. And no Evangeline St Clair could beat them in their kind loving ways and of their love for God. They were always willing to do as they are told, keeping away from bad company and going to Mass and Holy Communion every day and living the lives of little saints, and the watchfulness of their parents made them what they were. They were Abbieannians by birth, but their parents dreading the great Abbieannian storms had left Abbieannia and first went to Angelinia.

Hanson Vivian who lost his wife and daughter was their uncle and as pious as their father, but he was a Hercules for built, and a regular samson for built.

Way before Robert Vivian's children were born Janson as already predicted had a pretty daughter by the name of violet Vivian. She herself was a regular Eva St Clair and also died at the same age as she did. But she was killed by the great typhoon which swept Abbieannia as already predicted in the first few pages of this chapter. By the time our story opened three of Robert's daughters, Daisy, Catherine, and Nettie had been caught out in a large woods just as a terrific typhoon broke loose sweeping a portion of the eastern coast of Angelinia, this occurring twenty seven years after Janson had left Abbieannia. The frightful storm had lasted over two days devastating

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A good many forests, and wrecking many cities and towns in its path. After the great storm the little girls could not be found, though close searches had been made everywhere. Many days had passed and at all they had not been found. Robert had to give up the search in grief, though he being a Catholic did not give up prayer. He telegraphed to the cities of Jennie Riches, Mc-Hollester, and Jennie Wren-town, and even Haroucian, and Vivian Wickey, but no trace of them could be found. Once in eighteen forty one Jennie Wren-town had been struck by a withering typhoon and torn to pieces. Over a toll of nine hundred thousand dead had been the result of that fierce visitation and the injured numbered still greater. The cities of Angelina, Jennie Riches and many others had been also hit, and Mc-Hollester a small city at that time had been rended to pieces and scattered to the four winds. The great city of Mc-Hollester was one of the cities badly wrecked in its most massive buildings and the storm path in width covered three hundred and eighty eight miles, and traversed along the eastern coast for two thousand miles in a days time.....

CODE JUDGMENT: Full BUT DIFFERENT DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF CITIES ALONG THE CALVERNIAN COASTS AND ITS HORRORS. ALSO THE PROGRESS OF THE GREAT DESTRUCTION FROM WICKET HANDED TO ITS FULFEST HORROR.

.....THE APPALING FUNNELS).....!!!!!!!

At some moment before twelve O'clock during a third day of intense heat on Aug at the Third at some point in the infinite abyss of space over the Catherine isles a zone of untold heat, assumed the veritable, took on the columnar shape, a veritable pillar of cloud, towering toward the zenith of perhaps ten thousand miles. However it soon became too heavy. It was like a tiny teetering house of blocks piled up by the hands of a child. At last the opposing forces of weight, which had been apparently subdued was to accomplish its revenge. Yes Revenge. And as a mighty tree might be imagined to totter ere it fell beneath the ax, so this ten thousand mile path of sweeping elements this disproportion staple shape of air toppled over in similar phrase oscillating, convulsing, and convoluting, then collapsed and falling, and being drawn down with terrific speed by the irresistible attraction of that earth, it rushed with a mighty thunderous roar across the sea and over the Catherine isles accumulating accumulating at a breath, an intense force, through condensation of its substance into a torrent of rain and hail. It burst into stronger air, to hurl itself on undefended land and sea and so on then with the almost preternatural force of destruction. Some part of the terrible doomed place, must bear the initial pack or impact of the unimpeded typhoon now developed.

Only forty minutes had elapsed on the afternoon of the third of August when the great devil cloud made its gorrifying appearance among the boy King and plengiglomean islands and sweeping straight northeastward tore its horrible swath along a good portion of the great Calvernian coast simultaneously leaving death and destruction in its wake. No time was lost in the villages totally wrecking cities, taking toll of human and animal life and causing wide spread destruction, and literally blowing the plengiglomean creatures out of their very dens in the islands. Fatal news of the approach of the overwhelming disaster, which left mourning and misery in its wake, was sent out by storm signal stations in Abbieannia without avail, though far out of the storm's path. The speed of the whirling storm was terrific, it being a terrific warfare of the elements which swept the plengiglomean and Calvernian coast simultaneously, and the wildest rumors concerning the fate of the western countries of Calvernia, was that millions upon millions of houses had been wrecked, thousands of villages and towns had been blown away, and the damage was estimated as \$100,000,000 in losses of property.

In the true reports it was declared that hundreds of thousands of houses in the city of Calvernia alone had been leveled to the ground, or torn asunder by the driving fury of the wildest windstorm then ever raged in that part. Heaps of ruins and scores of millions of partly shattered buildings were left to tell the tale of the storm's irresistible fury. Two big cities known as Aronburg and Federal along the Calvernian coast had been reported

prostrated before the crushing pressure of the gigantic and extensive tornado. The whole region was reported transferred and transformed into a vast scene of death and destruction..... The winstorm had swept everything before it putting out thousands of human lives, tearing the biggest buildings from their foundations,, carrying away the debris, and destroying property to the extent of \$600,000,000. Millions were homeless, danger of death, famine and pestilence threatened on every hand, and picture the horrors of this mighty typhoon as it overwhelmed the mightiest and most substantial houses. Everywhere for miles wreckage and ruin of what might have been forty minutes before happy and prosperous homes. Not one house, here and there, but whole sections and myriads were engulfed by the raging avalanche of flames that followed.

Oh the horrors during the great storm. The bodies, of oxen, sheep, and pigs were carried through the air, or sent crashing through barns, and farm houses, as the storm swept over the farms, cities full of people struggling to keep alive in their falling houses, amid the artillery likeroar of the wind and what was that, the shoe of crashing houses that threatened destruction that to all that got buried among its tons of whirling debris and wreckage.

Much more significant wreckage was blown away by the overwhelming currents of the winds, and a glimpse of untold horror could be seen of those whitened faces, that stared in agony and terror through the wreckage of their homes. Hundreds of human bodies were blown about, poor torn tabernacles of human beings,, men women and children, torn from limb, to limb by the great force of the wind. Hundreds of bodies of little children blown hither and thither at the mercy of the horrible storm were crushed and mangled. The destructive windstorm over a thousand miles wide swept the whole Calverinian coast, rendering all the inhabitants that survived homeless, and killing scores of thousands.

The storm advanced with the roar of artillery destroyed an indescribable number of houses, and wrecked appalling numbers..... The Calverinian coast had been in the grasp of the worse typhoon ever experienced in that region, and whose reports stunned the whole world.

Reliable reports placed the number of killed along the coast as one hundred ninety five thousand, but greater rumors of almost unbelievable disasters trickled in from remote resources. Every city and town on the great Calverinian coast had been overwhelmed by the great storm. Hundreds upon hundreds of men women and children, were homeless in Aronburg, and hundreds upon hundreds of thousands were killed, and indescribable damage was done.

The wind had been so strong that it carried up frame and brick houses like chips in its path, and crushed stone or brick houses of immense size in ten minutes time..

During the few days before the outbreak of the great storm itself the temperature of the heat had been as high as one hundred ten in the shade and one hundred and forty six in the sun.

All who were first aware of the approach of the storm noticed a thunderheaded shape of cloud of copper or fiery color advancing slowly from the south west, and appearing in the northnorthwest at the same time, and moving opposite directions..... a cloud of columnar shape towering near the zenith and moving toward the direction of the Calverinian coast..... All the inhabitants were not aware or did not take notice of the advancing storm,, untill after two hours had passed the storm moving across the region had lashed the sea into a mad hell of waves and was tearing with its terrible and screaming fury over the boyking and plengiglomenean islands blowing the population of whatever kind out of their abodes, and committ committing incapable destruction everywhere. At this time the region along the Calverinian coast was being enveloped in intense darkness, which obscured everything from view, and here it may be observed that our readers can have no idea of the almost preternatural fury with which the storm struck the Calverinian coast, and infused it, its deafening and appalling uproar. The tremendous and universal clamor of the storm was indescribable. Not even the screeching, and bawlings of the barbarians or demons could compare to it. The storm swept the shore and coast moving north and eastward and lasting the same length of time as the two Abbieannian typhoons did and that was an hour.

Deafening and indescribable was the savage roarings, and plaintive howlings of the windstorm, and the million cannon like roar of homes being swept to their destruction. Rattlings even filled the air, and despite all this appalling tumult could be heard the shrill hissing in the air, as if millions of thrills of demons and serpents of hell together were making the sound.

The whole coast was obscured in the dashing spray and fury of the rushing ocean of tidal waves which along the rocky shores, and high li lands roared and banged like a thrillion cannon.

The storm wrecked everything, sparing nothing, and nearly an hour the appalling tumult continued, then silence all of a sudden. The inclosure of the windstorm then passed off in a burst of horrible thunder which almost deafened and blinded whole multitudes, that survived the disaster. Every building in the villages and towns and even cities were leveled to the ground, and not a tree in the western jungles were left standing without being shattered. The loss of life was even appalling, and more frightful was the number of injured and dying, buried amid the burning and water swamped wreckage. Even when the cloud gave forth its horrifying appearance, it was in millions of convolutions at the advancing portion, and came with great rapidity enveloping the whole region in pitch darkness. For twenty minutes before the darkness came the roaring of the approaching storm could be heard, but when it struck the horrible roar was like artillery,, and my how the hundreds of thousands of trees went down before that blast. Nothing stood and the noise of rending destruction in street after street in the city of Bondinia, sounded as if all the world was coming to an end. The roar had been earsplitting. Whole walls of the buildings had been scattered to the four winds, and thousands of men women and children, had been buried amid the windrows of wreckage. Many towns were scattered, and the northeastern section of the Angelinian coast was also galled by another cyclone at the same time, which devastated the city of Angoline, and others along that portion, every city and town being frightfully damaged, and more fearful here was the frightful toll of human and animal lives. In the path of both storms heartrending misery and mourn mourning was left in every home not wrecked by the fatal and relentless fury of the two storms. The big city of Wickey Lansinia Angolinia was galled. Angoline was scathed, and other towns including Mildren Greenburg run were wiped out. Along the northeastern coast of Angolinia fierce and dreadful funnels added as flankers of this terrific storm of the Angelinian seas, and all the regions struck by these windpipes of the skies was disillusioned. And to make matters worse the only kind of aid that was offered by the wicked glandelinians was that as many as the child slaves that could be spared was rushed to the scene of disaster to do what they could to aid the injured..... And those fallen beneath the wreckage of the damned city of Jennie Turner (Angolinia) and in repairing the almost totally wrecked homes. The surviving men of the wrecked cities worked frantically on the ruins, and adding to the conglomeration of disasters forest fires started by lightning during this storm wiped out completely all the towns and villages, and the wreckage of the devastated city cities left by the storm. At the time of this disaster Violet and her sisters had not yet been born.

Chapter II

GOVERNOR HANSON'S REPORT OF HIS EXPERIENCE OF THE GREAT CALVERINIAN DISASTER OF 1841 IN ABIEANINIA.

General or Governor Hanson Vivian and his poor wife and daughter had been visiting in Calverinia in Abbieannia at that time when the fatal typhoon passed over the whole of Abbieannia on that sad Easter Sunday. At four or five o'clock this storm broke with a frightful roar, one hundred million demons seeming to have been left loose, the artillery like roar of the destruction having caused all the listeners to stand appalled. A few minutes had passed in that beautiful beautiful city of Calmanrinia, and most of the inhabitants had been caught in an almost preternatural whirl of unseen forces thousands upon thousands falling dead under maelstroms of crashing timbers while thousands upon thousands of others were scratched bruised or maimed in the chases of debris that swirled and fell. Hanson who had escaped without injury saw before the outbreak of the storm a porton in the south west as black as ink. Not taking any notice of it he did not know its treacherous nature untill there suddenly came the dull boom of the storm which grew more and more intense as if tightening its forces to let them loose on the man made cities with the scorn of the King of furies. Even before the dull booming janson had seen the approach of an immense swiftly advancing cloud which had freakish signs in it resembling the great wall of cloud that spreads over the sky during a great forest fire, or a wild volcanic eruption.....

It was full of bubbles the blacker portions undulation in great convolutions while numbers of cone shaped white clouds extended from the lower extremity of the blacker masses, twisting and whirling in a manner which would have brought any ones suspicion at once. His story is as follows;

"It indeed was an evil omen" He said. To his friend Evans who he had known before violet and her sisters ever knew him. It was about thirty minutes to five when I saw a purple portent in the southwest as black as ink which was surprisingly parabolic at the advancing edge. First believing it nothing at all I paid no attention to it, but continued my supper with my wife and daughter. A strange darkness unusual than anything that I have ever seen before since living in Abbeinnia, gathering quickly, attracted me and as I looked out of the window again, and in that direction, to my horror saw a purple cloud, at the front front, and a black portent under the western sky and southern reaching clear to the zenith in the fashion of two immense clouds in the form of two immense wings each trying to race the other, and move in two directions, all being the color of ink, and which was advancing over the city with indescribable speed, spreading and expanding in the most appalling manner, and in a few minutes the city had been involved in its most frightful blackness, a dreadful, unearthly, indescribable, sackcloth blackness overshadowing us entirely. Everything was blotted from view, only an angry spot of flickering fire red light as if it were the terrible eye of God, appeared in the southwestern horizon were a convulsive mass of blood red clouds, seemed to advance with the speed of sheet, lightning. From the black mass along the southeastern horizon and western also angry sky splitters shot seemingly from every direction mingled with a continuous dull moob booming of thunder, and above the surface of the cloud seemed to dissolve as if torrents of water was being precipitated from the skies.

I and my wife and child were almost prostrated with terror. From the distance where the lightning played there was a salvoes of rolling thunder, breaking the dead suffocating silence. The sudden overspreading of the seeming supernatural darkness was unaccountable, and frightful, and for a moment I could not stir so thick was the gloom within the dimming room of my house. But soon however the red angry light became so intense that there was some light to see by and some how or other I began to believe it was some frightful volcanic eruption, as the light was in the direction of a rag range of active volcanoes.....But I was mistaken..... Even at the first approach of the cloud I had not taken notice of a strange yellow coli col oring in the west which had been observed by many thousands of others by which they saved their lives.....As the darkness grew worse a strange humming over head far above attracted our attention and which continued and grew louder, while the thunder boomed and roared to gradual deafening crashes.

Large rain drops making splashes as big as plit plates on the sidewalks began to fall thickly, and in the lull of one of the horrible thunder crashes, a strange dull booming roar broke loose in the distance in the direction of the red light, which was rapidly fading. The noise sounded like an approaching freight train crossing a bridge and grew more and more intense as if a million train of cars was running through a hollow tunnel at the same time.....A screaming squall shrieking like a thousand demons swooped down in the distance, rounded to pieces a number of houses, and a frightful crashing and hanging, and rose again shaping like a gray swirling funnel. Louder became the roar in the distance. To me the approaching storm seemed to be tightening its forces to let them loose on the Abbeinnian cities in its path, with all the scorn that the king of furies can show. From that red-light there could be seen passing through the southern part of the city of Galmanrinia that would make any one suspicious and scared, which resembled black clouds of smoke trailing along the ground, and everything in that direction seemed to be a chaos of approaching destruction.

During the approach of this horrible shroud, I heard sounds of something ripping like canvas, and also heard the far distant roar of the destruction that resembled the battle of volcanoes. The storm itself approached with an appalling roar, the smell of sulphur prevailing the air, a cloud burst of rain started with a hissing roar mingled with a torrent of big hail stones, there was a thunder roll that seemed to split the earth

and reverberated in millions of echoes, another squall of wind burst with a wailing roar, I heard the rending of timbers, the shrieks of the terrified and the roar of a collapsing walls..... The red light still maintaining I saw something like banks of black rolling clouds advancing through Mc-Holleston street, toward me amid a deafening crash and conglomeration of roars and booms. It was the wind raising impenetrable clouds of dust from the tearing and rending wreckage. Then the red light disappeared an erebas darkness overshadowing us. At this moment the sky all of a sudden became dazzling bright, a frightful leniar seemed to rend the sky, followed by an earsplitting, earthrending thunder crash, that exceeded all description.

It reverberated onto countless awe inspiring echoes. Then came the shock. The moment was terrible. Wind sheeted torrents of rain, lightning, and ear splitting thunder rolls, crashing every second combined in one general uproar, there was a roar that seemed to be ten times worse than can be heard from a great volcanic eruption, and not wind but a whirl of supernatural power, seemed to grasp thousands of buildings at every breath, and in a twinkling of an eye sent them careening into piles upon piles, of twisted chaos and wreckage. I was literally blown out of my house and forced to turn some complete summersaults or cartwheels, and blown into a chicken house, and into a yard opposite my own home which was torn to pieces, and its walls scattered about as to say..... I escaping the carnalstrom of falling debris only to be rolled about two thousand five hundred hundred feet or yards by the wind, being attired in a chicken coop chickens and all which had been blown over my head. Wooden houses just across the street were lifted up and set down again in all kinds of grotesque poses and then shattered to flattened ruins. All the trees that had been growing in the streets snapped and twisted and in one second nothing was left of them but shattered trunks and stumps many others having been pulled from the ground and vaulted high into the air the missiles of a fierce and terrible invader.

Eddies of power and not wind,, as it seemed grasped the thousands of buildings, and sent them careening into scattered piles of kindling, or set them down with a jar in all kinds of grotesque poses, or to fling wooden houses houses like hard kicked foot all footballs.....

The windstorm according to reports lasted over three quarters of an hour, but nevertheless when the next day the darkness gave way to light once more, the whole city of Galmanrinia was a mass of flat flattened wreckage, of buildings, the main five or six to ten story buildings, being reduced to one story junk piles,, while everywhere lay windrows of timbers, piles ten feet deep, with here and there many thousands of the strongest buildings all sprung awry..... The torrental inroads of the sea, though it saved the city of Galmanrinia from destruction from fire, added to the lists of the those killed under the wreckage, as I heard the waves at the outbreak of this terrific storm along the whole coast becoming like a rushing ocean of hills shells maddened waters..... But fifteen minutes later the waves got so tremendously high that they rushed with the most incredible rapid velocity, the heavy seas seeming to reach the very skies and being in reality more than three hundred and eighty feet high above even the high water mark roared like a thrillion cannon along the rocky portions of the shore, and did not only partly uninhabited Galmanrinia, but laid the cities of Angeline Francis, Kauffmann Francis, Jarcucian and many others completely under water for many days to the depth of a hundred feet completing the work of great destruction done by the storming typhoon. As the enormous volume of water spread itself over the land for a couple of miles inland, raging floods of hell followed, which swelled the Abbeinnian rivers including the great Erinie to the horror of wreckage and desolation, and thousands of cities and towns and villages way out of the storm path report of sufferings from great floods.

The waves of the crazed seas carrying windrows of wreckage before it entered every street of Galmanrinia crushing the houses against the wreckage still standing, which fell before both pressure of sea and wreckage.

Thus is all that governor Hanson, Miss Vivian could tell about this fatal disaster which had occurred on an Easter Sunday evening. Except of finding his wife and daughter among the wreckage dead; it being the greatest disaster that Abbeinnia had ever suffered in the case of all the past typhoons. As Hanson had also seen in the statements of books on storms and cyclones there had been along the sea ports of Angeline Francis several large stone built quays which during another great storm which swept pastern Angeline, had been suddenly detached from their foundations by the rushing

tidal waves of the storm lashed seas, which rolled in mountains into the very city the stone quar quays being hurled bottom upwards, and thousands of persons sheltered on this were lost. These waves making a roar hoared for hundreds of scores of miles, even rushed up the formidable mouths of the great Normini, Normine, Erminio Run, the Angoline, Normas Run, and Aronburgs Run filling them to overflowing and forming them into raging torrents, that carried all before it, despite the rushing currents of these mighty rivers and flooded the country for the extent of six hundred and fifty miles, causing a loss of lives amounting to a million. The frightful seas continued in this frightful state for hours before they gradually subsided. The full number of killed and injured could not be stated by the national authorities until two months after this storm, when inaccurate reports placed the property loss in the city of Jennie, Jumer and Angeline Richee alone as \$100,000,000, and a list of five million to sixteen million dead in the whole storm's path along. The largest numbers were crushed in the ruins of falling churches which had sustained the storm's worse fury being reduced into shatters shattered ruins at the first onset of the storm alone. In the city of Jennie Richee alone the dead and injured amounted to about 500,000.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ANGELINIA AGATHIA AND ITS HORRORS.

This city lay on the southwest coast of Galverinia and was in the path of the same storm that tore Abbieannias coast on that fatal Easter Sunday. The forenoon of that Easter Sunday though the weather had been and was still quite windy and wintry, with a snow covered ground was nevertheless beautiful with a serene sky and a fine frigid breeze blowing from the northwest with occasional snowstorms scattered here and there. The previous days however had been unusually cold and snowy for even that part of the year for such hard winters as Galverinia and Southern Abyssinkile has, and all that forenoon of that Easter Sunday at the southern coast of Galverinia a severe blizzard had been raging in all its fury, but the western horizon under the snow clouds unnoticed by any one in Angolinia Agathia had appeared to have an orange colored tint. At six o'clock in the morning the snowstorm having then started a fiery yellow streak had been noticed by those of the signal station men along the coast which had appeared along the horizon from south west to northeast which before the snowstorm really broke had increased with great intensity, and when it neared the zenith that afternoon when the snow storm suddenly abated a black portent of clouds appeared along the horizon and the atmosphere though winter appeared to be suddenly filled with an oppressive radiance.

At fifteen minutes after six in the evening a dull booming noise proceeded half an hour coughing sound which was heard along the horizon and which resembled the distant dun of furious waves streaming over a rocky shore.

The peculiar noise increased gradually but quickly and at six thirty the storm broke.....It broke with a roar resembling the discharge of the heaviest cannons. Such wild scenes of destruction followed that it could never be correctly told.

Before the violent blasts of the gale winds the hundreds of thousands of buildings were torn to pieces, the best and strongest being leveled clear to their foundations. In addition to the horrors occasioned by the full fury of the great typhoon, the devoted inhabitants who survived survived were exposed to the ravages of fire. In the darkness of the stormy night the whole city appeared afire in a thousand different places at once which became so bright that any one could read by it, and if it had not been for the torrents of rain and snow and sleet falling that preceded the great typhoon the fire would have consumed everything. So though the fires continued they could not become a general conflagration.

DESTRUCTION OF EVANGELISTIA.

In the whole history of all typhoons no matter where they occurred no death or destruction can be compared with any other storm that the first frightful black squall or Sarcococinian which had after a twenty four hours progressive movements in one direction moved a narrow wide and gruesome path along the Galverinian coast during the long and tiresome glandco-Abbieannian war of 1841. It was really unparalleled and even exceeded the fierce Abbieannian disasters of those two sad and eventful Easter Sundays. It was the same storm that swept over the northern Angolinian coast which almost blew the city of Evangelistia off the map entirely, and caused all of the rivers in Galverinia to make the greatest and most extensive floods in the history of floods and caused a loss of lives that exceeded all loss of lives in any storm ever known. Calmanrinia Francis fortunately had not been in the direct path of this gigantic twister but it was isolated from the ruined cities, partly flooded, and the loss of lives in a near by city was never accurately known.

As even predicted the fair city of Evangelistia (Angelinia) was barricaded by the range of pondon and Vivian mountains. The great and small Catherine hills tower above her on the southwestern and northeastern fringes, and on the southwestern and eastern skirts also the Carnation and Mc-Hollester ridges. Part of the city was built on the sides of the Mc-Hollester ridges where everything had been swept clean. On account of this great barricade of surrounding hills the cities of Evangelistia and Evangeline St Clair were considered typhoon proof, but it was only an imaginary protection, being swiftly proven to be a flimsy fabric indeed.

Fortunately however this storm passed the range of the Blongiglonenian and Boyking islands, but nevertheless in the southern parts of Angelinia the roaring demon of death had already reaped a grim and horrible harvest of lives and property for over a thousand miles since it struck the shores, and as it trailed along the Angolinian coast it was feared so sure that this screaming mad hell of wind and flood cloudbursts, would move upon the islands, but the storm swerved more to the east, and passing the islands without doing any damage, move still more eastward and advanced on all the coast towns of Angelinia, and head on for Evangelistia in particular. With a roar of a million cannon it swept over the hill tops, prostrating whole forests, and soon every ridge and plains struck was a scene of devastated devastated trees and towns. The uproar was indeed appalling a veritable crash of hell and wind hell of fury from the clamor. The typhoon carrying all before it rushed through the valleys with the next and deadly precision of some omniscient mowing machine. Evangeline St Clair was torn to pieces, Evangelistia at Jumer was leveled to the ground with the annihilation of all its population, Chamberlaine, Topsy, Rosa, and Prue big cities were galled by beyond description and the outer towns fairly blown away nothing escaping in its ghastly path.

At Evangelistia thick heavy rainclouds of what seemed to be rain clouds but of various colors approached from the northeast, through which the sun had only fleeting glimpses. Thunder and lightning broke heavily and torrents of rain a regular summer at one before the outbreak of the greatest of known typhoons. It was when the rain was at its height that the various colored clouds seemed to move in various directions, some crossing each other and moving like gnaty birds. While at the same time a queer mass of ink black clouds were seen approaching with indescribable swiftness from the southwest, while a dull boom sounded in the distance.

CYCLONIC CONDITIONS OF THE SEAS!!!.....

Many weeks before this great typhoon great cyclonic conditions unknown to all prevailed on the Angelinian and Mc-Whirthian seas on account of the hot waves passing northeastward from the southern Mc-Whirthian seas and toward the regions of the plengiglo-menean islands. One frightful storm already reported had already struck a portion of Calmanrinia (Calverinia) scathing the entire eastern Angelinian shoreline for hundreds of miles, galling southwastern Calverinia and only partially damaging the interior. Many other storms had been reported raging far out to the west of the plengiglo-menean islands and so several storms of the Terrocan nature moving in the same course were predicted during the Easter season raging several hundred miles of the plengiglo-menean islands. One of these storms struck the Boyking islands however and committed great havoc. Another of these devastated a large part of the southern A Abbieannian coast, and galled Calverinia in the northwest. Another of these terrific storms which had progressed northeastward without hitting any of the islands had been raging along the Angelinian coast for several days but did not make itself present in any of the larger cities.

It had been of terrific violence however, and destroyed a lot of shipping along the Calverinian coast, where near the city of Calverine for over three days waves over one hundred and eighty feet high rolled with the most irresistible energy, sweeping away every tree, village and living being swamping the western portions of the city of Calverine and tearing and stranding coral blocks weighing one hundred tons three miles inland and overflowing the Mc-Hollester Run river as the sea rushed up its mouth. Another devastating storm had been advancing toward the city of Wickey (Ansin Western Angelinia but the storm swerved too far east of her or west of her and she only got its fringe though incapable damage was done nevertheless though without much loss of lives. This driving storm struck the city of Phelantonburg doing great damage, tearing through the grasslands, wrecking the city of Susan Mc-Fr Farran, damaging many houses in Franciscanna, and galling Cheesetown. Near the city of Calverine the storm had lost some of its force and did little damage in the city though in its vicinity millions of trees were prostrated. A windstorm at the same time was passing over the Blengiglo-menean islands which did on commit considerable damage amounting in the loss of property in one million dollars.

The disturbance was terrible during the first and second days before Easter and a gigantic typhoon suddenly appeared as a manifestation of this disaster. But the Abbieannian typhoon was really the most extensive that really raged. As it came careering over the shores from the southwest it laid bare every hill of its beautiful trees.

TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION IN ABBIEANNIA!!!

The roar of the storm could be heard for fifty miles before it struck the city of Pandora in the Abbieannian country. Along the Abbieannian country to the northeast the windstorm drove a straight course advancing with a horrible roar and laying waste to whole forests and jungles.....By the score the towns and villages were torn to pieces and extending part way into the main land the horrible roar of the seas could be heard for

sixty miles. In the outlying districts and countries, the typhoon gaining speed, swept away whole villages, annihilating the inhabitants in its sudden fury. It blazed horrid scenes of desolation across the Ermainie countries tearing away every forest and annihilating every town. In the outlying countries surrounding Concentinia,....., a grim harvest of lives and property was reaped by the terrific typhoon. The typhoon increasing its rate since it swept Concentinia struck Calverinia in its fullest fury making the most terrific carnage and destruction ever seen. In Abbieannia great industries suffered heavily and total loss, factories, machine shops, and all kinds of industrial buildings at the very onset of the great storm collapsed like cardboard houses created by children. Every car system, every railroad line, were tied up completely and many trains had been wrecked with frightful loss of life. Not a single street car escaped.

Firemen could not get to the fire, on account of the sea of wreckage. Police departments were wrecked, and also the fire stations. Every well oiled traffic system was completely tied up. Marie Bippo (Ansin), and Francis--Atlanta, had suffered terribly in damage houses and great loss in lives. Nothing hardly escaped in these two cities where they sustained the storm's worse fury, every house being fairly scattered into ruins. The whole of the cities of Sacramento, Evan geline St Clare and Chablerlane, (Abbieannia) within the space of three quarters of an hour were indeed a sea of indescribable wreckage.

Travel on foot was practically impossible. With a withering almost preternatural roar the typhoon struck across Concentinia, where the crash and uproar of hell broke loose. All the wooden houses in the towns became maelstroms of wreckage.....which was scattered in many directions. Big and small houses were shattered into total ruins and clouds of wreckage and debris were scattered about. Advancing with its scattering and withering fury it simultaneously tore up the sides and over the crest of Jenny Torie ridges shattering every village into masses of wreckage and scattering all the debris in many directions. All the strongest houses were torn or shattered to pieces and nearly all the inhabitants were killed, injured, or buried in the wreckage.

The uproar here deafening the injured for life. The crest of Jenny Torie hill was verily stripped of every tree, the lower sides being covered with the wreckage which had been scattered in every direction. The dead and injured lay like grass. The storm seemingly enraged by the resistance of the strong forest plowed with an ear-splitting roar through the Carrie, Mc-Hollester and Aronburgs woods, scathing the city of Abbieann.

Hell seemed to have spent its fury here as nothing was seen of the streets in this city after the storm but seas of wreckage and thousands of killed and injured men, women, and children.

At Aronburg Francis, some scenes of the most horrible destruction and horror was exposed to view. Here the dead, and injured, numbered 22,564, in men, women, and children.

WHAT THE TYPHOON DID, IN SETTING OVER THE MARCU
CIAN REGIONS OF CONCENTINIA (ABBIEANNIA).....

About one hundred miles southwest of Jennie Riches, (Abbieannia) the typhoon was first noticed by a crowd of children returning from a picnic, who with their attendants saved themselves by jumping into a deep ditch but suffered severe injuries nevertheless. The men of the signal stations discovered the approach of the storm, and tried to signal to the threatened cities north of Jennie Riches but the roaring storm gave them no chance. As it struck it tore the city of Jennie Riches to pieces scattering the wreckage into a sea of ruins. The storm tore through Jennie Riches at an unbelievable rate and then setled and stormed through and over the Marcucian regions of Concentinia scathing the city of Angeline and wiping out the big town of Marcucian. Not a single tree was left in the Marcucian regions which seemed to be turned into a wind hell from the clamor. At the same time it was tearing through Angeline which also became a sea of wreckage. Inroads of the sea completed the work of destruction and the Abbieannian city of Angeline looked as if an earthquake had added the one as at Lisbon had been going on for a day at intervals of shocks. The buildings were shattered to their foundations. Every wooden house of any size were now mere kindling the whole city having been scathed. The storm as it struck tore the city of Dolores Mc-Hollester, totally wrecked a one hundred story grain elevator carrying away the complete roof and

western walls of this building all the way across the sea to Jennie Wren Town (Calvernia) and the roof and wall before it dropped into the rail road yards flapped wildly like a gigantic and gruesome crow. The immense city of big Beppo Lancinia was hit with full force the storm at this point carrying all before it. The storm destroying the neighboring cities swept through the entire regions of Concentinia and before it struck Calvernia bent to the northeast.... Every forest regions on the summits and sides of the hills were torn down or carried away, the storm cutting a wide swath in every direction... And death and indescribably destruction lurked in its wake. This typhoon was the second Easter Master more terrible than the first catastrophe.....

THE SPIDER TYPHOON OF EAST SUNDAY WHILE AT ITS WORST....
WHERE THIS STORM THAT SWEEP ABHIEANNIA STARTED ITS CAREER
OF HORROR.

This had been the most extraordinary typhoon ever recorded in disasters of any kind and the most disastrous horror ever seen. It was along the southwestern Kauffman shoreline and Mc-Hollustinian shoreline boarding it where the immense twister lashing the Mc-Whirtherian seas into hellish fury started upon its career of horror and destruction. Not a building of any kind in those cities along these shorelines was left standing, one hundred thousand houses in St Augustine disappearing into scattered ruins within twenty minutes. In the shipping yards the storm broke so suddenly that the sailors were unable to take any precautions and tens of thousands of ships were lost. The whole Kauffman shoreline was undated under an inferno of waves and every seaport was swamped by the monstrous waves which roared like a trillion cannon. The storm scathing the Kauffman shoreline and devastating the Herbernian regions, advanced onward diverting its course and rushing across the entire western parts of Calvernia and took terrible was the destruction of Pullaway and Ivian Wickey. All that was left was the total ruins of houses. Vivian Wickeyanna and Dolores (Abbieanna) were blown off the map with the inhabitants annihilated....

The reason the storm was called the "Spider Typhoon" was that the storm as it tore along the shore line gave a terrifying display of funnels, and these zizzacked in a most baffling manner, the reason why cities far from the main storm were fairly scathed. During its frightful progress the main stem of the herculean windstorm gave off at its extreme outer edges furious mimic storms which terminated into tornadoes from well developed thunderstorms, which added as flankers and these made a clean sweep over immense territories, hundreds of miles out of the way of the main storm carrying all before them.

The cause of this was the violence of the whirl of the main storm whose roar crashed in continually in billions of thunderroars. Hundreds of towns in Abyssinkile herself, and even Angelinia felt the full force of these outriders.

Angelina Richee (Abyssinkile) was wiped off the map by a sw speed twister, that traveled through her in the manner of a slashing writhing whip or fire hose. This funnel missed Confection C (Calvernia) though it was seen from there, and its roaring being heard for thirty miles....

The main storm hit her however but did little damage as the city was only hit by its fringe. Another outrider traveling along the ground in the manner of a snake with its head high in the air hit Junction Dine (Calvernia) leveling or prostrating her to the ground. Grace Gretchen in Calvernia was struck by an outrider before it done much damage. Gretchen felt the force of the mighty windstorm however and was totally wrecked. But the chief disaster of all lay in the path of the big wide all powerful whirling cloud, which striking Mc-Hollustian (Abbieanna) carried all before it annihilating two quarters of its inhabitants. The main extreme center of this typhoon tore through Jennie-Wren-town, (Abbieanna) where it annihilated thousands of buildings in the twinkling of an eye. What rate the wild typhoon was whirling while advancing upon Jennie-Wren-town was puzzling to even the most elect, but it made the greatest roar ever imagined and every other town in its path as far as Jennie-Wren-town were all in wreckage....

At the city of Jennie-Wren TOWN which was called the loss of life was terrible. The big grain elevator belonging to the city was missing. Immense factories, public buildings, and hotels were so crushed into ruins and so complete completely that they resembled tumbled down ramshackles of shanties, immense piles of debris blocking every street. All trains of cars were completely wrecked here, and sorrow and horror was witnessed. Every building was shattered into ruins and one hundred thousand perished here where not a house was left standing. One hundred fifty thousand houses had been crushed to one story junk piles within the short time it lasted, sixty cathedrals, seventy hundred churches, and all the houses were thrown down and over nine hundred thousand were buried in the ruins in which only two hundred and fifty thousand escaped unharmed. Seven hundred ships were shattered against the rocky shore facing Jennie Wren town and out of one thousand others all big steamers which had been blown out to sea only four floated black derelicts everybody on board having been killed or injured.

Hundreds of thousands of massive buildings were leveled to the ground, hundreds of cannons of heavy calibre were dashed three hundred yards by the wind alone thousands of human being and animals were lifted into the air and dashed stunned and bleeding to the ground. The waves rose to a stupendous height destroying the seaport, and the entire coral reef covering the bottom of the sea were rent and torn to pieces so that they were late seen above the surface of the water. It was at Concentinia where this storm annihilating every town and village seemed to swerve still more to the northeast where with all its fury it stormed toward the Mc-Whirtherian regions, striking the big city of Mc-Whirther which during the war with Angelinia and Glandelinia held out so long, and stubbornly against the christian fleets. Here was left a sea of wreckage every single house being destroyed beyond redemption nothing but ruin being left within its confines. It was a regular hell of destruction. Here many children were killed this city having swarmed with child slave factories and orphan asylums. The children many of them were found so crushed and maimed that their literal intention swarmed over the maze of wreckage.

Several children intermined and all were seen hanging from bare branches of trees unscathed by the terrific storm. Every house was leveled to the ground or torn to fragments the loss here being twenty five thousands, in killed in which five thousand two hundred sixty nine were poor children. The injured amounted to three hundred thousand.

FRIGHTFUL DAMAGE BY FUNNELS.

One of the big minor funnels of the great typhoon passed over the region of Angelinia Agathia, sweeping over the Treian Vane region of this Calvernian city being a ten mile twister. It even drew up all the creeks and formed waterspouts in the small lakes it struck. Another minor twister which detached itself from the main body appeared to be forty miles wide. Portions of this minor storm seemed to have an upper stratum of air greatly agitated, and a lower stratum as colored clouds appeared which flew in all directions converging as it seemed to a common center. Those that witnessed the destruction caused by this tornado funnel declared that this immense whirling cloud was as terrifying as sight as ever met their eyes. It seemed to be more awe inspiring than an volcanic eruption or a tidal wave and several portions of this forty one mile minor storm were basket shaped and appeared to be filled with fire. Its roaring could be heard for sixty miles. The main portions of the minor storm had the shape of two ink black wings and looked like a large sinister bird. These coalesced to the ground with great and appalling fury.

This immense minor twister came rushing forward with scathing violence and many men, women, and children blown from their wrecked homes were lifted up, whirled head over heels and forced to turn, many many complete cartwheels before they were dashed to their deaths to the ground.

Three little girls torn from a wrecked home found themselves thrown among the shattered branches of fallen trees before they could count one and so deep were they buried in the mud that they died of suffocation. Speeding onward with a withering roar the forty mile wide twister struck a part of the town of Lagree (Abyssinkile) thousands of houses being blown to pieces in the first onset. It then swept across the parosheck and Gertrudes lane tearing through the Mc-Hollustian woods and piling the trees

down ridges high, the wind whipping the branches of the fallen trees together with such violence that they were snapped off or skinned of their bark. The barks of the trees were literally stripped and trees not prostrated were in a confused shape inclining in all directions with all of their branches gone. The funnel after commencing all this havoc in this region struck the thickly populated districts of eastern Angelina, (Calvernia) repeating the same rending destruction as done by the main storm in Jennie-Wren-town (Abbieanna), but only one third as much destruction of lives.

The full funnel left a sulphurous smell in the wake as if his infernal Majesty had been out for a walk. Thousands upon thousands of boards were driven into the ground upright, straws were found driven into the barks of trees by the wind of this funnel and the wind also drove a brick through the weather boarding lath and plastering of a brick house, across six rooms a distance of one thousand feet, and lodged in it in the front wall of a partly wrecked house in the rear of this immense structure without breaking even the corner of the brick.

Even so great was the velocity of the brick that the laths without cracking any of the adjoining plaster were cut smooth. At the president's headquarters the wind tore off the front wall leaving exposed a sign which read;

"FOR SALE. BOOKS, PAPERS, BLOTTERS AND CANARY BIRDS"

Black and bright golden yellow mud covered the walls of many of the partially wrecked houses although no such mud was found anywhere in the neighborhood. In the wrecked capitol building of Eastern Angelina Agathia which was badly wrecked, and its main front portions torn to pieces, and where Hanson's father and many others met death, a thousand dead chickens were found in the rooms, a wrecked cabinet and panes which had never been in the place before was found in the president's library and the glass still stopped of many decanters full of sweet alter wine belonging to a visiting priest were found broken off and the bottles ungutted, and still standing upright. On a large library table.

In a large livery stable belonging to the captain a heavy carriage and three horses were carried away, the barn also was carried away but the hay untouched. Light pictures were left hanging on the walls in one of the rooms of the wrecked capitol whose roof and several parts of its walls had been blown away. These were the freaks left by the funnel.

Another big funnel appearing like a big black volcano turned up side down struck the two Catherine hills near Gloriana (Calvernia) sweeping them clean of every tree, struck Stanck and Collyer leveling them to the ground, swept across Cedernine, wrecking Gloriana frightfully and then drew itself into the sky with a burst of horrible thunder that sounded like the discharge of millions of cannon.

The town of Marcus itself was struck by this outsider, one thousand houses being blown to pieces in the twinkling of an eye the little town being scattered to the four winds by this immense wind spouter funnel. From out of this doomed town thousands of horribly crushed bodies of men, women, and children were carried one hundred miles. Many waterspouts were seen on the rivers. One big waterspout was noted on the Angeline river which disappeared after ten minutes. Other funnels all in a line were reported all up and down the Angeline river valley indicating the scope of cyclonic conditions.

Another minor twister attacked attached itself from the main body and rushed through Hee Hdda Hedda and Ophelia committing terrible damage in the thickly populated districts of Sacred Heart City before it drew itself into the main cloud. At the same time the main storm had been tearing across Abbieanna it threw forth a branch that desolated Kilner, and a large Angelinian city known as Nelkingburg wiping them out. Two hours later it tore across eastern Angelina moving northeastward and carrying all before it. The city of Zimmermann was torn to pieces and many farms were ruined. Whole strips of forests were carried away and towns after towns were wiped out.

After travelling two or three hundred miles this immense funnel disappeared into the main storm which swerved to the northeast desolating Bondina and Calvernia wells, and Francis Schmidt (Abbieanna).

WHAT ARE BLENGLIGLOMEAN SERPENTS....?

The origin of blengliglomean serpents is a mystery to all nations of the world, in this story. They have been existing as long as any one of the human race of the Angelinian world can remember. When they were first discovered, it was the greater kind called the Roverines and Northereans that were first formed. Millions of learned persons all over the world had tried to study these great creatures, and investigations had also been made to trace any learned knowledge of ancient people who may have discovered anything about these marvelous creatures, their habits, and what they really were. As far as found out in the discoveries of the writings of people in the earliest part of the year 100 they were known as great serpents that may have been descendants of great Dragons of old that had been existing before that period, but then this writing could not be proved or confirmed. For though species of Dragons, these great blenglings, were never known to be dragons. Dragons in size are faries compared to these creatures, and would be as helpless to them as a fly in a man's hand.

No dragons had been found in existence either, except those peculiar beasts resembling them living then in Abbieanna, but nevertheless it was help firm to the learned persons to call them Fairy winged Dragons, of heavens paradise.

By Heathens the creatures were called gucanianians or Feldorians, and many of the countries still call them these names. Who ever called them blengliglomean creatures no one ever found out, but it was because of the fact that so many millions of them, and a, all Roverines and Rebbonnas were first found in the Blengliglomean Islands. So they received the name of the great islands.

What they really are however no one could ever estimate, and to the world itself the greatest mystery about the creatures, is that so many of them, and the most gigantic of all have human heads, and partway human bodies, with arms so muscular as to rend in pieces an iron bar twenty feet thick.

People had tried to find out whether they ever were small common serpents in the earliest life of the universe, but as far back as possible it was found that the same kind of creatures did then exist, though then not so numerous, and not so docile toward human beings as they are now. It was believed that they were first of all found in the great islands called the Randall isles not twenty eight miles north of the greater islands called the Boyking isles. These kind discovered with gigantic roverines with human heads, and arms which later were called the human headed roverines, and Rebbonna. These kind of blengliglomean serpents were found to be immense in size, and though many other kinds all knew to new were discovered, none in all the world have been discovered yet so big as the Roverines and Roverines. Some of the big biggest roverines are called Inecorians, Crimexerians, and Inbaercoans. But the common Northereans called the Humanheaded roverines are called Rebbonna, which means great creatures with a serpents body and human form in one.

The Rebbonna when full grown exceed the size of any plengins in existence. As far as the year 1188 the creatures have shown a greater fondness toward children of nations as to exceed the love of any mother, and as the creatures somehow knew the existence of God, they feel sure that any man no matter what nation he is in who ill treats a little child, just simply because he hates that child and no other peculiar reason, is not only an enemy of children, but also an enemy of God, and thus the reason no man is safe in their presence who harms a child just because he hates that child. The younger the child, the more stronger is the protection placed over it. If parents punished a child because of an offense it mattered little because the creatures help held it probable that the child inherited that sin from the actions of the parent, and the parent if doing so to the child for an offense, had to hide for many days to escape the vengeance of a plengin who saw the child punished.

Hanson's father had many statements of these creatures on what they are and what they were thought to be but nevertheless either one of these statements were not confirmed. He declared that they were great serpents of mysterious shape and form, many with human heads, but the people objected to this declaring that the plengiglomean creatures could not be anything like serpents and that it would be an insult to call them serpents. Other names were alike concerning dragons and govenbemberines, but none of these names suited either. Many kings of the christian nations called these creatures Exiltinians, and plengians, but neither did these names suit and it is as far as known been the fact that the creatures have been called plengiglomean creatures, and Rebbonnas.

Hanson's father himself had tried to find out what the creatures really were, but could not find out any thing about them to bring anything as complete success. Nevertheless he had first called them portereans especially those with the human heads, and arms, and the others tuskorhorians and the like. Most of the humandeaded creatures called Rebbonnas are the prettiest plengiglomean serpents ever in existence, and the peculiar fact about them is that so many have long tails which taper to thinly for a great length as to resemble a gigantic rawhide whip. Thus those kind are called Tapro Taporians, and they are the largest of all the plengiglomean creatures ever known, and some extend to the distance of eight thousand five hundred and ninety nine feet, and when aroused are so frightful in their ferocity toward the enemy of God as to make a scene more appalling than a thousand and tornadoes raging all at once.

One peculiar species of plengiglomean creatures seen in the greater plengiglomean islands are the kind called Fairy Winged Gazoonians. They are related in form partly to the horrible looking Griescian gazooks, which Hanson and the others had such a thrilling time in the cavern that time before the war, but nevertheless they are only peculiar plengiglomean creatures, and never have their nature. They have wings like butterflies, and the head of a tuskorian, and tuskorhorian, but their bodies are short, and their tail still shorter. They have no scales, except what are commonly seen on head, neck and legs. They like the others however have rattlers on their tails. Their nature is somewhat like that of the fiercer kind called the Rebbonna and no glandelinian army was safe within their vicinity. A million children of galverinia valued their deliverance from slavery and death by the conduct of these kind of plengiglomean creatures.

Another peculiar kind is the freaked winged Oceanic Malferian plengiglomean Serpent. The wings even when closed seem open, and those who see the creature and its wings apparently open and then thinking how it is possible it is that the creature can fly, will no doubt be surprised out of their wits to suddenly see the wings with a great roar expand to a height greater than the length of the very creature which sometimes exceeds six hundred and eighty feet in length. Their heads though a little shorter forms like a tuskorhorian, but is gentler looking and have long horns that are designed with a crooked band of several different colors who whilst the horns themselves are yellowish in hue. These kind of creatures have four teen different legs which are hidden out of sight when the creature is seen swimming in the sea. They are more commonly seen in the plengiglomean and Catherine isles, their ferocity to enemies of God exceeds all description and they are so strong as to wipe out of existence the mightiest whipterpsut ever in existence and even the widest tornado or spirial typhoon known. So of these creatures have been found to exceed the length of twenty eight thousand nine hundred and fifty feet from head to tail.

Other kinds sometimes still more hedious than even a Griescian Gazoon is the Gazoonian that have yellowish colored wings in the form of a dragon. Their head forms somewhat like a tuskorhorian, but is remarkable long and fully armoured in front of the chin, snout, and head. Its body is very short and its rattler very noisy and can be heard for twenty miles. Its one of the fastest swimmers of many plengiglomean serpents known, and have legs that look more like a swimmer. It is exceedingly ferocious toward all people who profess that they are enemies of God, but despite its hediousness it has as much friendliness toward christians and innocent children as a docile kitten, and in their vicinity no children has ever been harmed by glandelinians. In fact the glandelinians have been wise enough to keep away from the region dominated by these kind of plengiglomean creatures. They are very short in length, their scales are greenish in hue and the belly yellow. They have fourteen long fangs, and sixty three teeth, besides two long fil feelers on their tongue. They stand at a height of nineteen feet when full grown and are about three hundred feet in length. Their eyes glare like a searchlight even in broad daylight, and how terrifying it must be to unsuspecting glandelinians to see two great fiery eyes throwing bright beams all right around looking at them out of a dense dark recess of some forest.

They attack glandelinians without provocation even, and have been known to spring upon a large force of glandelinians marching away with child captives from ambush, destroy them all and carry the children into the christian states of Abbiannia. They are seen in all christian countries, and also in every island of the Mc-whirtheian and Angelinian seas. Some kinds of more tuskorhorian type are still longer and are about a thousand feet in length. Some kinds have four wings all or a stripe striped and hued in all the colors the artist knows. Their habits and nature are like the Tuskorhorians and are also as strong despite the fact that some are extremely short in length. But the most peculiar kind of gazoonian ever known is the one that has a tail that at a distance looks exactly like a long ribbon, when near the tail is flat and half round. It has wings like an angel and its body is remarkably short, though it exceeds all the other kinds in height. It is sometimes found to be eighteen hundred feet in length and is commonly also called the whiplashed tail blengins. The Dog-headed Gazoonian plengins also belong to this kind of variety their tails seeming to be like a ribbon, and the wings of red yellow and blue strips with a cream colored background are in the form of a fan. They are as long as the Angled Winged Gazoonian.

Another kind of Gazoonian is the catheaded plengin and the kind called the Dog-headed Blengiglomean Gazook. Hanson used to say when he viewed these swimming in the water;

"If it was not for the creatures being alive, and moving, and having a head in full view, you would certainly mistake them for some freakish looking ship sailing along the horizon. Both kinds I have observed have four wings in the shape of fans, and are exceedingly short in length. Some kinds are hedious and some kinds are docile looking."

Another cat headed plengiglomean gazook were seen that have no legs, and that their tail the most of it in part have a long rattler. Their wings shape like a dragons, and are greenish in hue. The head is red, the neck orange, and the scales green or yellow. The rattlers vary in hue some are divided in colors as red yellow or blue, others are blue for a certain length ending gray, and others are of various colors their full length. They are also as long as the Ribbon Tailed Gazoonian, and though all these kinds are venomous this one kind is exceedingly poisonous. Every front upper teeth is a poison fang. These kind are only seen in galverinia and in the plengiglomean islands. At night time their bodies glow like fire and high in the sky look like a long streamer of fire flashing through space. They have no cry like a cat. Their voice is a proverb. Hanson stated that the signal roar of these kind of creature is if fearful to hear, and when in a rage, their roar can put a million demons in the greatest terror. Their nature is the same as the catheaded kind. They are slow to anger however and even the worse kind of provocation seldom makes it go for even a glandelinian. It is the most docile Blengiglomean creature as its kind. It only has been known to attack glandelinians when it intends to rescue children from their grasp, and as for its own welfare, it is known to leave the glandelinians alone. But when it goes to the defense of children it shows a fury that all the Glandelinians could never stand up against with all the cannons in their army.

The prettiest kind of plengiglomenian creatures known in galverinia and else where is the Golden Eagle Pib Pink Tailed Taporian. Its body and wings exactly forms like that of an immense eagle, while it has a long pink tail with a short rattler at the tip. Its nature is relative to that of the Eagleheaded Blengins, is exceedingly ferocious and cannot be approached with safety by even strange christian, or women and children. The body is so immense that a thousand houses could not contain its head, and its tail though it would look short in a picture is over seventeen thousand feet in length. Very few kinds are so as to have a short tail. It was remarkable to the Angelinians to find in this region where they abided, torn and lacerated bodies of glandelinians, and no doubt they had been set upon by these most ferocious and hostile of all plengiglomenian gazooks. These kind of plengiglomenian creatures on account of the wickedness of the glandelinians trusted no one christian or not women or children, who approached them, when in the vicinity of Glandelinian armies, and so no one could approach these with any safety, unless they could fully prove that they have nothing to do with the glandelinians, and are not glandelinians. They were different creatures than the other kind of plengiglomenian creatures. Other kinds pitied the glandelinian children and stole them away to save them from corrupt on by their wicked parents and governments, but the golden eagled kinds did not and destroyed all whether women or children besides the men.

Like the Robbonna its fury is extremely blinding, and most savage, and could strike sixty hundred blows with its tail in a minute besides making onrushes that no force of armed men could withstand for a moment. Its roaring is fairly deafening, and also the drowning roar of its wings. These kinds are plentiful, and only in Abbicandia where no glandelinians abound are they safe to approach without being suspected or distrusted.

Another kind alike to that of the golden eagle plengin is the spotted, plengin with a tuskorhorians head and horns. Its whole body head neck and tail is spotted, and its wings form like that of a dragon, but have various pretty colors. It is just as long as the Roverines, and all kinds are whip-lashed Tailed blengins. They have the same nature as the Robbonnas and are extremely ferocious. Only children can approach them with safety in enemy infested countries.

The most poisonous of all the plengiglomenian creatures is the spangled winged tuskorhorians with short tails. Their tuskorhorian horns are long and the points have a shape like a spear. These kinds are universal and there is no kind of country free from them. They however are exceedingly docile, and never have harmed a glandelinian except to protect its young or help children enslaved by the glandelinians. It has only grasped the children from the glandelinians and never did anything otherwise unless attacked fiercely by the glandelinians. Then they were worse than a volcano bursting to pieces under the very feet of the glandelinians. They are about six hundred feet long from head to tip of tail and stand about thirty. Their wings are bright in colors and almost shape like a butterfly. The most ferocious kind of plengiglomenians of all entirely are the great red bellied Eagled headed Blengins. When fully open their spangled wings are about thirteen hundred feet high, and fourteen feet thick, and are striped with all kinds of round yellow dots. The strips are red, and the rest yellow.

This creature also has a head and body like an eagle, but also partway like a dragon, and the tail sometimes exceeds ten thousand feet in length and is about forty feet high. Next to the roverines and porthereans and Robbonnas they are the biggest and the strongest, but they are more exceedingly ferocious, and no glandelinians have encountered one of them without fatal results. Some kinds are venomous and others are not. They all have the same color of bodies, though wings vary in hues. They are seen in all countries and islands, except the Gatharine Isles. Their roar is the same as the Golden Eagled Blengiglomenian creatures.

But the most peculiar kind of all is the queer wing winged purple bellied Blengins. When full grown they are veritable portthereans, and are very docile in their faces, though much alike the Eagled headed blengins in ferocity when aroused. They seem to have two wings on each side that try to form into one. They are the largest of all kinds with the head of a Tuskorhorian. Their body shapes more like some gigantic Puma and legs also but their tails are exceedingly broad, high and long. Their scales are golden, and their wings are one in color with long hooky talons. They make a noise more like the roar of lions but a thousand times much louder. All kinds described here have no human voice, though they nevertheless can understand what human beings are talking about just the same.

To all the nations of this world these great creatures have always been a great mystery. Hanson himself or neither his brother, knows what the creatures really are. It has been declared however that in the earliest centuries, that the nation of Nickenile had been inhabited by strange and beautiful creatures much like these great blengins, but of smaller size, and that they had been called Jackawannas, and so, Gelfarenians. They had the same nature as the plengiglomenian creatures, and had the same beautifying appearances, and had the same fondness of children, and showed the same kind of protection and kindness. It is believed that these had been the same creatures, until some time later they had also been discovered in the plengiglomenian islands. Here the discoverers had found them to be more immensely larger, and longer, still more beautiful but at that time less docile especially toward strangers, and for a time had been unable to land at the islands, on account of the creatures appearing quite hostile....

Captain Planderings who commanded the expedition toward these great islands managed one night to find his way to a large bay of the great island called St Anns, and here with a large number of sailors and tourists he landed and started an investigation of the island which he found the only one of all the islands free from active volcanoes though it had mountains that had been the worse volcanoes in the world.

Here he and his party in closing upon a large valley discovered myriads of these beautiful creatures, and not knowing whether they were the same creatures he had heard of in Nickenile decided to have a better view of them. He and the party descended into the valley as far as they dared and indeed declared that they appeared like those also but were much larger and still more beautiful and that they were strange and freakish because so many had heads chests, and arms of human beings.

The creatures saw him and his party but nevertheless made no hostile move toward them, though nevertheless the men did not dare descend into the valley much farther, as they did not like the way the creatures looked at them. At this time the glandelinians had been working their cruelties upon the islands and their inhabitants and as the party were strangers it was evident that the plengiglomenian creatures did not know whether to trust them or not and that next morning one of the beautiful child headed blengins appeared and warned the captain and his followers to leave the island without delay as their presence was not required. The captain tried to explain matters but it did not do any good as the creature remarked;

"You have no proofs about you to show that you are honest and so you had better take warning and leave as it will not be very favorable to you if you heed not the warning."

So the men were compelled to leave the island, and the creatures watched the ships sail out of sight before they disappeared inside the hill caverns once more. However some time later with a large host of christian soldiers, and even women and children this same captain made another visit to the islands and landed on the great island of St Peters.

Here he and the others were received with better welcome by the plengiglomenian creatures, and he was able to make a full investigation of the kind of creatures well known. Finally he decided that they were not dragons as many called them, nor serpents either though they resembled them in shape very much. There was a difference in the form of their heads and wings. So many had wings formed like fairies and butterflies, or like eagles and angels, and also like bats of many various colors. The human headed creatures appeared to be the most gigantic and the most attractive and seemed to be very curious of the men women and children who visited the great island. Within three months time after encountering many severe cyclones and thunderstorms every island had been visited, and had been found warning to their utmost by these beautiful creatures. He had questioned the islanders asking them what the creatures were and their habits. The natives were flabbergasted in this case and the chief declared that the white men with their white papooses and women or squaws but be quite ignorant not to know what the creatures really were.

"I have seen these creatures since the islands were raised above the sea. Declared the chief who could speak good english and other tongues as well. They came here from a great country called Protestantia and another called Ninc Nickenile. They are beautiful creatures indeed and we have called them Netheltonians. They have always been very good creatures and love everybody."

There was other information also that the captain received from these civilized natives and from the other people that also lived in towns and cities of the larger islands but nevertheless could not get any satisfaction as to what the creatures were for real, and so they sat long lots as to what name they could be called, and finally it was decided by the captain that they were to be called plengiglomenian Serpents creatures as they were discovered on those islands.....

The main discovery that this captian made was on the first of the great Boy-ying islands which he landed in the thirteenth of May after several of his fleet of ships have had almost foundered in encounter of the wildest cyclones of the season known as a spirin tearing typhoon. Hereon this island he found the creatures still still more numerous and of many various kinds. However they were hostile and he could not stay long as several of the young ones attacked his men because unfortunately they happened to wear gray coats and hats almost in the fashion of the wicked Glandolinian soldiers. One incident with one of his men was; After the crew of the ship called the "revange" had landed on the island called Copon, a certain man taking his two satchels decided to explore the island and see what it was like. He had reached a hill top not long after landing, and first looking over the contents of the satchels discovered that the contents were not what he had expected to carry. As the day was hot he had taken off his coat and was about to close his small satchel or valise when on his left side behind a thick brush near a tree he heard a strange sound and looking saw what at first appeared to be a little girl looking suspiciously at him. He suddenly arose and said;

"Don't be afraid little girl," When to his surprise he noticed she had two red wings and that the under part of her body which was completely naked terminated into a long ponderous tail. He was face to face with a human headed Blengiglomenean serpent.

At first he was filled with great consternation for the creature did not at all look pleased at his being there. He knew that it was folly to expect to escape by running and did not know what to do. She appeared to have dark brown hair or face and hands being white but her body was red or scarlet color. He did not move an inch from his place and neither did the strange creature approach him. He had expected it to make an answer to his question but it did not, and only stared at him fixedly not moving from its place. At last the man assumed courage enough to speak out;

"What is the matter with me. Don't you like me?"

The creature still did not answer, but approached him with a menacing look and then suddenly fluttered its wings and flew away after giving forth a frightful loud and deafening thunderous signal roar heard far and wide, and which echoed and reechoed throughout all the mountain valleys and the distant forests beyond and around. Never before had he ever heard such a loud roar, and he wondered how it could be from a creature that looked so childish, was no more smaller in form than a child, and was only a young one twenty feet long.

He was terrified indeed because of its sudden appearance and of its hostile look and as soon as it was gone he hurried down the hill as fast as he could forgetting to bring his belongings with him. He spread the news among his comrades that the blengiglomenean creatures were very hostile and his friend said;

"You were foolish to wear that hat out on the island. Can't you see that it was some old Glandolinian hat you wore with the words outside in front;

"Down with ~~the~~ and all the christians of the world. Death to all christian children."

And one of his friends showed him the engravings on the hat and which proved that the blengiglomenean creature had seen the words, and thus the reason of her hostile appearance. . . Since that day he never wore the hat again though he did not know how he came to have it on in the first place. The next day he decided to wear his usual christian costume and appear on the same hill again. His friends advised him not to do so as it may not do any good but nevertheless he did so and after landing on the same island, went straight for the hill and reached its top toward noon. He found his belongings still untouched where he had left them in his hasty flight, but there was no blengiglomenean creature about though there was evidence of foot prints on the ground that there had been a perfect swarm of them after he had left so hastily. Seeing nothing of the creatures he set about to pack his satchel and small hand bag. Again he was attracted by the same noise, and looking up saw a gigantic head of some great Blengin staring at him with great eyes as large as beer barrels. It was a gigantic roverine for he could tell so by its great wings which were partly visible as the creature had prepared to flap them. However as the creature had not seen him before it did not appear hostile and flew away before the man could utter a sound. To him it was the most monstrous creature he had ever dreamed of, and he wondered if it could ever fly down into a city without wrecking the buildings accidentally.....

His comrades finally ascended the hill themselves and coaxed him to come down saying that he was playing with fire to do this. As he would not do so they reported his conduct to the captian. As his comrades were reporting the matter to the captian the same little creature appeared again, and seeing him first was upon him before he knew of her presence. However she did not do him any harm and flew away again.

Other kinds that were seen by the captian was the child head he added plengins called the Praying Rebbonna. Even when full grown they are short in length. It nevertheless they are very monstrous y just the same and can exceed the length of eight hundred feet. They are eighty feet broad, ninety feet high at the largest part, and have wings extending upward when fully open that exceed three hundred feet. They are beautiful to behold, in colors and face, and sometimes exceeds in beautiful appearance the most dainty little girl ever seen. When working their way along the ground, they have a habit of lifting their hands high in the air clasp them together as if in the act of praying, and thus is the reason they obtain this kind of name. They are seen frequently in the plengiglomenean and Boyking islands but also they are seen in the Catherine isles. Some are beautiful in features and complexion even in the males, and no beautiful children in the world can exceed their pretty faces when the creatures are young. Hanson calls them the praying Rebbonnas. Their scales are generally all around the entire body and are all in one color on the body excepting the face and arms which have a peculiar yellowish tan color.

They like the other Rebbonnas are exceedingly ferocious toward all enemies of god, and are so terrible in fury that no large force of armed Glandolinians have ever summoned the courage to attack even one of the young. They can make a spring with their legs to a distance of a thousand yards, can strike powerful blows with their tail and wings, and tear every thing to pieces with the talons in their hands, feet and wings. None of these kinds are considered venomous but nevertheless it is not wise to take a chance of being bitten by one of them just the same.

They have voices like human beings, but their roar is a proverb. They roar in the same fashion as the lion or louder but the din is so terrific that if the creature was two miles in the air any one would mistake it for a loud long roll of thunder. Their roar is ten thousand times louder than the roar of the lion though it has the same tone. They are very swift in flight and high in the air their wings make a roar like an approaching cyclone. No one can really estimate the speed of these blengiglomenean creatures in flying. However it depends on the size of the creatures, the size of their wings and the way they fly. The peculiar part is that when flying their wings act the same as the wings of a fly or bee and are entirely invisible and thus make the loud droning roar heard though the creature may be four miles high.

They can outdistance the fleetest airplanes, the swiftest windstorm and can cover a distance of a hundred miles in fifteen minutes as Hanson declares. However they cannot fly as swift as the port porhereans which are the swiftest blengiglomenean creatures in winged flight. There are no blengiglomenean creatures really found without legs, or none without wings, and they are so swift in running that the fastest express train would be left miles behind if running a race with them. The fastest have been known to run at a speed of eight hundred miles an hour, and fly at a rate of two thousand miles an hour. It can be imagined what the sound must be if a whole fleet of these creatures would be flying overhead in the air about only a thousand feet above. Hanson has seen thousands flying in the air at times and the noise of their wings when so many was fairly deafening.

It has been believed once that people could easily go traveling by riding on their backs, but it is not so because no one could stand the rush of wind caused by the swift flight through space as these creatures can. And neither could any one get on their backs, and as the very scales are sharp edged and may wound them accidentally. The scales themselves are offensive weapons and also the back is armoured with sharp protruding things seen on the head of a rooster. Nevertheless if it could be done it would certainly be great sport riding on these creatures back. Some are considered easy to ride, if the persons can get a spot on the creature where they will not encounter the fierce rush of wind while going through space at such a terrific speed. Of course there would be no danger of falling off at all because the great power of the magnetic substances in their scales which draws any kind of metal substance toward it which happens to be loose.....

Part Three

THE POWER OF THE GREAT ANGELOINIAN AND OTHERS HAVE
 IN DEFEAT BY THE GREAT ANGELOINIAN, AND THE GREAT ANGELOINIAN
 CREATURES... ..

Also it is declared that any of the great plengiglomenian creatures can and do dive into the uttermost depths of the great Angelinian and the Whirthian seas, and also the Calverinian seas, for the big fishes which they eat. No strong pressure of water is anything to them, and they can swim through the deepest ocean as if they were swimming in the air if possible to do so. All of the great Plengiglomenian Serpents are good and excellent swimmers and also good fish eaters the reason of there being very few dangerous fishes in the Angelinian oceans that are seen. If there is to be said there ever were sea serpents then they do not dare show themselves above the surface of the water because the plengiglomenian serpents will go for them and swallow them like a string of candy beads.

The giant whales alone did not seem to be afraid of the Plengiglomenian Serpents and neither did the plengiglomenian serpents ever think of harming them, unless they had to for certain serious reason and other curious facts..... They are the best divers that ever was seen and they can stay under water for a long time without needing to come up to get air, and even in the greatest depths they can see in the intense darkness for miles, and view all the prey that they need for their desert. Other things about them is that they are the most excellent swimmers that ever was imagined. They can go through the roughest type of sea lashed with the speed of the wind, can dash the waves into seething maelstroms of foam, and wreck anything with its tail that happens to be in its way. They can dive down into the recesses of the sea and land at the bottom in a moments time, and can also bring up to the surface what no great human diver could ever think of bringing up. The plengiglomenian serpents have brought to the surface of the water many sunken ships and all treasures found at the bottom of the sea and brought them to the islands to give to the people living there. They have also saved many a person from drowning when their ship was in a sinking condition, and also they have warned skippers of an approaching storm that no ship whatever could ride before, and thus enabled the skipper to keep his ship in the port until the storm has passed another way..... Hanson had declared that when the Plengiglomenian Serpents dive into the sea they make a regular maelstrom maelstrom of waves by the fury of their descent and drag down with it anything in the way of the great suction created by the swift descent of the immense creature. Not even the swiftest shark can get away from the Plengiglomenian serpents, and neither anything else found in the water no matter how fiercely they may show resistance when attacked. Even in the great rivers of Calverinia the plengiglomenian serpents have attacked the fishes found there and also the great river horses, and other great marine monsters that were seen there so often. Even the great plengiglomenian Cazooks that sometimes swim in the ponds and rivers with the intention of seeking for fishes and other living creatures of the way out water for prey have been fiercely attacked by the plengiglomenian serpents and driven back to their own lairs. Nevertheless the plengiglomenian serpents are the most excellent divers of any divers known and they can find anything in the greatest depths of the ocean, and even they seize upon the sea plants and stone plants also and eat their contents besides eating any sea weeds found in the bottom of the great seas.....

It was stated that when wounded any kind of Plengiglomenian creatures are worse than a million lions and tigers in one and it is so. We can give a graphic but thrilling account by taking the young rebbonas for instance. It is known to Hanson that at the earliest part of the Glandelinian war the Glandelinians mistaking the young Rebbonas for children they were looking after, have fired at their heads in an effort to kill them outright before they succeeded in getting away, and at times it had happened that the Glandelinians had succeeded in wounding the creature they aimed at.

When wounded the pain and the loss of the beautiful portion of the scales where the bullet had hit the creature enraged it beyond endurance and with indescribable ferocity it rushes and flies furiously upon its wicked Aggressors. During this attack the creature in its rage would set up a storm of savage roarings, mingled with plaintive howlings, with the rattling and droning sound of its wings, and yet all this appalling tumult does not prevent the aggressors from hearing the shrill hissing of its gigantic rattler on the tip of its tail.

Appalling fury of the plengiglomenian creatures when enraged.

Indeed when struck and wounded by a bullet the human headed Blengin abandons itself wholly to rage and fury beyond description. It will rush straight forward, or any direction the fugitives would flee when pursued, smashing, overturning, trampling underfoot, knowing down trees with its wings, and crushing to atoms everything which is unfortunate to be in its road. Its fugitives cannot expect to avoid these formidable attacks by making depressions to the right or left as expected, for the course of the creature is fairly quick, as it will follow the fugitives through the most impenetrable brush and woods as if it was tissue paper, and so if once they wound a blengin even by mistake the Glandelinians no matter how many of them there are even facing a young infuriated Rebbona might as well lay down and prepare to die.

What the little heroines called the Vivian girls liked best to see and view was the great Tuskorhorians called the Angled winged, Crime-grimecorian. It is a great plengiglomenian creature with a body of peculiar shape, and which terminates into a long apparently slim tail with golden scales, and blue underneath. Its tail sometimes exceeds two miles in length, and is a creature so formidable that it cannot be described. It has about sixty small feet or legs like those called the Catapillar plengins though of course it is no such a creature and still more monstrous. Its wings are like some immense birds, or angels and of a complete golden color, and though the membranes of the wings seem like feathers they are not such a thing, and a blow from one of those wings when open extends a hundred and eighty feet wide, is strong enough to shatter down the mightiest house ever over built. It is the very kind of creature that Evans spoke of before which he said was the largest kind he had ever seen and which he called a Halfarian Blengin. These kinds are only seen in the gathering isles in great swarms and though commonly seen also in other countries as well as Abbieannia, Calverinia and the Plengiglomenian islands they are more numerous than any kind of its own species. They are a great deal related to the most gigantic Plengiglomenian creatures known and that is the porterean roverines. In fact they are a sort of roverine in themselves, for they are too immense to be long to be considered as any other kind of creature. They have as reports been stated destroyed hundreds of thousands of Glandelinian soldiers in Calverinia within two weeks without the slightest provocation, and at other times when seeing the Glandelinians at their wicked forays have shown a dreadful inconceivable fury that no saint in heaven could describe. They and the angled headed plengins are almost the best of mates and are seen always flying together, and have been seen flying with whole swarms of these fiercest of all plengiglomenian creatures.

All of the angled winged Tuskorhorians are the same in length, except that the females are quite a great deal longer. They are all uniform in color with wings to boot though many do vary in the form of their heads. Some have heads formed like common Tuskorhorian, others like Crimecian Cazooks, and others almost like some gigantic porcupine and also more like the form of a Moose and horse. Many have been seen with the head of a Hippopotamus. Their Tuskorhorian horns are longer than any other of the Tuskorhorians and their heads altogether are much more shorter. They in many cases are seldom had in hideous looking, but nevertheless the glare in their eyes, and the expression of their face does show that like the Rebbonas they are the most ferocious plengiglomenian creatures ever living, when attacked by any body with mean intentions whether enemies of God or not. A Tuskorhorian of this kind has been known to kill a whole camp of Glandelinian soldiers under Hanlays camp without the slightest provocation, and also had wrecked many child slave houses regardless how many soldiers may be in the buildings or children either. Their fury is extremely wild, and these creatures are just the same as the Cazooks in nature and have the same character.

Hanson reported that in many cases that the glandelinians alone were not the only ones troubled by them. Many times without provocations a certain portion of a christian camp had been wildly attacked by these creatures who no doubt were fearfully infuriated by the sights of arms and cannons and the slaughter of christian soldiers by these creatures has been something terrible. The good or the bad are not safe in the vicinity of these fierce creatures who never have shown the nature of the other plengigloamenean creatures. They are believed to be wild plengigloamenean creatures with the ferocity of Dragons in their nature, and even children and women, and any kind of the most docile and human like animals have been attacked by these tuskorhorian creatures with the most terrible fury without any reason whatever. No wonder that Hanson and many other generals of the christian army has done their best to get the other kinds of plengigloamenean creatures to make short work of these fierce plengins if possible.

SAVAGE RIVAL OF HUMAN BEINGS.

The reason these creatures appeared to be so fierce to every human being is because of the fact that the glandelinians many in the disguise of christian soldiers have mistreated their young, and so thus the creatures took any soldier no matter what uniform he wore for the rascally glandelinians, and thus the reason of the violent attack made upon even the christian soldiers, and even women and children who happened to be too near the play places where these monstrous creatures lived. Thus to Hanson the plengigloamenean creatures of this species seemed to be the most savage rival of all human beings.

The power of these kind of plengigloamenean serpents is simply terrific, and their efficacy has been found by Hanson and the other christian officers in many disastrous incidents. All of these kind of plengigloamenean creatures are liable to sudden and unaccountable fits of frightful anger when seeing glandelinian or christian soldiers near their haunts, during which the creature will rush at any number of the men near its home whether christian or not, and tear or dash them to pieces. Many times the creatures had attacked even the horses of the christian troopers and either gored them violently with their long horns, or smashed them down and bled with a blow of its wings. Hanson himself related that on one occasion he has himself tied his horse to the limb of a tree while out scouting during the war, and in company with his general officers went a short distance away to view the enemy's lines, when he was horrified on returning to discover a huge Angel Winged tuskorhorian in the very act of making a deadly charge upon the horse, and so near that the horse had already reared on his hind legs in the efforts to escape. There was no time to be lost. Hanson raised his gun a forty four calibre revolver took sure aim and in an instant, checked the onward rush of the enormous creature though he did not wound it.

Sometimes the great Angel winged tuskorhorians attacked inanimate objects, such as bushes and trees, and assaults them in the most violent and fearful manner, not leaving them until they have broken them to pieces. Ploughing up the ground with their horns is also a favorite mode of expressing rage and fury. Evans was wise indeed when he did not approach the beast he had seen, and if he had done so he would have paid with his life. Outside of galverinia and in the islands the creatures of these kinds so show no such fury toward human beings, as well as in abbeinnia and Angelinia, but in galverinia they seem to show no respect to no body no matter what they are or who they are. Violet and her sisters have seen these creatures in galverinia, but have never dared to approach them, or either their young for they appeared so hostile in looks and so menacing in notion. They are however the most gracefully shaped plengigloamenean serpents of all and it is sad to think that the folly of the wicked glandelinians have caused the plengigloamenean creatures of such species, which once were more docile toward all people than an angel of heaven itself, to now be more ferocious than all the devils are to the lost souls of hell. No Galverinian dared meet these creatures in the open, and neither did anybody ever face the creatures or go near their haunts, except the glandelinians for the intention to arouse them at all further. Damage however has been done more to the glandelinians, and throughout the glandelinian invasion there has been more glandelinians killed by these kind of plengigloamenean creatures alone, than there has been children massacred by the foe during the war. Every time christians had been attacked it was because near that section the glandelinians had stoned their young, and so the creatures mistaking them or any children in the vicinity for glandelinian foes had attacked and slew them all without the slightest warning.....

The great fairy winged tuskorhorians are also very gigantic creatures of the Dorthenian species, in fact they are dorthenians themselves of different forms. They have wings entirely shaped like a butterfly, but in two ways. One way they are attached to the body just as the butterfly and the other way they extend upwards in a different form with the backs of the wings apparently toward the head of the creature. In some ways these kind of plengigloamenean creatures, especially in their wings are the most beautiful plengins known. But they are equally as powerful as the Rebbonnas, have the same nature and ferocity as the Rebbonnas, and are the same as the Angled Winged tuskorhorians.

Many are extensive in length and few are found of short tails. Some are venomous and some are not. The most peculiar kind of Fairy Winged tuskorhorians are those with large wings that are full of bright colored stripes with all kinds of round dotted designs between the colored sections of the stripes. But these alone have no wings in the form of a butterfly, though the endings are somewhat near to it. These kinds have a long and ponderous body with golden scales on top, and a purplish colored belly. Their bodies are somewhat to the length of a thousand feet alone, and the tail two thousand, and end with a spear shaped sting or rattler.

The character of these kind is not pleasant to meet with if the person happens to be a glandelinian, though they are not so ferocious as the other kind of its kindred. Nevertheless these kind have the biggest wings ever seen on any plengigloamenean creature and shape exactly like a great Vulture when entirely open. They can fly higher than the others, and move so swiftly through the air that in the night time high up in the sky they look like a long streak of glaring fire moving across the sky with the speed of a comet. They never are violent toward christian unless compelled to be and are quieter than the other kind, and never make a disturbance with a signal storm of roars like the other kind of plengigloamenean creatures do. Some have a tail that is entirely a rattler the full length, and these kinds are called the rattle-plengins.

The Rattle-plengins are exceedingly terrible in their wild ferocity and they attack enemies of their kindred with such appalling fury that no description of the attacks are fit to describe. Their wings shape entirely like a butterfly, but are striped like the other kind just mentioned but have more numerous designs, and some cases the wings are wider than the length of the body and fifteen times the length. Their tails are three thousand feet long and their bodies nearly fifteen hundred. The head armor is very peculiar. On top there is a peculiar form of horns extending straight upward more like the form of a lance, and high up about half way apparently short tuskorhorian horns protrude. Their hind legs are very long, and their front feet still longer. Under their scales the coloring may be prussian blue, scarlet, green yellow, or purple, and also crimson and violetred, but there appears also round yellow dots, which makes the creatures beautiful to behold. They are the best kind of all the plengigloamenean creatures in their coloring of this type, and of all the tuskorhorians they are the most gigantic, and can run so fast that even a scorching typhoon could not overtake them.

It is the only kind of plengigloamenean creature that does not have the serpentine form. Its body is very large high, and its tail small. Think of one of these charging at an army of glandelinians. Another kind with beautiful butterfly wings is called a Fairy winged plengian. When full grown these creatures are also exceedingly beautiful though the body is covered everywhere underneath too with the golden scales. Their head also forms like that of a tuskorhorian, but is much smaller and is devoid of horns of any kind. It is a very fierce creature for its own enemies, especially the glandelinians, and so shows utmost fury when attacked. But it is different from the other kind of plengigloamenean creatures for it never assumes the offensive, and harms no glandelinians unless attacked by them, or in defense of their young. They however attack enemies to rescue children from their grasp. These kinds are found universally and are also found in the highest mountains.

A PLENGIGLOAMENEAN CREATURE CALLED A HANS HANDSOME DUDE.

This kind of plengin is a great Rover with a number of stripes on its back in the form of three ribbons red yellow, and blue. It is a very great creature, with large wings of different designs, and of the quickest motion. It is the same kind of power as one violet and her sisters recently served in a cavern and induced into their own garden. Huge as it is it is

very docile, and seldom harmed even a glandelinian soldier. It has a large head of rounded shape, and looks just what its nature is. The glandelinians however have never molested these kinds for so huge they are and so ponderous are their tails that the glandelinians believed it possible that if they aroused these kind of porverines, they would gather in a swarm and annihilate all of them and leave the christians to be the victors without a battle. Probably it was true, and that the glandelinians proved themselves wise to let these most gigantic of porverines alone. Their colors as Dr described when violet and her sisters encountered one of them are uniform, and the wings also but they vary in length, some being as long as the gigantic porthereans.

THE DEMON REBBONNAS.

This is the name given to the kind of plengiglamean creatures called the Port reans. Some have the human form like the rebbonnas and others have the head of a muskorhorian but somewhat shorter, and the horns do not have that rounded twist. One kind has the upper portion of the body yellow without the scales, but have streaked designs around the body and dark green rounded things in the middle. The wings are yellow inside with orange bands or streamers with purple dots, and the outside of the wings are more like the Rattle Bl plengin. These kind of creatures are nearly as long as the great porthereans,, but they are broader, and more powerful. The bodies of the human headed have scales of green and yellow with round circular designs, with blue bands around the scaly section. The wings are disposing and ponderous and stripped almost like a flag, flag though the colors are red yellow and blue. The hair is peculiar more like a fairy sprite in a fairy book, and has two muskorhorian horns of thinly shaped hard bone protruding from behind or in front, and above the ears. They are beautiful to behold, but they are not commonly trusted in the vicinity of any camps as their ferocity is such as to outdoe any of the plengigl, plengiglamean serpents in existence entirely.

Their cries and roars are so fearful that they recieved the name of Demon Rebbonnas. They have been for the first part of the war molested a great deal by the Glandelinians, and since then all glandelinian troops in seeing the approach of one of these creatures have taken to the deepest ravines for safety but in vain as the creatures crash through the thickest maze of trees as does the tornado and descend down into the ravine with utmost fury carrying all before them. The kind with the head like the muskorhorian roars like the ear-splitting crash of thunder heard during a hurricane and its signal roars is so loud that it could be heard for five hundred miles. The noise produced by the human headed creature is the same, though when in a mild temper it talks like a child according to what it is female or male. But the human headed creature is the fiercest of them all, and have been held to account for the destruction of over forty million wounded glandelinians assailed by them after several battles with christians during the war had been lost. They have attacked the christians on several occasions also with the result of terrible loss in lives. Their attacks on the christians however had been mistakes on account that the christians had tents like the glandelinians at that time and fooled the creatures. Otherwise they are as friendly toward all christian people as the others and are only the deadly enemies of the wicked glandelinians. They are a great deal related to the great Porthereans,, but they are not quite so long... ..

They do in some case resemble the great porthereans which Hanson declared he had seen in the great Catherine isles when he was younger. T

"They are literally great rebbonnas of different form than the others." He had said. "They alone do not have the great whip-lash tails and are not so short in the length of their bodies, or neither so beautiful in their faces when having the human head. They are exceedingly ferocious, caparicious, and insidious, and are so powerful that nothing whatever can withstand them. They allow no ships flying the glandelinian flag to approach within a mile within their islands, and those that do so are doing so at the risk of their very lives. Their voice in tone is the same as any other kind of Eagle Headed plengin but louder and sharper and can be heard for five hundred and sixty miles away. They are very swift as swift as the pue porverines, but they are nearly equally as long as the great Porthec porthereans, but more pretty in colors, and more handsome and graceful in form.

Of the humanheaded creatures the females at times are pretty in their faces but not quite so as the porthe reans or Rebbonnas, but those of the males are banish in features, and still more exceedingly ferocious than the females an uncommon thing about the creatures, as mostly the other kind when females are greater in fury. The males have a fury when ab angered that is blinding and unusual, they fairly lose their temper, and go as wild as any of the eagle headed plengins. When angered they roar and scream so frightfully that the noise makes the ground fairly tremble, and all the mountain valleys and woods to resound with millions of deafening echoes. Their usual signal signal roar when calling to each other only sounds like a whistle of a fire tug but a hundred million times more louder, but when they give forth a signal roar when angered it sounds like five sudden explosives crashes of thunder put in time like the five strokes of a drum. It is only these kind that give forth such peculiar signal roars. They are seen so thickly swarming the sky over the Catherine isles at times as to exclude the sun and make a peculiar colored darkness that turns the scene for a mile while around the islands as a beautiful scenery of heaven. Any one who knows these creatures could simply adore them and yet respect them also for the intensity of their ferocity when aroused. They are very friendly toward innocent children however and have attacked numerous glandelinians who tried to massacre children with such damable fury as to smash the ground with the mangled remains of the slain soldiers.

When attacking their enemies they will not give forth any of their roars, and the only sound heard is the fierce rattling roar of their rattlers and the humming roar of their wings. All types of these creatures are venomous and no one who has medical skill can save a victim even accidentally bitten by one of them or injured by a talon of its wings, but the creature alone alone. They are about three hundred feet shorter than the porthereans. Some kinds if angered over some misfortune have an ugly disposition for many years and in this case it is all off with all glandelinians who happen to encamp within the haunts of these ill humored creatures whether they did any thing wrong or not. In some cases in fury they are even fiercer than the eagle headed plengins and can charged with such a irresistible onrush that they can destroy overt everything in their path by just their mere passage.

They generally have six legs, and some have been found to have as many legs as the Centen centepedes themselves and longer legs. Some even have bodies in the form of centepedes and wings of a butterfly. These kinds are the prettiest, but they have human heads, and look more unusually beautiful in features than the others. Nevertheless they are none the less ferocious toward enemies and show the same speed and irresistible fury in their attacks. There is nothing ever mentioned in their defending themselves because there is no need to as no other plengiglamean creatures could fight them if they were enemies. However they and the Gazooks are special enemies, and have had many a terrific conflict together for hours without abatement. To see one of these conflicts, and to hear the roaring of the combatants is a greater sublimity than witnessing a volcanic eruption and an approaching tornado at the same time. Gazooks however avoid these formidable enemies of their for to get into a clash with a dortherean and dorthreans means certain destruction as these plengiglamean creatures hate the sight of their ugly features and take them for nothing else than heinous dragons in disguise. A hundred Gazooks have been known to attack a great portrean and with fatal results. In all their manners and ways, and with all their powers the portreanx can do more than any other plengiglamean creature, and there is no storm of any kind that will daunt them. These kinds never live in caverns. They hardly have any special haunts whatever always changing from place to place place day after day, and never are known to even remain in their own mountain recesses where formerly they used to abide.

General Vivian himself gave a graphic account of what he had seen concerning the action of portreans.

"One day "He said during the Calverinian Rebellion" I was standing near a high eminence and to my surprise I was attracted by a strange cooing sound like a dove but much louder than the roar of a lion, and a swarm swarming around my horse I see on the top to two great portreans with bodies and tails over over ten thousand feet long and bodies standing as high as thirty without the support of the feet. One had yellow yellow wings and the other stripped like a flag but of red and yellow and blue colors, with a purple back ground. The whole wings were dotted blue and yellow and the head of the creature which was human was of immense size but like a fairy Sprite and so huge as to almost make me feel apprehensive. The human headed creature was pointing toward something seen going down in the valley, and the other one taking note of her direction (She was a female) was looking closely with mouth partly open.

I believed there was something extraordinary going on and as I applied my glass and looked also. An orphan asylum was being attacked by a swarm of so, soldiers glad in the uniform of Abbieannians and I was horrified as I knew what would be the result, for the creatures had seen the glandelinians dragging out the children and strangling and having them to death. The human headed one remained immovable for a moment and then looking half sideways suddenly let out a wild thunderous roar that almost unhorsed me and made the ground tremble while all of the valleys and the very air seemed filled with a million deafening, and insane echoes of different sounds and variations. The other immediately answered, and then there was a great roaring sound as the creatures rose into the air, and in a moment later though the distance was five miles from the spot swooped down over the scene of mass acre, and all I could see was clouds of dust and nothing else. Later all was quiet, and I went down to see what had occurred. All of the glandelinians were quiet, and I reached there were badly mangled, and all of the horses I perceived when I reached there were badly mangled, and all of the horses were fearfully gored and torn up. Ten of the poor animals had been saddled at one part of the glen and only these had been unharmed. Only those ridden by the glandelinians had been fearfully gored the horns of the great plengins having penetrated through saddle flap and padding fracturing all of their ribs, and made a large aperture through which all of their intestines were protruding.

The children who had been slain had been covered up by the creatures and those not slaughtered had been carried off.

The Fairy Winged Roverines are also peculiar but beautiful species of strange portreans. They have long straight horns on their heads besides the long feelers in their mounts, and they have a color of yellow scales and green underparts. They are fierce and insidious and have the same nature as their cousins the portreans in which they are only another kind of species anyway. No children of christian people have been harmed in the vicinity of these creatures, and no glandelinians have ever dared to approach near their haunts.....

Some of the greatest beauties of all the great plengiglomenian creatures is the gigantic Fairy winged Roverines. They are the most extensive of all the kinds of plengiglomenian creatures of its name, and its head weapons grow almost like a tree with large protruding branches. Its body is short in size but exceedingly wide, being over a hundred feet across and about thirty-six feet high without counting the legs. Its tail sometimes exceeds eleven thousand feet. The wings have the form as the great gigantic fairy winged Tuskorhorians but the colors and stripes are more numerous and is jagged at the ends with fearful weapons shaped like swords or lances. The females of these species are longer broader in body in tail and also have weapons all over its body and tail which the male males are perfectly devoided. The front legs of these creatures are short but the rear or hind legs are long almost in the shape and form as the kangaroos. They are all uniform in colors also and all have the same form of heads and wings. Nevertheless they are the same in nature as the fierce eagle headed Blengians, but a great deal more stronger and swifter in their flights through the air. Some have long pretty streamers on the edge of their wings like the wings of the flag swallows and also have longer tarlons and exceedingly more brilliant colors. These are called the Plaged Winged Roverines. It is declared however in most cases that all roverines are the longest and most formidable plengiglomenian creatures living. They are divided into a number of classes. They are called Taproians, Grimercorians, glandonians, portreans, port hereans, Rebbonnas, and also Gasoonians. Hanson has declared that these great creatures are generally called Zocannians, which means great Serpents with human heads and partly bodies. Nevertheless they are the most monstrous of all the plengiglomenian creatures, and some of the kind called the butterflyed portreans are the most gigantic of all the Roverines ever seen, and also the most gigantic of all the plengiglomenian creatures ever in existence and the fiercest also.... Angelinian Roverines are much more fiercer in their nature than the galverinian or Abbieannian kind, and these species are quite fierce in even their looks and holds a disposition that would terrify the very demons of hell themselves. The longest Roverines ever known or that any one has ever seen in Angelinia Calverinia, and elsewhere are generally found in the islands of the Abbieannian seas north of the Mc-Whirthian Ocean, and these kinds fairly swarm all of those northern islands. They however never have been tormented by the glandelinians and are therefore very mild and as gentle as a harmless kitten to everybody. They are called the Eternal Roverines for the reason that so many have been known to live a thousand years and seem yet as if they were only one year old. They are found sometimes extending to the length of thirty eight thousand five hundred feet, and are higher in their bodies and tails than the highest waves of the Mc-Whirthian seas.

They are generally water monsters for they are seen on the waters of the seas ever in the roughest weather more than on land, and fairly keep the sea clear of any dangerous fishes which are enemies of man. Their colors are the same as the Grimercorians and their wings more like that of the Peacocks and Peasants. They generally also have the designs on their wings the same form as if pictured with Golden Peasants but not quite so distinct and are really the most beautiful plengiglomenian creatures ever seen. They are all human headed and are called giant rebbonnas by Hanson. Their arms are long and so powerful as to throw a hundred thousand ton of rocks into the sea and air and to rend to pieces any amount of strong sharks and fishes that come in their way as prey. Human headed though as they are they have no show of the same nature as the Rebbonnas and are so exceedingly docile that not even wicked persons need dread their presence. Whether a demon would face them is a different matter however, and it is true that a no finer is so foolish as to do so....

There is however a very mysterious thing concerning the plengiglomenian creatures which is hard to explain in correct words, but nevertheless which can be described in as many words as possible..... It is well to take note of what happened to Violet and her sisters who encountered the plengiglomenian serpents in the caverns there. It has happened however rarely to children and for some reason not known but nevertheless it can be a good account of why all of the children in Calverinia were not destroyed by the enemy during the war when it could have happened without any one stopping it, as the enemy had all the chance they wanted to wipe out the child life of christian children in the entire countireis of Angelinia and Calverinia put to gether. It is also stated that before the war itself Violet and her sisters had been promised protection by these kind of plengiglomenian creatures, one of which Violet called Rover and is it not true that all through the war the little girls have outwitted the enemy and are still living and feel the more happier over it since their happy experience in that cavern at Phelantonburg? It is well and good if any one could take notice of an open mouth of a great plengiglomenian creature of any kind human or not. They have three membranes in their mouth. A huge tongue, a long forked tongue also and a long sharp hollow thing in their mouth attached as it seems to its tonsils which has the form of a thin blue or yellow lance or needle.

The forked tongue is the deadly fang weapons, besides the fanged teeth, and the tongue itself is a rough substance which would tear to pieces anything it licked. But the most peculiar thing of all is the membrane that looks so much like a long lance. Every different kind of plengiglomenian creature has one of different color. Some may be green, blue, orange red, orange proper, or pink, and scarlet. Others are of every different color that the artist may know, excepting that one color is left out and that is that none are found to be black. It could be possible that if those kind of creatures would be true in existence and lived in this world the children living here would never know what sorrow meant if they happened to run into one of these creatures. The slaughter of children in Angelinia has been slight because of the fact that only ten thousand plengiglomenian creatures are known to be in Calverinia while in Angelinia there are so many that no one could ever count them outside of God himself. Hanson in his earlier days has seen the skies so thick with them, every evening that sometimes darkness came quicker on account of their shutting out the light, and at the real night time they were so thick in the sky that if all the billions of stars would be falling or shooting through the sky they could never make a more brilliant sight. This that made it impossible for the wicked Glandelinians to murder Angelinian children, and also it has been stated that all the Glandelinians who had been guilty of the massacre of children at Crowley, Pullaway, and other places in Angelinia had been fugitives before the plengiglomenian creatures all that time, and one by one they had been captured and destroyed. Massacres by the thousands had been attempted in Angelinia but without any good results for the glandelinians who had very time been unexpectedly set upon by the plengiglomenian creatures who watched every movement of the entire war itself every day of the year high up in the sky and not a scene escaped them. The loss of life among the Angelinian countries itself had been small only a handful compared to those slaughtered in Calverinia. Why they were not so plentiful in Calverinia was because of the extreme winters that set in every year and the creatures though accustomed to hard winters and much cold do not like the sight of too much snow and thus the reason they were few, and only more plentiful in summer and seldom seen in winter unless necessities brought them there. But to go one with the main subject. There is a power in that lance which takes effect upon any one struck by it whether children or not. But then this is on certain conditions only. It has no effect upon

grown persons unless they are in the same innocence as children are and good persons were found more plentiful in those christian countries than there was found among the Jews before the Time of Christ. Now it is done by the creature. is not readily known as the plengiglomenian creatures are cautious and shy and will reveal to no one its secrets except that they are compelled to do so under extreme necessities. The effect of the lance of the young creatures is not quite so strong as of the grown ones, and violet and her sisters and relieved theirs from young plengiglomenian creatures only and it was possible that it could be done again. The effects don't remain long if done by the young creatures, and it only returns in case any one accidentally presses upon the red spots. But if lanced by the large and powerful ones the effects never leave, and only increase month by month, until it seems possible that instead of mere children the happy victims are more like joyous persons of heaven, and their happiness is incalculable to see and also the children thus treated in this form finally turns to extreme and most dazzling beauty, and also is immune from harm that may be intended by any damned evil creature of hell or any living ones of the earth and universe.

Hanson has seen these occurrences many times but more different than violet and her sisters, as they had only a slight touch of it and yet think that it was powerful enough. Hanson had seen once when a child who had been under the influence for two months already was struck down by a rascally glandelinian soldier who hit her upon the chest with his musket butt and then try to run her through with the bayonet. Before he could even think of going to the child's rescue a small plengiglomenian creature swooped down upon the assailant, and carried him away. Never before had Hanson heard such frightful screams the man let out as the plengiglomenian creature carried him to a fiery gulf of a volcano overflowing with molten lava. Only by most superhuman efforts did Hanson managed to get the creature to forgive the rascally glandelinian, but nevertheless the man was so frightened and shaken of over his horrifying experience that he not only turned over a new leaf, left the glandelinian army, but joined the monks of the St. Ann's Calverinian missions and sacrificed himself to die for the good of the country when the place was raided later by the glandelinians during the war. It is also stated that good children or good people of any kind who are thus effected by these plengiglomenian creatures live just as long as the Blengiglomenian creatures themselves, and that no one could attack them without a plengiglomenian creature seeing it though she or he themselves may be so high in the sky as to be unseen by any one.

And plengiglomenian creatures can never be fooled, and can never be outwitted either. And to try to fool one is more dangerous than tampering with an approaching forest fire.....Glandelinians have paid very dearly for setting forests fires which have driven the plengiglomenian creatures from their haunts. The flames is nothing to the creatures it is the smoke that they cannot stand. During the war as had been predicted the enemy have made the greatest forestfires that could ever be imagined and many of these forest fires have moved forward driving the creatures from every dwelling they had. No wonder that the loss of lives among the wicked glandelinians have been reported to be so terrible when attacked by the Blengiglomenian creatures. The plengiglomenian creatures have attempted with all their efforts to put out these great conflagrations when approaching the forests surrounding their haunts but they could not face the terrible clouds of smoke and consequences were terrible to the glandelinians when the poor creatures had to abandon their homes to the ruthless flames.

But I'm leaving my main point. As I said before that the power in the lance of the creature is very remarkable. The lance in the bigger creature is nearly thirty feet long and about half a foot wide.....The reason is however one great mystery about these great Blengiglomenian creatures that is very questionable. God alone knows how many fiends and evil creatures there are existing in the eternal hells of perdition..... Take for an account of what is described of the creatures of the valley of the Shadow of Death and other places in the Pilgrims Progress. Also take note of what is described in Dante's Inferno. Now the plengiglomenian creatures are not spirits or neither are they anything magic or anything else that may be imagined about them. It is true that their bodies are so formidable and hard that not even a thousand shells exploding at once could even slightly scratch them, but nevertheless they are animal creatures of flesh and blood the same as any other, and to all the nations in the world it is questioned constantly "How can it be possible that all the horrible Hobgoblins and other hellish creatures of hell can be vanquished by one of these great plengiglomenian creatures. But it has been so. To these great Blengiglomenian creatures the sight of a fiend or any other evil creature is really very loathsome, and if it was not for the fact that the demons could disappear like the spirit spirits do there is no doubt that they could meet evident destruction by one of these plengiglomenian creatures.

It has been reported that many times, more often than it can be counted that fiends and other evil creatures have encountered the plengiglomenian creatures without warning, and that all their flaming darts have not been able to do a thing to the plengiglomenian creatures, and only by disappearing did the fiends of hell manage to escape the wild and infuriation of demonish fear of the plengiglomenian creatures themselves. It has been reported that early in the season when the plengiglomenian creatures first took possession of their abodes in Abbieannia and Calverinia, saten did set all his hobgoblin Hobgoblins and dragonic beasts upon the plengiglomenian creatures in the mightiest swarms, but despite all their raging fury of hell and its damnation the plengiglomenian creatures only proved that the demons and their dragons were nothing but mere flies in a fly trap or stuck on flypaper.

And what was god's purpose in putting these creatures upon the world? The other questions asked. Always these creatures who lived in the christian countries proved to be the best loving creatures that god had ever created in this story, while if found in the wicked countries professing themselves as enemies of god and loving vanity and vanity styles, then the Blengiglomenian creatures proved themselves to be insidious enemies, and would raid upon their property and commit more damage than any wolves, lions or any other creature would have done. They have wrecked towns and cities also and committed incalculable damage as already reported of what they did in the country of Glandelinia..... Neither the wicked or the righteous feared these creatures, but just the same if the very fiends of hell could not do the slightest wrong to the Blengiglomenian creatures without horrible effects, what would the wicked people dare to do?

There is another queer fact about these great plengiglomenian creatures. Whenever they meet with any one they do not like they are known to make faces at them or stick their tongues out like little children do when offering defiance. This is not the remarkable part about it. It is the danger of enemies making faces in return. Experiences have shown many foolish glandelinians that whether the plengiglomenian creature takes the returned face and insults for an answering defiance, or for what other reason unknown---if the glandelinians make faces in return for sport of insult, the plengin at once rushes upon him, and this onset no number of glandelinians can withstand, and flight is in vain. It happened in one instance during the glandeco-Abbieannian war as related by Abbieannian witnesses themselves. A glandelinian soldier while on guard, had seen close to his approach a large head of a gigantic muskorporian, and the creature looking at him most frigidly was making all kinds of peculiar and gruesome faces at him and even protruding its tongue out at him. The soldier was new to the rest and especially the whole army and had never seen any kind of plengiglomenian creature in his life, and so not knowing its character, and not knowing the danger of these creatures, the soldier fired at its eye and also made all kinds of faces in return, when the plengiglomenian creature which was a gigantic Angel winged muskorporian attacked him fiercely r goring him through and through with its powerful horns and also tearing him to pieces. A swarm of the other glandelinians seeing the carnation had rushed upon the scene but the creature stood at bay and defied them to come on. The others knew who the creature was and so were wise enough to beat a hasty retreat leaving the mangled man where he lay. Since then no glandelinians have made faces at the Blengiglomenian creatures any more..... All kinds no matter what variety do this thing, but what the mean reason it is not known. Nevertheless they do it only to enemies and those they suspect as enemies and to return defiance and make faces at them has always been proved fatal in its consequences. They get enraged right away when a face is returned and the doer is instantly set upon and either mangled or torn in pieces. No one of the glandelinians what her women and children can make faces at the plengiglomenian creatures without danger and it has been experienced at that and which accounts for so many women even torn in pieces and the children carried off. Children have even been set upon also and torn to pieces especially those of the glandelinian boy scouts who wore the wicked glandelinian uniform..... Thus the reason that violet vivian herself had been attacked by a young plengin of porthercan type though called a grimacerian..... There are other things also concerning the great plengiglomenian serpents or creatures what ever they may be called... Despite their form in bodies and tails they have no habits of a snake or serpent nor any kind of lizard or dragon of fables. Their habits are almost human in many cases except that they do not really live in houses or do the work that human people do. And they hardly eat anything that people do, and the only thing known that they eat, is only berries and vegetables. Fruit is seldom touched or to the main food that the plengiglomenian creatures love is grass and weeds and fish. They never eat flesh or meat of any kind of animal though they have been destructive among even cows belonging to their enemies just to show an example of their frightful rage.....

They can read, and understand the most difficult figuring, but if not human headed and without arms and hands like the Rebbonnas they then are not able to write. It is not that they would not have the knowledge it is because they could not write with their feet. Without hands how can they do it? But as stated before the Rebbonnas are more beautiful than any of the other kinds and their habits magnificent and excellent. These kinds eat everything that human beings do, but other things are also included that would poison us to eat. They eat all growths that are venomous to kill any one in a minutes time, consume venomous reptils as if they were nothing, and destroy any other thing. They even feed upon wild animals that they kill, and thus the lions and tigers are so rare in those countries. They had been more plentiful than flies had or is in the whole world but now there are hardly a great number because of the Rebbonnas preying upon them. There are seldom any dangerous Four handed creatures seen either as the Rebbonnas kill and eat all kinds of monkeys that they happen to spy within their domains. The reptiles are plentiful however as the plengiglomenean creatures can not always get at them as the snakes hide from them when ever they appear.....

But nevertheless they eat only once a day. They are however great water drinkers, and if a water tank of large size could hold all the water they drink at one mouthful it would be a miracle.

The other kinds of plengiglomenean creatures eat more often and drink less water. There are however none found ravenous except those kinds called the Blengiglomenean Gazooks or Ferocious plengiglomenean Dragons. They will eat anything that happens to come in their way, except human beings. But no other creature is safe within the region where these kinds are found.

They however do not feed upon the birds or any other creatures of the air, and neither do the better kind of plengiglomenean creatures, though the Eagles and Condors, and wilder birds known as the Vulture find themselves in danger in meeting with any of the greater plengiglomenean creatures such as the Dortreans..... The Rebbonnas however do not eat grass, except the those kind called the whiplashed tail blengins. They are perfectly ruinous on the grass and eat all that they possibly can lay hold of whether the farmer likes it or not. They are even particularly fond of oats and hay and even wheat and eat plenty of that despite the fact that it belongs to a glandelinian farmer or any farmer of what nationality he may be. If alverinian farmers wished to preserve their wheat and hay they had to act very friendly with the plengiglomenean creatures and give them all the berries and other things that he could afford to buy..... It is also believed that all kinds of Blengiglomenean creatures eat certain minerals that are found, especially Mercury and Arsenic, which would kill any other creature that would dare take a little bit pinpoint full.

One thing most peculiar about the kinds without heads is music. Music. To play music in front of a plengiglomenean creature of uskorhorian would be the most peculiar thing for any one to do. It also depends on what the music is. If its a band the creature gets fully aroused, and starts dancing fiercely enough to dig immense holes in the ground with his feet, but if it is a fiddle or a violine, and harp, he listens as quietly as if his presence was not there. To play a pictrolia or a common talking machine before a Eagle headed blengin is also peculiar. When first it was done the creatures used to think there was a man or woman inside the box and those days it had been found exceedingly dangerous to play such an instrument before any kind of plengiglomenean creature, as they thought evil spirits were inside the boxes, but now it is safer as the creatures realized how they are made. It is harmful however to play doleful or sad pieces before these creatures as they would immediately show resentment.

Those with the human heads are different however for any kind of music infuriates them and so many are careful in case any of them are around. They hate music of all sort, and also the musicians who would dare play it in their presence.

Who can really descr be a Blengiglomenean creature in anger. Their ferocity toward glandelinians has been described in as full an account as possible but then most of this has been done when the creatures were only excited rather than driven to complete anger, and any way the plengiglomenean creatures would attack glandelinians without any provocation at that. It is a said that it is a terrible thing indeed to see a full grown plengiglomenean Creature of any species really angry. Hanson himself describes one of whom he saw in a fearful fit of anger;

"It was during the war that when my troops had halted near the town of Big girl pool that I heard an awful commotion and going out to investigate saw a sight that almost terrified me brave as I was. There before my view was a gigantic Rebbonna of Roverine species in a fearful storm of rage.

It was a female and she was roaring and screaming in a deafening chorus and was also swinging her great wings wildly and lashing her huge tail not caring what she torn down or struck. There was no doubt that some glandelinians had committed some cruel crime for not far from her lay a young Rebbonna half covered up in debris and stones, and the bigger one having his hands wound ed by some cause was unable to do anything. Nevertheless as I wore the gray having put it on when expecting the commotion was caused by only glandelinian I did not dare put myself into view of the enraged creature, and hastily went back to the camp and report ing what I had observed disarmed the uniform and detailing a large party of Angolinians went out to see what could be done to relieve the poor creature. When she saw us coming however her anger and rage slightly subsided and when we rescued her young one she was very grateful for it and showed her grateful gratitude by bestowing upon me and the vivian girls a favor which none no one else had ever dreamed of.

I did not know who the rascals were who did the cruel deed, but never theless before I had discovered her I learned that she had wrecked vengeance nevertheless upon a whole glandelinian camp.

She had ruined all their batteries of artillery, blew all of the glandelinians no matter how many there had been and wrecked every barracks and building in the camp, and then had flown toward the other camps also and attacked them also. Hanleys had also been attacked by the same creature who in her rage and fury brought others to her aid by giving her signal roars, and she alone as I learned has had caused about nearly eighty hundred thousand glandelinians to be slain while she alone had slain over 10,000,000 and wounded three times that many in a few hours time.

It shows indeed that the glandelinians are more wicked than anybody can ever imagine. Hanson added. They were not satisfied with slaughtering helpless children during and before the war, but they must also torment the gent lest of all the Blengiglomenean creatures, and thus take them from gentle creatures become fierce and dangerous and commit destruction which no tornado could be compared. It is true indeed that it is possible that all the internment camps are now being menaced by these Blengiglomenean creatures, and yet I do not care, and not care either what the Blengiglomenean creatures do either. It is my purpose however to go back to Calverinia and see the true state of affairs. There is I believe no means of subduing the Blengiglomenean creatures now. They are all angered beyond description and if there is no way of saving the glandelinians than what can we do? They brought the fury of the plengiglomenean creatures upon themselves by their infernal folly and now I suppose expects the Abbieannian governments to do all in their power to appease the plengiglomenean creatures. I would and will be good enough to do something if possible however no matter how cruel and wicked the glandelinians have been but I cannot expect to force the Abbieannian government to do anything."

Three days later seen Hanson, now Robert Vivian, Evans and even Violet and her sisters with their little boy friends back in Calverinia, and also among one of the biggest of the Calverinian internment camps. The keepers and guards here were all excited, and Hanson and the others could easily see the look of apprehension upon the faces of the glandelinian prisoners. When they arrived however there was no signs of Blengiglomenean creatures near and at first Hanson believed that it was some false scare got into the glandelinians but one of the chief guards said;

"Your Excellency it is really true. You will soon see for your self also. They at times disappear and then return in greater numbers into the sky. They hover over the whole region and watch an opportunity to descend upon the glandelinians here. All of the camps are alike. What is to be done?" "Well I'll have to see when the so opportunity presents itself." Answered Hanson himself. "If it is true that the plengiglomenean creatures are threatening the camps then it must be because of some serious reason and if several or more glandelinians are responsible for it I believe they can save the other Glandelinians by confession. Otherwise there will be no chance for any of them as that is the only means I can appease the anger of the creatures."

Hanson and the others decided to wait and see what the proceedings would be. Really they had not long to wait. No sooner had the guards ushered Hanson and the others into one of the main buildings where the guards slept when there was coming gradually a long continuous droning roar like the shriek of a cyclone which grew so deafening that at first Hanson feared it was an approaching typhoon and rushed with the others out of the house only to see what it really was.....

The sky was swarming with numerous plengiglomenian creatures of many species and down closer to the camp swooped ten scores of great rebbonnas who suddenly let loose a shocking thunderous roar that made pannon and the others almost deaf and almost throw them from their feet by the concussion while the hills and valleys around and far distant was in a tumult from the great echoes.

The clamor was frightfully increased with a din greater than the roar of the battle of glorinia or the whirther together as the other Plengiglomenian creatures answered all at once, and the glandelinians were so terrified that they hide in the deepest parts of their prisons, even begging God whom they declared they had hated to save them from the horrible din itself. The din was in different accents of sounds. The noise was fairly indescribable and continuous and sounded like thrillions of thundercrashes going off continuously combined with the loud shrieking roar of their wings and the shrill deafening hiss of the creatures rattlers and wing weapons.

At such an ominous din Hanson was astonished the children were so excited and almost afraid, and the others generals and guards were also so confounded that they did not know what to do.

"Ain't there some way to confuse the din for a time?" Asked one of the guards. "And for god's sakes quick throw yourself to the ground!" He suddenly added and as the men did so there was a crashing roar as if a tornado had swept by and swooping past roared a giant roverine whose wings had tore down one of the empty prisoners by accident as the creature made its passage so low and through the air. Hanson believed sure that the creatures were really going to attack immediately but gradually the terrific din subsided and the creatures slowly circled higher and higher into the air and then remained hovering far above the camp.

"They always repeat this!" Said one of the guards. "But this time they have been worse than ever. This is the first time at least that they have set up such a din of roaring and screaming."

"But can't any of you guards and prison hands learn what the reason is?" Asked Roy Robert E. Vivian himself.

"All of the glandelinians here say they did not do anything to them." Answered one of the guards.

"I know what I'll do!" Said violet suddenly producing her whistle. "I'll summon Rover my plengiglomenian friend and see what he says on the matter."

"Good idea!" Said Evans and violet immediately blew her whistle giving the right signals too and within three minutes their great rebbonna friend was close to the camp having been too big to go into it.

The creature recognized violet and her sisters and the others, and violet herself explained the matter, and asked the creature what the trouble is.

"The Roverine laughed.

"Do you children know how many children had been slain in galverinia?" Asked the Roverine.

"I should say I do!" Said violet the same look of horror coming into her face as she remembered it.

"There is no hope for the glandelinians!" Said the roverine fiercely. "It is better that the guards withdraw as the others above in the sky are holding a council among themselves and I know they mean to swoop upon the camp and even destroy the guards if they interfere. I am in particular the leader of those in the sky and I have my reasons for punishing the glandelinians. I'm doing it to avenge your own sufferings in particular as well as the harm done to my young ones and the harm done to the young ones of the rest besides the slaughters of the war. No creatures unknown to you as yet have fearfully devastated the glandelinian country, having wiped out all the glandelinian armies ourselves, and also destroying the women who proved themselves enemies of god. Hanson my friend you are given ten hours to inform the guards to leave the internment camps as the glandelinians will not be forgiven. We forgive no insults and anything else but what they have done is beyond the forgiveness of the god you worship and so why should we abstain from destroying the damnable snakes in human form." And with this the creature opened his wings and disappeared almost suddenly into the sky.

The guards had seen the interview with the great great rebbonna Roverine and when the creature was gone they asked Hanson what the results was.

"Your own lives are menaced if you are not gone from this region within ten hours." Answered Hanson. "Now you must and leave the foe here. I'll have to give the warning by wireless telegraph to the other camps too. There is no saving the glandelinians at all. The creatures have also slain all the soldiers of the enemy in glandelinia. Practically wiped out the nation as it were."

Not wishing to remain to see the results pannon and the others returned back to Abbiannia and also decided himself to prepare for the trip to the great plengiglomenian islands. It was his purpose to go there to see how far the havoc of the war had been wrought, and how many children had been delivered from the talons of the raging foes of god who had fought so long and so stubborn a war as they did. All the while that violet and her sisters had been back in Abbiannia since the war ended the weather had been good and perfect though scorching hot at times. No severe storms had ever showed itself, excepting heavy rainstorms, but that is not the kind I mean. No wind storms ever appeared and it seemed to starring and his companions that the country of Abbiannia was the loveliest country in the world, for the wide glens, plains and woods were as a general paradise of heaven in disguise. The flowers were plenty plentiful and what was to make the scenery still more beautiful was the appearance of so many beautiful plengiglomenian creatures every day. Violet and her sisters enjoyed the sights of so many brilliant creatures, and also enjoyed still more those two whom they had invited to remain in their own private gardens...

happy as you deserve to be. And it has come true. Many who persecuted you during the rebellion had perished, and those who are still at large are not escaping."

CHAPTER SIX.

JENNIE'S CRUEL TREATMENT IS AVENGED.

Evans seeing that the serpent was content with lying down among the rose bushes did not disturb it, and the air now becoming a trifle cooler, Evans succeeded in getting to sleep. In the meantime Violet and her sisters finding it impossible to get any sleep inside the hot room also came into the garden with their bedding and they selected a point far further from where Evans was sleeping. They themselves had seen the Blengiglomenian lying among the rose bushes, and also something moving toward another locality not far from it, though in the dark they could not make it out clearly. Evans himself was suddenly awakened and saw the same thing and was suspicious on the instant. He secured his trusty weapon and waited for developments. A man was cautiously approaching him, and in his right hand was a gleaming knife. The moon suddenly came out from behind a cloud revealing the prowler's features. It was the man Evans had stuck down for brutalizing Jennie. How he got into the garden unseen by the young Blengiglomenian was a mystery but there he was, and so close to Evans that it was too late to fire. Evans sprang grapple with the rascal who was a powerful man. At and in the thistle his gun went off with a deafening report. Evans wrestled the knife from his assailant and confused him hurled his enemy crashing through the rose bushes, and sprawling over the head of the Blengiglomenian serpent. The villain instantly got to his feet and kicked the poor creature in the side of the head, cursing it for being in his way. At first thinking the serpent thinking it was Evans who did it out of mere fun as the kick did not hurt, took it in without resentment but as Evans shouted, the rascal delivered a dirty and hard kick right in its mouth. The serpent reared its head, fixing its eyes on its cruel assailant. Immediately detecting the cruel character of the man saw who he was and was as the brute was about to administer a third kick it emitted a frightful thunderous roar and bore him to the ground.

"HELP! HELP! HELP!" Screamed the man. He's got me!" But the serpent fixing its teeth into his clothes swung the man and threw him headlong into Evans' bed matting, the man having been frightfully mangled though not severely injured as first believed. Evans had some trouble in pursuing the serpent from cent in using its ferocious attack for it would have killed him otherwise.

"Next time you look what you are knocking!" Said Evans searching him for more weapons. "This will teach you a lesson!"

The man only grumbled something to himself as Evans carried him into the house placing him on the bed. Hanson and his brother had been awakened by the din and commotion and seeing the man requested what had happened and Evans told him all.

"Ha. Said Hanson. "So we have got our man after all. And he kicked the serpent too the fool. It's a wonder it didn't kill him."

"We will send him to the internment camp for better treatment as I'll not keep him here a day longer." Said Governor Vivian angrily. "He is the one who brutalized Jennie while she was in his power and very little treatment he will get here for his wounds. It were better if the Blengiglomenian had put him out of the way. The idea of kicking the poor wounded creature. It saves him right."

Violet and her sisters had been sleeping too soundly to hear the commotion but in the morning Evans related to them what had occurred in the morning.

"It is too he did it." Said Jennie sadly caressing the head of the beautiful creature. "He was so foolish to kick it. And I am sure he will not kick the poor thing again."

"I guess not, after the reply he got for it." Said Evans. "If it had not been for my pleadings and coaxing the man would have been killed as the serpent seemed to know him the way he looked at him. Just before the third kick could be administered it attacked him hanging him again and again with its wings and then flinging him into my bedding, pouncing on him immediately afterward. After vehement coaxing I got him to desist. It's strange you little girls did not hear the commotion!"

or the enemy in gladiolus. Practically wiped out the nation as it were."

"We were all asleep at the time." Said Violet. "And my sisters did come out here a little later than you did, and that we did see something that moved, but did not pay any attention to it."

"I was suspicious when I heard a noise made by the movement of the Blengiglomenian serpent among the bushes." Said Evans. "At first I suspected that it was a prowler, and got ready to use my gun when I saw what it really was."

"But how did the man get in here?" Asked Joice. "All the gates were locked, and no one could climb those high walls. And the serpent could have seen him."

"I don't know myself." Said Evans. "And I was surprised to see him have the nerve to kick the Blengiglomenian serpent. He only succeeded in administering two kicks. At the first kick the serpent made a no move though I heard it moan piteously, at the second kick it reared its head, only gave one glance at its adversary and was upon him giving forth a roar which I thought had awakened you little girls. As I said before I had the greatest difficulty in coaxing him from the prostrate man, who was screaming for help. I then brought him mangled but not seriously injured into the house treated his wounds, the best I could, and then your father came and had him sent to the internment camp right away."

"I didn't think that the poor wounded Blengiglomenian serpent had the ability to resent the kick." Said Angeline.

"I didn't think so either." Said Evans. "And I don't believe the kick had anything to do with it either. It appeared to me as though it looked at him that the serpent recognized some old time enemy to whom it had a grudge over something. Otherwise they are very docile, and a worse act than a kick would raise no resentment."

Evans was right. The serpent had recognized the scoundrel at the first glimpse. He had met with this scoundrel many times, seeing him with dynamite, bombs, and other high explosives to wreck the abodes of the poor Blengiglomenians for fun. He also while flying through the air had seen his brutal treatment to the poor little Vivian girls, Jennie which was his special grudge. The only reason he did not avenge it then, was because he was too young, as a few well aimed shots from any gladiolus soldier's gun, could have easily dispatched him while so extremely young. But he intended to wait for an opportunity and the moment the opportunity presented itself, pounce on the rascal, and rend him to pieces. The vengeance had been completed at that for the next day Hanson got this note from the internment camp:

"Your excellency, Governor General Hanson, Vivian; The wounded gladiolus brought here died a few minutes after being placed on the train. The Blengiglomenian who attacked him belonged to the Plengian type, its no Grimecian or a Thuskorian, and its of a venomous specimen, and whose talons on the wings are extremely poisonous. The man's wounds seemed slight indeed, but the poison had been in them too, and according to testimonies he died in frightful torture on the train. He was the man who wrecked the caverns of the serpents, spoiled their food carried off things, defiled defiled their drinking water for a prank and kicked one of your nieces while lying prostrate on the ground. All the Blengiglomenians were bound to get him and one of them did."

COMMANDER OF INTERNMENT CAMP

Hanson wholly astonished, showed the note to his brother, and then to Evans who brought it to the little girls.

"The man was punished as he justly deserved." Said Evans. "I thought it was something else that caused it to attack him and I was right. But I did not know it was a poisonous creature."

"But it must have been a horrible fate, for a wicked man like him and no chance to repent." Said Jennie horrified.

"It was God's judgment." Said Evans. "I remember the day before the rebellion when Rover told Hanson and your father that God decreed a horrible fate upon those who ill treat any of you little girls, and a reward of great blessings and happiness who do their best to make you happy as you deserve to be. And it has come true. Many who persecuted you during the rebellion had perished, and those who are still at large are not escaping."

"And I did not know how venomous like a viper." Said Violet examining the creature's weapons carefully.... "But the coloring of the talons on the wings shows that it is so. No poor fool has been looking for god's vengeance, until he got it. As long as he died in his wickedness it is useless to try anything for his salvation now though it horrifies me. And if there are any other wicked landelinians, at large, I hope they will hear of the man's fate, and not abuse another serpent, which may have it in for him."

Evans examined its head where the two kicks had been given, but only found a mark on the right side and the upper lip slightly skinned. "Well he is a good guardian for you little girls." Said Evans. "No one can do any of you harm while he is with us. If Rover would permit us to keep him, we could raise him another when he is full grown, the very devil of he'll could not harm you little girls." "Maybe he will stay with us without asking Rover." Said Catherine. "It has to be the will of the creature itself. And not the consent of Rover."

"That is true." Said Joice. "And it depends upon the treatment. If we were bad unruly children, abusing and teasing it, Rover himself could not get it to remain with us. But if we show our real character we could have him always and would not need a cage either."

"That is right too." Said Angeline. "There are people that I have heard about that own a herd of Blengiglomenians of all species, which stay because of good treatment. And they do not use cages either. What a wonderful thing it would be to own so many."

"Indeed it would." Said Evans. "But where do they get so many I wonder? So many like a big herd of cattle?"

"The female hatches young one as quick as a chicken or a hen hatches young chickens." Said Hattie. "I've seen another Blengiglomenian serpent have a hundred full grown ones within four years. Think of having so many in four years."

"But what about this one?" Asked Evans. "Ain't he a male?"

"You was making a mistake all the time in calling it a 'He'." Said Daisy. "It's a female. I can tell from the wings. Infemales the wings are more numerous in color, the head is girlish in appearance, and the body more slender. But I've heard females are more ferocious

and ferocious against wicked enemies, than males. At your testimony anyway it attacked the man without warning. Males would not do that."

"It is true." Said Evans. "I've read about them continually and even that was my special interest, when studying in school. Lessons telling about Blengiglomenians and their ways, I knew more than any other lesson. Females are extremely dangerous for the wicked to arouse and if I was wicked I would sooner combat a thousand Gorillas empty handed, than face the wrathful fury of a Female Blengiglomenian serpent. And that was a female that attacked your sisters that day during the rebellion because you had on the uniform of a landelinian boy scout. I dare any of you little girls, or even myself to don a gray uniform and stand before this little serpent if we were total strangers."

"We would go to kingdom come, pretty quick." Cried Jennie. "It is just like playing with fire over a pit of gunpowder."

They now relieved breakfast having went hastily in to eat the call all using the same table this time. Hanson was sitting opposite

Evans and both talked a good deal on the ways and appearances of the Blengiglomenians.

"I've seen the days when there was not a single one in Abbieannia." Said Hanson. "In those days Abbieannia was troubled by the ravages of the most ferocious dragons ever imagined each of which were known as Cr Chimerians, Hydrians, Colones, and friend of the devil dragons. Though though bigger than Blengiglomenians, they were beautiful in colors also,

but their mane manners and ways were completely disgusting. They seized upon herds of cattle, wrecked the beautiful forests, devastated farms and invaded even cities, stealing whatever they could reach. Unlike the fairy stories they never devoured human beings, or even would not remain in their presence but fly away like birds at the approach of even a little child, not even molested any body in any way, though they were ferocious enemies when attacked. But then they would have been alright if they had not been so terribly destructive. But the terrible damage committed by one amounted to a million dollars, very time it went on a raid and though farmers and their hands did drive these timid creatures off by means of firing shots or throwing grenades at them but nevertheless the havoc on their property was already inflicted. It was Gannon of Abbieannia its ruler who worked up a good plan. He knew the savage

fury of the Blengiglomenians against these ravaging dragons, and he decided to induce these into Abbieannia from the Blengiglomenian islands. So he made the trip. I following with my brother, you little girls having not been born as yet. We reached one of the islands after a week's trip, and starting in search of the serpents, expecting them to be located with great difficulty. But every mountain valley or jungle was fairly packed with them as thickly as swarms of maybugs in a dead horse. If all

the flowers ever growing in all this wide world were placed in a large conservatory, they would have been blotted out by the beautiful appearance of one of these beautiful Blengiglomenians. As three quivers went down into the valleys and even among them, looking for the one generally called the leader. They have the gift of a human voice and knowledge, bestowed by god, which we had never known of before, and at first when several spoke to us, we did not know what to make of it, believing them to be hewitch or something, and being terrified, we left the region very hastily, but unknown to us we were followed by the leader, who coaxed coaxed us not to be afraid, that they never harmed people unless they were enemies of god. We then recovered our courage, and came out boldly with our story telling why we came to see them and of the ravages in Abbieannia. A year after that there could not be found a single ravaging dragon. Where the dragons had been, there were now the Blengiglomenian serpents, who had evicted them all. Calverinia also soon swarmed with them, they are numbered by the thousands of millions in Angelinia. But now Calverinia has the greatest number of them in the whole world. It is said that these serpents are only found in the regions of volcanoes but it is not so. The tropic jungles of Angelinia and Abbieannia are so full of them as the birds that roam the air, they swim the rivers and lakes, are found in great numbers on the farms protecting cattle from the Calverinian wolver in winter, and found in caverns far from the volcanic ranges. Despite the size of the males the fury of the females is something terrible, its roar is more shrill and deafening, and can drown the noise of the worst thunder crash during a typhoon. Though slender in length they are broader than the males, their wings are longer stronger, and their weapons more numerous. These Blengiglomenian serpents have proved themselves terrible enemies of the landelinians.

One good proof of this took place within my government grounds near Graham's lanes. At this point I had an internment camp filled with landelinian prisoners who were arrested on the charge of interfering with our government. I and some of my officials had gone down to the main lines, and when we returned a great commotion was heard, and on running to see what was the matter I found that a young Blengiglomenian of male type was attacking the camp, going prisoners violently, and dashing about the camp in a frenzy of fury. The only chance for a number of prisoners to escape was a large wagon into which they hurriedly flung themselves. The wagon was a closed one. And it was high time that they did seek refuge for the next instant the enraged Crimencian struck with his powerful wing a mighty blow with such force, as to push the wagon several hundred yards forward in seconds time, although it was standing in very heavy sand. Most fortunately for the landelinians he attacked the vehicle from behind, for if he had struck it at the side, he could hardly have failed to upset it ponderous as it was. He set up frightful screams of terribly ferocity, pouring out in quick succession his horrid roars, and from the wagon he made a rush at the camp fires, overturning the mess hall, scattering the tents and burning embers all in all directions, and flew in circling sweeps all over the camp, making the most furious charges, and many of the landelinians who could not look to their heels running to the woods only to be borne to the ground by the pursuing creature.

"Why did it attack the internment camp?"

Asked Violet. "There was some special reason I knew."

"I found out later on." Said Hanson. "It was one of those young ones who made the attack. Because when it was lying peacefully among some shrubbery near by a eating berries and wild grapes, growing there, a landelinian who first saw it, thought it fun to tease it and threaten it. It had then attacked them without warning, killing twenty of the landelinians, knocking down half of the camp, and seriously injuring one hundred forty five of the prisoners."

"There was another incident which I witnessed which prevented the massacre of many child slaves in a large slave region." Said Governor Vivian. "It was at the time when the landelinians were selling and examining child slaves to be sold. As it happened to be in the region where it was mountainous, with caverns by the thousand and thousands the landelinians shelled the cave entrances which I learned afterwards

was the a abodes of the power powerful Blengians the biggest Blengiglomenean Tuskerhorians, known in the world. The shells wrecked the entrance of one of the largest caverns but did not close the opening. That night those with the children found invalid and counted as doomed to decamped near this region of the cave placing many guards so that none of their victims could get away. I was out scouting at the time and came within plain view of the camp of the child slave sellers. In that direction there was a scene of frightful confusion. There was a salvoes of cannonading, the rattling of small arms mingled with a volume of the strange peculiar screaming roars that are produced by the Blengiglomenean serpents. I rode closer to the point to see what was up as the darkness hindered me from seeing things at that distance. But by the time I got there all was quiet. I did not go any nearer for fear of running into a trap, or an ambush but encamped in the locality until the morning. Then I and my followers finding it still quiet, went down into the valley to see what had happened. When we got there a startling scene was presented to us. Tents were down, the cannons ripped and torn, huge guns broken or turned over, wheels smashed, solid shot and shells scattered profusely, branches of many trees shattered, and worse of all thousands of frightfully mangled glandelinians strewn about. A great many substantial articles of brilliant golden hue lay thickly among them, and at one point I found fifteen hundred shiny golden scales such as large as a wide whiskey bottle and twice as long. They were the scales of the Blengiglomenean as I knew them at the first glance. I then knew at once what had occurred, but did not learn the cause of it until two weeks later. When the children whom I knew surley were saved went I never learned until then either. They were taken to the abode of the serpents and made unspeakably happy by them. Some of these raiders out on a forage for more children to steal or murder had come upon the smashed entrance of the cave, saw a small Blengiglomenean serpent lying wedged among the rocks, and instead of liberating it they treated it with great cruelty, while lying there helpless, beating it over the head with their musket butts, kicking it, stoning it and even pricking it with their bayonets, seriously injuring it. A troop of Angelikian detectives happened to come along at the moment and though the glandelinians fled at their approach, the enraged detective seeing what they had done pursued wildly, shooting ten of them down. Several of the detectives had remained behind and not only liberated the poor creature, but had its injuries treated, cleared the passage way, and brought the serpent back helping it gently to find its way to its mother serpent with a written note fastened to its ear by a string telling what the glandelinians had done to it. It is no doubt the bigger ones saw the plight of the little creature, saw the remains of broken bayonet and the wreckage of the passage way and understood the note. A close witness said to me as follows:

THE FRIGHTFUL ATTACK OF THE SERPENTS.

"I was close within sight of a glandelinian camp when for an hour while the rascals were stripping the children whether boys or girls for examination, I saw hovering above it three immense Eagle-Headed Blengians one thousand feet long, flying around in repeated circles and making circling movements lower and lower at times, and emitting sounds that proved that they were signalling among each other and I suspected that something was wrong, for I knew an attack by them was about to be made. Finally as a crowd of men women and children were attracted from a town by this same sight, one of the Blengians suddenly made a swift downward swoop, gave forth an ear-splitting thunderous roar, and lunged through the sleeping camp with the fury of a tornado funnel sending a thousand tents flying before it, rushing and mangling the inmates with a repeated series of blows of its winged wings. The other glandelinians awakened by the crash of attack were aroused, and brought their guns and cannons to bear on the monster, and fired broadside after broadside. The first assailant then flew upward circled around the camp again for ten minutes then the whole three

shaking the air with their uproar and screaming descended with a wild swoop swooping furiously at the thundering cannon, smashing them down right and left, and striking the men down with a blow of their wings. Not a child had been injured by the attack and at every swoop the serpents carried a lot of them away and set them down out of reach of the glandelinians. For a time the glandelinians fought furiously against the powerful assailants and those who fled toward the woods were pursued at full cry if the frightful noise could be termed by one of the attack an attacking Blengiglomenean serpents.

WILD FURY OF A YOUNG ONE.

It is true as your honor knows that Blengiglomenean serpents are ferocious enemies of the glandelinians because of their destructive pranks abuses and ill treatment inflicted to them and of the cruelty to their young. Even at the first appearance of the invading glandelinians the Blengiglomeneans had felt a distrust of them loathed the presence of these human savages, and at first kept them selves out of sight, not that they feared the glandelinians for they did not, but because they did not wish to be in the presence of the strange intruders. But when the glandelinians showed the same hostility toward them as they did to the helpless child slave, then the Blengiglomenean serpents threw off all restraint and glandelinians afterwards even hanging around the region of their caves, payed their lives for it.

The glandelinians during the attack of these three big serpents on them had been alarmed by the appearance of another gigantic one a Girmecian which was first discovered among a barren field near some cattle that were grazing on the banks of the Erminie River. On the first alarm and during the attack of the other three, the Glandelinians assembled with all speed and advanced against her, while the remainder remained to resist the attack of the other three. Irritated by this the serpent which was a young one but quite large charged furiously upon the Glandelinians nearest her, killing and wounding a score. The other Glandelinians made an attack firing at her, the immediate of the crowd being successful in rescuing one of the men from her grasp. On this the serpent finding herself hemmed in all on all sides and seeing no way of avoiding the hot hostile multitude, except by the river, took to the water. It being unable to fly as one of its wings was disabled, and swam about five miles closely pursued by the glandelinians in boats and on land until she landed under a tree in a dockyard. Here she laid herself down apparently much fatigued, but before the glandelinians in the yard could get their guns ready, she had in a great degree regained her strength, and several volleys that were fired at her failed to even lacerate it though two balls hit the wounded wing, and penetrated her body near the same wing. Rendered desperate by this, she advanced against her new opponents, and singling out a head child slave seller in the yard who was provided with a cutlass sprang upon him, before he could make use of his weapon, knocking him down with her forepaw, seized his head in her mouth hit off a considerable part of the skin on his forehead, and wounded him in several places mortally. After this she sprang upon ten other Glandelinians fracturing their skulls with a blow with her good wing and otherwise lacerating them so dreadfully that they died the next day. The serpent had now sprung upon the shoulder of another man who in this situation fired at her as he fell, and catching hold of him by the thigh, the Blengiglomenean dragged him some distance along the ground. Having succeeded in dragging one of a brace of pistols from his belt the glandelinian, fired, and a ball lodged ineffectively in the body of the serpent, when she became more enraged, and shook him violently without letting go, her hold, and made off toward the thickest part of the wooded country. In the desperate struggle to disengage himself from the clutches of the enraged Blengiglomenean serpent the glandelinian caught hold of her by both her ears, and succeeded after some time in throwing the creature on her side, where he availed himself of his momentarily release to draw forth the remaining pistol, but failing to seriously wound the creature, he hastily climbed a tree, out of reach of the serpent, feeling at the moment little pain from his wounds, although he received no fewer than thirty five, from the effects of which he long continued to suffer.

The serpent then renewed its swim down the stream, roaring and screaming lustily meanwhile, and the pursuers fearing that its signal cry would

bring the bigger ones, against which there was no hope of coping against successfully, abandoned the chase, allowing their intended victim to escape. But the attack on the small serpent brought serious consequences. The mother Blangiglomean serpent however had seen the actions of the glandelinians but did not do anything immediately. But toward night after the attack of the first three had abated for a while, the Glandelinians were surprised to see hundreds of serpents moving steadily toward their camp. The result need not hardly be mentioned. But to briefly say over ten thousand Glandelinians were killed or wounded, tents were damaged by thousands and all kinds of artillery displaced and disabled. A whole army of Glandelinian child slave dealers had arrayed themselves against the Blangiglomeans but to no avail, those not killed or injured were glad to flee abandoning everything rather than further face the wrath of such powerful creatures arrayed against them. So thus proves the power of the serpents when aroused again against their foes."

Violet and her sisters knew of the fury of the serpents toward the wicked glandelinians, and wondered all the while while these series had been told what the glandelinians had faced throughout the whole rebellion. Nevertheless they knew that these serpents had played a good part in the rebellion in behalf of the Angelinian or Calverinian cause. It was also on account of the serpents that the lives of the Vivian girls were so many times saved through it was not from any outward miraculous signs. Evans had seen very few blangiglomeans in his day and at the first sight of them, their beauty had overawed them. They resembled to him some celestial animal or creatures of almost supernatural powers in ways and strength and the Vivian girls standing by them made the sight more beautiful. He always wondered how they ever could get such almost supernatural beauty, and how they could be so much like the Blessed Virgin in purity and righteousness. Yet they were and the strictness of their parents had nothing to do with it either. The little girls were generally busy helping their mother at the cooking, cleaning up the dishes for her, tidying up the rooms and fixing up everything up as possible. Evans had offered his help many times just to allow the little girls to have some time for themselves, but many times they had everything all done before he had a chance to do anything. Having now chances to do so without molestation, the little girls went to school, not that they were sent, or advised to do so, but because they wished to go, and within a very short time they had made many very fast friends, of every teacher in the building, from their loving conduct, and also out of the whole school of children. The chief to teacher the Mother Superior of the school had been surprised at the cleverness of the Vivian girls, in reading, writing, arithmetic, and especially Geography and history.

"You little girls are wonders," said the sister one day when the little girls expained everything in the Geography, as if they had written on the rock themselves. "How did you come to do this?" "We are always interested in everything we read," said Catherine. "We are always willing to study." "And who are you beautiful little girls?" asked the teacher. "Your last names are all 'Vivian'. Are you not the famous Vivian girls?" "Yes they are," said one of the boys. "Their father is governor Vivian." The news soon spread through the whole school, that the Vivian girls were in their presence and that they were the ones who knew their lessons so wonderfully.....and astonished all the teachers, especially their own and what need they of schooling when they knew lessons better than even the teachers. Violet and her sisters though they did not know it were held in high esteem, and all the children felt awed when .io, Violet and her sisters were among them and if there were any little boys around that were inclined to be rude to little girls they could not have the heart to try it on Violet and her sisters.....Even if they did have the courage to do so. The children especially in their classrooms a very quiet studious class of children, being so quiet sometimes that in the sisters' times forgot about their presence. During the days when it was stormy and the children had to remain in after school until after the thunderstorm passed over the Vivian girls would tell them all stories about their experiences in Calverinia, who were their greatest enemies, who repented of their enmity, and also of some of the greatest joys they had been in the midst of during the fights with the slave masters and the child rebels. All questions asked by even the teachers were answered cleverly. The children enjoyed the stories very much. Violet

Violet and her sisters gave a good account of their experiences during the great eruptions of the Calverinian volcano, and of some of the ravages some of the big storms did they had heard about and of those they had been caught in and how several times their very lives were saved during the sudden outbreak of a typhoon. They also told them about the kind guardianship of their dear friend Jack Evans, of his brave deeds and his rescues, and of his revenging wrongs done to them by the glandelinians. The teachers themselves had seen all this in the papers during the time the rebellion raged and knew that the little girls left out nothing. The little girls even told of the horrors of the Glorinia disaster and of the experience they went through during the titanic typhoon itself. They gave as good a description of the storm as they could, telling how it furious it was, and how far the storm had progressed. Not wishing to shock their friends Violet and her sisters mentioned as little as possible about the great massacre of children in the countries of Calverinia and the horrible child slavery going on there so long. The children indeed admired the known bravery of the Vivian girls and many wished they were like them, and could give the wicked glandelinians all the trouble they did. Evans soon learned how this little friends were getting along in school and begging him one day to come with them and see all their friends. He did so, after preparing for it.

The children admired the young Hercules in the purple uniform and marveled that he should have such beautiful little girls for his best loving friends. One particular day when the weather was unusually warm the school had been closed somewhat earlier and as the little girls were on their way home they saw two boys approaching from an opposite direction, two boys who if they were not the Katzammer kids had the exact appearance. The little girls of course though they saw the comical about them did not know these boys, nevertheless Violet and her sisters did not like the cunning mischievous expression of their faces, and watched every movement that the boys made.

But nevertheless, the lads did not molest them, but passed on after looking at them admiringly, and with a polite tip of their hats. They reached home safely and went immediately to find Evans, who was out in the garden being weeding from the flowers.

"Oh Evans what are you doing?" cried Violet. "It is the gardeners work you are doing. You have done enough all day." "I don't mind it," said Evans. "Besides it will give me a good appetite. so I can eat."

The first thing the little girls did was to look for the baby blangiglomean serpent, whose wounds had been treated. They found it lying asleep among the rose bushes, with all its most beautiful colors exposed to view. Its wounds were rapidly healing, and it had been able to fly considerably but never endeavored to leave the garden. As it was asleep they did not wish to disturb it and left it to itself and went back to where Evans was still working.

"I think you little girls are wanting something," he said drawing two of them closer to him. "And it's a couple of good hugs. How did you make out in school to day? You are home early to day?"

"It is so hot that the children were sent home earlier than usual," said Violet. "As the Abolitionian summer is nigh, there will not be any more school until November. But we should worry. We can study when not doing anything else. Our lessons were as good as usual. Each said we ought to go to college not there, and that we ourselves ought to be teaching school as small as we are."

Evans laughed. "You little girls put one on over the teachers and did not know it." He said gaily. "Why Violet, and your sisters you do not need to go to school. You beat even the teachers in the hardest lessons."

"Well maybe we will have to go to some higher school." Then said Violet. "But what's to be learned in high schools. We know many languages as you know even English and only are purposely ignorant of mechanical studies which would be utterly useless to us. We probably don't need schooling as you say, but nevertheless we go for the sake of going. It is such fun to have all the teachers guessing."

"And you did have them guessing," said Evans. "They surely did not know what to make of it. I suppose when the schooling vacation is over you little girls will try some other school and fool them teachers?" "I don't think we will," said Jennie. "We will just stay at home or go to the same school. I would not make any difference, and they would be glad to see us again."

"I don't see why they would not after the treatment you little girls gave them," said Evans. "The way you little girls are always behaving toward people makes the whole world love you and reward you."

It was at this moment that the small Blengiglomenian stirred and moved silently away from the rose bushes, and approaching Evans and the little girls halted when in front of them on the bench of which they were sitting on. It was very grateful for the good care which it had been receiving, and had shown its gratitude in more ways than one. Violet and her sisters had become attached to the young creature and had treated it with a greater kindness than they had shown to them before. It looked up at the little girls affectionately as they caressed its beautiful head and was so docile that a canary could not be more gentle. It had exactly the same features and colors as the big one called Rover and would indeed be magnificent as him when she grew to the full size. It was seemingly of the crinoid type the prettiest of all creatures next to the governess and had the same nature. But nevertheless they could see it was really a Blengian. It was about twenty feet long, five feet wide at its broadest and the same in thickness. The wings like that of the most beautiful butterfly and colored with thousands of different hues was forty feet in length when spread out but when it was fully closed it was only ten feet in length. The head was in size comparable to the body and had the formation of a small kitten's but still more prettier. As it was now nearing supper time they all went into the house. While they were eating supper the Blengiglomenian crept into the house and coiled itself into the library. Evans was longer in eating than the others, the little girls going into the garden to sit by the beautiful pond. As they were sitting quietly Violet saw a strange head pop out of the water, look at them and hastily disappear. She felt apprehended for it resembled the head of the Blengiglomenian gazooks called the Gazoonians which their father and uncle had been attacking by when in its lair with the battle car. She watched patiently expecting it to reappear, but instead of one three heads popped out of the water moving toward her and her sisters. Her sisters also saw the frightful visages, and hastily scrambled from the bench retreating from the pond a considerable distance. The little girls knew the nature of these kinds of Blengiglomenian serpents and did not dare to stay too near the pond, though how the creatures got into it they could not tell. As the little girls retreated even into the house, the heads were gone, but Evans had also seen them and called Hanson's attention when they reappeared.

"They are young Gazoonians," he said. "But you people had better keep away from the pond as long as those creatures in there are in swim swimming. They are exceedingly ferocious, without reason, and as the little girls had been sitting by the pond they may have saw them, and reared their heads with hostile warning. They never do anything however if the warning is heeded. Some how or other they seem to loathe the presence of a human being. They seldom expose even themselves, and only on extreme necessity."

Violet and her sisters however with Evans went to another part of the pond, Violet saying that they had a right to the pond as it was their own, and that the old Gazoonians had better not go at them or they will call the serpent, and that they would not leave the pond again for just them, and if they did try anything she would blow her whistle... and summon the other Blengiglomenian serpents. From where they sat they could plainly see the other side of the pond, and the creatures swimming in it. At this moment the little Blengiglomenian came out toward the pond to get a drink of water. It suddenly was aware of the air arising heads of the Gazoonians and slipped back hurriedly, emitting an ear-splitting screaming roar, that shook the very building, and flew into the water and at the creatures. Neither Evans or the little girls had seen their pet come out of the building, and go toward the pond and so were intensely startled by the sudden uproar. Gazoonians and Blengiglomenians were foes. As it was readily known the Blengiglomenians hating the presence of their leathome cousins and generally attacking them furiously. There were really twenty six of them in the water but they were no match for even this small creature, and indeed Violet and her sisters saw them flapping hurriedly out of the water, the Blengiglomenian having banged one of them with his wing, and emitting a culling sound, more than a roar this time.

"It's good we have her," said Evans. "She showed them who owned the pond. They won't come back in a hurry I'm sure." And he laughed. "Yes but the roar frightened me," said Violet. "I thought at first they had been attacking her." "Not the way they hurried off. They didn't," said Jennie. "But I did not know the Blengiglomenians were their foes." "Hanson said so long ago," said Evans. "It is their leathome appearance

that is annoying. They won't kill or injure any Gazoonians beyond what can be helped, but they will attack to drive it away and if they were more friendly with a human beings they would also receive better consideration than they now receive from their cousins. It's lucky though that they were not of the lucky size." "It's lucky for themselves," said Violet. "I would not stand for them being here, and I would have blown my whistle the moment I saw them. I could not let them attack her."

Several days later Violet and her sisters went out to a bookstore together with the intention of but buying a selection of new religious books, not having Evans with them this time, and again saw the two suspicious boys pass them, and as they went into the store, saw them return but did not notice them do anything.

"They must be those naughty Shenannaning boys," thought the little girls. "And they would probably like to play tricks on our ones." They had heard a good deal about these lads who generally got the best of those they played tricks on despite all the lickings they received and so Violet and her sisters made up their minds to watch these boys carefully and if they tried anything have them with their parents expelled from Abbiennia. Nevertheless the boys had no intentions of doing anything to the little girls. They only passed them several times meeting them accidentally but nevertheless they admired the Vivian girls, and they only approached the store to see them more closely. Violet and her sisters were not molested when they left the store, the boys only gazing after them admiringly. Violet and her sisters reached home with their selections, and meeting Evans showed him what they had been buying. "You little girls have been suspicious of some one," he said. "I can see it in your faces. What have you met?"

"No one in particular," said Violet. "But we have seen two lads that resemble the Katzenjammer kids and have been suspecting that they would like to play some pranks on us." "You don't say," exclaimed Evans. "I'll watch them closely. If they do anything to you little girls they will say good buy to Abbiennia and their parents and relations too. Frankishness is considered a crime in Abbiennia no matter who does it."

That afternoon the little girls were sitting on a bench in the garden and saw the lads standing at the gate looking constantly at them, as if to watch their every movement. The little girls at first paid no attention to them, but as the boys still remained there, Violet walked over to the gate and said:

"Who are you two nice looking boys? Are you not the Katzenjammer Kids?" "No we are not," answered one of the boys courageously. "Why

Why so do you ask little girl?" "You resemble them," said Violet. "Which makes me and my sisters suspicious. We suspected pranks of some sort as they lads are full of mischief and pranks. That is what we suspected."

"We saw them," answered the other lad. "And why tricks on you little girls? We could not think of it. We just couldn't help following you because we know who you little girls are and couldn't help liking you. We had no intentions of evil of any kind. My name is Francis McHollister, and this is my brother Fredrick. We are almost twin brothers and are each seven years old. And we got two pretty sisters."

"As long as I see you are telling the truth," said Violet. "And my sisters will believe you." "Said Violet. "We were suspicious because you resemble them so much though having never believed them to be truly living. You will forgive us for our suspicions. Won't you?" She pleaded.

"Yes indeed," answered the boys. "You couldn't help it when we look so much like them. We couldn't be angry at such good little girls as you are. Never."

When the two boys after a long friendly conversation with all the little girls left, Evans came out into the garden to join them, and happened to see the two boys as they were leaving the gate.

"Oh Francis and Fred," he said calling them. "Do you know the little girls. Have you been with them in school?"

"No we just only saw them yesterday," Jack said. "Fred. They thought we were the Katzenjammer Kids." And he laughed.

"Oh now I remember," said Evans. "It is too bad I did not think of it before."

Then he introduced them to the little girls.

"Two Chieftains of the Calvinian child rebels," he said. "I knew these lads for two years. They are almost twins."

"Oh that is wonderful," said Violet happily. "Now we know more than ever that they are all right. Come in with us for a while Francis and Fred. Don't

be bashful. It is not intruding.

It seemed too great a privilege for them to come in but Evans coaxed them and they came in. And for the first time the boys did really enjoy the presence of the Vivian girls. They had heard a good deal of violet and her sisters, and of their many brave deeds, their long spells of suffering and misery, in the power of the ruthless Glandelinians but had never been in their presence before. And it was fortunately that they came for they had great knowledge of the enemies of violet and her sisters and Francis said;

"I know a man well who is an exceedingly dangerous foe of those who hate little children. He lives far away in the United States of America. He is a captain in the government army at the capitol at Washington. He can be easily located. He is the captain of the 344th infantry of Camp Grant Rockford Illinois, but now as I have heard has went to Camp Logan Texas on a visit to one of his friends in company L who is a colonel. Get him to come over and I'll assure you he will be the man to run down all the remaining enemies of Violet and her sisters. No matter where they are hidden he will have them. If this is not true then I'm one of the Katsujammer kids for sure."

"Who is he?" Asked Evans.

"He is Captain Henry Joseph Darger." Answered Fredrick. "His friends name him William Schloeder. The two are regular hawks. They are the head presidents of the children's protective society. Called the Gemini. It is a lodge of men congregated who are terrible enemies of all those who prove themselves child haters or who do the children any kind of harm. They are both supreme heads of the protective society and would bring the whole bunch down here to get the Glandelinians and even find out for your governor whether the Glandelinian government can pay the fine or not."

"Well," said Evans. "To begin with, we have certain property that belongs to the man called Darger, which we saved from the Glandelinians and we have not long ago sent a letter to him telling him to come and claim it. We sent it to the place where he had been working before he joined the ranks."

"That letter will never reach there," said Francis. "You will have to write a telegram direct to Washington which is the only means to bring him."

"I'll do so," said Evans. "And we are thankful for your information."

"Indeed we are," said Violet. "And if we succeed in running the forerunners of the little girls down we will reward you handsomely."

"There are many of them at large yet."

"On it will be more than a success," said Fredrick. "I've a picture of them both." And he produced it showing two tall men, not handsome in looks or appearance, but nevertheless with grim determination upon their faces that almost sent a chill through Evans. They were dressed in the garb of the presidents of the Gemini and had high black turbans around their heads.

"I see they are the men we want," said Evans. "And we will get them." After the boys left Evans at once wrote a long letter to the men and had it telegraphed and sent off.

"Good bye foes of the Vivian girls," he gloated to himself. "You will regret the days you've persecuted them, and caused them needless suffering. And if the child slavery don't soon cease we will also put that down and stir the children to rebellion again. Besides with all the saints in the world their presence and preachings could not make your hearts clean you dirty dirty Skunks you."

IN DEAR OLD UNITED STATES.....

A young man of sturdy build was on his way toward a three story house in the region of St. Joseph's Hospital on Warfield ave. He was alone in a uniform, the olive drab uniform of a soldier of the United States but he wore the garb of captain. He was a stern looking man, with a thin brown beard, high complexion, herculean build, and tall enough to embrace six feet. He had a fierce visage full of determination, his hair was light brown, his eyes blue, and if any one happened to see him looking at them they would have felt like rushing away for safety at once. He was walking very fast, noticing no one it being Sunday morning.

As he reached the gate of the house, he was heading for, he met a little child he knew well, spoke to her for several minutes, and then went in closing the gate after him. A man of slouchy appearance and gait met him.

"Hello Captain glad to see you." He said. "What's the news today?"

"None yet so far that I know of. Though I got two letters here with me that I have not had time to read just yet. They are from the town of Sacramento Abbieanna."

"Abbieanna?" cried his companion. "Good gracious. It must be something great. Let's see what they are." There must be something up when they are from there."

"They both sat down on the bench the captain opening one first. He first read it to himself silently and then with an exclamation said;

"Just read this Whill. Just read it. You'll be surprised."

The man called Whill did so and read;

"TO CAPTAIN DARGER;
COMPANY L CAMP LOGAN, TEXAS"
DEAR SIR;

From two friends of mine I have learned of your ability of terrorizing the enemies of children. You of course must have heard of the great child slave trades going on in California. Seven beautiful little girls all the dearest friends of mine have suffered untold horrors at the hands of these wicked Glandelinian enemies, tortures which I'm sure you may have heard about. You belong to that powerful society called the Gemini and we request you to come over to Abbieanna if you are permitted, and help the government officials of Abbieanna run down all the enemies of the Vivian girls remaining at large and do something to end the child slave horror. Do this and we will reward you handsomely.

YOUR'S TRULY.

COLONEL JACK EVANS.

SACRAMENTO ABBIKANNIA

ADDRESS, 6694.

ST ANN'S STREET T.....

There was silence for a few minutes, then returning the late letter his friend said;

"You swore that if you had the chance to avenge all the sufferings of the little children, which you read of during the horrible rebellion, and now you have the opportunity. Go and take it before it is too late. The government of Washington will permit you."

"I will," answered "Large" angrily. "I'll make them scoundrels like Glandelinians wish hell would come up and swallow them. But I'll have to take my whole assembly of members with me, and that includes you as your my main assistant. Are you willing? If you are not I won't go."

"That's a go," said his companion grasping his hand firmly. "We will heap coals of fire on the heads of the rascals. Let's start for the society right away."

They immediately started off taking the Clark - Wentworth car all the way down to Archer Ave. and walking a block entered the lodge.

"Yellow men members," said the supreme person. "I want you all to assemble into the council room. I have words to speak to thee."

There was a scramble to put on regalia and hoods, and soon they were all in the vast room awaiting their leader, who soon came attired in their best regalia, and as he stood by his bench they all arose respectfully. For a moment he glanced all about him silently. All were in expectation eyeing him critically.

"Fellow Members," he began producing the letter; "I have here a very startling letter. It's from Abbieanna, from the town called Sacramento. You all have read of the frightful rebellion over there I supposed. They all assented that they did read about the horrors of the child slaves going on over in California."

"Well then," he continued. "I know you have all heard about the children called the Vivian girls. How many times they have been captured by the Glandelinians, and treated with the greatest cruelty ever imagined the Glandelinians making a regular purgatory for the little girls and the millions of other slaves throughout these several years of child slave horror."

even trying their most desperate attempts to murder or assassinate them. I received a letter from some one called Colonel Jack Evans a colonel in the Abbieannian army, requesting me that I help the Abbieannian government officials to run down and capture all the Glandelinians, still at large, who had either carried off the Vivian girls or caused them suffering. I have determined to do as he requested, and to make the work more speedy I will request all of you to help me capture them. I will start the journey for Abbieannia as soon as the government at Washington applies with my request. The assembly is dismissed."

"I certainly do think the Glandelinians who treated those pretty children as they have done are worse than devils." He said as he reached his friend after the meeting. "We will revenge it to the last stitch, and make those dirty Glandelinians wish they had never been born." "If I had anything to say over the Abbieannian government I'd ruin all the Glandelinians & could." Answered his companion. "It has been sick shocking to read all about the miseries, endured by those children called the Vivian Girls, and I don't approve of their writing it, though it probably was done just to arouse the world against those wicked Glandelinians."

"And say it will be a grand thing to see those little girls who suffered so much during all that time." Said the captain. "I would like to see those prettiest of children."

"And we will get the chance when we go." Said the friend William. "They are said to be as pretty and as beautiful as celestial children, and like them in their ways. The way those Vivian girls are I can see why the Glandelinians under any conditions were so cruel to them. It's fortunate for the real rascals they were not real celestial children."

"But it was just as bad as if they were real celestial children." Said the captain sternly. "These children called the Vivian girls are very righteous, and as I heard it was considered as a crime to even unjustly abuse or strike them. Many had perished in their attempts to slay the children."

"That is true." Answered his friend. "But when are you going to telegraph for Washington?"

"To night." Answered the Captain. "We had better do it right away." Answered his friend. "I'll get there quicker, and you will get a chance to start sooner." "You are right at that." Answered his companion. "Come we will go to the nearest telegraph office and send a note to Washington." They both immediately set off, and in a short time a telegraph office was reached and the telegram was sent off. Then the two men went off toward the park, took in two boat rides, walked along the lake front, saw all the animals and birds and then started for a restaurant to buy themselves a good dinner. As they were eating the captain said:

"At the place where the one Jack Evans is staying my lost manuscripts and other things are kept safely. I learned of it in the second letter...."

"You don't say." Exclaimed his second companion. "That is indeed good news. Everything is safe. Nothing lost."

"No nothing is lost." Said Captain Darger. "The things were saved by the child rebels, before the Glandelinians came. He was the leader of the rebels who secured the treasures of mine."

The two lads now made their way back to the building, the Captain going back to the Geminian building. When he was alone Captain Darger pondered on the situation. He had always been longing for once to see for once those fair creatures called the Vivian Girls, and to know them as well. He loved children very dearly and had two of his own. He knew however that to approach the Vivian Girls, he must do the same thing when preparing for Holy Communion. He must be in the state of Grace, never use any profane language, like he once in a while did, and must be better in controlling his hasty temper which he generally had. He did it is true go to confession and Holy Communion, generally three times a week, Confession once a week, but nevertheless he did not feel himself worthy enough to approach those fair creatures, and determined to become more clean of heart. He was in many ways half afraid to approach these little girls, for as to his idea they were not ordinary creatures, to have gone through what they did and lived. And that night while he laid in bed he dreamed that he went to Abbieannia, saw the little girls approach him in all their misery, and begged them most pleadingly to send them unjust sufferings and punish their cruel persecutors. He dreamed that Glandelinians came up with cat-o-nine-tails, and struck them unmercifully, and coward that he was, he was afraid to interfere, and ran away leaving them at the mercy of their foes. Then he awoke. In the morning

he was much impressed by his dream but nevertheless he said to himself:

"If it had been a true and not a dream, I would indeed show those scoundrels whether I would be afraid of them or not. Fifty times already since I entered the society, I have received severe wounds and even been laid up for many months at a time from bullet and knife wounds, just for defending children from rascals over here, and if I did all that why should I be afraid now? Ha I wish I had been there really when the little girls were in trouble. I would have interfered all right come what may."

He was long in dressing himself, never having been so long before and he wondered why. Why was he so slow? When he finally went out into the street he looked around for a bus, and seeing one hired the man to drive him and his companion down to the Lincoln Park driveway. This was done and when he reached Sheridan road he saw somebody approach the car and hail the car to stop.

"Are you captain Darger?" Asked the officer saluting.

"I am colonel." Said the captain. "Anything you inquire of me?"

"No." Answered the colonel. "But I just now came from Washington. A certain Abbieannian by the name of Jack Evans wrote to the government requesting an allowance for you to come or go to Abbieannia and help the Abbieannian officials run down the remaining enemies of the children called the Vivian girls. The government set me down through Pohns to advise you to go immediately as it is a good duty to perform."

"I'm glad to hear of it colonel." Said Captain Darger.

"I sent a telegram yesterday morning asking for the map permit, but there had been no need to do so. I'll start for the train to day. So long colonel."

"Goodbye Captain." Hope you success in your work."

He saluted and was gone.

The captain immediately directed the man to drive for the Geminian building, and as soon as the place was reached, he alighted from the bus paid his fare and went in.

"Get ready as quickly all of you." He ordered. "We are to start for the railroad depot at Adams street inside of an hour. We will take the Pennsylvania line for New York."

Indeed there was the quickest hurrying among the members, and within less than fifteen minutes they were all on their way down to the Adams Street depot. They were as eager to start on the trip as little children would be, not because of the enjoyment of the trip, but in their eagerness to get to Abbieannia and begin the rounding up of the enemies of the Vivian Girls. They saved to everybody they passed who cheered them knowing for where they were heading. As soon as their autos reached the station they all got off and rushed for the ticket offices. Having procured the tickets they went down into the terminal to mount their train.

"Fellow members." Said the leader before they started. "We all are to go immediately to the Abbieannian government when we reach that country, and then find the man who wrote to us, and receive our orders from him. It is possible that we may see the little children called the Vivian girls, and then yet it is possibly not, but just the same remember it is not to see them that we are going there for, but to avenge their unjust sufferings they have experienced at the hands of their own enemies. When we do set out upon our work remember when we do strike we will strike like the Cobra does at its victims. We will strike as we never did before and clear the world of those child enemies as we would the vipers that plague the earth. We have always proved a terror to the enemies of children and we will do so over there. Now hop into the train fellow members. The sooner we go the sooner we sail."

At ten thirty the train pulled out of the city. A supreme member was in the rear of the pullman car and as he sat silently watching the scenery as it flew past he was conscious that he had forgotten the letter having left it at home.

"Oh well never mind." He said to himself. "The Abbieannian government will direct me to the home of Jack Evans."

He sat still for a long time until after having running at a terrific gait for over an hour the train pulled into the first big town where as it stopped he looked out of the window. More people were getting on than there were getting off and one little girl who had got on with her mother sat down at the vacant section of his seat the mother sitting in front with another member. He was still looking out of the window when a suspicious looking man was seen trying to sneak on, the conductor ordering him away saying that he could not ride on this train no matter what he paid. He was resisting and was about to force his way on in spite of the stern protests of the conductors when Darger thought it was time to interfere.

"Say fellow." He said pleasantly. "I think I know you. If you can

If you know who I am you will gladly desist. I've swarrent sworn out for you."

The man turned pale and was going to jump off but as the train started Darger said to the conductor:

"Don't put him off let him ride free till we reach Ji Joilet. There is a prison there which is opening wide its gates for him."

The man was about to make a spring for the ground when Darger whipped out his gun.

"Stay on fellow," He said pleasantly. "I've got the drops on you friends and if you make a break I'll pull the trigger. You are under arrest."

He was forced to yield sullenly allowing the conductor to bring him into the car and toward the member.

"You have made a mistake," said the prisoner scowling. "I don't know you and you don't know me. I never saw you before."

"Well maybe you didn't." But I saw you many times," answered his captor. "I saw you in pictures. How did you manage to escape from the Abbieannian internment camp and come over here?"

The man shrunk back against.

"And who is little Jennie, Bent Hettie and Angeline Vivian, whose pure bodies you mangled so many times," continued Darger more sternly. "And who told you to flee from the wrath to come?"

"You must have spied on me," hissed the man enraged that his identification should be discovered. "But I care not. And take me to the Joilet prison. I should worry. It's better than the internment camp in Abbieannia."

"I'm glad I saw you trying to sneak on the train to escape being pursued," said Darger. "But you ran into the trap you wished to avoid. The Abbieannian government have requested me to help in the work to run down all Glandelinians still at large, who had caused the Vivian girls and all their unjust sufferings. As you was among those of their worse enemies they had you will get the biggest surprise of your life. Back to the internment camp you will go. You are to be put in the Joilet prison for only a certain time as to take you to Abbieannia isn't our work. They will see to it themselves."

The train had now reached Joilet, and the prisoner was hustled off in short order from the prison which he would be in due time sent back to Abbieannia. The train reached New York city in due time, and Darger with his members left the station. However they found that it would be a week before they could get a steamer which they wanted, but Darger did not intend to wait. There were many other steamers lying idle in the docks and one of them which was the largest he picked for boarding and was onboard with his members in their full regalia and hoods before the terrified sailors were aware of it.

"Don't be alarmed boys," said Darger solemnly. "We are the masters of the gemine. The next boat that leaves for our destination will take a week to come and leave, and as we had no intentions to wait that long we decided to engage this ship."

"But this ship does not pull out till a week either," said the captain coming up. "So your boys will have to wait."

"Can't help it," was the answer. "We have got to get to Abbieannia as soon as the ship can get there as our errand is very important. And we cannot do any waiting. You will have to take us without delay as I see you have got your coal and supplies. We intend to pay you well for the passage."

"But I cannot leave the docks until the week is up," protested the captain. "And there are passengers that will be engaging this ship. So I cannot go until a week from today."

"Have you ever heard of the children called the Vivian girls?" asked Darger.

"Yes I have," answered the captain. "They suffered a lot in the hands of their enemies, and I've sworn that if I ever get the chance, I'll do what I can to repay their enemies, with the letter S on their hearts and I will some day."

"Well you have the chance by taking us to Abbieannia," answered Darger. "We were requested by the Abbieannian government to help their officials run down the remaining enemies still at large, and we are going to do it."

If you intend to keep your vow you will do it right away. But you must do it anyway. We belong to the Genian society and you have probably heard of them I suppose. If you still insist in waiting a week, we shall have to be obliged to seize the ship, take possession of it, and man it ourselves. We are expert at shipping, and can run one. So take your choice. For we will not wait under any conditions. We got to go and that is all there is to it."

Either allow us our trip or we will have to take the ship ourselves by force. It is the law on this condition."

The captain hesitated for a moment and then said:

"Well if that is the case I'll submit. It'll be satisfying my bitter feelings for the sufferings of the Vivian girls." And he gave orders for the ship to be made ready, and went off to direct operations. The ship was soon under way, leaving the coastway and New York far behind. Our friends as the ship was speeding out wondered how long it would take for them to reach Abbieannia, and were told it would take over a month. Abbieannia was further away than they had supposed, and though they did not know it they were not to reach Abbieannia without considerable hardships on the way. They were to face peril, from a terrific ocean storm, and from a tidal wave. They were just now heading for Bermuda islands as the captain intended to make a short stop there for more provisions. It was as it seemed the beginning of a very pleasant trip. The weather was delightfully calm, but somewhat sultry, and the sky as darkness came on was swarming with bright star clusters. Darger was sitting on one of the chairs on the deck, his members having strolled around the decks to see the did differ out parts of the ship and find what it was like. The tranquility affected Darger very much, and time and again he gazed skyward at the many beautiful star clusters, and at the bright moon, and almost wished that he was on it.

How long he sat there I could not tell, but all his members had retired when he arose, and walked to his quarters. He had seen that the captain of the ship had a little daughter on board, who was quite shy in the presence of the members, though she had acknowledged that she knew Darger and that her name was Francis Schaidt. He had spoken to her considerably that day asking her where the ship had gone on previous days or trips. She seemed a bright little miss for her early years, telling him cleverly all the trips she had made, and of the severe storms she had been in. Only once she had seen Abbieannia, and that was when she was four years old. He realized he had seen her before in St. Joseph's Hospital when she was laid up with a deep laceration on the leg and foot and had taken a little light to her as she was such a little dear. The next morning he had his company longer than usual and after some hearty conversation he asked her if she knew very much about the children called the Vivian girls. At first of course the little child was puzzled as to whom he meant, but when he explained who the Vivian girls were and what they had suffered in the Calvinian countries, she understood.

"I believe I've seen them, when I was in the country of Calvinia," she said. "They were small then, but very pretty, prettier than any little girls I ever played with yet. They were very kind to me while I was over there, and oh so wonderfully good were they that at certain times I was a little afraid of them. But I never knew they suffered though. I've heard lots of the child slavery going on over there in Calvinia. And oh weren't the murders of little girls and boys horrible?"

"It was terrible Francis Terrible, and so were the many other massacres. But I think the sorrows and sufferings of those little girls over there was something more important to look at than those terrible child slavery and there are many of those terrible stories of little children still at large in Calvinia, and the government of Abbieannia has asked me to help their officials run these scoundrels down to earth, and I'm going to do it."

"I know that," said the child. "That is what papa said you were in such a hurry to go for. My but I would like to see the little saints again. I just wonder if they would remember me?"

"Maybe they would," said Darger. "And I'm sure they would be glad to see you, if your father has no objections I would take you to them for a visit when I find them."

"Would you really? My wouldn't that just be wonderful?"

They now sat quietly for some time, while once in a while a Genian member would ask some questions of their leader, or give some information. The weather was proving to be sweltering, the sea calm and their damp. But no one paid any attention to it. After the two were quiet for some time little Francis said:

"We have a long trip to make. I don't mind riding on the Atlantic ocean but it is the Angelinian and McWhirthingians I dread. You may think the storms are awful on the Atlantic, but once we are caught in one on the other two seas you would think different."

"Oh I know those seas," said Darger. "I've been myself at the Boyking islands, and Blengiglonian islands a score of times, and it is in the region of those islands where the worst storms rage. But I have never been caught in one yet."

"You have been host of me," said little Francis. "I thought this was the

start of your first trip."

"No indeed," answered his friend. "I've been at Calverine, the furthestmost seaports of Angelinia at the southern ports, and Glandelinia, and am well known in many of the Abbieannian seaports. Being a Gemini makes it my work to travel frequently. I've been through south America, all over North America, Canada, Europe, and the Pacific islands and especially Hawaii, and the volcanoes. The only places I have missed is the country of Concontinia, and the Glandelinian allied nations."

"You have been at many more places than than papa," said the little girl. "I wish you had I had been with you during your trips."

"I don't think you would have with to the many ship wrecks I've been in," said Darger. "I was wrecked on the coast of one of the islands of the West Indies, twice on the shores of Cape Cod, three times in South America, near Cape Horn, and a good many islands of the Pacific Ocean."

"I witnessed the frightful calamity of St Pierre, when Mt Pelée went into eruption, destroying thirty thousand lives in one moment, and laying the city in a heap of burning ruins, was in six typhoons of the most savage fury in the regions of the China and Japan seas, and almost lost my life in the frightful Mesuine earthquake, and was caught in the Calverinian deluge, when that mighty volcano called Mt Calverine was in violent eruption."

"I believe I would have been a game," said the child confidentially. "Any way I never was afraid when this ship was in a hurricane off the windward islands. But I never saw the storms of the Angelinian seas though, as papa never made the trips during the typhoon seasons."

"They occur in all months of the year," said Dr Darger. "That part of the year set aside as the typhoon season is the time when they occur more frequently and are exceedingly more violent."

Many days had not now passed, and after the ship had made its stop at the Bermudas, it steamed off again. That evening a stiff breeze was blowing from the southeast, which was increasing furiously and as the sea was rolling heavily the captain grew suspicious as the barometer sank beneath its lowest limits on the scale. For three hours it continued steadily, then freshened veering to the south, gradually increased in force, and the seas became rougher and rougher. Finally the wind broke loose with irresistible violence. It was a west Indian hurricane. The sea became lashed into frightful fury, and toward midnight the most energetic exertions were made by the seamen to keep the ship righted, even the members of the Gemini helped amid the appalling fury of the tempest, but in vain.

The waves rose in monstrous roaring and thundering like hundreds of Niagara, the steamer lying completely on her broadside, with her rigging in tatters, and her decks swept by one furious sea after another. The scene was awful and then it was not until two hours later

when they entered the center of the extensive cyclone. A sudden calm succeeded the first crisis of the atmospheric convulsion. But it was of brief duration for the winds which had abandoned them, in the south reappeared in the west and north with the rapidity of lightning. They had entered the second segment of the circle of the storm, and caught this time on the left the ship had led over anew, unable to resist the enormous pressure directed against her sides. The savage roaring of the wild wind was deafening, mingled with plaintive howling, rattlings and shrieking, the growling of the vessel which having sprung to life again seemed to bewail her approaching end, mingled with the shrill hissing of serpents in the shrouds and rigging. All night long till morning the sea rose like bottomless precipices of water, white with wrathful foam, the ships masts were swept by the board, the violence of the wind rendering the hurricane decks to fragments, and little Francis herself was terrified for furious so furious was this hurricane that the ship seemed about to be engulfed far from all human aid. But toward morning the storm rapidly subsided, and toward another day reaching Cuba, they were forced to put in for repairs. After this they went toward the Canary Islands and one morning as they were on the look out for one of the islands, they perceived what appeared to be a large tidal wave, it might have been sixty feet high, rushing forward with great swiftness right toward their ship. They had hopes that they could elude it, but no, the mighty surge came in full force against the ship, crashed in tons of water over the highest decks, the entire cabin of

of the ship was flooded, and had any quarter less firm been struck the vessel would have burst. As it was every plank and timber trembled through her whole bulk. The wave sped on its way of which all were very glad hoping that the worse was over. In the meantime a crew of another big

steam ship saw the same great wave making against their own ship. They were at once aware of their danger, but an escape was impossible. The whole ship was inundated and the ship's side was so broken in that the vessel filled rapidly and soon became waterlogged. At the shock expecting the ship to go down, they lowered their boats with the utmost speed, and all on board sixty in all got into the boats, taking with them, some bread, beef, water, rum, two sextants, an aquadrant and three compasses. These together with some rigging, a few musket muskets, powder and other things as they brought away, and directing the stores among the crews, rigged the boats as well as they could, there being a compass for each, and a sextant for two and a quadrant for one, but neither sextant or a quadrant for the third. Then instead of pushing away for some port, so amazed and bewildered bewildered were they, that they continued sitting in their places, gazing upon the ship as though she had been an object of the tenderest affection. Their eyes could not leave her till at the end of many hours she gave a slight reel then down she sank. No words can tell their feelings. They only looked at each other, they looked at the place where she had so lately been afloat, they did not cease to look until the terrible conviction of their abandoned and perilous position and situation roused them to exertion, if deliverance were yet possible. They now consulted about the course which it might be best to take, westward to the west Indies, eastward to France or southwestward to South America. They knew that they were at no great distance from the Canary Islands but they could not get the boats to go against the wind and waves coming from the southeast. It was determined therefore to make for south America which they computed to be more than five thousand miles distant. Accordingly they steered southeastward and though for several days harassed with squalls they contrived to keep together. It was not long before they found that one of the boats had started a plank. To remedy this alarming defect they all turned to and having emptied the contents of the boat into the two others, they raised her sides as well as the they could and succeeded in restoring the plank at the bottom. Through this accident some of their biscuit had become injured by the salt water. This was equally divided among the seven several boat crews. Food and water meanwhile with their meagerness, rapidly failed. Their strength was exhausted, not by abstinence only but by the labors which they were obliged to employ to keep their little vessels afloat amid the storms which repeatedly assailed them. One night they were parted in rough weather, but through the next day they fell in with one of the companion boats, but never saw or heard more of the other which probably perished at sea, being without either sextant or quadrant. When they were reduced to the last pinch and out of everything, having been more than three weeks afloat they were cheered with the sight of a low uninhabited island which they reached in hope but were disappointed. There being no prospects but that of starvation here as it was only the rim of a volcanic crater, rising out of the sea and so they determined to put to sea again. Three of their comrades however choose to remain, and they pledged themselves to send a vessel to bring them off if they themselves ever escaped to a Christian port. With a very small morsel of biscuit for each and a little water, they again ventured out on the wide ocean. In the course of a few days their provisions were consumed, and two more died the members having no other alternative than to live upon their remains, which they roasted to dryness by means of fire kindled on the tallest sand at the bottom of the boats. When this supply was spent, what could they do? They looked at each other with horrid thoughts in their minds, but they held their tongues. They were all sure that they loved each other as brothers all the time and yet their looks told plainly what must be done. They cast lots and the fatal one fell upon the poor cabin boy. But after some days of horror and despair, when some were lying down at the bottom of the boats not able to rise and scarcely one of them could move a limb, a vessel moved in sight. They were taken on board by the captain Drager and his members and treated with extreme kindness. The second and third lost boats had also been picked up at sea by this same ship which now went in search of the other companions on the desolate island and brought them away. A stop was then made at the Canary Islands, Europe and Java, and passing the Pacific after encountering several hurricanes and many of the east Indian typhoons without any mishap were now on their way toward the region of the treacherous Angelinian seas. At this time little Francis had made herself as delightful a companion of her friends as she could, but her cheerful ways were soon slackening down when they reached the regions of the Angelinian seas after having made a short stop at the Sandwich Islands. She felt uneasy at the time for it was the typhoon season, and these kind of storms was her only dread.

They were in a hearty conversation, with the little girls telling all about their society, their many trips around

Her father felt uneasy too and it was in the anxious hopes that they would reach Abbieanna without encountering any of those terrible storms, which at times raises mountains of water enormous enough to overwhelm even a common tidal wave. They were even now having continual rough weather, and once a gale had risen to such a wild fury, lashing the sea into the wildest crested billows they had ever seen, the waves crashing by scores of tons of water across the ships decks at every sweep. But though no general storm appeared this rough weather continued a week; the sun never shining a day. But when the weather was considerably calmer and the sky clear the captain announced that they were now close to the region of the Blengiglomenian Islands. No one however on board the ship had seen or heard of any of the Blengiglomenian serpents and one evening as little

Francis was looking at the wild crested twenty foot waves, she saw far off in the distance in the rear of her ship about a quarter of a mile a huge winged creature of many of the most beautiful colors swam swimming in the same direction the ship was going. She believed it to be a ferocious seaserpent and first called her father who came out at her cries, and saw the creature itself. It was twice as long as the ship and as it was now getting darker a phosphorescence of the body appeared. It never changed its course but continued in the same direction as the ship going at the same rate and yet never turning its magnificent head. It rode the rough swells with the most perfect ease, even smashing down the billows, at times churning the sea furiously. If the child ever did have dread of monstrous beasts, the sublime beauty of this creature, and the tender affectionate look of its kitten like face drove away all fear. She looked at it only with great curiosity, and something to find her friends to show them the beautiful winged "Seaserpent". He came and so did his members, and even the seamen talked excitedly the first mate requesting his captain to steer the ship nearer to the serpent but he refused fearing that the "Seaserpent" would attack the ship.

"It may be a dreadful cruel creature in its nature but I could just love it for its beauty." Said Francis. "I never saw a seaserpent in my life before. This one is beautiful."

"It certainly is very beautiful." Said Darger. "Myself never saw such magnificent colors. More colors than an artist could afford to paint."

Not far from them on the other side, another ship was fast approaching, and Francis's father hailed the captain of the other ship, asking him what the beautiful creature was. The people on board this new kind of a ship were Ange Angelinians as well as the captain and could not understand his words as he spoke English not knowing who they were on the ship, or what nationality. Darger happened to know their tongue and so did his members and realizing that nationality they were by their flag and finding that no one else could on board his ship speak the Latin tongue of the Angelinians he himself put the question as to who the beautiful creature was and got a direct answer. It was many weeks after their experiences with the beautiful creature that the main seaport of Abbieanna was reached. No serious typhoon of any kind had been met in any way.

There is only a few more pages to be written then the child slavery will only grow worse. Fifteen months has passed since the outbreak of the first child labor rebellion and though the situation in Calvernia was reported to be not totally worse Violet and her sisters had become more beautiful, and kind in their ways than usual, so that all who knew the Vivian Girls looked upon them as celestial saintly children. It was a month now since the letter had been sent off to the governments in Washington, and governor Vivian on account of the situation breaking out worse than ever had taken up his abode again in cruel of old Calvernia, but nevertheless Violet and her sisters were the proud possessors of one large and beautiful Blengiglomenian Serpent, and thirteen young ones of different sizes. They had a more beautiful garden there than they ever seen in Abbieanna, and being in the tropical zone of Calvernia, they had no fear of any coming winters. Like the extreme northern parts of Calvernia. One day when Evans was sitting alone in the garden the little girl being in the house still at dinner, the young Blengiglomenians gathered near him, ignorant of his presence to rest themselves in the cool shade of one of the trees. He was reading one of the religious books, he had drawn out of the book case in the library and seemed to be very interested in the subject, the he was on and did not notice the small serpents curled up under the tree close to his back.

bench! bench and was not aware of their presence until getting up to retrace his way to the house he tripped over the body of one of them and fell sprawling flat on his face, the book flying ten yards and landing in one of the open windows of the house.

"Gosh! that old bench." He exclaimed as he got up. "It's wonder I did not notice where-----why or-----what are these how in the world-----gosh I tripped over one of the serpents." He gasped. "They were not there when I first sat down."

He was badly scratched and bruised from his violent fall but nevertheless he had them quickly attended to with a rusty nail lying on the ground had lacerated the palm of his right hand severely.

"Why Evans how did you get hurt?" Asked Violet who was applying the needed articles. HERSELF.

Evans told of his tripping over one of the serpent serpents which he had not seen behind the bench. The serpent itself in the meantime had suffered somewhat from the cruel jolt of his heavy shoe which had been frightfully violent and as Evans and the little girls came out it showed symptoms of remorse for having accidentally tripped Evans.

"I supposed if it had been one of the land lizards." Said Violet. "He would have kicked it brutally for being in the way. Lock Evans your foot left a bad mark on his body."

"Yes I did strike him very hard." Said Evans. "If my foot had not caught against him as violently as it did I would not have been sprawled as I done. I first thought it was the leg of the bench which had tripped me."

It was at the moment when Evans and the little girls were in the garden talking about the trifling accident when one of the servants announced that thirty regal dressed men wished to see him. Evans of course had wondered how no long now it was or how long before how it came that he received no letter he sent so long ago and why the great lunatics never came. So he was completely flabbergasted when the servant announced that thirty men dressed in robes and hoods wished to see him and immediately.

"Did they tell you who they were or deliver no card?" Asked Evans.

"They said they were Geminians." Answered the servant. "Came in answer to a letter received by them from you over a month month ago. They claim to be descendants of Abieanna, or whatever you call them."

"Great god so they came after all." Exclaimed Evans. "I thought they had never received the summons."

As the servant left Evans Evans said to his little charges as he went to his house;

"If any of those men ask you any questions concerning your miserable treatment, leave it to me to tell." He said. "For I won't leave out nothing. But if you want to you can tell your experiences and with you little girls confessing everything all your enemies will be run down on short notice and you will be free from further danger. I don't do this as revenge on your enemies but I know you would not like that the nature you have but for your own safety."

"I'll tell for one." Said Violet pouting. "It was too much for us to suffer all that unjust tortures and will tell all I know."

Her sisters said nothing following Evans quietly into the house. In the meantime Darger and his twenty nine members were sitting down in the reception room and wondered at the magnificence of the place. At the approach of Evans and the little girls the Geminian members arose politely, Evans extending his hand in a welcoming way and then the leader said;

"I received a letter from you stating about the enemies of the Vivian girls still being at large and of your request to me and my members to hunt them down. Well we came to accommodate you in these favors. May we hear the Vivian girls and hear their story."

"They are right here." Said Evans pointing to Violet and her sisters.

"They will soon tell all they know." And he introduced the little girls to Darger and his members. At first they were overawed at the presence of the little saints, and were at first almost afraid to touch them but Violet knowing the reason of their silence said;

"My name is Violet. Violet Mary Vivian, and these are my sisters Joyce, Jennie, Angela, Daisy, Petie and Catherine Vivian, real flesh and blood, and not celestial children which no doubt you are mistaking us for. So there is no need to be afraid of us. We cannot help our appearance."

It was sometime before any of the members recovered from their trance but an hour afterwards they were in a hearty conversation, with the little girls telling all about their society, their many trips around

the world in a quest of criminals and enemies of children, and of their experiences during their last recent trip to Allendun and from Abbie and to Calvernia. They also told Violet and her sisters of their almost vain search for the writer of the letter and also how they found the right place after all.

"A young and beautiful girl who called herself Gertrude Angeline directed us to this place." Said the leader. "In this large and magnificent city we were puzzled as to our whereabouts though we got directions from nearly every one we asked, we nevertheless failed to find our destination and were just about giving up when we spied a little girl standing standing on the corner of which you call Mc-Quillister Ave which at first from her dazzling beauty we mistook for one of the Vivian girls. We stopped and politely removing our hats I addressed her saying:

"My pretty child, I presume you are one of the little Vivian girls. I got a letter from your guardian requesting me to help him run down the remaining landelinian prowlers in this country. Would you mind directing us to where his house is. We are almost lost in this city."

The little girl gave us a look of surprise, then glancing at my followers said:

"I'm not one of the Vivian girls sir, but I can direct you to the place. My name is Gertrude Angeline, and I am a great friend of theirs though I have known them not at all. But you will have to show me the letter for proof first as I cannot trust any one I see as a Christian, as too many prowlers ask me the same questions hundreds of times and carried me off many times to try and force me to tell."

I readily showed her the contents of the letter telling her who we were and she brought us here on a car, as the distance to this place was seven miles from the spot at which I met her. We are here now to begin work immediately if possible, but I'll have to have your stories first as clues to our fugitives."

Violet and her sisters looked at each other in a way that showed that they wished each other to tell the things they knew, and then after some considerable friendly argument, Violet decided to tell the thing of her own experience, and that her sisters should tell theirs. She told them all their her experiences as far as she had them known the reason why she interfered with the landelinian child slave drivers and all she went through. Each little girl had a different story to tell though the scenes of sufferings they experienced was greater. The Geminian boys listened with interest and emotion, and as Jennie finished hers, there was silence for nearly five minutes.

"Well," said Evans breaking the silence. "What does the stories convince you men?"

Darger arose and answered:

"The stories we have just heard convince us that we are to play a hand in the same game. We will run down the scoundrels if we have to do it by hook or crook. But if their stories will accomplish success we will have to get that one called Gertrude Gertrude Angeline, as she knows what to do on the matter. She is a child labor leader as they already told me in their stories and can be a famous spy also. She must be brought here immediately. Who knows where she lives?"

"I will find her address and call her by phone though none of us knows her," said Evans. "But first I'll have to ask how much you will charge?"

"Charge for what?" asked Darger.

"For this service you will be rendering us. It will be lots of dangerous work I'll assure you."

"On account of the brutal treatment of the Vivian girls, we come not for money but to red the little girls of their future perils." Answered the leader with a glowing look. "I've promised God himself in my prayers and in church to offer anything I can spare if he allowed me the opportunity to take their part. And now I have it. We will not accept accept no money if it is offered to us. We take pleasure in running down the scoundrels and have them punished as they well deserve."

"Very well," said Evans. "I'll call the little girl. What did you say her name was?"

"Gertrude Angeline."

"All right and he strode toward the phone booth.

"Give me Immaculate Conception 2910," he called to the operator.

"No ma'am I did not Conception it. And neither did I ask for Clancy 19,723. What did you say? Who am I and what number do I want? This is if governor Vivian's house I'm speaking from and I'm governor Vivian's guardian colonel Jack Evans guardian of the Vivian girls. You say that have I got to do with them? That's a enough Miss operator. You say your exchange

Well for why are you exchange. What number do I want? Say Miss am I supposed to be fooling my time away here like that. None of your nonsense, other wise I'll have my man manage sent you over here under arrest for taunting me. Give me Immaculate Conception 2916. And lose no time about it. All right. Hello. Hello. Is this Gertrude Angeline. Hello, hello/ hello Is this Gertrude Angeline. I want to know if this is the little girl Gertrude Angeline or am I talking to myself."

"Hello someone called in a childish voice. 'Who's raving on the phone?'"

"This is Jack Evans," said Evans himself. "I would like to see Gertrude Angeline. I say I'd like to see her. What did you say? She is not in. Oh you are Gertrude. Excuse me. Would you mind coming over to governor Vivian's house immediately. The Geminian members need your help. You will? All right, thanks. That is very good. Good bye. She will be here as soon as she can." He said coming back. "I may have kept you waiting but I had a fresh operator on the wire who insisted that I Conceptioned it. I gave her a piece of my mind though."

"She asked you what?" exclaimed Darger.

"I asked her to give me Conception 28 2916 and she insisted that I Conceptioned it." Answered Evans. "In about fifteen minutes Gertrude came in and after having introduced himself and the little girls he related to her politely and as briefly as possible why he had summoned her. At first first Gertrude did not say anything, but finally she gathered her herself together and said:

"And you want me to help you run down the landelinian suspects. Well that is something that I would be very glad to do. But this we cannot start upon too soon, otherwise there will be no success. The landelinians as I have found out during the last rebellion have marooned little Eva's place on a far distant island, so that no Angeline could find her, and this island is heavily guarded. To find that the name of the island is not known. I would like to see her recovered by all means."

"We will have to find that island at all costs," said Evans. "But we can easily if we manage to force out of one of the prisoners the name and whereabouts of that island."

"Suppose he won't tell?" said one of the members.

"Oh yes he will," laughed Evans. "We have means of forcing it out from any prisoner that knows anything. I wish to learn. But I have it in mind to run down the prowlers first. What is your opinion?"

"My opinion is to rescue that little child first and we will," said Darger. "Her case see me to be more important I think."

At this moment both the Vivian governors appeared and seeing the visitors gave them a hearty welcome. They told of the plans they had and stated the case about little Eva. Governor Vivian was at a loss but Hanson said:

"It is an island furthest south of the Boyking islands. What the name is I do not know, but I have a Geography which has only maps, which I'm sure gives all the names of the furthest islands. I'll go and get it."

In a few minutes he came back and securing the page showing the map that gives the location of the Boyking islands, and its most southern group were the men proceeded to examine it. Evans and the little girls also. "There are lots of islands south of the Boyking islands but they are too close together to be the landelinian's islands," said Evans. "I've heard of it being an isolated island three thousand miles southwest of the Boyking island."

"It is southwest of the Boyking islands but a great deal further," said Hanson. "There is not an island one thousand miles near this one anywhere. But it seems as if it is not in this map at all."

"This must be an isolated island," said governor Vivian pointing to the left hand corner of the map. "It's name the Catherine Isle or Lone Isle island too on the map."

"I measure it is the one," said Hanson. "And it is in the heart of the McWhirtherian seas, the worse regions for typhoons. We would have a time ever getting there from Calvernia."

"And from Calvernia to the Catherine Island it would make a fine trip of."

"Eight thousand miles," interrupted Hanson. "I think the wisest plan would be to do, is to entrain our way to the most southern seaport in Angeline the seaport called May city a hundred miles south of the Blonglonean islands and go to the island from there with three steamers and three battle ships. We would only have three thousand six hundred miles to go then on the water."

Evans had a different opinion however.

"I think it is safer on the sea than the land." He said: "Wrecks of train on account of the dirty glandelinians have occurred unusually lately and so I would not trust a train to May city just now under any conditions. We could select the strongest battle ship that Abbie annia has and make stops at the Blongiglomean islands and the Boyknig as well before making our perilous trip to the Catherine Isle. The nearest island from there is called children's Isle. If we are harassed by too many stormaws we could stop there for a brief period."

"I don't like your idea my boy." Said governor Vivian hikhimsif. "We have a more perilous trip before us than you even think. To take a steamer of course we would never do, for only the battleship of the biggest mah make can ride such storm lashed waves. It is a train to May city we will go on and we will do no other. Either that or abandon the enterprise. The storms in the vicinity of the Blongiglomean and Boyknig islands are just as terrific, and if we make the trip from Abbie Annia could our ships survive storm after storm of such fury? No indeed. And remember my lad this is the typhoon season."

"How far is May city from Angelinia?" Asked Darger.

"About four thousand two hundred and eighty miles." Said Hanson. "It's a long tiresome ride, even on the fastest train and could take over fourteen days to get there. I don't like the idea of being in one train so long but then neither do we like too many of those typhoons. If they can do so much, passing over a country they certainly can lash a hell of waves on the sea. It is a train under any condition. I'll summon the government special our own private train. And it will cost us nothing for the trip."

"Are we to remain behind?" Asked Violet a little demurely.

"No indeed we will need you little girls to help us as much as our thirty detectives." Said governor Vivian. "All of us are going and our wives also. That is the main reason we do not wish to visit too many typhoons."

So my dear readers Darger not only saw the beautiful Vivian girls but recovered little Evan, by force, helped the Abbieannian governments officials so vigorously that within one month not a Glandelinian persecutor of Violet and her sisters were at large in Calverinia and Angelinia, and the meaner cases were banished to the island prisons the others including those held in the internment camps, placed among the others and were forced to build the ruined houses in the city of Calverine to cultivate the ruined fields and farms and so on. Glandelinia as Darger found proved false in her excuses in of her inability of paying the fine, the government having been now demanded to pay in all at once or suffer their subjects in Calverinia to be rejected and that relationship ships will be severed and that war will be declared. All the beautiful towns in Calverinia account of her ravaging rascals had been ruined with her horrible child slave trades, the many stretches of Calverinian for forests had been prostrated or burned, and a complication of disasters added to this without hardly any means of repairing the damage of the helpless children. It was general Vivian's purpose to punish Glandelinia as she well deserved to punish her in the extreme and the cruelties shown to the Vivian girls and millions of child slaves still at slavery frightfully avenged, and so though war had not as yet been declared Angelinian armies were quickly mobilizing, the Calverinian governments had seized all of the best Glandelinian arsenals, beside one of their navies in Calverinia, and allowed no free use of Calverinian seaports. No Glandelinians no matter whether they were men women and children born in Calverinia or Glandelinia if they did not show loyalty to Angelinia, were allowed to stay in Calverinia, those residing there who proved themselves not loyal to God and Angelinia had to go out, even not allowed to take any of their belongings with them made in Calverinia or Glandelinia.

The sorrows of the Vivian girls as it seemed were past, and though they soon saw Calverinia again there was hardly any marks of the terrible devastations caused by the recent rebellion, ruined houses were rebuilt beautiful farms were seen where recently forest fires had swept away and even the regions desolated by the battles of the rebellion and so great had the changes become that the little girls would have for-

governor Vivian - colonel Jack Evans guardian of the Vivian girls. You say that have I got to do with them? That's enough Miss operators. You say your exchange

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forgotten the shocking horrors of the past rebellion and would have been leading a new life - a life of happiness with their reunited brothers and parents, Evans and beloved friends if the child slavery instead of getting better was growing worse in the extreme. New buildings had sprung up among the ruins of the city of Calverine all scenes of the results of the rebellion were vanishing and everything more like a paradise than what had been witnessed over a year before. The whole world was greatly effected by the quick change in the desolate regions. It was now the month of December 1910. It was believed that with all these prowling rascals gone Glandelinia would reform and become a better nation from the effects at least of the severing of relationships which happened but not so. By June of that coming new year the great battle of Bristol station had raged and we had been in full swing. Violet and her sisters also seemed free from further harm, all their enemies having been put up or put among the others who were being forced to rebuild all the ruined buildings and factories and reform the farms damaged by the rebellion. Everywhere peace and quiet reigned just now where not less than half a year ago the fiercest Calverinian rebellion the world had seen had been venting its savage rage, and trying to tear the world asunder. All child slavery however had increased despite it all. The countries of Pan Pandora and Franciscillia belonging once to Glandelinia nearly a thousand miles in length and three hundred miles in width one of the richest countries of Glandelinia now belonged to Abbie Annia as they were seized, all the Glandelinian subjects were evicted and forbidden to take anything found with the Angelinian trade marks on it. Children in orphan asylums there were held by the Angelinians and later on transferred to the northern parts of Abyssinia. The loss of these two countries was the greatest blow of all and the Glandelinian government and even king Glandelin demanded them back with the threat of war and invasion. Islands belonging to Glandelinia also had been seized during the meantime and now were considered as Abbie Annian property. Glandelinia deserved all she got and let's all hope that she will remember her never less and that even if she does not repent her evil ways she will never fool with the Christian nations again. But she did and if it had not been the foolishness of the Northern Calverinians in abandoning McWhirther when it was so supposed to be guarded she the war so quickly begun would not have raged so long as it did and there would not have been such bloody battles. Violet and her sisters even happier than usual were rapidly forgetting their own sorrows and felt once more like if they had never seen the frightful scenes but they knew that the troubles was not over. As little Francis's father had died during the pursuit of many of the rascally Glandelinians having been shot by a rascal she was permitted by governor Vivian to do what made her entirely forget her sorrows and that was stay with him and his beautiful daughters Violet and her sisters. Not long after a week probably after the last rascal was caught that Violet and her sisters thought they would have to say good bye to their Darger friend but he and his members were not going to leave as he and they feared trouble on account of the child slavery growing worse.

Well to finish the subject on this I will have to say that the trip to the Calverine islands and the Catherine Isle was made without any bad luck either way. The Glandelinian secondaries were very willing to give up their captives and surrender themselves without a fight when ten big battle ships besieged the island. The finishing up of the round of prisoners was also almost finished and finally when the work was all done the Vivian girls seemed entirely free from their enemies and if it had not been for the outbreak of the great war came the little girls would never again have feared the Glandelinian nation. One day when two of the little girls went out alone intent on picking some beautiful flowers in a beautiful pasture about half a mile away from their dwelling they came upon a small Glandelinian of Tuscorinian type crouching in the path at a corner about a foot away from them. The Calverinian Glandelinian had been ill-treated by Glandelinians who had dressed themselves as little girls, his long rascally Glandelinian boyscouts and this creature thinking the two little girls some of their or her cruel tortures immediately began to show fight and with little or no warning before the least attempt could be made by the children to escape, it flew at them bearing voice to the ground face downwards, and in this position the enraged Blongiglomean serpent commenced to tear Joice's clothes from the back. Despite the tender years of her little sister Jennie, she maintained her presence of mind and called upon her little sister Joice to remain perfectly still, as she had a plan in her mind. With more ado she gathered her wits about her and prepared for the unequal struggle which she knew must follow. She had taken up her position behind a small bush on

slightly elevated ground and jumped full on the back of the little Blengiglamenean serpent, exerting every ounce of strength she possessed, she was so successful in overbalancing the creature and thus permitted Joice to get to her feet. The danger now however was increased, since the ferocity of the animal was by this time throughoutly aroused, and all its fury and courageous instincts ablaze. Equipped with no other weapon save a stout branch they hastily secured, the two children faced their snarling whining, and screaming foe, beating it with their fists, and the branch about the head in an endeavor to frighten it away. A few minutes of fiercer encounter between the children and the Blengiglamenean Serpent, which swooped at them ten times, when finally with one of its wings with all its horrible talons extended it struck Jennie full in the face causing her to fall to the ground. Quick to follow up this advantage the enraged animal with a thunderous roar sprang upon the little girl, viciously clawing, and simultaneously mauling the back of her head, with her teeth, and banging at Joice in the meantime with her wings in an endeavor to stop her assault.

Believing herself quite powerless to do anything further the little girls magnificent spirit of heroism asserted itself, for Jennie called to her sister to run away and save herself. Joice could have done so at this stage, as Jennie could have done a few minutes earlier, but no thought of this was in the minds of these two. Terrified at the ghastly struggle going on before her eyes, but still believing that Jennie could be saved, Joice commenced to belabor the creature, with her fist and the branch while all the while the creature set up a most frightful clamor. There seemed to be little effect from her none too vigorous blows, and the creature in its rage was becoming only the more savage. In one last noble effort she steeled herself for an ordeal that would have sickened the strongest and bravest man. She deliberately thrust her right arm into the creatures mouth thus saving Jennie from further mauling for her scalp was by this time frightfully lacerated.

By Joice's repeated blows the creature became temporarily blinded in one eye, and Joice realising this, and with her right arm still in the mouth of the creature, bitten through above the elbow, she proceeded to attack the other eye with her finger nails. Practically sightless now, but more savage and vicious than ever the creature released her hold on little Jennie freed Joice's arm and rearing itself far above its foe for a final final struggle with Joice banged wildly about with its wings in a fierce endeavor to bang her down at once, and twenty times, flew at her in the most ferocious style, and though Joice was thrown by its onrush every time she got to her feet to prevent it from pouncing on top of her like it had done to Joice and Jennie. With only her left arm of any

use she again after the rushes seized the branch and battled with might and main, between repeated rushes, for fully six minutes, and by quick rushes to right and left, and by throwing herself avoid the dreaded blow from its fiercely lashing tail. Finally reduced to disadvantage, unable to see properly and deluded of its supposed Glandelinian victims the defeated Blengiglamenean Serpent gave up the struggle, but sent forth a thunderous signal roar many times as it flew off into the sky. Thus ended a thirty minutes battle with the two Vivian girls victorious. But Jennie and Joice were in a serious condition, the former suffering from the loss of blood, and the agony of her wounds. Dr Links who attended the wounded Vivian Girls at their home found it necessary to use fifty stitches in the scalp of Jennie Vivian, since it was badly torn and hanging down, while her cheek nose, and back had been rent open by the blow of the wings, whose talons tore the flesh so horribly. There however was no danger of her being even slightly disfigured. A few days only were necessary for the recovery of Joice but many weeks elapsed before poor Jennie was able to be out again. The Blengiglamenean serpent which had been slightly wounded by the bad Glandelinian boy scouts was hunted by Evans accompanied by several officers, and men a few hours after the incident described but it was gone, and traces of the big ones had been there. According to Joice the creature was twenty eight feet long. Its body was like a lizards somewhat, but had three different colors as well as the tail. Scales had the colors of green and yellow, with dark blue bands, and spots in circles between bands. The underpart was blue with round yellow dots. The wings was like a Blengins, with strips of some flag and black ground as if for stars, though dots of yellow color were visible. The wings had talons like long pins and seemed one quarter as long as the wings. The head and neck, and portion of the body at that part was like a girl child. Fortunately for the two Vivian Girls the creature did not belong to the venomous types.

Nevertheless despite the beauty and seemingly happiness of their surroundings it was a merciless world for the Vivian girls. They were to suffer untold heartrending sorrows and all the horrors soon to be described, and many times they were to almost perish in the destruction of a big city during a great and bloody battle that was to rage there. This battle is to far surpass any battle in the first two years of the war. Violet Jennie and Joice were borne on December the twenty fifth Christmas day, Joice in June and Jennie or Nettie in March on the last of December. Catherine was born in March and Evangelina in April.

The Vivian girls as stated before were prettier than fairies and as good as saints and though delicate in form as they looked they were perfectly strong. Through some miracle they had become as smart as school teachers, and knew what was good, and what was wicked, and shunned evil ways not through fear of their parents but through fear of God. But their lives for at least a number of years were to be all of sorrow. Even before they were born the most horrible evils of child slavery had existed, and which had brought on three bloody wars, and ten severe rebellions of savage nature and fury. The war of Eighteen fourteen, the war of Eighteen seventy seven, and the war of Eighteen ninety nine. Their father and uncle at the infancy of Violet and her sisters had been the chief governors. Hanson governed Galverinia, and his brother governed Angolinia, but during the great Glandoc Glandeo Abbeannian war was Hanson who had been living at that time took up the generalship and commanded the mightiest armies ever seen in the world or in any war that had ever raged in that war world.

The little girls had the most beautiful hair that any child could have had and all in beautiful round curls. They had such dazzling beauty that they could put little Evan in "Uncle Toms Cabin" out of the way altogether. Beautiful as they were in features however, they were more beautiful in soul doing all that all good children should do, and were so righteous and attended church so frequently every day that their father began to look upon them as saints. Their actions even surprised Evans who had all that time been their constant companion. At first he had believed that some great instinct was leading them to this but the only reason he could find was that they did this because they wanted to go to heaven.

Hanson their uncle who had been a general in the war of eighteen ninety nine was more sterner than their father, but knowingly loved them beyond description. Knowing the little girls actions and watching them general Hanson saw that they were very holy indeed. And after they had learned to read fairly well despite their age he supplied them each with a Bible. These little girls though their parents were Abbeannians had been born in Angolinia known as the sister state of mighty Abbeannia but so separated from her by the seas that she was called a nation in itself. Abbeannia was a supremely strong nation at that. The flag of Angolinia resembled that of the United States but the colors were of red yellow, and blue, with a sacred Heart of Jesus in the background. During the few months of the Glandeo-Angolinian war the little girls had shown their utmost bravery, but their cruel treatment had aroused the cry of vengeance from Angolinia. During the child slavery Violet and her sisters had been treated with a barbarity which exceeds all description and the child slave conditions being at its worst at that time brought on the frightful Glandeo-Angolinian war of fifteen two live which was the most terrific of all ever observed. The mother of these fairest of pansies was seemingly as beautiful as the blessed virgin herself, but was more sterner than Hanson and she was tall and stout, though kind and gentle and a righteous woman also, though she could have made a dreadnaught for any husband who would be a wife beater. Robert Vivian was the most righteous righteous of all the grown folks in the neighborhood, and was tall like his brother Hanson, and had almost the same looks except that Hanson was blond, and his brother had black hair. Both men wore a beard however. To go on with the general narrative.

It was Robert Vivians intention to make a trip to one of the valleys where Blengiglamenean creatures abide with the purpose of viewing them for the sake of the children and Robert having all things ready Robert Vivian requested his valet to drive the horses himself. Roberts valet was at first puzzled as he had not driven these kind of horses before, but any way he decided to try it.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Robert's carlet had never attempted the driving of horses before. Robert with him with his brother and daughters wished to drive to the floor of a volcanic volcano to find the plengiglonian creatures there to see if they had destroyed the Glandolindan child slave masters as had been reported to him by messengers, the varlet being determined to have the undertaking of the carriage himself. They happened to be very close to a precipice which dropped sheer down into the sea. For the varlet it did not take him long to make up his mind. It was however an experiment and with the first attempt the occupants of the carriage were soon spral sprawling on the ground. But the varlet became quite skillfull after a few hours practiv practice, and fun at his own expense and to the amusement and consternation of them all after he had upset the carriage about ten times, and then soon away they went.

For a while everything was all right untill they suddenly reached the highest part of the cliff overlooking the great Mc-Whirthian sea. Then suddenly suddenly a terrible thing happened. There was an explosion, the carriage gave a sudden mighty lurch and violet who was at its edge lost her balance and before she could recover with a wild cry of horror went over the high precipice and into the sea. In a flash all this happened.....)with a

that disregard of peril which is peculiar only in the born hero Evans dived in after her. In a few minutes he was by the little girls side and supporting her. Then the utter horror of their situation flashed through his mind for Jennie Joice and Hanson were also in the heaving waters, and no ship was in sight along any portion of the shore. They were all left alone to struggle in that boundless expanse of waters, and words could not describe or paint the situation. The most vivid imagination could never could picture its awful horror.

"My God save us!" Gaspod Hanson. It was a fearful wail of despair that Hanson sent up. Then the cry changed to one of yearning and hope. Rising to sweep the billows with his gaze, Hanson had suddenly seen an object almost at his very hand. It was a rudely made raft, made of spars lashed to a plugged watery water cast and a rude mast in the center. It had probably been made and used by some shipwrecked party, probably more unfortunate than themselves. To reach it and drag the children and himself upon upon it was but short work. Then Evans got one. So throughout ly exhausted were were all that they laid there for some time half insensible. Hanson was the first to recover and saw that the raft was drifting toward the high bank, which was not at all impossible to climb. After they all got safely up they sat down to wring out the water from their wet clothes, each going to separate bushes to do it. Then after a long search they found their carriage which had been too near the brink of the precipice for the first, and after righting it again a second more on their way, the hot sun quickly drying their clothes. Just as they had traveled for quite a while Robert drew rein and pointed in front of him with a strange cry.

A strange looking ship of boat with a sail in it could be seen in the distance heading directly for the beach which Robert and the rest had just now reached. Robert swung his arms and yelled to attract the attention of those on board, for he wanted to have a look at this strange craft. It was certain that they were seen for the brig was bearing down upon them. She was now so near that a man could be seen at the railing waving his tarpaulin p tarpaulin hat.

"Ship ahoy." yelled Hanson as the brig came up to the wind and started to lower a boat. "We want to come aboard." The boat reached the beach, and they were readily rowed to the ship. In their excitement they had no time to marvel over the wonders of the ship, but after they had clambered in they were surprised in an instant with the deserted appearance of the ship. One man at the wheel, and two men in the cabin and the men that had rowed them to the ship, and helped them aboard were the only persons they could see aboard. There was the crew of this beautiful and queer craft. What could it all mean? The man who had rowed them to the ship and helped them on the craft was a tall stalwart tar with an innocent but stern face and look of indescribable bravery. He stood before them and made a profound bow, saying, "Welcome Governors, and you three little Angel children with your friend. You before any one else are welcome to this ship."

"Are you the only master of this ship sir?" Asked Violet with a sweet smile that awed him."

"Well I am for the present little missy. And I can see that you are all wondering at the looks of things aboard this ship. If I explain to you all I believe you would rather go back to the shore."

Violet and her sisters except the three men experienced a cold chill....

"What do you mean?" Asked Hanson.

"I guess I ought to tell you men and children before I start the ship on its way again." Perused the sailor.

"What is it?" Asked Evans.

"Well the captain of this ship and twelve men lost their lives when we were caught out in a typhoon six days ago near the plengiglonian islands. Yourself and the other three are the only ones left on board for we escaped by the mercy of God and his blessed mother the virgin Mary."

A great cry of terror and horror escaped Jennies lips. She had no wish to encounter any such things as the typhoons or hurricanes as just now she and her sisters were afraid of such terrific storms. Her first impulse indeed was to flee but she remembered that her guardian angel would protect her in all dangers, so she controlled her fears, but violet's fear and horror was unabated.....

"Oh God she exclaim exclaimed trembling a little; "That is too awful to see. Are you four men the only survivors?"

"This is the very truth. We alone escaped the savage typhoon. My name is Michelas Purpling. As you two are the governors with your friends and children you can make yourselves free aboard the ship which is called the Pandora."

"Any thanks." Replied Robert cheerfully. The four sailors chatted with violet and her sisters and enjoyed their company because of their sweet loving brave ways and of their beautiful features. They also chatted with the three men as long as they did the children, finding that the two were governors of Angolinia and Calverinia..... Thus a whole day passed and the captain whose name was Jack Victor knowing that Hanson and his brother were really the two good governors so constantly so spoken about came to Robert in a most mysterious manner and said;

"Shipmates knowing that you are the governors of the two states belonging to Abbisannia, we have taken a liking to all of you, and blow us for blubber if I do not give you a new point of the compass which is all about my mates and myself. No doubt you have wondered what was the curious destination and cargo of this ship?"

"Well I surely did." Admitted the great Angolinian governor.

"Come into the cabin mates and I'll tell you all about it."

Wondering they all followed him into the cabin.

"There shipmates." Said the captain. "Is some seats, and indicating the seats at the captains table he drew from a pigeon hole a large roll of thick paper. This he spread on the table in the shape of a map.

"There shipmates." He said earnestly. "In Captain Peary the dead master of this ship was right there is the key to the fortune of millions of boxes filled with pearls, diamonds rubies and emeralds."

They were all stunned with this declaration.

"What do you mean?" Asked Hanson steadily.

"First look over the map and then read the text beneath mates."

They with strange sensations proceeded to do this. They saw that the map was a nautical chart of the regions of the fiery Calverinian volcano called Heli about thirty three degrees north latitudes. But the region depicted was not to be found upon any other chart Hanson had ever seen. There were the outlines of the huge Angolinian country, hundreds of volcanoes and the evidence of many cities and towns, and rivers. Prominent among them or a separate group was one tremendous mountain peak, where the city of Calverine was dotted to be standing, and beneath it was written the words;

"This is the plengiglonian mountain, a volcano near Calverine called Mt Calverine or Heli."

In something like a state of amazement they all studied the map closely then read the almost illegible handwritting below,

"Forty four degrees north of the plengiglomenean islands on the calverinian coast, then one will cross through the forest barrier and enter the volcanic regions of Calverinia. For hundreds of miles along the western coast the region is in a state of volcanic ferment, craters forming in the mountains in a few years, continue in eruption for a year only to become quiet. The largest of the extinct volcanoes is called Mt Catherine, and Mount Mc-Whirther. Nothing on earth is more wonderful than the one called Heli.

It is extensively cavernous which is swarming with plengiglomenean homes and these creatures by god's power some kind of supernatural powers, their bodies being like magnets, and the peculiarities of their snakey tails are wonderful and strange because they have an attractiveness for steel. Take for an instance a point fifty miles from the magnet snakes and place a steel dagger upon the ground and it will at once be to work its way swiftly toward the bodies of the plengiglomenean creatures.

CAUGHT IN A STORM IN THE 6 REGIONS OF THE BOYKING ISLANDS....

The progress is somewhat slow and some times fast and no obstacle of any kind will hinder the dagger. On a level surface it will creep forty feet a second, and though it might be days in reaching the magnet bodies it is dead sure to get there in the end."

They furt her read about the precious jewels, and also of the three tons of gold, and eight tons of silver. After reading this extraordinary manuscript Robert sat in a sort of stupor for several minutes. Then suddenly recovering he turned to Jack, and said:

"This is wonderful. Where did you get this manuscript?" He asked.

"Captian peary found it." He answered with a smile.

"Oh it's wonderful Jack Evans dear." Said Violet. "Is it true all of it captian?"

"Captian Peary thought it was true, and this queer ship which we are now putting out to sea in, was fitted out and offered for an expedition to the plengig, plengiglomenean mountains shipmates, but on our way a howling cyclone arose, and all perished except us, who escaped like magic. Our ship for over ten days was in a heavy sea in the south latitude of the Boy King Islands."

Words cannot express the governors surprise and amazement or the sensation of the others. A thousand different vague and startling thoughts and plans were flashing haloscope like through their brains. It was the intention of the governors however of not going off just then as they were not prepared for any such movement but nevertheless they decided to go at the first opportunity, and now as the governors had realized the conditions of the child slavery then going on in Calverinia, and of trouble brewing as all glandelinians who had been made prisoners by the Abbieannians in the war of eighteen forty one would not work for nothing any more and threatened rebellion, and as Zimmermann's army was in Mc-Hollesteria and threatened by the foe he decided to see what was to be done first, and then if something could be settled he would go with Jack Victor and his friends on a trip first to the plengiglomenean islands and thence from there to the other places and the mountain well spoken off and if finding the treasures make use of it for the countrys sake. He also planned to make life for his little friend friends friends and his own brother as happy and prosperous as possible and also to see to it that all purposes of the enemy would be stopped. If nothing else could do it then force would have to be used.

OFF FOR THE GREAT PLENGIGLOMENEAN ISLANDS.
TO SEE THE WAR STRICKEN REGIONS..

8. 1541

The war had indeed been a hellish affair for the nations engaged in it. All the cities of Calverinia and northern Angelina were still in ruins, the prisoners no matter how stern their imprisonment and guards were, were fused under pains of death to rebuild the ruins, and also refused to do any work for the Angelinians and Abbieannians without pay. Also the glandelinian governments had studied the matter over, and finally had sent the notice to the Abbieannian government:

"It takes twenty Abbieannians and Angelinians together to make us pay the fine imposed upon us. Come and make us pay if you dare. We're ready to resume the war any time. Your armies are requested to move out of our state of Mc-Hollesteria within two weeks and if not gone before then the armies of glandelinia reorganized shall be ordered to go at them and break the armistice and resume the war again. It is impossible to pay for the damage done, but we will not pay either though we can alone pay for the fine. Do not trouble by writing again as it will be of no use.
Government of glandelinia.

Notice:

You Abbieannians have imprisoned all our rulers. We defy you to keep them in prison another day itself."

Of course this note had aroused the ire of the Abbieannian government and the main ruler Governor general Hanson was immediately notified. All of the bravest persones were astonished at glandelinias defiant answer to the request to pay the fine, when she already was almost crushed and trodden under by the Abbieannian armies still in glandelinia under command of general Williamsburger Zimmermann. Hanson was also astonished and also almost apprehensive because glandelinia had a long rest during the cessation of hostilities and if given full sway again god alone knows what would happen. Glandelinia has thirteen allies which were reinforcing her already badly wrecked armies and thus the reason that the trouble was still brewing and the resumption of the war threatening. Hanson did not know what to do. He decided that to make more sure of it to make the intended trip to the plengiglomenean islands and see the councils over there and study over the matter. It was three days before general Robert Angelie Vivian was informed of the threatening attitude of the glandelinian authorities and also of the stubbornness and abhorrence of the glandelinian prisoners interned in Calverinia and Angelina and he himself immediately sent an order to Williamsburger Zimmermann to watch all movements of any new glandelinian armies that may be formed and if anything is suspicious to notify the Abbieannian King without delay. About a week after the startling news, the trip was started the first run being on the Mc-Hollester and pa dora railroad lines to the city of Evangelina Agathia, and then transferring on the Evangeline St Clair to the city of Angelina where they got the ship to go for the islands. From this point it would make the shortest trip possible, and there was no likelihood of encountering so many of the great windstorms as if making the trip by the long way.

Violet and her sisters were happy to set their feet on a ship again as they liked nothing better than to go to sea for a change. The ship itself was a great war cruiser of or battleship, and was loaded down with soldiers, marines, and sailors, besides their respective officers.

In the first part could not been seen how the enemy of "od could have been so bold as to fully defy the Abbeannians when already they were down trodden. Hanson himself was amazed, and so were all who were within in on the ship itself. Violet and her sisters felt more amazed than did they and they fully hoped that the glandelinians would not be so reckless and really face the ruin that would really threaten them if they dared to defy with might y Abbeannia still further.

Soon they were on their way toward the islands. The sea was far grander than violet and her sisters had ever seen it before not rough or stormy as they had feared it would be, the days were cool and pleasant and not a cloud was in the sky. As they reclined on the upper decks of the great ship violet and her sisters were still the constant companions of their little boy and two girl friends and told them of their own adventures during the first trips they had on the sea and also of the great water sports they had soon turned aside by the plengiglonian serpents which at night time were seen swirling the sky over the sea in unlimited numbers and also sometimes covering the waters of the sea thicker than the greatest number of seagulls.

The boys were indeed very interested in the stories violet and her sisters told them, and also the two little girls who though they had heard of the Calverinian Seas and of the beautiful plengiglonian creatures had hardly ever seen both. They had seldom been to sea and the only sea the two little girls had ever traveled on was the dangerous Mc-Whirtherian seas when taken to the Catherine Isles by the wicked glandelinians themselves when they were child captives and slaves. They watched the monstrous waves in pleasure and awe, for though the weather was not stormy the sea was high enough to be at least called rough, and heavy. Nevertheless violet and her sisters who had been in a number of great storms did not mind those common waves and neither did Evans but the boys were afraid that they would become seasick at any day.

"If you boys are afraid of getting seasick I'll advise you not to eat very much until you get use to the seatrips." Said violet. "Getting seasick on the Calverinian seas is very dangerous and the best way to keep off is to stay in the lower quarters of the ship when ever it starts to roughen up a bit. It is always quite rough toward evening everyday whether it is fair and stormy. We are fortunate that we are not traveling on either the Angelinian seas or the Mc-Whirther which is always so rough as to be called stormy every day."

"How long does it take before we reach the region called the plengiglonian Pass?" Asked Starring.

"I believe we are in it now." Answered violet. "It is a very treacherous region of the sea for at this quarter the worse typhoons of the world sweep almost daily at different sections and god alone knows when we would be in the path of one of the wildest."

"Can any one tell its approach?" Asked Fredrick, when.

"It is only known to sailors." Said Joice. "They can tell when one is approaching even before the first approach of the clouds appear. It is a red storm as many call it and is only the ones not known in the list of storms like the Typhoons. They are not very wide, but nevertheless wide enough to cover an extent of three hundred miles. They have a common centre which is never calm, in fact it is in the center where the storm is the most dangerous. On its outskirts there is no danger as the wind does not blow. It is only rains and hails with thunder and lightning, and continual darkness for three hours. They move forward at a rate too high to be measured, and no one knows how swift they will be. They make no noise in their approach, and neither do they give warnings like the other storms do. They however are no so dreaded because of the fact if discovered in time the sailors can escape them by changing the course of the ship as the whirling part of the storm is not very wide, and moves slower than the main cloud of the storm itself."

They had not now been traveling since the start for a whole day and evening with a rougher sea on was quickening lowering with a darkening sky, and with rain and an occasional flash of lightning. There was no less plengiglonian creatures within sight as they had expected to view, but nevertheless they believed it was on account of the threatening approach of a thunderstorm for the creatures though lightning could never harm them do not like the noise of the thunder. By supper time it was raining harder, but the lightning and thunder had ceased and there was evidence of the stars soon coming out. The night was chilly and damp and Hanson had advised the children to wrap themselves up warm warmer as there was no telling that a cool wave was coming.

Violet and her sisters decided to do so as they felt the chilly air keenly, but the boys did not think it was very cool and so did not put anything extra on as yet. They liked to watch the angry waves of the slight storm lashed sea, when Starring looking toward the horizon saw a long zigzag white line seeming to trail along the horizon but move forward at the same time.

For a moment he looked at it closely and also observed its progress and wondered what it could really be. He fancied that probably it was a white plengiglonian serpent but then it had such a funny direction of movement that it if it was it must be a very queer thing indeed. After watching it for several moments he decided to call one of the little girls attention to it as the others would be just now harder to find. He quickly went down into the main cabin and finding Joice alone as her sisters feeling tired had retired (she alone at all staying up) asked her to come up on the deck and see what it was explaining all to her as she followed him. She saw also the same queer white line along the horizon and also observed that it had a snakey appearance but not like the form of a plengiglonian creature, and to make it more suspicious where came from that direction a very peculiar and suspicious sound as if the jagged falls was about that distant way away.

A CYCLONE WAS APPROACHING.

"It's a big wind approaching." Jennie almost with an excited scream. "Quick Fredrick warn the Admiral while I'll tell Hanson or papa what I find the pickest."

Fredrick at once went to do her bidding, but fortunately the lookout attracted by the strange moaning sound had observed the same thing, and now as he signaled a warning to the other sailors there came a sudden flash of lightning and a thunder crash that rolled like a million cannon for ten seconds and shook the ship as if the sea was in an earthquake.

The approaching storm came forward with a snatching roar and as the ship was prepared for the shock the governors and soldiers attracted by the noise of the deafening thunder roll, viewed with alarm the advance of the wildly lashed sea which the white surging line seemed to them. The storm which was a wild hurricane, fortunately not a typhoon came on with rush and roar, and continued for over forty eight hours before the last days had passed. To the boys themselves, and especially to the two little girls who though they had almost crossed the Mc-Whirtherian seas had never saw a storm, the scene all through those dreadful hours had been about as horrible as the pits of hell itself. The waves swept the decks of the ships in avalanches of foam thrice every minute, and at times the wind screamed and raged so loudly as to almost make all on board the ship deaf. The sea all that time had been an inferno of waves, tearing and rushing past or over the ship's decks in perfect at perfect walls or mountains of foaming hills and jagged combined, and the tumult was to them in profusion and horror. But to violet and her sisters it was something thrilling that they liked and many times Evans had to almost forcibly compel at least violet and her sisters to keep away from the lower decks for fear that a monstrous wave may surge over in a mountain of water and sweep them to their deaths.

Indeed the storm was terrible itself and though only a common hurricane which usually sweeps the Angelinian and Mc-Whirtherian seas also, it was enough to be classified as a typhoon of some sort and lasted longer than any on board had ever imagined it would. The days during the storm however were not a bit dark, and it rained like floods of heaven and also raged more incessantly than ever in a thunderstorm, and to add to all the tumult was the siren scream of the eddies of wind across the ship. However it was lifted on the crest of a mammoth wave. Nevertheless with the wildness of the storm and sea the ship waded through it all without any damage of any sort, and when finally the storm really passed though its cessation was terribly slow, the terrified boys and two little girls felt more easier, and hoped that they would never pass through a storm again. Throughout the whole storm violet and her sisters had tried their best to comfort their terrified friends, but all their efforts had been unavailing and finally after almost uprading them for their seeming cowardice violet and her sisters had said in unison again and again; "What would you boys have done had it been a terrific typhoon that had struck us." To us this storm was only rough weather.

Nevertheless the boys never got over their experience for a long time. They had seen many severe storms on land, but never on the sea. They believed it was the most terrible storm that could ever rage but violet and her sisters who had sailed the seas really since they had been born, having made many trips with their father knew from their own experience what terrible storms really were, and when whether a hurricane or a extensive tornado was the same thing in fury. They nevertheless felt sorry for the boys and the two little girls and told them, that if they prayed continually to god they may reach their destination safely without encountering any severe typhoon which was the worse thing of all. The sea after the storm remained unusually rough for three or four nights, but finally it grew quieter until the waves were their normal size, and the choppy conditions had left them.

During the whole trip since it started the boys or the other two little girls had not as yet seen any of the great plengiglanenian creatures which they had heard so much about, and for once they did not believe the creatures ever really swam or flew across the sea. But one day when Violet and her sisters were sitting on some benches close to the bow, the gabbard "ow when Jennie saw something far away in the sky toward the horizon.

It looked like some long moving object with a shiny body and at once she attracted the attention of her sisters to it. They all watched its approach closely and carefully until it came very close, and then Violet said:

"It's a plengiglanenian creature alright, but what species I do not know."

"Yes it is too far away to see its head yet," said Joice. "Shall we call the boys before it goes another way and out of sight?"

It was decided to call the boys which they did. By the time the boys came the creature had flown to the water and was still far off but now soon swimming in the waves, and lashing its huge tail in every direction churning up a cyclone of foam and froth. All of the sailors were also attracted by the appearance of one of these glorious creatures, and only hoped that it would come near enough so as to be easily seen, but finally it dived into the sea and never was seen as it after coming up again flew off in another direction. Since that hour the children keep a good lookout for the appearance of more of the plengiglanenian creatures but none came in sight.

Toward evening Hanson announced that the ship was in the locality of the North island called St. Anna, and that probably by morning it would have in sight. This was grand news because they had hopes of reaching the island before any more typhoons would approach. It was not long after the report when all were attracted by a terrible roaring of foam and waves to the rear of the great battleship, and running to the starboard quarter the Vivian girls who were then the only ones on deck saw a long creature following in the wake of their ship. At first Violet and her sisters thought it was some peculiar kind of sea serpent as it was altogether different than the form generally seen in plengiglanenian creatures. Its head however formed like that of a Tussockian, but was longer the nose and chin parts of the head being armored by long horizontal horns and the head armed with us'or'rhinae, and some thing like a tree with sharp pointed branches. The creature was long so very long not exceeding a hundred feet and its wings were yellowish of color with blue grains or veins. The scales were green, and the underpart of the body yellow with golden bands around the upper parts. It was very peculiar and yet at the same time very ferocious looking, and Violet and her sisters by raising the alarm quickly brought the others and the whole crew of the ship to view the creature.

"It's a gazeonian," said Hanson. "It's only a peculiar type of plengiglanenian creature, and if only following the ship from mere curiosity. They watched the creature for some time, and then realizing it was noticed the creature reared its head clear up to the bulwarks of the ship and almost over the deck, while it brandished its wings back and forth setting the sea into an abyss of wrathful foam around its body.

Captain Victor and the others had also been surprised at these scenes and did not know what to make of it. This ship was fairly equipped for standing cruel hurricanes or typhoons and as she had not been injured by the first squall they encountered there was no need of putting into any Angelinian port. All had been wishing to take more sailors aboard and so after the first of the Boyking Islands had been reached they stopped at one of the islands, and Hanson took full command of the ship at the request of the admiral. After leaving the island the Pandora bowed nearly on her northern cruise, and after a few days passed a sudden calm beset them. It was the month of September 1910.

ANOTHER GREAT STORM IN THE REGION OF THE BOYKING ISLANDS.

Late in the afternoon of the third day of great calm Hanson who was inspecting the weather, finally sighted a long yellow streak, along the horizon in the southwest, and becoming suspicious as he had always recorded the approach of typhoonic storms he examined it with his eye glasses, then quickly decided.....

"An approaching type typhoon," he gasped in dismay, dismay.

He gave orders and advised to the sailors to make preparations to meet it, to see to it that all the passengers went below, and the decks cleared for action which was done, and by the time they got it so it could face the coming tempest of hell a fearful black blackness like that of crepus had settled, and nothing could be seen for an inch hardly and the boys again felt tremendously nervous. The darkness from the start had increased so terribly that little time had been lost, and now came a dull booming, which changed to a tremendous roar, the storm approaching with a tempest of thunder and lightning. Then the windstorm came. The howling blast came on with the most irresistible violence, the sea all at once becoming fearfully rough, the waves roaring like thunder, while the foam flew like a snowstorm. The howling blast soon became most terrific before which the big ship sped like a thing of life. In about twenty minutes a worse storm than Hanson who had traveled the seas many times had ever seen had risen, and the boys were so terrified and seasick that they kept on praying as if they were going to die at any minute. The darkness which had been as black as ink subsided somewhat now, but nevertheless the storm did not abate even when two hours had passed and finally as an unusual rough sea hit the ship the wheelman was thrown forward, the wheel was wrenched from his hand, it being beyond his power to hold on, he sustaining a broken arm, and in an instant the ship making an appalling lurch at the same time broached to and rolled in the trough of the mountainous seas and was swept from stern by a mighty wave a hundred and eighty feet high. A score of provision boxes, weighing two tons which had been forgotten and left on deck were dragged about by the swirling avalanches of water and swept overboard. A loud yell and a prayer came from Hanson as he started for the captain he having remained on deck to watch the fury of the great storm. But he never reached it. A peculiar booming noise was heard like a water crased torrent going over a precipice, and another wave more monstrous than the first swept the decks. Another and another came in quick succession. Hundreds of tons and hundreds of tons of vast water crashed and roared, and screamed upon the quivering timbers. Every mast and smokestack went by the board, and falling to the decks with a frightful crash that shook the ship and with the rigging were swept away in a mighty roaring avalanche of frenzied waterfalls and storms of foam. The sailor was safe however and though he did not reach the point he was after he was not swept overboard. Instead he was sent crashing into the cabin door which was splintered splintered, tons of water pouring through the opening upon him as he went down the steps like an arrow. Before the next wave came Hanson Vivian himself managed to close and barricade the door, and though the new wheelman had righted the ship, and then took the place to help as now it was beyond the power of one man the ship was righted again by a turn of the wheel but nevertheless the sea now being a regular fury still swept the decks like ridges of water threatening to carry all before them.

But the wheelman by the faith put in their prayers now held firm and did not miss another turn though from the fury of the waves the ship lurched frightfully time and again. A heavy swell was visible from time to time in the flickering of the red tornado lights, and this was rolling from the southwest, toward the ship. It resembled a huge wall of glass and was without form. In another moment the wave struck the ship sent her on her beam ends and nearly buried her under. The shock was terrific the whole wave in breaking now became a roaring surge, while the storming torrent of water on the ships decks as she rose became like a roaring surf.

"Gracious this storm seems worse than the typhoons of the Cape of the Devils blow hole near the plengiglanenian islands," gasped Hanson as another great wave more monstrous than its first mate struck the ship with a frightful crash and swept her from end to end almost displacing the big turrets with their ten inch guns, and making a din and conglomeration of sounds that far surpassed the crashing roar of the thunder. The Pandora was now a helpless drifting wreck, but the awful gale was now increasing with the most frightful fury, the wind howling like an army of demons. A still heavier wave swept the ships decks from stern to stern, another quickly followed, another still, which broke and carried a portion of the bulwarks away. Still another swept the decks, then another which completely buried her under with a roar that was earsplitting. Then five almost together. Then a last wave of tremendous force which again buried her under, and made the ship quiver like the ground would in a severe earthquake earthquake. It was indeed an awful storm. It looked as if the ship was doomed for the awful storm which had started in the afternoon showed no signs of letting up and not a break appeared in the inky black mass of storm clouds.

Toward evening after raging seven hours the frightful storm was at its worse but toward midnight at last it started to show signs of abatement, and Hanson felt relieved..... But it was not until late the next morning that the storm abated altogether. Though the severe typhoon did pass far off the sea was still heavy in waves, the sky still dull and gray and a sheet of rain was falling steadily mingled at certain times with an occasional torrent of large hailstones which made a clatter on the ship's decks that sounded like a severe musketry fire..... When the rain finally ceased Hanson, left the cabin followed by his brother, the boys, Evans and Violet and her sisters and all rooled back with horror at the scene spread before them.

The decks of the ship was smooth swept and battered by the still raging sea yet the hull of the wrecked ship was firm and also the cabins and gun turrets though the smokestacks and masts were missing. The wheelman or men were still at their post and working at the wheel though they were well exhausted. The air was warm and sultry, and the rain which began again made a pall as thick as a blizzard storm of great intensity. Men cannot depict the revelation of their thrilling situation. For a few minutes Hanson, Robert and all the rest, believed themselves dreaming, then Violet with a cry of despair said;

"Oh Pagan God and the blessed virgin alone knows where we are. Our ship is broken, and we cannot see our way because of this rainstorm."

"We may never get back to Angelinia without god's help."

Said Jennie.

The situation in which they all found themselves was one fraught with awful perils and terrors. But happily the fierce rainstorm soon abated again and Hanson and the others soon discovered land to the northwest, and within their full view was another ship heading full speed toward the shore.

Despite the frantic efforts of the men in trying to prevent the ship from running into the dangerous breakers which were still sixty feet high. It was in vain. The ship headed for the breakers full tilt, there was a terrific crash, a noise of rending of timbers, and a cloud of spray and waves shooting over the scene and nothing was seen of the survivors though Hanson and the others kept in the vicinity for a long time in hopes of finding some still alive.

Hanson finding a river south ran his ship in and after anchoring the ruined battleship at once lowered the boats, and the little girls with Hanson and Robert Vivian and Evans and the little boys were the first to be let into them. After all but the sailors had landed, Robert fancied that he could see the clouds of volcanic eruptions with his glasses.....

This made him wish to attempt to reach the volcanoes by crossing the debris covered ground.

THE FIRST VIEW OF A BLENGIGLOMEAN TUSKORHORIANS.

Sludges were brought up from the ship and provisions stored upon the m. Then with their rifles and well armed they left the ship to be repaired, and started out to see the country, believing they were on one of the plengiglomean islands. At length what Robert had imagined to be a volcano, appeared to be really such. They came out upon an immense and there rested for a time. Before them they knew was a region of volcanoes. By the growth it appeared as some great sea country, for the growth was not tropical, and most of the growth on the plengiglomean islands is believed to be tropical.

Hanson was anxious to press forward, and all were engaged in packing up traps after camping for five hours. It was a few minutes after that a very strange thing happened. Jack Victor after having finished his task rose to his feet and chanced to glance to the top of a steep bank which was quite near to where they were. Greatness goodness. What was it that he saw?

He leaped backwards with a wild cry of great dismay and of horror.

"It must be the serpent of the demons." He shrieked.

All were upon their feet instantly with leveled guns, and beheld the same spectacle. Upon them the effect was indeed tremendous. Force was given to their amazement in the fact that they had been traveling for thirteen hours on the serpent infested sea, and for three hours on this land and by the scenes of such thick growth, and of desortions they had thought the land uninhabited by plengiglomean serpents. But plainly visible and reclining upon the bank or precipice of rocks and lava lab lava was the strangest looking plengiglomean creature that they or even Hanson had ever seen in their lives and the most monstrous. In reality its body had the figure of a beautiful dragon clad in scaly skin, the scales being round and shiny like gold while its under part of the body and tail was like that of a cobra. Its wings was armored, in the form of those of a butterfly the wings being as red with blood as blood, and colored with yellow and black designs in the shape of flowers.

But the strangest yet was that the skin under the scales was the color of purple, and its hair, and beard on its head was the color of flashing fire, and his eyes was like fireballs and shone like the headlights of an automobile. It was more monstrous than the most huge dragon we ever written about and was armed with a line of bony hooks on its sides and back with horns on its head in the form of those of a tuskorhorian the color of briarstone. Its tongue had two long feelers in the shape of fiery darts the color of carmine flame, and in its mouth besides its teeth it had two long fangs. Again with great terror Jack Victor gasped trembling like a leaf;

"It's a Devil Dragon of Hell I tell ye."

But Hanson and the others with him including Violet and her sisters had no fear because they knew what it was. To them the creature was not a bit ugly or heinous, and though it had a body like a dragons it seemed of no spiritual manner and had the form of a gigantic tuskorhorian. Making the sign of the cross failed to scare the strange creature who only did the same with strange curiosity. Hanson determined to speak to the strange plengiglomean Z Serpent as he knew it was one of the plengiglomean serpents that were very rare in these regions. Jack and the other three sailors had never in their lives seen one of these kind of creatures and so could not overcome their superstitious fears and would not go with him. Jack Evans Robert and the little girls followed but not far as Hanson told them not to come too near for if the creature did not trust them look out. Hanson advanced and made conciliatory signs to the strange plengiglomean creature whose body in the gathering darkness of night seemed to glow with fire through and through.

To his surprise and gratification the strange creature answered them in a voice like thunder or like a lions roar, and producing all its dangerous armour flew downward with one furious sweep its wings making a deafening clamor like the caving in of a city. Hanson of course accepted this as a sign of peace, as he knew if hostile the creature would fly in a circular swoop and so he advanced swiftly to meet the creature. When eight feet distance from each other they halted. Hanson was unable to understand the creatures actions for it flapped its wings in a frenzied way but after he spoke in the Angelinian tongue the creature gave a peculiar start, and said instantly;

"So you are Angelinians are you and not glandelinians as I believed you were? I'm a plengiglomean creature as you call us."

The three sailors who were strangers gave a sharp cry and a gasp.

"Then you can speak, a serpent." He cried.

All the others who did not know the nature of plengiglomean serpents were thunderstruck especially when at this moment the creature suddenly vanished. Hanson and the others could not account for its disappearance but when they recollected that the plengiglomean serpents do this by the suddenness and swiftness of their flight in flying their astonishment soon went. Without the slightest fear in their hearts Hanson and the rest resumed their trip the sailors following. They now entered an undulated region where the lights and shadows were all of a wild and fantastic shape amid the peaks and crests of the high mountain tops. This region was a wonderful sort. New marvels were constantly becoming visible upon all sides, and sixteen times they came suddenly upon huge plengiglomean serpents of different colors and fangs and sizes. The volcanoes in the far distance were becoming better visible now and high hills in the distance covered with forests of fir were to be seen plainly. It was a great relief to those to see the green hues of the trees after gazing so long at the almost unearthly fury of the dreaded Mc-Tirthian seas. Suddenly a wild despairing feminine shriek came to the ears of all. Then a fearful sight was revealed to all. Up the mountain sides there came rushing with fearful long strides another being, and he was very savage and wicked looking. He was a giant in size being clad in thick gray uniforms.

"Traitors it's one of those dirty old glandelinians." Gasped Jack Victor. "What in the name of heaven is he doing here?"

In the graycoats arms tightly held like a puppet was a young girl who in seeing them cried;

"Oh please help me."

Without the slightest hesitation, Hanson followed by all the rest of the men with him except five who were to guard Violet and her sisters, started in pursuit.

"It's all right." Cried Hanson. "We will save you from the brute and if we die in the attempt."

As soon as Hanson and the pursuers disappeared around a bend, another thrilling incident occurred..... Suddenly from behind a mighty block of lava stone two men sprang. Literal giants they were, with long flowing hair of light hue. They were also glandelinians but their features were Angelinian.

but ferocious and coarse. They seemed as if they wanted to stop the carriage, and kidnap the little girl. Jack Evans was one of the men left on guard to watch Violet and her sisters, and who was driving one of the carriages saw the two giant glandelinians were sure to intercept him and his companions, and steal the children. A cry of fear went up from Jennie as she clung to Jack's arm. There was no time to lose so upon impulse Jack aimed his rifle and fired. One of the glandelinians tumbled headlong to the ground, while the other who was some yards behind the carriage had passed him before he could reach it. He was saddened by fury at seeing his comrade shot down and he made a spring, but Evans had started the horses and the carriage had passed him before he could get at them. On over the plain the horses went the glandelinian aiming his pistol at Jack and firing but the ball went wide of its mark, and soon a ridge hid them from the onlookers' view. Jennie was deadly pale with fright, and had clung to Jack's arm. She now exclaimed;

"Oh Jack what sort of men could those have been? They were awful looking."

"Indeed they were," answered Jack. "They were glandelinians. In the meantime Hanson and the other men were pursuing the glandelinians, who had the young woman in their grasp, and drawing his pistol Hanson took aim at the savage glandelinian who had her. A sharp crack followed, as he fired the revolver. The brute uttered a low howl of pain and half-sank down to the ground. Seeing the overwhelming number after him the glandelinian dropped the young woman and sought to gain his own safety. This he succeeded in doing by disappearing in a cut in the rock cliffs, but suddenly they saw another giant form, who no doubt had been his companion in hiding rush upon them and with brutal force beat down one of the sailors with the butt of his revolver, and then rained blows upon him with the hardest part. With an awful groan of agony the victim fell. Blood reddened the ground from the victim's head, and the glandelinian with contorted features turned from his horrible work. But Hanson soon brought him down to the earth with a shot from his pistol. He then raised the young girl half fainting from the ground. In that instant as he gazed fully into her lovely face he thought he had never before seen such wondrous beauty. He drew a short quick breath. Then recovering herself Jennie, for that was the lady's name slipped instantly from his arms and turned and bowed sweetly to Hanson and said with a tone that sent a thrill through his heart;

"I owe my life to you sir as you are the brave one who shot down the brutes of glandelinians one of which had me in his clutch."

"Because I have been able to serve you at that thrilling moment I am happy," returned Hanson gallantly. "The brute would have carried you off if we had not come in time I fancy."

"I shall never forget the act although I cannot repay you," said Jennie blushing.

"If I am assured of that," cried Hanson eagerly "it will be a thousand times more than recompense for the service."

Crisson in hue was Jennie's face and she was abashed plainly in the presence of the two great governors who were before her but she managed to say;

"What brought you two Angolindian governors here?"

"We decided to come here on a particular errand," answered Hanson as Jack and the other sailors drew up with the carriages, with Violet and her sisters in one of them.

"Then to you came at least partly of your own choice," said Jennie with the greatest amazement.

"Exactly."

"It indeed must have been an object of no ordinary kind which brought you here to the western coast of Galverinia?"

"Right you are," answered Hanson. "I bet you will wonder over our adventure when you know what it is."

"Yes indeed I will."

"We are here we believe in a hot country, and we are upon a most important and wonderful mission. We are not upon this errand because of the great interest of science, and of western Angolindian history, but for the finding of trillions of rich jewelry and gold which we have heard to exist on a certain Blengiglannean mountain."

"Precious stones and gold," exclaimed Jennie in sheer amazement.

"I did not know that you could find gold and jewels in this region of hurricanes and tornadoes."

After coining the young woman to get on the carriage they started out toward the Blengiglannean mountain. It was quite a novel riding across the lava fields and up and down condory eminences in the carriages, the horses at times running for all they were worth. Soon they entered a deep gap in the lava heights. Soon they entered a deep gap of a different character. So high were the walls that the lights of the sky was almost shut out. Following this for time for some time it brought them into a valley hedged with beautiful palms. Their radiant green was indeed beautiful, and the sight was not easily forgotten when once seen. They were drawing nearer to the verge of the volcanic regions. From the top of a distant volcano a mighty column of lava and smoke was issuing, and a red glow flared against the dark sky over there. That vast region indeed seemed made up wholly of mighty mountains and deep valleys. Such of the great mountains that were not volcanoes were of such great height that they looked exactly like the appearance of great plains and were capped with snow and ice. The carriages dashed along merrily over the ground, and every moment now they were drawing nearer to their destination. They came now upon a thrilling sight. After they had passed through a patch of tall palm trees they noticed a dark pool of water in the open beyond and what now appeared to be the heads of a couple of noble reindeers at the edge of this in the act of drinking, their bodies being hidden by foliage and trees, and they hardly seemed afraid of the human beings. Hanson thought that the heads of these reindeers seemed immense in size for they appeared almost half as large as the big pool of water itself. There were the heads of the smaller ones beside the two big ones. As their provisions were nearly exhausted Robert determined to bring one of the supposed reindeers down by a shot little dreaming that these very animals were Taborian Blengiglannean creatures, and very dangerous when aroused.

THE BATTLE WITH THE BLENGIGLANNEANS.

"Give me my rifle Hanson," gasped Robert. "That is big game and no mistake. by jove."

Hanson handed him the rifle and he took aim and fired."

With a wild snort of pain one of the supposed reindeers turned his head and as the bullet could not touch a vital part it only saddened the animal who supposed that the men before her were glandelinians in disguise as Angolindians. She lowered her head and fixing her large defiant eyes upon the carriage and horses suddenly charged upon it, Hanson and all the rest being wholly at astonished at what they saw it really appeared to be. Hanson himself fired accidentally in the excitement but the bullet glanced off the creature's head. They had all time to jump from the carriage and roll off onto the ground when the creature with a wild roar of rage struck the carriage. It was overturned in an instant, and the horses fastened to the harness were in a tangled heap neighing, and snapping at their strange foe.

The strange creature charged for them and as Robert in his effort to stop the creature fired, it missed and struck the other creature who in a rage and its eyes bulging charged straight for him.

A fight with two desperate Blengiglannean creatures of medium size was pretty risky.

"Look out for that Blengiglannean Robert," cried Hanson. "Lookout he'll give you sure as lying."

Yelled Hanson as he saw the creature charge for his brother with the fury of a thousand demons trying to down him with its wings. Robert rushed out of the way of the onrushing creature and raising his rifle tried to shoot it between the eyes. The shot did not kill the creature though it only injured it. With a snort it again charged for Robert while the other creature had already fled away. If it had not been for Robert's cat like activity he would have been tossed into the air. Stepping or rushing aside just as it came Robert managed to get his rifle to his shoulder again. Crack. The shot this time striking the furious creature directly under the veins of the left wing, and disabled it enough for the party to get away. So deeply was Hanson buried in the mad that he got up with a most hard effort. The rest set to work to right the carriages and untangle the horses after they scrambled from the mud. It indeed and surely was a narrow escape for them all from serious injury.

"Gracious goodness," exclaimed Robert in amazement. "If I had an idea at all what they really were, I would certainly have thought twice before shooting them. They were certainly not reindeers for they could never have done such execution with their horns."

Fortunately however nothing was broken or any one hurt though Jennie had been badly scared and also the young woman.

Then the trip was resumed..... Rapidly they entered a warmer atmosphere, every single mile indicating a rise in temperature and soon the grassy ground turned into lava fields, while the black slopes were plainly visible in the distance. The entire journey had been remarkable, for its abrupt ascent, descent. The mouth mountains looked vastly higher than ever and the northpole like region of the higher ones seemed like one deep depression. The horses were puffing and panting with the heat. Suddenly Robert stopped them, and springing from the carriage he was driving cried;

"This for the tired horses is enough. On foot we can go the rest of the way."

A thrilling thing occurred as soon as the words had barely left his lips. Robert flashed from their sight through the lava crust where a few minutes ago Robert stood, and the horrified seamen beheld the ripple of black water some feet below. Evidently all feared that Robert had gone to his doom.

Tears sprang to Violet's eyes. Also Jennie and Joise and her other sisters felt very much like crying. Nigh paralyzed with horror were the men at the mysterious disappearance of the governor. At the bottom of the hole as I said before under the hard lava crust water could be seen, and fearing that it was boiling hot all believed that Robert had gone to his death but GOD in his everlasting mercy had not so willed it.

Beneath the lava crust extending for an unknown distance there was a reservoir of water, yet not five feet deep. Due to an action of the lava flow which joining the two fields together had formed like a narrow and low cavern which being beneath the surface had filled with rain water. This was the origin of this, as it was presumed at first the chill of the ice cold water nigh took his breath away as Robert went down into the five feet of water. But he came up at some distance beyond the spot where he had fallen through. The water was nigh cold enough to paralyze his muscles and reached way up to his arm pits.

"It seems to be all over with my brother," Hanson exclaimed gazing aghast at Jack Evans. Settling down upon them for an instant now was a fearful pall of horror. Then Jack Evans and Hanson made quick action. "I'll dive for him or all of you can hang me for a coward," Hanson cried boldly as he threw himself flat upon the edge of the cavity and peered down into it. He saw Robert come out of the water as good as he did so, and he gave a great cry of joy.

"Swim Robert my brother swim," He cried wildly. "Give us your hand and I'll fetch you up out of that."

Robert in his great peril needed no urging. He saw the point at once, felt the lava floor under his feet, and made a desperate plunge forward. He had his brothers hand the next moment.

"We have got him now Jack," cried Hanson wild with joy. Come several of you and give us a lift. Altogether..... Lively now."

Jack Evans and two other men was by Hansons side in a moment and they pulled Robert out of the icy water quickly. He was saved from what had for a time seemed like certain death. The joy of all was indeed beyond the greatest expression. The ten adventurers alone in that wild desolate region of volcanoes so many miles from home sweet home were indeed conscious of an attachment as such as brothers and sisters can only feel. Each was now dependent upon one another, and union was strength. Weak and faint, with the shock all sank down upon the ground panting with their great exertions. Roberts blood seemed now to be congealing, for by this time the chill and penetrating water of the passage had taken effect, and what was necessary now was prompt action, and so one of the carriages was made as a temporary coach. After having his wet clothes quickly removed Robert was wrapped in the rich fur suit or robes of the carriage and rubbed by Jack and Hanson, until the bloods circulation was well restored..... Then the clothes were well wrung out and hung up on one of the poles turned inside out. The clothes seemed to get dry quick enough to wear again because of the keen dry air of the climate. This made some delay of course, but as Robert soon regained his wonted spirits it was decided to go on. They now decided to send the horses back to the nearest towns as the sagacious animals were so thoroughly trained that they would and could take the carriages safely home without a driven driver.

So they turned the carriage about and the horses were given free head. "Now boys and my children," cried Robert with excitement. "We are at last upon the borders of volcanic regions of western California. We must soon be near the plengiglomenean mountain."

Our adventure adventurers now now pushed on ahead with great spirits and the country rapidly began to have a change. The air was rapidly becoming warmer.

They were now seen descending into warmer valleys it being in a few hours a wonderful transition to the warm breezes of a region at least as warm as Africa! Gradually unfolded before them was a wonderful country. Almost as lofty as the Andies a mighty chain of mountains extended far to the northeast the slopes being adorned with beautiful green verdure while the tops of the mountains were covered with snow. Wonderful growth of evergreens and of moss were seen, but as our adventurers descended into rich uplands covered with a beautiful succulent grass, the moss and evergreens soon disappeared again into tropical vegetation. Flowing into the valley were streaks of clear sparkling water coming from the everlasting bleak regions of snow and all this seemed like an entrance into a veritable eden.

A WONDERFUL OCCURRENCE.....

Our adventurers were compelled to give expressions of constant delight and surprise as they went on. It was a wonderful sight for them indeed. To the westward was a mighty peak, which vomited forth lava and clouds of steam and that which appeared like immense clouds of smoke. Its sides were red with the lava rushing down its sides. At times they could slightly feel the concussion of the distant eruption. To all the existence of this fertile fertile valley hill bound as it was, indeed was a great marvel, but Hanson naturally knew that this fertile valley could only owe its existence, because these beautiful valleys were warmed by the eternal fires in the bowels of the earth, which were so fierce and hot that the air was reduced to tropical heat surely making this region a perpetual country of summer. The ten explorers traveled on for some more hours. So warm was the air now that they were constrained to remove their coats and vests, and come forth in this clothing the sailors wear in hot weather. This quite a difference in their appearance, but to get rid of the cumbersome clothes was a relief. In a convenient place under some rocks they put the coats to be claimed upon their return. Finally upon a slight eminence they came, from which a better view of the country could be seen. Directly before them was a tall wide and isolated peak completely isolated from the other mountains and boarded by the distant sea. Fifty miles south of here they could observe a large city with a long and extensive sea front, toward which a mass of shipping was in view. Selecting it at once Robert declared it to be the great plengiglomenean mountain. They all determined to take a little rest, and then make another trip and on the morrow climb it. They now all sat down on the ground, and Jack Victor threw off his belt for he was heavily burdened with it. His scalp knife fell from its sheath as he did so.

A startling cry escaped his lips as he was about to pick it up and replace it. The cause of Jack's amazement was a most astonishing incident. Because it was made of the purest steel the clasp knife began to act in a very singular manner.

It began to swiftly move away from him without any visible agency to assist it as Jack had reached for it. The sailors though Angelinians were superstitious, and Jack for the moment could ascribe this astounding action of his knife which he had picked up to nothing more than a supernatural agency. He dropped the knife which he had picked up, which again began to quickly glide along over the green turf, and a gaping gasping cry escaped his lips. He saw struck sailor recoiled white as a sheet and shivering. With his eyes bulging and his hair seeming to raise from his head he sputtered;

88 "BLOW ME FOR BUBBLE, What's the matter with that knife, can any one tell me. It's taken legs all of a sudden?"

One of the other sailors his himself had witnessed the incident and he was scarcely less impressed than his friend.

"The devil is about here that is the true reckoning," He screeched shrilly. The rest of the men, and even the young lady, and Violet and her sisters did not show any fear. Both the sailors who were scared looked at each other and quickly retreated a respectable distance from the traveling knife. Their fear was indeed comical. Understanding the meaning of the phenomena, and also while he was impressed with the marvel, Robert was nevertheless intensely amused at the terror shown by the two sea men.

"Ha, ha, ha." He laughed. "Indeed you are brave men. There is nothing supernatural about it. Why it can't even hurt you." Robert went along and picked up the knife as he spoke and handed it to Evans. Jack Victor and his companion at this recovered themselves, and were half ashamed, Jack Victor pulling at his stomach and stammering.

"Only when I have to face fiends I'm something of a coward. From a fifty gun war frigate or battleship, I'd stand up to a broadside, but from a gemine demon I'd turn tail and run."

"About this you may be sure there is nothing supernatural."

Declared Evans with a laugh.

"No sir." Said Jack Victor respectively. "But if I may make free to ask why does that knife knife hoist sail and walk off by itself?"

"Easy enough." Replied Hanson himself. "We are now within the vocas of the Blengiglomenean mountain. You cannot have forgotten the wonderful story of the magnet bodies of the plengiglomenean serpents, who live in certain caves there?"

The look of fear on their faces vanished. The two sailors had quite forgotten this. All their fear was now quite gone. They came forward eagerly and Jack Victor reclaimed his knife while he exclaimed in a disgusted tone;

"Dash my old hulk. I'm the biggest mumbull in the whole world."

"We are on the right trail." Said Hanson. "Somewhere in that mountain where the caverns are there are those magnet plengiglomenean creatures, that make this knife travel by itself."

"Of course no doubt." Said Robert Vivian. "Every cave in the mountain is overwhelmingly full of these plengiglomenean creatures. Place the knife on the ground as a proof of this."

Jack Victor obeyed and almost the knife began to quickly creep away over the green sward and always in a direct line toward the mountain peak before them. The wonder and amazement of them all cannot be expressed by words. The progress of the knife they were all quite satisfied to watch.

"Hang me for a whaler!" Exclaimed Jack Evans with a laugh. "If this mountain was only in the middle of the big city of Angeline, or that big city over yonder, all things that are made of steel no matter where they would be would be running away from them."

"But to the contrary it is not Angeline." Laughed Hanson.

"But th in the very heart of the most rugged mountainous region on the face of the earth." Continued Hanson.

"Say governor!" Declared Victor. "Supposing we let this knife take its course and follow. Perhaps it will lead us to the caverns of the mage magnet plengiglomenean creatures themselves."

Hanson decided that this could be done and so the knife was allowed to go of itself. As it was swiftly creeping along over the ground, all the men turned to pick up their rifles to follow it. They had left their rifle rifles at the foot of a tree and to their consternation they were gone, and it was sure evident that no body had taken them. From the tree to the Blengiglomenean mountain Robert set out in a straight line with the others following and they soon came upon the weapons almost fifty yards distant at swiftly making their way toward the center of attraction.....

Indeed it was a wonderful thing. The sensations experienced by the explorers cannot be described.

"Shipmates we will have to anshor our steel weapons and implements" declared Robert. "Or they will desert us."

However as the rifles were recovered, all now started to follow the course made by the traveling knife. This was continued for some distance then as the speed of the knife grew so swift that they were literally afraid it would fairly fly away from them the idea was given up, and Jack Victor restored the knife to his belt, and they all set forth with rapid steps toward the great plengiglomenean mountain. They now experienced many new sensations. Sensations that were very curious. If not held firmly their rifles would fly from their hands to the ground many feet and fairly run away like a racehorse and it was difficult to retake them. Robert drew his pistol from his belt to fire at a rattle snake, when he accidentally relaxed his grip a little it flew at the snakes head killing it, jumped a score of feet away, and began traveling rapidly along over the ground. In this manner a mile was covered, and once or twice money in the pockets of the men also flew out and traveled or rolled along the ground faster almost than the men could run themselves. After an all night's marching without any sleeping they soon reached the foot of the mountain which was singularly devoid of trees and boasted of little vegetation of any kind, the great land having at last been accomplished. Our adventurers now stood at the base of the wonderful plengiglomenean mountain after many thrilling adventures.

Though they were not able to repress a cheer they gripped hands. Then they decided to sleep for the day and the proceeding night, which was done and then again at the break of day Robert began to examine the soil very carefully. But a brief examination it required the governor had once studied mining engineering, and it did not take him long to satisfy him that it was of a auriferous character, and likely to be rich in minerals. The peak was about five thousand six hundred feet high and shaped like a broad cone.

Forward up its sides now pressed the governor, eagerly followed by the rest, and presently they came to ledges of rocks which was of a reddish color and thickly interspersed with quartz. While Robert was examining the colored ledge, Jack Evans had skired a spur of the mountain wall and had made a discovery of no ordinary sort. Wedged in between some fragments of the ledge was something glistening. He bent down and examined it. Then a thrilling cry escaped his lips, which brought others to the spot. For the cry of amazement which he gave Jack had good reason. He had stooped to pick up a gleaming substance. This was indeed a sheet of mica, but inside it lay what looked to be a yellow stone. Jack fished it up and its weight and color at once told him that it was a heavy nugget of gold.

"Gold!" He gasped. Of course course all the rest were by his side in a moment, and it did not require but a glass glance for Robert to recognize the character of the yellow stone. His heart gave a leap. The treasure of the plengiglomenean mountain they had at last found. The sensation experienced by all of our explorers words can not depict. With joy they were all wild. The governor picked up the yellow stuff, and his eyes glistened like stars as he examined it.

"Yes indeed indeed it's gold." He murmured. "And what a nugget. Ah!" He murmured. "There is no doubt enough of the stuff to buy a kingdom with."

The governor attracted the others by crying and shouting to them wildly. "Our fortunes are made!" Cried Jack wildly.

The governor however had been making his search furt her and found a vast ledge seamed with gold, bearing quartz. Heavily laden were the veins and the governor mentally attempted to reckon what the quartz would assay to them. To satisfy himself he was unable as the calculation was so enormously high, that he would not credit it. At any rate he believed that there was a hundred million fortunes right here by sight. They had small sacks handy at their sides, and they put the small gold nuggets in them. It was decided however to explore the mountain, at which they could then decide upon what move to make next.....

They left the quartz ledge accordingly, and struck out around the spur of the mountain. They ascended higher every moment, and this gave them a wider view of the country. Farther than eye could reach, to the northward the volcanic range, extended with valleys and hills densely wooded, forming a strange contrast to the black bleak regions so dimly visible, on the other side.

Not without awe did our adventurers gaze upon this wonderful sight. Neither was the region without its natural beauties. The grass was of a peculiar green, and was short, wonderfully fresh, and bright. Everything looked even to the color of the soil itself. Mighty walls of purplish rock, resembling gneiss, rose to the height of hundreds or thousands of feet. Great blocks of gypsum frequently paved their path and basalt in statuesque columns frowned over the valley. A mountain of minerals it proved certainly to be. Encountered on every side were rich evidences of gold and silver. However before the summit was reached, it was seen at once that the mountain which had appeared to have a second crater lower down on the other side, was or had been an old active volcano not long since. What a wonderful sight it would have been to have seen this great volcano break into one of its well recorded eruptions. But if it did not our adventurers would be in deadly peril. Of all the peaks this was indeed the grandest ever seen. The outlines of the upper crater was seen far above, and the governor who had gone ahead was now in the act of disappearing into the crater. Hanson and the rest quickly followed, and as they reached the edge of the crater, what was spread before them was indeed a most wonderful sight. Existing in the very top of the mountain which had taken them five hours to climb was a deep pit or cavity in the shape of a crescent about five miles across. Lava debris, and great quantities of rocks were scattered about and there was every sign that this had been a mighty volcano. The governor was gazing upon the scene with the greatest interest when Hanson suddenly clutched his arm.

THE LABYRINTH.

Coming from Jack Evans who was out of sight down in the deep crater was a loud cry. At this great distance it was quite impossible to tell whether Jack's cry was one of distress or not, but none of them did not pause, or debate on the subject at all, but started at once in the direction of the call. So over the ledge of the crater they went, every one, even the lady and Violet and her sisters, and went along a descending shelf of rocks. They now came out upon a small plateau and at the extremity of this they saw Jack waving his arms most emphatically. To cross the plateau it did not take very long. But their fears were gone before they reached their courage, and it was easily seen that Jack's cry was not one of distress or fear. But as they came up to him his eyes glistened and his manner was much excited. "I've made a big find," he cried excitedly. "Come and follow me."

Along the edge of the plateau Jack led the way, followed by the rest. Violet and her sisters had a little dread though but tried to overcome their fears. After a while they came to the edge of the crater wall and after turning an angle in this our adventurers found themselves at the mouth of a mighty high arched cavern. Stalagmites were missing. A wonderful cavern it indeed was. Instead of the usual complement of stalagmites and stalactites, it presented a most smooth appearance, the surface having a white polished floor like the complete finish of chinaware. A cooling of a certain substance, silica being the chief compound and manufactured no doubt by the escaping of steam from boiling tons of hot salt sea water, charged with the cooling ingredients in the bowels of the earth. The cave presented truly a wonderful appearance, and the despoiled deposit was as smooth as glass.

Another of the mighty and wonderful appearances of the volcanic regions it indeed was. For calling them to the spot none of our adventurers were even surprised. As well as he was able the governor explained to them all how the great cavern formed. Then they all decided to explore it, little dreaming of the danger they were rushing into.

Accordingly Jack Evans led the way into the cavern, but they had not gone a dozen steps when it suddenly diverged into two passages, from these two yet another, and in fact the cave was or interred what was a veritable labyrinth of passages all descending downward toward as it seemed the earth's center, and here Hanson committed a serious fault although no sin.....

Generally being more prudent than the others, and having better knowledge in natural phenomena he should have hesitated about entering the cavern at all. But he forgot his caution by his curiosity and ardor. From one passage to another went all our adventurers new wonders being revealed at every step. Hanson himself had no intention of penetrating too deeply into the place as to lose his way and get all the rest into danger was not his wish. The wonders of the caverns lighted in some mysterious way by orifices in the roof of the craters floor above were so enticing that never once did they think of the difficulty of getting out, or the possibility of getting lost. All of the passages as Hanson rightly guessed were beneath the surface of the crater. Air holes in the roof far above furnished plenty of light. Arriving at this conclusion he did not believe it difficult to find their way out. The labyrinth labyrinth was all, all within a five mile square of surface, but Hanson's experience with labyrinthian caverns was not yet extended. The silica soon gave way to lava and black earth auriferous earth it was too..... As they kept on hunger and thirst seized them. They had brought with them some meat of dead animals especially chickens which they had captured and some water from the stream, and this they proceeded to make a meal of. After they ate and drank enough it was decided to return on their way back. That this would be a difficult task they had not the slightest idea. Hanson led the way and they began to thread the labyrinthian passages on their return. They faithfully believed at least that they were returning to the outer air! This mistake did not become painfully apparent until hours later in the day. They kept on for an hour more, and Hanson fancied every moment that he could see the mouth of the passage before him.

Yet reaching the spot he would find it only the mouth of a passage leading to still another. Then as they progressed yet more intricate became the maze of passages. On aimlessly they wandered. It was impossible to even tell how deep in the labyrinth they were. The situation was a desperate and a fearful one. Could it be that they would never find their way out? A fearful chill engendered by horror and despair settled down upon them all. The more they tried to find the exit to the terrible labyrinth the deeper they seemed to penetrate, and the air began to suddenly grow warmer. What if the lava should suddenly fill up the labyrinthian passages and engulf them all. Or were they already doomed to a fearful death? So it seemed.

Hanson weak and overcome with horror finally sank down, then all sat and stared at each other in blackness and despair. Words cannot describe the most terrible situation.

TRAPPED IN A ROARING INFERNO.

Death in grisly and horrible forms hung over them at that awful moment. Violet and her sisters themselves overcome with awful fear and despaired sat objectly upon the ground, while Jennie herself was already crying. Hanson himself had been doing some thinking, and suddenly as the air was increasing in heat, he chanced to glance aloft. There was a crack in the ceiling of the cavern far above and all the way up were pieces of rocks in the form of a long stairway. The air was now getting so hot and stifling that they could hardly breathe, and sulphurous fumes was starting to pervade the air of the passages. With an inspiration Hanson had sprung up, followed by the others, and emerged through the opening up onto the crater's floor out of the stifling sulphurous fumes. A curious sensation was at once experienced, just as soon as they finished their prayer of thankfulness.

There was suddenly a dull distant rumbling sound, like the muttering of thunder, and the floor of the crater actually began to tremble beneath their feet. Then escaping the governor's lips was a wild cry, and he quickly pointed to an object not over a hundred yards distant. Coming from an immense oblong pit a mile wide which suddenly opened in the crater's floor was a thick convoluted column of steam dust and rocks. They were literally showered with small fragments of stones. Like the discharge of a thousand cannon, there suddenly came a fearful reverberating report, and a hundred feet into the air shot another cloud from another opening followed by a fountain of molten lava, while while from another abyss which suddenly opened several yards from them appeared another shooting cloud of steam and dust which rose to a thousand feet in a second, and only by swift running in different directions they managed to escape the storm of rocks that descended in a perfect torrent upon the crater's floor.

A wild cry of terror escaped from the lips of poor Violet and her sisters. The meaning of the phenomena they all at once understood. The ore crater had again become suddenly active, and their position was one of awful peril. They all stood spell bound for several minutes. Not one of them seemed able to move. Then Hanson cried;

"Great gunnels look down there, the cave we just escaped from."

In the cavern from which they had just escaped they looked down into only to have expelled into their faces hot scorching blasts of air and they saw rapidly filling the labyrinthian caverns a molten stream of lava. All had escaped out of that cavern just in time. A very few minutes delay in those caverns would have proved fatal. Not one of the party for the moment was able to move for they were overcome with the narrowness and miraculousness of their escape. Deafening was the sound of the eruption now.

There was need for quick action.....if they were to escape the crater. In its most frightful form death hovered over them. Across the crater's floor which was already becoming too hot for their very feet could be seen the rim which led up to a easily climbing ascent to the top of the crater. Hanson knowing that it was he who had led them into this peril, now led the way, determined to lead them out of the peril at any cost. Into some of the various crevasses there was a fearful risk of falling, but they finally managed to reach the crater's rim. They were confronted with a new barrier here. The intermediate space of the crater's rim had suddenly filled with a bubbling lake of molten lava which was boiling frightfully, and it seemed possible that the whole crater itself would soon fill up. From their awful predicament there seemed no escape. Confronting Hanson and the rest in its most frightful forms was death. There seemed no way to escape whatever.

They stood and gazed at each other terror struck and pallid. It was truly and honestly impossible to cross that lava stream without some obstruction over it. But yet to save their lives it was necessary to do so. The stream of molten rocks was growing wider every minute, and that the crater would fill up in a very short time it was safe to assume.

All were brave and not afraid of death, but this peril was indeed such an appalling one that they were spell bound with horror for a time. Coming up from the depths below were deafening intonations, and many hundreds of feet into the air shot mighty columns of lava, steam and ash. Overwhelmed and buried beneath this fearful tempest of lava and ruin they would soon be. At that appalling moment not one of our adventurers were glad that they had come into this awful place. Once they had been on the sides of this great volcano as seen in chapter one but never in such peril as this, and inside one of its main craters. Blankly and with white faces they all looked at each other but Hanson Vivian was not the one to give up so easily. Always brave as he was, he determined to die hard. So in a desperate manner he looked about him. Then occurring to him was an idea. He instantly threw off his jacket.

"Come boys he cried 'Do you see this boulder over there? Give me some help please, and maybe we can escape.'"

The men saw his purpose in a minute. Upon a very small ledge near, so precariously balanced, that it would tip over at a slight effort was a huge boulder. It was a rock many hundreds of tons in weight, and it hung over the thundering and screaming lava stream. Our adventurers reckoned that to tip it over into the stream would be the means of bridging it but they had no idea that the stream was only flowing, and pouring out from a deep gulf. And that the rock would only sink into the lava stream. In an instant the four imperiled men explorers carried the idea into execution, while the lady and the Vivian girls looked on. They exerted all their strength, and tipped the boulder over into the stream of lava. The hot fluid splashed high, and some of it took the skin off Hanson's hand. But to their dismay the boulder was gone. It had sank through the lava, and their escape was no better off than before. Violet and her sisters gave a scream when they saw this failure. It was a screamed prayer. From larger fissures now no molten material like tar overflowed and slowly rolled toward our adventurers sending forth clouds of steam in its course.

From other fissures steam was emitted irregularly in sharp explosive puffs. Now to their terror in one of the largest fissures a stiff hot viscous mass was seen to heave sluggishly up and down, and a large thick bubble now rose upon its surface and burst with a most loud explosion. In its escape the steam carried off large fragments of hardening scum high up into the air.

Part of this fell back into the fissures of the now slowly filling crater, and part was adhered to the shoes of our adventurers, causing them to flare up. Hanson managed to stop the fire however. Above the air was now capped with a cloud of steam and vapors and as it was now dark this was illumined by the glow of the lava in the deeper fissures. Every time a bubble burst this light suddenly increased but it gradually diminished, when the white hot surface had cooled down to redness. At another part of the crater's rim they discovered was now quite bare of the lava and they now made for this. Next they leaped the chasm beyond, and then began to climb the sides of the crater. No time was lost now, as the eruption was fast assuming fearful force, but after an hour's climbing they were out of the crater, and started down the mountain sides at full tilt. It took them over an hour to get down, but not well assured not until they were well assured that they were beyond danger did they halt. They soon betook themselves back to their own carriages, and made for the city, which they soon reached, and were welcomed by all as they were well known.

SHATTERED CAPITALS OF CALVERINIA, Caused by the glandelinians, in forcing Calverinian volcanoes to erupt.

To continue I must begin the accounts of the earthquakes that overwhelmed the first two capitals of Calverinia Calverinia with this most pious generalization;

"From the time that the first transgressors, Adam and Eve, were expelled from paradise, miseries, misfortunes and dreadful calamities, of earthquakes, frightful typhoon storms, volcanic eruptions and series upon series of bloody and cruel wars had torn nation after nation in the most merciless manner ever described or thought of. The man made catastrophes of the series of great Calverino-Abbeannian wars, have in this story held the attentions of that world to such an extent that titanic disturbances due to blind forces of nature have been all but overlooked as really natural occurrences, and believed and declared that it is the work of the glandelinians themselves who cause it by forcing volcanoes to erupt with the desire of revenge on the christian nations who are glandelinians' foe. Even now the recent destruction wrought by many repeated earthquakes in western Calverinia destruction as grim and as heartbreaking as that made by steel and flames along the series upon series of battle lines during the Calverino-Abbeannian war of eighteen forty one.....took its chief sentimental interest from the fact that the catholism of Calverinia has been a sincere associate of Calverinia and Abbeannia and other christian nations in the great Abbeannian wars with wicked glandelinians.

The city of Calverino capital of the christian empires entirely also of Abbeannia and Angelina, was partially destroyed on June 15th 1817, but by the Abbeannians it was rapidly rebuilt, and early in 1819 showed few indications of the terrible shaking it had received. Not long after had caused this when the glandelinians had attempted to blow a hole in her sea wall. On April 12th 1819 however a still greater catastrophe overwhelmed the city and many towns around and all houses that were restored by the Abbeannians were again leveled, and though in the other recent earthquake the loss of lives amounted only to fifty killed, this time the loss of lives was one hundred and fifty five thousand, besides one million injured and buried beneath the wreckage. In December 1819 and January 1820 the total destruction of the city of Jennie Vivian occurred the heaviest shocks coming however on January the last. Even as far as October and November of the same year intense vibrations were still intensely felt, and the volcano of Mt Joan was forced into a state of great activity by the glandelinians blowing a hole in the sea wall which allowed the water to pour down into her focus.

Where mountains themselves frequently trembled.

In many recent catastrophes in the Calverinian country were but the latest of a long list recorded since the Calverinians and other christian nations got into quarrels and wars with wicked glandelinia. Scarcely a city between even the frontiers of Calverinia and Angelina and even sometimes southern Abbeannia but has suffered from the dreadful instability of other earth, caused by the glandelinians blowing up the sea walls of volcanoes that border lakes or seas. Many cities have and towns had been destroyed, and rebuilt at other places only again to be destroyed.

The circumstances of the recent earthquakes in Calvernia and northern Angolinia were strikingly different. The first was believed caused by a great eruption of lava produced by explosions caused by glandelinians, but in connection with the others there was no eruptions of any sort only tremendous shakings as though a series of giants with mountains heaped about their shoulders were struggling to free themselves. Hanson had declared at first before proofs of the cause were discovered that the earthquakes were probably caused by a slipping or faulting of the earth's crusts, although there were no surface indications of this. In the case of Calvernia in particular the series of earthquakes doubtless occurred as a result of the forced eruption of the lava from sea coast volcanoes and the spectacular activity in the old or new craters that followed the most violent kind of eruptions.

Calvernia and Angolinia had been visited by many disastrous earthquakes especially noteworthy being those of 1875, 1893, 1914, 1915, 1898 and 1899. Aside from the volcano of Mt Catherine which our adventurers had visited and got caught in an active crater which had apparently been inactive for a short period, there are many other volcanoes in Calvernia, and many of them had been very active of themselves.

WHERE MISERY AND MADNESS REIGNED.

From the vivid story sent to the Angolinian national geography society by Hanson Vivian I quote as follows:

"It was Christmas day in Calvernia's beautiful and flourishing capital in 1841. Churches and all the dwellings were decked out to their fullest, and the streets were filled with crowds of people buying toys and presents for their children, and processions approached to and from all churches led by bands upon bands of musicians and singers. Hundreds of thousands of white clad maidens and children with wreaths of flowers and veils flowing in the soft warm breezes, priests and chor boys, the images of Saints borne aloft, and the people may a typical Christmas 'festa' crowd.

Suddenly there was a long low rumbling and grumbling below the ground, there came darkness from clouds overshadowing Calvernia from Mt Catherine her nearest neighbor, deafening noise of crashing walls, terrific explosions of the frightful eruptions that sounded like a million contester guns, cries and screams from the panic stricken people, and blizzards of ashes and stones fell upon the city adding to the ruin and destruction. The bright skies was darkened to erebus back blackness filled with flashing lightning from volcanic stones breaking and hitting each other, the festa, the pretty homes and gay shops and industry wiped out in less time than it takes to tell. What a never to be forgotten contrast.

Where there had been peace and happiness, misery and madness reigned, and the earth breathing heavily, shaken as if she wished to ride her self of all man made ballast. Edifices crumbled like packs of cards, showers of bricks wood, and timbers and mortar showered the air, dull thuds and terrific crashes, screams and prayers for mercy and with it all the wild and uncanny song of the church bells which were rung by the vibrations of the earthquakes. The world seemed to have come to an end, and hell seemed to have opened her gates. A new crater suddenly formed on the mountain side, acids exploded in the drug stores, mains broke and blew up, and the city quivering in every limb and stone, became a sea of flame. In vain did the church bells chime in broken towers, in vain the storm of tears and prayers. The quake increased in violence till not a house remained standing, and hundreds of red tongues of fire licked the ruins in the maddest fury. Everything was broken, shattered and burned, but the furious elements were not yet appeased. Terrific thunderstorms and windstorms arose and beat down upon the helpless people huddled together in the parks under every hole and crack, and destroyed everything the fire and earthquakes had left.

Days and nights had followed for the people without food or shelter until very very slowly the quakes became more infrequent. The first shock at Calvernia came without warning at five thirty P.M. June 18 1841. Although this great quake was felt throughout the whole country of Angolinia itself besides Calvernia and was recorded on the scrolls of seismographs in the Abbeinnian country herself herself it was not the one that did the most damage in the city of Calvernia or other towns near by.

It appeared however to have been responsible to the opening of the lava vents on the side of the Mt Catherine volcano opposite of that of Mt Calvernia Calvernia that on which the capital of the christian nations and empires was situated.

HOW THE SHOCKS BEGAN.

The first great shocks was followed at intervals of ten or twenty minutes by two others, which drove the entire population of the city into the streets and open squares. Then at 9.05 came the first heavy shocks which caused the greater part of the destruction in the city of Calvernia. An hour or so before this time the sky for many miles had been illuminated by the outpouring of liquid stone and molten lava from the new vents and craters of Mt Catherine with a roar that filled all distant mountains with countless detonations. It was believed possible that a slumping of the earth's crust under the city itself resulted from the release of pressure after a large quantity of lava ran off from the volcanic vents, because the noise of Mt Catherine had never been so deafening then, and never had been since. At this time a continuous pounding sensation under foot had been noted as well as a horizontal movement, and cracks were said to have opened and closed. Many persons declared that they heard sounds of rushing water and some averaged that the water level in sewers in the city, and wells in the country rose in and sank. But it was too much to ask for steady nerves, and scientifically past observations when the earth shakes at night, and the lights go out, the air is filled with shrieks and prayers and choking dust, and when in the dark the heavy tiles cascade from the roofs and walls away and fall.

The tiles from the roofs of the houses were dispersed in all directions like light straws by a gust of strong wind; the bells of every one of the churches were rung incessantly by the vibrations, masses of great rocks were detached from the mountains and even the wild beasts were so terrified that losing their natural instinct they quitted their retreats and sought shelter among the habitations of men. The volcano even after the earthquakes had started and continued rained a storm of rocks and ashes with great violence for days particularly on the night of its worse activity when the lava from the mountain sides descended more like giantic torrents than flows. The fury of the eruption, the incessant and appalling appalling lightning from the bursting rocks in the black volcanic rocks and dreadful thunders with torrents of falling and were indescribable. The general terror had been increased by greater eruptive actions of the mighty Catherine volcano to such a degree that in the combination of horrors the inhabitants in inhabitants imagined the final destruction of the world at hand. At two o'clock on a Sunday morning after two weeks of more and violent activity the vibrations of the earth were so incessantly violent that the people had been unable to stand, the shocks were accompanied by a terrible subterranean noise which added to the din of the latest eruption and which spread universal dismay. Shortly afterwards an immense torrent of molten lava rushed down with a frightful roar from the side of the mountain, forcing with it an enormous fragments of rocks and large rocks, which descended upon the ill fated town of Francis Schmidt overwhelmed and destroyed all the houses and buried a great number of the inhabitants under the ruins, while at the same time a perfect deluge of stones and hot lava poured upon the city of Calvernia, the explosion of the eruption reaching the summit of the mountain and scattering dust far and wide. The black all obscured the sun for days, the dust settling thickly over fields and forests and wild animals as well as tame died by thousands from thirst and hunger. The noise of the eruption was heard at a distance of two thousand hundred miles.

The Calvernian governor, Josue who lived at that time gave a graphic account of this dreadful occurrence:

"The sun had scarcely set and the full moon was rising in an unclouded sky. For me there was not on this occasion any premonition, although at other times I had sensed the coming vibration for a brief moment as one senses a coming storm. The dishes began to rattle on the tables, and also to dance, and the walls and tin roof to creak and sway. We crowded through the doors into the open street stumbling and falling. From near and far came the roar of falling walls, and the loud thundering crash of the volcano as she burst into eruption.

The yellow dust arose obscuring the moon moon Then the trembling died away and ceased, but the dull pall lay over the stricken city.

HANSON AND THE OTHERS VIEW THE ERUPTION OF MT CALVERINE.

Three days after Hanson and the others had reached the city of Calverine they finally from a good distance saw the eruption of Mt Calverine for the first time. It started gradually first throwing up great clouds of ashes and steam in great puffs, lit from below by the flame in the crater.

Those clouds rose high above the two craters, and scarcely dissolved before others took their places. At this time the main crater had three orifices one of which was inactive, another emitted constantly a rich blow smoke and after a report deep in the huge throat of the third, there appeared a light blue vapor, and then a mass of thick black clouds whirling and struggling out in enormous wreaths and convolutions and rising in a dark majestic column lighted for a moment by a sheet of flame, and when the clouds dispersed the atmosphere was darkened by a heavy shower of stones and ashes. It took four days however after before finally they saw that the long mountain mountain represented an awe inspiring sight worthy to behold. Mighty jets of flaming lava leaped from its side and some far into the zenith, while a mighty black cloud had spread over the northern skies, as the eruption had already continued steadily for four days. The ground trembled slightly all that time and all nature in the vicinity of the volcano seemed under a dark and dreadful pall. The gold mountain side which they had left was no doubt buried under the tons of ashes and lava, the mountain occasionally having made a roar at periodic intervals like a thousand cannon firing.

The only part of the gold which they still had was what they had picked up. After reaching the tracks of the Mc-Hollester and Pandora ri railroad on the sixth day to view better the eruption of the mountain they happened to glance toward the eastern part of the broad mountain and saw a most frightful lava torrent rushing down that side of the volcano, while from the crater and innumerable fissures one of which extended from summit to base mighty clouds of steam arose in explosive puffs with a strange piercing hiss and in it seemed incredible to Hanson and the others that clouds of such volume filled with gigantic stones and lava could shoot with such force from mere fissures. They bounded forth with such tremendous force, mingled with such terrific storm of thundering crashes that the mountain seemed to tremble like a dying child, and the air pressure about Hanson and the rest even so far from the mountain seemed so strong that occasionally they were thrown from their feet while the columns of steam arose from the fissures to a height of a thousand feet followed by explosions compared with which that of a hundred score of thousand 42, w. guns would seem like that of a toy. The very air above the volcano was like the sounding board of a phonograph and all the valleys and the city itself repeated the detonations a million times and more. It sounded for all the world like a continuous bombardment of guns in hell, while the gases made their escape with a deafening hissing and whizzing and evaporated in long bluish flames.

It was two days later when they again went to view the eruption which was still going on. They observed that all of a sudden a mighty cloud of steam had descended down the mountain side. They understood this well. A great lava flood had been for that time coming in to advance down the side but its course was only marked by the thick clouds of steam giving off and coming in to lift miniature volcanoes on the hardening crust. Even the rock fragments seemed to be thrown to the great height of nearly five miles while there was continued continuously a series of detonations like the heaviest of cannonading which succeeded each other so rapidly as to produce the continuous roar which had been heard even at Calverine which was over fifty miles away from the volcano. For miles in every direction the ground continually had been in a state of tremor, while the cloud of rushing vapors which had spread further over the sky and partway over the city had become strongly electrified by the friction of the ejected materials. Bright flashes of lightning played in the entire cloud, and rolling explosions high in the air about 10,000 every second was added to the terrestrial cannonade.

In the direction of the cloud our adventurers could see that showers of heavy muddy rain was continually falling mingled with a hail of red hot stones. Three days the volcano had continued in this state of activity the people watching it even from their housetops but suddenly after the eruption had continued for about three weeks there came a series

of the most violent detonations that reverberated through the atmosphere far and wide, the ground trembled the houses swayed and some roofs came down the whole population fleeing from their houses into the streets in panic. All the while while a great commotion was going on the play of lightning in the great canopy of cloud increased in an appalling manner. Trees all around the region in the distant forests nearest the volcano became shattered by the weight of the falling mud and the ground became covered with it to a depth of half a foot. The sides of the mountain had become split into many gigantic fissures and now out of these as often as from the crater the hot lava spouted and flowed. All of a sudden as Hanson and the rest rode in a swift auto to view the scene there was a sudden and most terrific burst, and most of the level surface of the volcano's sides lying at the intersection of nine large fissures, was suddenly hurled into the air and an ear-splitting roar that threw a thrillion deafening echoes for hundreds of miles the fragments being scattered all over the cloud in a wonderful and tremendous earthquake display that beat the most wonderful display of fireworks, and which made a no more terrible din from their vibrations.

The eruption had continued for days and fearing that Calverine would be shaken down Hanson and the rest made for the city of Marcucian (Calverinia) and there decided to wait for a while.

Previous to say the storm that Hanson and the others experienced on the sea also swept the Angelinian and Calverinian shores inflicting incalculable damage to many cities including Jennie Wren town and even Mc-Hollester.

The terrific storm had come tearing across the country dipping now and then in its lightning like drive striking at random and terrifying to the point of hysteria the inhabitants of the districts surrounding Marcellus. Hail stones mingled with an ordinary downpour of rain, at first seemed to beat a gentle tattoo on their houses, but later turned completely to inky darkness and a screaming horror aided by the demon of wind which howled and shrieked with unabated fury for many hours. Everywhere had been a dreadful crashing uproar the wind ripping trees and telephone poles and blowing them hundreds of yards from their foundations. All kinds of staunchly built houses and sturdy brick and concrete buildings, representing the work of months, and even years and the strongest materials known to man were crumpled like the toys in the mighty grasp of the monster and lay pulverized in ruin like the playthings of an indignant giant. Burst of flame coming from blazing stoves and furnaces added terror to the wildness of the wind storm and completed with charred debris the work of deadly ruin and devastation. And in sinister omen the gutters choked with the rush of the cloudburst as the homeless and injured lay helplessly strewn like the leaves before the blast. And many indeed were the instances of freakish caprice on the part of the great storm monster as it wound its eight hundred mile path through city after city, and town after town. Houses of wooden formation were seen left standing on chimneys of brick buildings, cement walks were even twisted and torn, and paths led up to where houses had formerly been while the houses themselves had completely disappeared. Streets were piled high with debris and heaps of so easily jumbled brick and scantling, the torn branches of naked stripped trees shivered about everywhere for hundreds of miles. Trees caught in the edge of the storm had been stripped of their outer coating while homes were sliced in half one section blown to complete destruction, and the other completely untouched. Holes and mad desolation and abandonment. Holes where many homes had formerly been, and streams of turbid yellowish mud mingled with swampy grass brought on by the torrent following the extensive tornado, millions of shattered homes projecting into mid air in freakish fashion, and piles and seas of wreckage scattered ruthlessly through a cataclysmic wildness....this was the picture of ruin left in the path of the screaming cyclone which recently tore its destructive path across the Angelinian and Galverinian coast. And in the torn up ground, the seas of broken stones, the piled brick and the heaped up scantling; lay a tale of death, disaster and suffering. Thousands of churches in one small city had been left tottering in the fury of the demons while other houses had been left lifted from their foundation and blown for blocks. The upper portions of great edifices and palace buildings had been completely shaved off as clean as if a huge sword had hacked them away, and in one building completely wrecked as an instance of freakishness a radiator and decrepit organ hang dangling in midair. Another radiator ripped from the walls of a house was seen heaped under a pile of great trees with the frame of an iron bed caught in its sections. At other sections the scenery was still more freakish. The keyboard of an organ stood weirdly out among a pile of broken laths and plaster and from beneath it appeared portions of broken earth onwar and broken statues. Not far away from a school a piece of iron fence had shot itself straight through a broken tree. A broken umbrella also lay or was held helpless in the coils of a broken brass curtain rod. A rainpipe had also wound itself in an out about the fallen trunk of a shattered tree. After the storm's fury had somewhat abated and it had fled screaming to the northeast this monster of the air left in its wake a tale of mental anguish and physical pain. Utterly helpless and bereft of their homes many of them seriously injured and drenched to the skin the victims stood staggered and dazed in the path of the destroyer. Thousands of them had been left naked their clothes having been torn from them by the wind.

In many cases the realization of death and destruction brought on temporary insanity.

It was only the first of the month of May 1910. The terrific cyclone had raged for a whole day. Hundreds of villages and towns, and a number of cities had been wrecked, and thousands killed or injured. One city alone had escaped and that was Marcellus. Three of the little vivian girls whose names were Catherine, Daisy, and Angeline had been found in a ruined house unhurt, but half starved and exposed to privations. Only the room they had been found in had been spared of the big house that had been completely razed, but it was empty and dirty, save for a large crucifix that hung upon the discolored wall, and a great big empty chest, that stood beneath the cross.

The windows were gone, and the sides of the poverty stricken place was covered with banks of wreckage swirled in by the cyclone. The terrific silence within the place, where the rescuers had found the half naked children, who were sad, thin, and quiet, their innocent blue eyes seeming too pretty for the sorrow shone in their pale but angelic faces, from which they gazed mournfully upon the tangled wreckage outside, but with resignation and very touching trustfulness. The oldest Catherine was six years old, and the two youngest Daisy and Angeline were only five years old but they knew what loss and care was, and before the storm had went to see some poverty stricken people in the city of Jennie Wren town with the intention of offering help, the city having been torn and wrecked by the typhoon, and the three little girls were marooned. All in the house but themselves had been killed, and a certain priest would have done all he could for them had he not also been killed in his own parish church which had been totally wrecked. The storm having occurred on the first day of May had committed its greatest havoc in the city of Jennie Wren town and its surrounding regions three hundred thousand having been killed in Jennie Wren town alone, and 600,000 injured, while the property loss exceeded not less than \$200,000,000.

The poor children found a amid the ruins were the daughters of the Angelinian governor, and when found they were destitute, and had been begging the BLESSED MOTHER, of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST to send her SON of their need. The little girls had been terror stricken when the storm broke, and afterwards were heart broken at seeing the dismal wreckage. When they had been found standing before the empty chest they had been suffering their hunger all the more, and were weeping as only the very young can weep, and Angeline could not speak for sorrow, and she felt so helpless as she stood, Catherine holding her little hand.

But sweet little innocent paist Daisy (A little paist indeed) small as she was indeed had the knowledge of a sixteen year old and said wistfully:

"Dear sister let us ask our Lord again, for maybe he does not understand how hungry we are. Come let's tell him once more." So they knelt down before the crucifix, and Catherine her pale face wet with tears prayed holding her sister close. As she ended her prayer with sobs there came voices, and going to the window they saw several shabbily dressed men approaching from a wrecked street, whom they had never seen before. One of the men seeing them asked them if they had something to eat. To hide her tears little Catherine turned away, but Angeline answered red; "Oh sir's to you we would go gladly give, but we too have no food, and are hungry. Our chest is empty, for we are our last crust, three days ago and are starved."

"Don't need none." Persisted the stranger intoning. "Little sisters you are typhoon victims, and we came to rescue you and give you something to eat. We have plenty of provisions to spare."

Having nothing else to give but gratitude the little girls each threw their arms around the necks of the men and kissed them. Then they followed the men outside, and gave a cry at what they saw. The streets were strewn with a wreckage of all description, and at first the little girls could not move for fear. In a solemn silence they could only stare at the thrilling thankful hearts. One of the men who had a basket with him gave the little girls something to eat, and giving them as much as they needed to. After they had eaten their fill the man said kindly; "Come with us. We will take good care of you until a good home can be found."

The children obeyed, and followed the good man, who took them on a train to Marcellus, and brought them to an orphan asylum and placed them in the custody of two sisters who brought them before the Mother Superior Sister Oyilar by name.

The good sister looked with pity upon the poor children and said;

"Don't cry dears. Your mother is in heaven, and if you both stay real good like all other little girls and boys here, you will go there and see her again." The children did their best not to cry and Angelina answered between sobs.

"Are you sure she was killed by the storm, and if she is will she ever come back from heaven to see us?"

"Maybe," answered the good nun. "But I believe you little girls are good and hungry, and will need something to eat."

"We had something to eat," answered Angelina. "But we are tired and would like to go to bed."

The sister superior at this led them to the dormitory where other little girls were already in bed. At the approach of the new ones many of the children sat up in their beds and stared some, and others with tingling love and pity.

"Aw ain't they cute." One tall girl said looking first at them and then at the sister. "Sister were they the victims of the tornado tornado too?"

"I believe so," said the sister. "At least they were taken from a house half blown to pieces."

"They are prettier than Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin itself," said the girl who was really no orphan but a charity worker. "And you will put them in my care sister?"

"Certainly," said the nun as the little girls undressed.

"I'll believe that you will like them too." Before going to bed without the sister telling them to the little girls knelt down and said their prayers. The good nun, and all the children touched in a spite of themselves by the holy manners of the three little girls prayed themselves asking God to protect them, and find them a father and mother, or at least make it possible if he will that their real parents were not dead. After the prayers the three little girls were tucked snugly in bed and before leaving sister Loyla said some prayers for the children's safety, then went out placing sister Angelina over them as a guardian. Not one child in the orphan asylum were sinners.

MARGUCIAN WRECKED AND RAZED BY A TYPHOON.....

And these children that sleep in the same bedroom got up late in the night and strew the beds of the sleepers with beautiful roses taken from vases. An act they always did to newcomers. A few days passed after this and the sisters in the pro orphan asylum soon found out that little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin could not beat them in innocence and holiness. Many a time their playmates found them gazing wistfully at the Holy pictures hanging on the walls, but also discovered that the yearning gaze was also directed at a large beautiful crucifix and with tearful eyes.

The nuns hearing of this from the children were filled with awe and admiration. When ever they went to sleep that at night they placed an arm around each other and always when morning came and the nuns arrived, they were found speaking to the children about JESUS CHRIST and of heaven. A week passed when all the children changed their nature toward the little Vivian girls. They allowed them to lead them in everything that they did or any games that went on, and did all that they were advised to do. They were allowed to lead in the prayers, and even treated the little Vivian girls as if they were creatures far above them. Then one nun was amazed one day at the actions of the little Vivian girls and said;

"These little girls are a great deal younger than any of you children, and still they are more like little angels in form. They do not need to be told to say their prayers, and are the first ones in or out of bed. I'm glad to see how you children are treating them, and you are pleasing your good father who is in heaven, and some day he will make you very happy for it."

The children did not answer to this praise and the nun left feeling as happy as a bird over having so many good little children. Three more days passed, and it was on a Sunday that sister Angelina called the little girls to her, and asked them their names.

"My name is Catherine Vivian," answered Catherine herself. "and these are my sisters, my dear sisters, Daisy and Angelina Vivian." The sister started.....

"You are not governor Vivian's little girls are you?" She asked.

"Not now sister." But he was out father before he died. We have an uncle too. She went on, but he is in some other place and even mama."

"Do you pray to God and ask him to send your uncle to you?" Asked the nun planning within herself without tell telling the little girls to send for the governor whom she knew was not dead but in the very city of Margucian.

"I do sister," answered Catherine tears filling her eyes. "But he does not seem to hear us."

"He will do it," answered the nun placing an arm around each. "And don't cry because I'm sure you will see him and even your father before very long."

At this moment the breakfast bell rang which put an end to his interview. After breakfast the nuns took the children out in the playground to have their amusements but strange to say the three Vivian girls cared for nothing else but to be around but as near to the sister as possible. All the other children wished nothing better than to be as near to their little guardians as possible. The good sister never saw such actions among all her charges before, and besides they had never seen any sweeter children than the three Vivian girls. They even knew their catechism by heart, could read a little better than any of the other children, and even knew how to grow their roses roseary like grown ups. All the children were struck by their exceedingly goodness and became attached more and more. But that coming Monday was the last they would ever see of them or the world itself. That afternoon the city where the orphan asylum was, was struck by a terrific typhoon of fifty mile circumstance, which wrecked the whole city, blowing tearing the buildings to pieces and making a scene of devastation worse than the severest earthquakes killing over 10,000 and making over 60,000 homeless while 65,444 were maimed and injured, and sixty thousand others buried under the wreckage. This storm occurred on June the fifth. The orphan asylum was torn to shreds amid the deafening uproar of the elements and almost every one killed or injured..... All of the poor sisters who had been in this building were seriously injured and were now in separate hospitals in towns not in the path of the twister, ten with broken arms, and legs, six others with internal injuries, and three others with fractured ribs and a skull. Sister Angelina fortunately who happened to be really the superior had been visiting St Elizabeth's Hospital to see some of her orphans who had been brought there on account of some illness, and so missed the storm. She was to have come home on the afternoon on which the destruction occurred, and had been fortunately delayed. One of the sisters sister Catherine by name, and another sister Camilla, sister Dorothy, and Rose, were crushed beneath a door which fell into the basement, all were drenched by the downpour following the extensive storm and had to be removed to the hospitals in garments soaking wet. The orphan asylum itself was only a pile of wreckage only the foundation blocks of cement remaining to mark the spot where it lately stood. In the priests' house opposite the monster wrought a work of most ghastly havoc. The walls of the home were blown out as if with a hundred tons of explosives, and the other partitions bent wondrously like twisted skeletons. The home was windowless and the entire roof had been scattered for twenty blocks and shattered to thousands of pieces. Chunks had been missing from the brick walls, and pieces of furniture shot through the air like cannon balls lay on the grass scattered and smashed thousands of yards away. A sister's blue apron of the school building of the orphan asylum itself which had been caught in the wreckage flapped in the breeze in the pile of wreckage. Almost about two thousand yards from the shattered building laid the huge iron bell of the bell belfry, which had been hurled through the air like a bullet, with two immense arms completely broken. Into the center of the chapel a floor beneath the communion rail had raised itself almost ten feet from its original position, and the rail had been entirely separated from its hinges. All statues of the saints and of the blessed virgin, and of our Lord were shattered and splintered, yet strangely enough through all this ruin up fury and work of havoc wrought by the wind demon the sanctuary kept still gurned silently and peacefully on, and on the center altar the colored lights flickered beneath the vestments which had blown out from them from the sacristy when the wind storm was at its height the door of the sacristy lying to one side of the main altar where it originally stood. The stairs leading to the first floor were insurmountable because of the piled up laths, plaster, and debris, the front and sides stairs of the leveled building being completely hidden by heaped up masses of bricks. Fallen trees, timbers bricks and plaster were piled up high about the entrance and here and there school desks or an occasional piece of furniture protruded through the general ruin.

The storm as it hit the city had a fury that was most indescribable. To those who were fortunately to see its approach saw an immense funnel which roared terribly then came the crash that sounded like all the volcanoes in the world were in eruption in that one particular place then came the ruin

devastation, and terrible loss of lives. The whole city of parucian and other places had been perfectly razed and all the inhabitants not buried under the wreckage were rendered homeless. Fortunately however The three vivian girls happened to be outside the building when the storm was approaching, and having seen it, and noticing from the strange appearance of the cloud what was approaching had jumped down into the cyclone cellar and so escaped without injury, and now as they had no where to go they wandered down a wreckage strewn road aimlessly in the pouring rain, caring little for the fierce lightning, and dreadful peals of thunder which crashed almost every three seconds, in a perfect salt salvoes.

THE HOME OF GOVERNOR VIVIAN IS WRECKED.

At the same time this happened Robert Vivians home had also been havoaked, especially the entire town of iotor where he had been just then residing, and one of his daughters, now in a beautiful home which resisted the storm had been almost fatally hurt, by a collapsing of a wall in the old home. Doctors were around the injured child's bed, but two of them shook their heads sadly.

The poor mother sorrowfully took the child's hand, and rubbed it gently. calling to her at the same time.

"Joice speak to Mama." Then she was about to faint, for what she did brought no results results, the third doctor said:

"Don't faint now. I think there is some hope. The child may not die."

This comforted the poor mother somewhat, and she knelt down beside the bed and prayed for her child. The next morning the mother went into the child's bedroom and found that she had recovered a good deal to her surprise.

Now to turn back to Catherine, and her two sisters. The little girls though not knowing where they were going, ran along the road as fast as they could, their bonnets hanging down over their shoulders making them look all the more lovely. Before long they were tired out, and only walked, but their sad faces were enough to touch the hardest heart. They followed the road straight ahead, and within several hours of walking and resting, they came upon a boy who looked familiar lying down upon the grass reading a story book. The children stopped by him and Catherine asked;

"Please sir do you know where we can find our mama who is in heaven as they say?"

The boy looked up in great surprise, and awe as he saw them, and then after a moments pause he answered;

"You will have to die first before you can get there." But he added there's a rich mansion down this road, where a kind man and lady live, and if you ask them they will take you in."

Catherine too innocent a child to understand him thought he meant that that road lead to heaven. They proceeded on their way, the boy watching them with pity and awe, and started to follow at a distance to see if they find the right place, and if not to take them himself, and also because he thought he had seen the little girls somewhere before.

After traveling quite a long distance they stopped and began to speak to each other of how to find their way to heaven.

"It must be this way!" Said Angeline stamping her foot.

"No it's this way." Said Catherine stamping her little feet also. Didn't the man tell us so?"

As this was going on the boy who had followed them suddenly discovered three glandelinians surrounding the children but keeping themselves concealed out of sight so that the children would not see them and escape. Jack Evans for it was him saw the glandelinians however and so stepping up to a tree hid behind it, but creeping upon the men unawares, then getting near enough drew his slingshot, which he always carried with him and taking aim at the nearest prowler let fly. The stone found its mark and the glandelinian giving a loud yell dropped to the ground. The little girls were startled by this, but the boy paid no attention but kept himself hidden. Another glandelinian made a dash at the children, but got a stone in the face that made him yell and run. The third glandelinian also turned tail and ran.

After recovering from their scare the children proceeded on their way again, and had just walked around a winding turn in the road, when to their surprise a tall and large building the most beautiful ever seen stood only a short distance from them while on both sides of the building and around were large groves of beautiful palm trees..... Thinking that this was indeed the expected heaven and paradise and that their mama was there they all kind of timidly;!!!!!!

"That's heaven. I knew the man told us the truth." Maybe he was our guide or guardian angel."

To tell the truth the building did look like one of paradise. It was of snow white marble, while the windows, glass doors, and domes, were of stain glass with all beautiful designs and pictures. The porches were grand ones the steps being made of marble and the floors of the porches were all of colored stones. The grass around the marble sidewalks was like a dark green velvet with, and made the surrounding scenes more lovely than ever. The lawns were nearly a mile wide bordered by all kinds of beautiful trees, and having large bushes of most beautiful flowers in their them. This was the same as violet and her other sisters who had been transferred too after having the scenes of Mt Calverinians eruption.... The trunks of the trees were of nut brown the leaves of different green hues. In the far distance to the north could be seen countless buildings many of which were in ruins. (Who could ever imagine that in a couple of years these same fair grounds would be torn by a desperate and bloody battle!)

They were already near the city of Angelina situated on Western California near the Calverinian southern boundary line, but they did not know it at all. The roof of the building was a golden one, while the tall spires on both sides were also golden. No wonder that they thought this was heaven, and felt that the distant fires they observed was the hell so often spoken of. And every smaller garden had a beautiful fountain of clear sparkling water.....

"Let's go in and look for mama." Said paisy eagerly for this inticed exceedingly. "If this is heaven and we have found it we will be happy."

They ran now for they were eager and happy. They soon reached the large garden, and within half an hour's walk soon reached the ground veranda and heard some pretty music to which for a time made them stop and listen. Then they knocked at the door as loudly as they could but nobody came. They did not know that they had to ring the bell to make somebody answer but after they continued on knocking for some time and nobody came yet, Catherine who was about to cry accidentally leaned against the bell button and the bell rang loudly. This made Catherine and her sisters jump but they recovered their wits and Catherine rang it again and again until the butler came and opened the door.

"What do you pretty little girls want?" He asked kindly taking pity on them at once and wishing they were living there also.

"Our mama here!" Asked Angeline.

The butler was surprised at this question, but told them to wait a few minutes, and then disappeared. It was two seconds before he returned but when he took two of them by the hand and bidding the other to follow and telling them said;

"Your mother might not be here but there is a kind lady who would like to keep you for her children."

He took them through a grand hall, the floor of which was covered with beautiful stones, the walls being covered with all kinds of pictures and the ceiling of gold. The building seemed storm proof but there was no possibility of it being so. Every picture on the walls of the hall were of Saints, of god, and of the bible stories. The Stations of the Cross were hanging on the walls, and at one end was an immense crucifix. Catherine and her two sisters thought surely it must be heaven and they were very happy as now they heard the music which sounded more / louder. The butler took them through the hall and outside, where in a beautiful garden stood a beautiful lady, who although thirty nine years old was very young looking yet, and very beautiful and innocent looking. It was the woman Jennie Hanson had rescued from the glandelinians in Calverinia, and then whom she had fallen in love with and married in the big Angelinian catholic cathedral..... They were brought very close to her.

"Please Mam Ma'm is this heaven, and is our mama here?" Said Angeline piteously.

The lady slowly shook her head not recognizing them as yet.

"No dears." She answered. "Heaven is too far away to find, and your mama is not here."

The three little girls began to cry. The lady was the aunt of Violet, Jennie, Joice and Hettie and as she gazed long upon the children, she wondered where she had seen the sad innocent faces before. She was a grand friend of children as innocent as these little girls, and so she reached out and pulled the children very gently toward her and lovingly caressed them. The butler just then came out again and the lady said:

"Carry one of these children up to my library and I will lead the others."

When they were brought into the library the lady asked the children:

"What are your names?"

Catherine told her own right name, and also of those of her sisters.....

Robert Vivian my husband's brother lost a child by the same names at least three of them," said the woman to herself. Then turning to the little girls she said kindly:

"Your father or mother is not dead as you heard. Robert Vivian is your father and you are his three other little girls Catherine, Angeline and Daisy Vivian who went out to do something to the poor in God's name and got marooned by the typhoon. It was your big brother Germania Vivian who tried to kidnap you and say that your parents were dead. You have another brother and still another—Jimmie and Germaine Vivian one who is an Abbeismian pirate raiding the Glandelinian and Galverinian shores confiscating child slaves and taking them to Abbeismia where they are free from the wicked Glandelinian child slave masters. Thank God you have come back again, and won't your sisters be glad?"

Catherine was too happy to speak, and then another woman entered whom the little girls immediately recognized, and Daisy flung her arms around her mother's neck and said joyfully:

"Mama you are my mama."

When she controlled her emotion her mother said:

"I have your other little sisters upstairs but poor thing one of them has been laying in bed for two days."

"Is she better now?" asked Angeline.

"She is getting better," answered her mother. "Do you want to see your sisters right away?"

"Yes oh yes," exclaimed Daisy....

She took them to a grand stairway and into another beautiful hallway on the second floor. Across the hall was a bedroom door, and she entered taking the three children with her. The sickness of the child was not like all kinds of sickness that to take hold of children, for as I explained before, the child had been struck by a collapsing wall of her own home during the typhoon previously mentioned, and it was certainly a miracle that she lived after being blown two hundred feet across a lawn and forced to go as fast as a cartwheel. But she had suffered from injuries that were nearly fatal and only by the mercy of God, she was saved from being a cripple.

Their mother brought Angeline and her sisters to one side of the bed, then taking the injured child's hand she said:

"These are three of your lost sisters that have been stolen from us and they would like to hear how you got hurt."

The injured child was at the age of reason going on her seventh year but she still had her innocent ways, so that is she was brought up by her parents in righteousness. She did not have much to tell but this is what she related:

"Papa sent me on my way to school, with my sisters, but seeing a storm coming I refused to go knowing that it was going to be a typhoon. He went out then, and just as he was gone I heard a sudden tremendous crash and roar mingled with a piercing shriek that was deafening, and before I knew what was up the walls collapsed, bricks hitting me right and left."

"It must have been fierce," said Angeline.

"So it was," answered Joice. "Then suddenly I found myself flying high into the air sent to the ground with a sickening dash, and made to spin like a top or a cart wheel before a swirling tree struck me knocking me senseless."

When I came to yesterday I found that I was in bed, and suffering badly."

"You nearly died," said her mother. "Only the evening before to day and was near death this morning, but this medal pinned to your chest and my prayers saved you."

The first thing the child asked was to hear some lessons that her mother had been teaching her and which had brought her up as a righteous child.

"Oh yes do," cried Angeline herself. "It will help us to know God and dear Jesus more than we do."

So said Catherine and Daisy. Mrs. Vivian placed an arm around each, and began by asking preliminary questions. Catherine, Daisy and Angeline knew them by heart which pleased their mother so did Joice. The next instant Violet and her sisters came in. They gave a start when they saw Angeline, Catherine and Daisy.

"I'm alive now I surely know that I have seen them before and they must be my lost sisters," cried Violet.

"So they are," answered their mother. Violet and her sisters ran over to Catherine, Daisy and Angeline, and hugged them crying, "Oh thank God, Angeline, Catherine, and Daisy are back again."

For a long time they sat and talked to each other, and then with the permission of their mother they went out to view the ruins made by the recent typhoon storm.

"Storms like these are very cruel," said Violet as they went on their way. "They try to make themselves ruin all our cities but they can't. I hate them, not because they are windstorms but because they do so much wrecking and damage. We do have storms sometimes that are called typhoons."

"Typhoons? What is a typhoon?" asked Angeline.

"I never heard that name before," said Catherine.

"I have heard that there are windstorms that destroy whole scores of cities and kill nearly everybody," said Daisy.

"That's a typhoon," said Jennie.

"I'm not afraid of thunderstorms," said Angeline. "And I don't believe I'm afraid of windstorms either."

"You ain't afraid of windstorms?" asked Violet in surprise.

"No I'm not. I and my sisters escaped twice and at times I felt as if I did not care if it would kill me. My sorrow at the long separation made me feel as if I was not afraid to die."

"I'm not either, but I'd feel scared to think of dying suddenly," said Jennie earnestly. "To die while knowing it I don't care but to be killed suddenly in cold blood by one of these windstorms gives me the shivers, otherwise I'm not afraid to die."

"It's not but I'm scared of a typhoon. Death itself cannot scare me in any way otherwise," said Violet. "But as I don't fear death I don't know what makes me fear the typhoons."

"I bet there will come a big one someday," said Catherine. "I heard your father tell me the other day that our uncle lost a little girl in a big typhoon that blew at the nation called Abbeismia in the beautiful season of Easter in eighteen forty one of eighteen ninety eight I mean. And I believe I read that story for I remembered that one did occur that blew down many cities and killed many millions."

"Yes I've read of the storm," said Violet. "But I did not know that our uncle Hanson lost any little girls."

They were now crossing the Mc-Hollester and Pandora railroad tracks and after they were across Violet said:

"I hate typhoons because so many people gets killed, when they come and leave so many homeless."

SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CLOUDS!.....

All of us do, but when one comes, we cannot prevent it," said Catherine.

"I know that," said Violet. "And other things about them is that—"

"Gracious I see two strange looking clouds over in the southwest," cried Violet pointing to a wheatfield by the tracks. "It's the mercy of God if they don't come here. It's a distant spirian typhoon. I hope they do not come they may kill a good many people."

At this moment there met them a tall uncouth looking man strong as an ox and broadshouldered. His name was General Jacob Baldwin, a friend of their father and uncle. On account of his dangerous fighting in two wars, for friends, children, and self defense he had been nicknamed the Bull. When aroused in defense of helpless children he was a furious dangerous man and also had true grit. Though Hanson himself was strong, he had been able to lift tons in weight, Jacob Baldwin covered him in strength and was more lively and as good a boxer as ever, ever seldom being a blow though his enemy would dodge. Jacob Baldwin was naturally just, but he would fight for the children in case they were in danger.

He knew the Vivian girls well, and oh how he did crush them to his heart when he met them. When he released them, Catherine and her sisters were surprised to see a tall handsome looking man coming up and speaking to their father and their aunt.

"This is Robert Vivian your father," said their mother taking Catherine, Daisy, and Angeline up to him. "And this other lady is your aunt."

The children saw that he had a large cocked hat in his hand, and a purple uniform on like a general-in-chief, and a sabre scabbard on his left side, Baldwin and the other man also having on uniforms like generals and scabbards on their left side. The governor sat down on a stone slab, and fold folding his army arms about them one by one lovingly said;

"And so you have come back again at last. I was not here yesterday for I was on duty dr seeing to the drilling of my vast army of Angelinian soldiers -as I have feared for many months that some day we will have a war with wicked glandelinia.""

"You look like a general" Said his wife. "At least with your army uniform on.""

"Are you apa?" Asked violet."

"Why honey?"

"Because your hat looks like George Washington's."

"I'm still the general in chief and the governor of them all."

Answered her father. "And to day your uncle Hanson has just returned from the Angelinian and glandelinian border to see what some glandelinian armies were doing there for the glandelinian governments are mad over our interference of their child slave conditions at Calverinia and along the boundary line of Abyssinkile was well."

Angelina, Daisy, and Catherine, as young as they were, knew what the word general meant so they did not venture to ask.

"I thought I saw you among the ruins." Said Violet's mother.

"But how about the child slave law? Have you heard anything new?"

"I did." Smiled the governor. "I heard that thousands of children, big and small are rising up in a rebellion to get themselves free, and the main little conspirators are two little girls called Anna and Angelina Aronburg sisters. I also heard that the situation is getting worse and worse in Calverinia and that the glandelinian masters, and even soldiers were trying to crush them back into the factories, but the bigger boys, and even grown persons who sympathize with them have started a serious rout riot and that losses have occurred on both sides. At first the rumour was that it was the starting of a strike, that the children refused to work any more without wages, and that they wanted better food, and better clothing, but this is not the principal. A bunch of sturdy boys planning to get themselves entirely free got in with the two conspirators Angelina and Annie Aronburg, forced the others to join in, and that those who refused were locked in the factories, and threatened with burning or something else until they yielded and joined the insure insurrection. The glandelinian government is very much worried, as it will lead the Calverinians themselves to rebel against the glandelinian authorities, and yet are angered over it also and lay the blame on us saying that we started the children up into this conspiracy, and they know very well that we had no idea that it was going on until we discovered the case by means of the committees of the overgrown child slave factories."

"You are not going to interfere in the rebellion?" Asked Roberts wife.

"I should not think so." Was the abrupt answer. "I feel sometimes like pitching in unto glandelinia myself."

"It's a blamed shame this child slavery." Said Baldwin. Why don't the assistant governments of Angelinia help you to put a stop to it and see to it that the fortification of Mc-Whirther are well guarded if the planned Calverinians do not do it. We have the power and glandelinia has no right to use Calverinia for her wicked child slave horrors as y the Calverinian country belongs to us. We ought to make war on her and force her masters out of Calverinia."

"I don't know what to say on the subject." Declared the governor.

"And many of my committees are afraid to do anything as they say they do not want war with the Calverinians not guarding the city of Vivian wisely as they are told to. I was in Calverinia only a few days ago and saw the real conditions of the child slave horrors especially in the city of Andrea where the outbreak of the child slave rebellion is the worse. The masters even tried to make the children abandon their Catholic faith and obey the wicked laws of the Free Masonic rules. Many of the children looked like easy prey for the masters to frighten into sin by punishment but as I've said before it does not always depend on looks, and these very masters are calling for help against these very ones who prove themselves themselves young tigers broken loose from their pens. I've seen one of the overseers step over to a tender little girl and retort as he raised a wicked looking cat-o-nine-tails;

"You will have to give up the Catholic church and stop believing in Jesus Christ for he is not the son of God but a real malefactor. If you refuse I'll beat you with this until your body is black and blue."

I saw the poor child slowly shake her head and at this the brutal master sprang at her, and grabbing her by the throat beat her with the cat-o-nine tail

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and even kick her in the belly and face. To my delight I suddenly saw a young boy slave about twelve years old rush up and pull him away from the poor child and give him a shove that sent him sprawling to the floor. The enraged brute got up and made a rush at the brave young lad and let out a spring with his fist but the good and brave boy stepped aside, and gave him a brilliant blow that sent him staggering against a machine stunned and utterly cowed. He recovered from the blow but did not do anything but walked away with a rush.

"That fellow deserves it." Said Baldwin.

"I only had been there Ah." And he felt of his muscle. "He would have got a sweet taste of this."

There happened also to be a fire in one of the child slave factories also. I found out what had caused the fire. Said the governor. "A little boy tipped with the lantern in the lumber room of a saw mill, and the coal exploded setting fire to the lads clothes and the lumber. The wicked glandelinians heard his screams but the room soon became a roaring furnace and they could not venture near the single wall of seething flames which consumed the child."

"Oh the poor boy." Said violet. "Did many of the children get hurt?"

"No indeed." Answered their father. "It had been a narrow escape for many of them though. It was the fault of the glandelinians because they ought to have allowed a little lad like that to carry a lantern lantern in the pitch dark."

"Did the building burn to the ground?" Asked his wife.

"No." Said the governor. "It only spread to four rooms consuming the machine shop at that."

"The floorings caved in with the machines. It was the hottest fire that ever happened in a child slave factory, and the firemen had a Herculean task in putting out the fire in these four rooms, which were infernos." Said Baldwin.....

"How long did it take to put out the fire?" Asked violet's mother.

Four hours to get it under control and five more to get it out altogether. It surprised me how it had spread so rapidly. And a day later I saw an accident that madamy blood boil. In a large tar factory the children were worked like dogs, and many who fell from sheer exhaustion; the overseer only infuriated the overseers, who thrashed them. One of the men stepped three little girls completely off their clothes, and laid the cat-o-nine-tails cruelly and unmercifully across their backs. He beat them until their poor little bodies were covered with bleeding scratches and red and blue marks. And then while the children cried bitterly the rascal stood, and despite the children's misery and pain smeared hot tar over their bodies, and then when they tried to hustle them at work, and only when they sank limpt to the floor he kicked them like a foot ball, and shocked them nearly to death."

"It's outrageous and you call it an accident?" S Asked his wife.

"I can't see why it ain't stopped."

"I wish it could be stopped." Said the governor. But no one tries to help me. My governments does not make any movements as yet though I have demanded them to, and also commanded the Calverinian governments to fortify the fortifications of Mc-Whirther before the glandelinians seize it first."

"Maybe they fear the risk of war." Said Baldwin.....

A CHILD FUGITIVE IS RESCUED!.....

"I'll not more to tell yet." Said the governor. "After the rascal had choked the children he commanded them to work at the tar vats or die. The poor children could not do it, and the rascal finished them by hurling them into the boiling tar vats."

After dinner violet and her sisters went out for another walk. Reaching the tracks were about to cross when they saw a train coming. The trains did not run by steam but by electric, and the tracks a ways have made some kind of a report, when the train was coming at full speed, and they were lucky that they had seen it in time for it would have come down upon them in a moment. The train having eleven coaches passed with a most tremendous roar and watching that no other train was coming they walked across, and then proceeded on their way home. Two months had passed since the last storm and the governor had went to Calverinia with Hanson, their wives, and the Vivian girls with the intentions to see the child slave matters.....

It was only a few days later, when governor Hanson going into a child slave place on inspection saw something that made his blood boil. Three little children, two girls and a boy had ran out of a child slave pen but was persued by an overseer. The children had just recieved a scouraging and could hardly run at all, as the wounds made them suffer. As they came Hanson could see that they were weeping as if their little hearts could break, and he was still more astonished when one of the little girls, half naked, sank to the ground with a piteous moan while another with a scream threw her arms around his legs and cried sobbing at the same time;

"My back is sore from a cruel beating the overseer gave me" and my sister and brother because we fell at our work. Oh please save us." Hanson was horrified when he discovered that their backs were covered with blood, and he quickly grasped them, and calling another man had them brought into his house while he sent the butler to bring governor Vivian and general Baldwin..... His wife took off the blood soaked clothes very tenderly and at her husbands arrival explained what had occured..... At this moment Violet and her sisters came in, and seeing the strangers with their backs covered with blood and also their clothes they were stricken with sorrow.....

"Can one of us telepo telephone for a doctor?" Gasped Violet.

"One had already been called." Said her father, hoarsely. "And he may be here at any moment. Dog-gone this child slavery anyway. Hanson your governor of Calvernia why don't you look into this matter and have it stopped?"

"I will." Said Hanson as the doctor came in. "I'll see that it is stopped even if I have to force it down." The doctor dressed the wounds, and brought the children to their senses. At this moment Jennie Vivian came in with a note which she handed to her mother, who opened it and read;::

"I'm sorry Mrs Vivian, but you have three children belonging to the child slave concern and who have been beaten with a cat-o-nine-tails because they could not work any more. This note is sent to you Mrs Vivian telling your husband that he is responsible for concerning the children in his hands. Now give him advise to hold them from recapture at all costs, and not let them be retaken again as they will be killed if their master get's them again."

Yours truly, A CHILD REBEL.
ANGELINIA ARONBURG."

Mrs Vivian took the note to her husband who read it first, and then notified Hans Hanson of it. He did not say anything but cast the note aside. "The children needed watching as the doctor said for if they were not watched they would die."

"There is no saving them I fear." He said. "Their wounds are not only painful but dangerous and infected with Tetanus germs and they must be watched constantly." With a slow step he left shaking his head several times slowly. When the two little girls recovered they could not bear the smarting pain and the sight of such misery made Violet and her sisters weep; weep.

"See here little girl." Said Hanson taking the suffering child gently by the arm which was bared to the shoulder. "Don't cry trust in God. What is it all the overseer tried to do."

"I reeled at the machine from overwork." Sobbed the child. "And so did my sister and brother. He had whipped other children before us, but when he did it to us, he did it worse and with a cat-o-nine-tails, and almost tore our skin."

"A cat-o-nine-tails is not allowed to be used on no one." Said Robert the main governor firmly. "And the glandelinians ought to know it. The Glandelinian governments are putting them up to it but I'll fix their old cursed laws I will smash every child slave to pieces piece to pieces and have all the Glandelinian overseers jailed."

Mrs Vivian now appeared as Hanson and his brother went out together for medicine and seeing Baldwin alone sitting by the bed with her daughters did so likewise, and read this to Violet and her sisters out of the Bible;

"He that shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me. But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believeth in me it would be better that a mill stone be tied around his neck and that he be drowned in the depth of the sea. See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven, always see the face of my father who is in heaven."

This meant that no one should tell a catholic child or any child that the Catholic Religion is false or compell them to leave it by brutal lty.

"Do you children know what that means?" Asked Mrs Vivian as Baldwin stood near the door.

"Yes." Answered Violet. "Many of the child slaves are in danger of scandalism....."

All of the glandelinian overseers who treat the children brutally out to ought to be jailed." Said Baldwin sternly. "This child slave concern is nothing but a curse on the land, and what's more that I've got to say is that I ought to bring a great big-----"

All of a sudden there was a crash and Baldwin was amazed and staggered to see the door fall to the floor with a resounding smash that shook the room. A short stout man sprawled with it in a heap. But the stranger sprang to his feet his eyes, blazing and flashing viciously, and to the amazement of all he sprang toward Baldwin and blurted out in a voice like that of a bull;

"You are a devil you and your other two gee se. To three indeed think you are smart stealing a couple of children from my firm to save them from being thrashed. I have a mind to give you a good drubbing but it would be too good for you you big ox."

At this Baldwin was more than angry he was furious, and he would have laid his impudent fellow out at once, only he controlled himself on account of the women and child children present.

"See here kidlet, you good for nothing piece of cheese for an old lady sink rat." Baldwin contorted. "I've a mind to save your ribs in you impudent he dog a mere cur of its mother. What in hell do you mean by breaking into here like a thief before a respectable bunch of little girl and two old ladies. If they were not here I'd slam you from here to the other end of the world. Get out of here before I-----"

"Do you know who I am and who you are talking to and--"

"See here kidlet your mamma wants you." Scowled Baldwin now thoroughly aroused. "I don't know who you are I don't want to and I don't give a darn. Get out of here double time."

"Don't you believe it." Leered the sport quietly and lightly; "What I say is that I won't go until I get those gutter-snips back again, and I defy you and all you Angelinians to put me out right now."

Baldwin at once bared his way to the door almost shoving the sport this back.

"You're too dangerous to come inside." He said with a grim smile; "If you make one move toward me or this door I'll hurl you out of the window like a shash and all."

"You are not the boss of the child slave firm, Abbeccanman general. Though you be you infernal christian dog." Growled the glandelinian overseer. "I'll make--" And he made a move as if to throw Baldwin aside.

"Make nothing." Interrupted Baldwin sending him flying head over heels with one good shove. "Don't you know you villain that it is a serious crime in this country to use the cat-o-nine-tails on helpless innocent children and that the government of Angelinia would have you manacled for the scouraging of those children. As for you you dirty glandelinian bull dog I'd sooner kill you than look at you. Get out now and stay out or I'll break your jaws in."

The manager for such as he was got up and crossed one leg and started with a sulking look;

"If your governments meddle into our affairs there will be a massacre of children, and a war on your nation. As for you you don't need to preach to me as K. I'm no fool of a christian dog like you people. If you think you can get anything good out of it by breaking my jaws in then do it. It will bring you no good, will not free the old slaves, and will get you into trouble. I have full power in this region and will get those kids if you fight for them or not. Their chief master himself is a stronger man than you and if I cannot do anything he will I can bet you."

"Go and get him then." Retorted Baldwin. "Go and bring him and I'll finish him and you too."

The glandelinian did not say anything to this but went off feeling as gall, only to return immediately and retort;

"Give up those kids or I will bring him."

"Well why in the name of hell don't you bring him and don't chew the rag about it so much." Answered Baldwin. "And if you would turn to your God and with his help seek the salvation of your mortal soul you would not defile yourself that way. If you would come back to the faith you have either abandoned or always despised, and take to your heart and home the worthy loving wife you may have cruelly discarded, and restore to the neglected child slaves the rights they should have, and receive at your hands and of which you are depriving them, that you cast off the spirit of passiminery that has corrupted your heart, and finally that you cast aside the unholy hatred with which you have cursed them and of having unjustly deserved your resentment, you would have fewer enemies. You are a man who could be well respected if you would mend your ways as you are too handsome to show really what a mean man you really are."

"If you don't need to preach," said the manager with a scowl and face facing Baldwin. "And see here if you think I'm telling a falsehood you are greatly mistaken. If you was not such a big giant I'd give you a good thrashing and throw you out of the window." The rasal strode toward Baldwin, but suddenly Hanson, Robert, and several more men arrived, their appearance being so sudden that the man managers exit was blocked his escape being cut off. He made a leap for a window but Baldwin grabbing him by the coat and collar brought him roughly back.

"It's no use for you to try to escape," Hanson said coolly. "The whole country around here is alive with trouble. A hundred thousand children are in rebellion, your own factory and property is burning your wife and daughter's carried off, and even gas mains have been broken and set aflame by the rebels led by Anna Aronburg. You yourself cannot get away as you are wanted by them also on the charge of attempting to murder Angelina Aronburg by assassination. Better not go out doors either because you will be misunderstood and shot."

At this moment the manager was scowled.

"So you blasted kids did for me as I feared," he hissed at Violet and her sisters themselves with a deadly scowl. "You are the ones who in secret are the real conspirators. I saw you conspiring with that Angelina Aronburg to rebel against us. What I've got to say is that I would like to have you alone for a few minutes and that would be enough."

"Never mind those words but throw up your hands as high as you can get them and march out," said a little girl suddenly entering the place to his surprise. Leveling a pistol at the villain. "You are under arrest for the attempt to assassinate my sister Anna Angelina. I will turn you over to these soldiers here whom I have brought. I'm a rebel it is true and one thing I'll show you glandelinians a thing or two."

The manager had to obey as there was nothing else to do though it was mortifying indeed to be arrested by one of his very child rebels. As he was being marched out Baldwin told Hanson, and Robert Vivian all that occurred. Hanson looked surprised and said:

"It seems possible that Calverinia is threatened by glandelinia on account of this child slave question. The glandelinians have threatened to seize the Boyking and plengiglomanian islands by force, and many times already there has been many bitter despi disputes. A rebellion seems inevitable. There is a danger of a rebellion breaking out in Calverinia. I've ordered the Calverinian governments again to watch and see that the fortification of Me-Whirther guarding Vivian-Wickey is well garrisoned as I have a full mind to lead a war against glandelinia."

Violet and her sisters looked grave at this.

"Is there a rebellion coming in Calverinia?" Asked Jennie.

"I suppose so," said Baldwin. "But if one does come it will serve the glandelinians good and proper. I'm commanding a fresh army of Angelinians and I'm hoping that a rebellion will come, for it will be a good excuse for us to strike glandelinia too. I'm dying for a good and hard battle."

All of a sudden Violet and her sisters were startled by a strange sound and though Baldwin peered outside, he could not locate where the strange sounds were though it had sounded like shooting, and also in the far distance many fires were raging. That night the three injured children died from the inflammation that set in and the next day they were given a christian burial, the governor and all the others being stricken with emotion. The governor reported by telegram to the authorities of Angelina of what had occurred to three children, of the severity of the rebellion of the children, and ordered them to urge legislations to end these child slave conditions by force if necessary and to hurl this curse of child slavery out of the land, even if it cost the risk of bloody war.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

A few days had passed since this occurrence and talking a walk through a lawn, Violet and her sisters saw a priest surrounded by a crowd of happy children.

"Hoo little children good by, and be awfully good untill I return again," said the priest. "This evening I leave for Abbieanna to visit the Holy Father there. I shall tell him of all your good wishes, and of your greetings, and I will hand him your gifts gladly, and in return I shall ask him to bless you and all your friends. Pray for me my dear children that I may come back to you safely. God bless you and protect you one and all."

With sparkling eyes the happy children followed the parting sentence of the priest as he opened the way. Only one child held her face in her hands to hide the fast falling tears. It was CATHERINE poor child. She had nothing at all to give to the good priest, for the Holy Father. She had nothing, nothing at all and she felt broken hearted. In passing the chapel near by in order to say a few prayers, and place himself and his dear children under the protection of the good Holy Father. In a few minutes he arose, and leaving the chapel started toward the door. There stood the poor child. Violet and her sisters had followed to see what would happen.

"Ah Catherine it is you I see. May God bless you," spoke the good priest in the best friendly voice as he passed through the door.

"Father."

The priest turned about slightly and asked very gently:

"What does little Catherine want?"

"Father I've not given you anything for the HOLY FATHER."

"No satisfied little one, you have nothing to give. Pray real heard for him that that will be a splendid present for him."

"May for him? That I will. Came the thin pleading voice from the bowed down child. "But I....I....I have a diamond here. Don't you think he will accept it?" She asked timidly as she took it out of her pocket and handed it to the priest, a questioning look in her blue eyes. "I have nothing else and I beg of you father to take it along for the Holy one so that he will have something from me. I'm sure he will take it."

A thrill of emotion stole over the priest's kind loving face, and he asked tenderly:

"Catherine where did you get this diamond diamond?"

With wide open eyes the little girl looked up into the priest's face.

"From my brother God bless him father," the child answered demurely. "He gave it to me as a remembrance of himself when he went away. I'm sure he will accept it if I sent it to the HOLY FATHER."

"I believe you Catherine," answered the priest in a trembling voice. "And since I see that you are in earnest I will gladly take it along and beg the Holy One to accept it. And now God bless you my dear brave little Catherine, and pray real hard that I may return again to tell you that the HOLY FATHER had to say about the diamond."

"Yes I certainly will do that every day. God protect you Father," cried the poor child joyfully as her eyes followed the disappearing figure. She felt lighter now, and gladly with beaming eyes she ran back toward her sisters Violet laying her hand in hers and saying with a look that startled Catherine greatly:

"What was the matter with you and the priest Catherine dear? I saw you cry for something. Was he scolding you, or what?"

"Your wrong there," said Catherine smiling happily. "I always knew that priest and only felt bad because I thought I had nothing to give."

"We have been looking all over for you, and could not find you at all," said Jennie. "We thought something had happened to you and were worried."

Hand in hand the happy little girls, now went heading straight for home and sweet home.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE STORY OF THE CHILD SLAVES OF CALVERINIA

THE SECOND PART OF THE STORY OF THE CHILD SLAVES OF CALVERINIA

Reaching the railroad tracks they were somewhat surprised to see a large log lying across the rails of the fourth track. Violet and her sisters knew what would happen to the train if it was left there, and already on the same track a train was approaching at full speed.

"Quick!" gasped Violet. "We must take this log off the tracks or the train will hurl it against some house and be wrecked as well."

Without any hesitation they all took hold of the log and with all their might tried to drag it off, while Jennie was flagging the train with a piece of red cloth. The train though could not be stopped in time but nevertheless Violet and her sisters got the log off, though Violet and Angeline came near being thrown under the wheels of the train as it rushed by. They quickly got over their fright and resumed their way home. They crossed the four tracks with the utmost care watching in both directions for any train that might happen to be approaching. After crossing the tracks they went on farther and soon came in sight of their own home. Their mother came at the door and seeing the children called to them to hurry on. They obeyed, and when they reached the porch Violet and her sisters hugged and kissed her. After dinner Violet and her sisters met a man who their mother said was to be their teacher. The little girls were at first distressed because they would have sooner went to school, but as the wreckage was only being slowly repaired yet, nothing could be done.

"No mama," said Violet. "We don't like to have a teacher come here and teach us because it is too much work for the poor man as he may have a long way to come."

"Well my little dears something has to be done," said their mother. "There's no school just now. Supposing I allow the teacher to stay until the there is school again. Will that do?"

"Oh yes do," said Violet. And so it was done. When the teacher first met them, he opened his eyes in amazement, and his heart seemed to leap into his throat, as he could hardly believe that they were mere little girls who were that day dressed in their prettiest clothes. After their lessons had been over, and the teacher had went to the live library to rest, Violet's mother came in and said:

"How'd you like my little girls?"

"Very well," answered the teacher.

"Do they treat you all right?"

"Yet very nice indeed," said the teacher. "They not only studied their lessons but showed me many things they had."

"That is surprising," said their mother.

"And that is a not all," said the teacher. "They even watched their chance, and kissed me before I was aware. They even hugged me as if I was their own father."

After resting a while he came again to the little girls. Their necks and arms were bare, and their golden brown hair was in beautiful curls about their heads. Violet and Jennie now took their teacher by the hand and showed him all the beauties of the house. Then the little girls led him toward the Chapel. At one side of the Chapel's entrance standing up was a tall crucifix, with a beautiful image of our Saviour JESUS CHRIST hanging in lingering agony upon it. It looked real to him, as he had never saw one like it before, and the beauty in the face was more pensive than he had ever seen it in the pictures. The body looked real, and also the head seemed to sway from side to side in the light breeze the sad look in his face moving Violet and her sisters to pity. It was a beautiful image of Christ. To the teacher himself the children looked like celestial beings. In truth as to say every one who had noticed the little girls, could not keep their eyes away from them but the teacher himself was awed and believed that they were the children of the celestial country, being more surprised at Violet and Jennie whose beauty far surpassed them all. Turning to Violet he said:

"You children almost seem transfigured. I fear you are celestial beings."

"We are not though," said Violet.

"I know that indeed," said the teacher. "But you look like little angels."

In the meantime it happened that one solitary boy had spotted the little girls when they went out to play, and he determined to find out who they were. Several times he waited for a chance to speak to them, but every time he saw them he became bashful and shirked. But one day the lad summoned up to the courage and waiting near the railroad tracks for the little girls to appear, and as soon as they came along he halted them, and bowing to them politely said:

"Can I have the trouble of asking you if you are fairies, and could you tell me could get some of my playmates out of the child slave factories?"

Violet did not know what to say as she was bewildered, but nevertheless recovering her embarrassment she finally said:

"We cannot do anything ourselves as yet though we are trying to increase the children's rebellion, but if you would speak to the governor of Angelina who is our father he would do something I'm sure we will take you to him if you like."

"But---but---but---but I---I---I don't deserve your company," he stammered. "I only asked for help."

"You are bashful of us!" said Jennie grabbing his arm.

"You must come," said Violet herself. "It will do us good to have you with us."

He followed them slowly and after they had crossed the tracks they noticed that it was dark.

THE SCREAMING TEMPEST OF HORROR.

"A severe storm is coming," said Angeline becoming alarmed.

They hastened on the boy saying:

"Are you afraid of thunderstorms?" "Little girls!"

"No indeed we are not," answered Violet. "But this is no thunderstorm. It is a far extending windstorm of cyclone. I can tell on the clouds."

The thunder was already starting to crash and roar in salvos the wind was already blowing furiously swaying the trees like writhing snakes while it grew darker every minute, and the rain began to fall in sheeted spray like a blinding blizzard. Suddenly a strange booming roar filled the air, then came a terrific flash of lightning, and a deafening thunderroll that shook the earth and reverberated in a countless number of echoes.

"We must hurry," said Violet. "It's coming fast. It's going to be a wild typhoon and we may be killed."

As they ran but they could realize that the storm was advancing too fast as there was no getting home or to abrupt shelter before its curb outbreak. The fury of the wind and rain steadily increased now mingled with a perfect blizzard of large hail which fairly whitened the ground, the little girls and the boy seeking refuge in a ravine just as there came a thunder crash that seemed like a million cannon going off in one simultaneously report and which deafening the hills in all direction with its centimeter guns like echoes. Then the storm broke loose with all its force, the screaming, screeching, and howling of the wind sounding very deafening and unearthly. Crash and uproar was everywhere especially from falling trees and splintering branches. Thousands of trees were blown down or whirled into the air at a breath the wind screaming like a million fiends. The thunder crashes following in secondary explosions was deafening and the rain fell in sheeted torrents. The little girls were indeed held prisoners by the typhoon which grew worse minute by minute. The ravine in a minutes time became filled with branches from the trees prostrated across. All of a sudden there was a terrific booming sound which was followed by a tremendous roar like cannons, which became appalling mingled with a piercing screaming noise. Fearful was the play of lightning now but happily the little girls were protected by the deep ravine. Within twenty minutes the storm began to abate and when they believed it safe the little girls started for home with their companion feeling very tired and sleepy the effect of being caught out in such a storm making a person feel sleepy. After traveling a mile the little girls were surprised to see that everything here was intact even their own home and realized it was a wild spiral typhoon which was only fifty miles wide and that this section had not been crossed by the screaming twister. The dark clouds were already undulated, and at times patches of blue sky was seen between them. Fortunately however the little girls had not been missed though all had seen the progress of the gigantic whirling funnel in the distant sky but when they told their parents of their experience there was quite a sensation. However there had not been much damage done by the twister as it only blew about eighty miles out of the path of every town or city that could have easily been struck it having been a twister of a typhoon of main size and force which had passed too far west of Calvernia clipping no doubt over the Blawiggloosean islands. Violet told their uncle and their father about the boy, and the governor taking the boy in con custody prepared to do what he could, the little girls taking a good rest after eating their breakfast.

When evening came the little girls geting up found that it was dark so dark that lights had to be turned on. Before supper violet and her sisters took the pleasure of watching the black clouds which seemed as if they were not moving at all. They were blacker than ever and massed together being like an inky curtain, but a wrinkle being in the clouds and the rain began to pour like a cloud burst then there being a good deal of lightning and thunder. The rain poured incessantly for an hour mingled with large hailstones then suddenly ceased, the mass of clouds remaining unbroken, and became more threatening than ever.

"How long does this bad weather last?" Asked

Violet.

"It's hard to tell" Answered her mother "This generally follows a windstorm of any kind."

"I don't mind the rain but the wind is so destructive at times that we get scared when caught in the storm." Said Joice.

Just then their father came in with a raincoat hanging over his shoulders.

"Been a great storm" He said, as he prepared himself for supper. "It fortunately hit no towns however, only mowing paths through forests, and laying low farm lands. Two ships were aground on the Mc-Hollister Run river, and smashed on the rivers beach by the water spout of another twister that came along at another section and which raised the town of Arenburg killing twenty thousand people."

They were all excited over this news and talked over it during the supper, Violet and her sisters telling of their own experiences once more. After supper violet and her sisters helped their mother with the dishes, and Violet alone swept up the crumbs from the floor.

MORE TROUBLE FROM THE GLANDELINIAN.

After all this was done they went outside on the porch, and to their delight saw that the clouds were rapidly clearing away. It filled violet and her sisters with joy, and they thanked god that the severe storm was over. It was delightfully cool so they decided to take a walk down to the railway tracks and back. They soon reached the tracks but no train was approaching or in sight on either side.

"When a train is approaching the tracks make a strange banging sound" Said Violet. "I always wonder what it means?"

"It's a warning for any one who walks the tracks, or who crosses them" Answered their mother.

"How often does the trains pass and go?" Asked Jennie.

"Once every hour." Answered their mother.

At this moment a group of men appeared, talking over something.

"Why the idea" Said one of the men "To attempt to place a governor over Calverinia to run over the child slave conditions. The King of Glandelinia does not rule over Calverinia, and by God's help, he never shall."

"If he tries it, or places any of his governors over Calverinia he will never see him again." Said another.

"He thinks because he has conquered other nations, that he can do as he pleases" Said a third man. "But he is greatly mistaken. We won't have it."

Not caring to listen to the conversation as it was none of their business, Violet and her sisters hurried home with their mother, and then prepared to go to bed, as it was now getting quite dark. When morning came after and after breakfast the lessons began sooner than usual the Geography being the first one recited. After the recitation, the teacher determined to tell them something about the wicked nation called Glandelinia.

"Did you know that there is a most powerful nation close to us?" He asked. The little girls slowly nodded their heads.

"Well I'll read you a story of the nation. This is what he read/

Glandelinia is a powerful nation. One small nation after another had followed in strife against her ever since the child slave situation, but now every surrounding nation is at peace for mighty Glandelinia had crushed every one of these surrounding rivals. The Glandelinians anger led by worshipping false gods on purpose to defy him, and although Glandelinia is a powerful nation she is very wicked. They even worship stones, animals dogs, sticks and wicked things, even the walls and houses, clouds hills, nay the very devils themselves are adored as Gods. There continually has been rebellions against parents, our cruelty murder, bad passions of every kind.

The strong cruelly oppress the weak, men women and even children are so given up to the pleasures of soft indulgent lives that their hearts are hardened against the sights of pain and misery. The weak and helpless children taken from the vanquished nations are made as slaves, the poor, the old, and the sick are treated with a barbarity that only the most frightful selfishness can explain. All this they do knowingly to displease god, because they hate him bitterly, as the worse bitterness can explain. All this they do, and the Catholic faith is spoken of they purposely and willingly deny it. They willingly and openly reject any doctrine of the Catholic Church and always speak against such any doctrine and willingly disbelieve of Glandelinia is. They are especially the lowest Free Masons there are. There are 100,000,000 Free Masons in Glandelinia, while there are one million Catholics and five hundred protestants.

"They have not crushed our nation yet have they?" Asked violet with some suspicion.

"No indeed" Answered the teacher. "There are many nations that Glandelinia found she could never kill. We are only living in one of the main states called Calverinia, and the Abbeannians, and Angelinians, besides the Calverinians are the bitterest enemies of the Glandelinian nation. It does seem however that a great war is threatening our break."

"Were they ever our friends?" Asked Jennie.

"Yes" Said the teacher. "It's a long time ago. I do not remember when they became our enemy although I know we have been enemies since the child slave curse began. After a while I suppose we will be at war."

Glandelinia is a powerful nation. One small nation after another had followed in strife against her ever since the child slave situation, but now every surrounding nation is at peace for mighty Glandelinia had crushed every one of these surrounding rivals. The Glandelinians anger led by worshipping false gods on purpose to defy him, and although Glandelinia is a powerful nation she is very wicked. They even worship stones, animals dogs, sticks and wicked things, even the walls and houses, clouds hills, nay the very devils themselves are adored as Gods. There continually has been rebellions against parents, our cruelty murder, bad passions of every kind.

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Bleng iglomenean creatures are good swimmers too alright to say,

and make great headway against the strongest storm waves, and good divers. They are destructive enemies of the sharks, cuttlefishes and all the other, and have power to put a waterspout out of existence by one headlong dash at it, or with a blow of its tail. And they whirl themselves in it too and save many a ship by directing it away.

"That is true," said Joice. "Don't you remember violet,

the day when we were kidnapped and carried to sea on a ship by Landelinians, how we escaped, by leaping into the water young as we were, swimming for a friendly ship where we were picked up, and how when we were pursued by a Landelinian battle ship during a typhoon, a waterspout was seen direct in the course of our ship threatening us all with instant death, when we saw a Bleng iglomenean serpent hurl itself into the storm, allow himself to whirl with it, suddenly change its course and bring it right against the battle ship sinking it with all on board."

"Yes and it was the most astonishing thing that we ever witnessed," said Hetie. "And our first glimpse of a Bleng iglomenean serpent, and he seemed two miles long too."

"It is too bad we are so far away from Mt Calverine," said Jennie. "I would just love to go into their caverns and see Rover and the others we know so well. They are of the T huskorian type the biggest and mightiest bleng iglomeneans known."

"No the Roverines are," said Evans. "They are gigantic and over six hundred feet long."

"But then they are not there no more," said Violet not having noticed what Evans said. "I heard that they left the region on account of the Volcanoes terrible activity still going on. Where they are I don't know but I think if I wanted them very badly I have here a whistle given to me which if I blew three times....."

There was the crash of broken un slender brush and twig and they were suddenly confronted by a huge Grimecian the biggest they could have ever imagined. It was dazzling with its colors its folded wings had designs on it like those of butterflies and brilliant colors of Peacock feathers together with designs of all kinds of flowers and was a sublime sight. From the top of its head all the way down the upper part of its neck to the end of its very tail it had what appeared to be the red crown of a Rooster except that it was an emerald color, its body to its very chest and belly being covered with armor, long talons were numbered by the hundred at the edges of its wings, its head on the top had two long horns protruding forward and in fact it had the exact appearance of their old friend Rover except its horns were more numerous and brilliant. It had been flying in the air and so had come down at this very spot and so was about as equally surprised to see them as they were at its sudden appearance. It was a hundred times bigger than the large ones in the cavern they just left and its head was about as big as three flywheels of a rail way steam engine and had a kitten like appearance in the face in fact the head was like a huge kitten. It only remained there long enough for them to get a good glimpse of it, and then nodding to them with its head it was gone as suddenly as it appeared.

"My but his sudden appearance startled me," said Violet.

"I was surprised also," said Evans. "I wonder now just where that Bleng iglomenean came from?"

"It's hard to tell," said one of the soldiers with him. "But these Bleng iglomenean Serpents as you know are as numerous as flies. I've seen thousands in a day. But this was the biggest one I ever spotted. I was one of the Butterflied winged Bleng iglomeneans though it appeared as a Grimecian."

"He looked a bit like Rover," said Jennie. "The colors were only different and he was longer. I wish it had been Rover." She added with a sigh.

"Maybe he was but in disguise," said Evans intending to joke with Violet and her sisters a little.

"Oh no he was not," said Joice with a smile. "Rover is different in color and they don't and can't disguise themselves."

"I wonder what makes it that they have a human voice and can talk like we can," said Evans. "I heard they do. I've heard of their speaking. But I never heard it do it yet."

"It's from the power of God," said Evangeline. "They also can emit five other sounds. The snarl like a thousand cats in one, the roar of thousands of lions, the hiss of a million snakes, the noise as marbles which make the clattering roar on the roof of a barn, and the cry of a thousand eagles. They can also give the roar of ten thousand Gorillas in one and also give forth a peculiar thunderous signal roar in the fashion of a drum heard for scores of miles."

"I've never never heard a big one roar that I can remember," said Evans. "Though I have heard the small ones roar many times when I saw them flying in the sky."

They had now entered the small town where the Vivian governor resided and seeing that a storm was moving upon them, they made haste to reach shelter before it should break. It was well on toward evening, the day having been extremely warm and indeed it was a cheerful prospect to see the thunderstorm arriving as it hadn't rained for two weeks. They soon reached the town, the soldiers going off in another direction leaving Evans and the little girls to themselves to do as they willed. The sky was slowly getting dark, the atmosphere was perfectly clear the air still and the atmosphere oppressive. Evans and the little girls were apprehensive of the skies aspect, fearing the approach of a severe storm, and as their destination was quite a distance away, they feared that the storm would overtake them before they reached home. The wind was already rising a thunder rolled in the far distance and big drops of rain started to fall.

"I don't think we will get home before the storm breaks," said Evans.

"It's coming fast, and still we have got two miles to go. I guess we will have to seek shelter elsewhere or get dre drenched."

His This the little girls decided to do. The thunder was growing louder it was almost as dark as night and in the distance it was already lightning furiously.

"There is a barn over in that street," said Evans pointing. "We will make for it."

Toward this barn they ran swiftly reaching it just as the first deafening crash of the thunder announced that the storm was about to break. In dashed the little girls first, Evans following and just in time for the rain suddenly poured in sheeted torrents. The thunder was about as bad as Evans had heard during raging typhoons, the wind blew a gale that tore leaves and bare branches from the trees and the rain falling in sheeted spray was added by torrents of hailstones as big as marbles which made a clattering roar on the roof of the barn. Evans wished the furious Abbieannian thunderstorm in awe and admiration, and also wondered how long it would rage. Many of the thunder crashes were fairly ear splitting but after half an hour passed the storm ceased and they were able to venture outside again. It was now a little cooler, a high northwesterly wind blowing which made a delightful breeze, but the little girls knew that the c-c coil spell was only of brief duration and that the next day it would be very sultry again. They had just about reached home when the rain began to pour again, though there was no lightning accompanying the storm and by the time they

did reach the gate they were soaked through. They hurried for the house and when they got in met governor Hanson and Vivian.

"Another bath!" laughed Hanson. "And with your clothes on. You people just got out of the water early this morning."

"Well it is a rain bath that we had," said Evans securing dry clothes for himself. "We escaped the main part of the storm, but while coming home it suddenly poured again and we got soured."

"It was some thunderstorm," said governor Vivian. "And where have you been all this time?"

"Oh just a visit with the Bleng iglomenean serpents," said Violet.

"A visit with what?"

"Bleng iglomenean serpents."

"How many?"

"Five in all with their young ones to boot," said Evans.

"We also saw a large Grimecian," said Jennie. "Who was preparing to change her clothes. He remained only within our sight a minute. He was bigger than any of our Bleng iglomenean friends and had many pretty colors."

"Why didn't you bring him home with you?" asked their father intending to jest. "I'm sure he would have been a good company."

"We would have if he was not so big and heavy," said Violet. "I would just love to have one for a pet."

"Maybe you will some day," said Hanson. "If we could only find Rover and the others we knew to be with them we could have something to show."

"Maybe I could summon him," said Violet. "I have here a whistle-----"

"No, not that whistle," said general Vivian. "It's only effective in Calverinia not here. We could if you don't object go back to Calverinia and trace our way to the Bleng iglomenean mountain or Mt Calverine. They may be there in spite of rumors that the great eruptions drove them off."

"Yes we could do that," said Joice. "But then it is such a long distance by rail. To go by sea is shorter, but I dread the storms from the regions called the Devils blow hole in the Calverinian seas."

"I'd prefer to go by train," said Evans. "At least we would have a long ride to enjoy anyway."

"So they decided to make the trip to Calvernia again only to stay long enough to find if the Elengiglomean serpents were still there or not."

The trip was prepared for early that night, and the next morning they caught the first train out. That morning was foggy and raining but late on in the day the rain cleared somewhat, and they were able to see the sights as the train continued on. It however took them longer to reach the city than was expected. When they alighted from the train their first steps were for their old abode from which Hanson had viewed one of the volcano's activities but it was too far. Far to the north loomed the forbidding shape of the mighty volcano which had the same kind of craters like the Hawaiian volcanoes Mauna Lau, except that if Mt Calvernia was on that island it had one of its sublime eruptions why Kratoasacle cloud have been a baby compared to it. And those Sandwich Islands would have been blown to kingdom come long ago. Toward this mighty mountain they headed their way not having to walk as no trains were running at this location. The mountain was a great way off over fifty miles and indeed it would take them sometime to reach it on foot and so Hanson decided to get a fast auto car which was secured by the governor, in the city of Calvernia. Then they set off for the mountain running the machine as fast as they dared over the lava beds. Notwithstanding the auto it took them four hours and three quarters to come even within sight of the sea which bordered its northern slope. . . . The mountain appeared to be seriously in a disturbance but nevertheless they believed it would be safe for the time of its periodical eruptions was not up yet. The auto was directed toward where they knew the cavern to be it being quite a long distance.

It was another hour however before they were near enough to the volcano to dismount, and here they were constant of a constant rumbling like incessant dull thunder under their feet. The smell of sulphur was in the air which seemed unusually hot, a scurrying wind blowing from the northwest and the atmosphere seemed steamy and damp.

There was such a fog that they were all bewildered but nevertheless they continued on. The approach to the mountain as they observed was over a vast tract covered over with old lava, interlaced with innumerable fissures from which vapor issued issued in slightly explosive puff puffs, the whole tract of lava resembling in appearance an inland sea of stony rocks. This wasn't observed before the last great eruption occurred for this section was once quite glassy. This lava which had once been in a fluid state seemed to have become solid suddenly petrified or turned into a glassy stone while its agitated billows rolled to and fro against each other.

It was hard walking over this region of lava and yet the mountain seemed a mile away as her first sloping rise was entirely invisible. However they were not going to turn back now since they were nearer the base than before and so the trip was continued. As they progressed onward they were suddenly conscious of a furious hissing roar and believing it to be a number of Elengiglomean serpents they proceeded on further.

The more further they progressed the louder became the clamor and suddenly as the vapor cleared somewhat they found themselves confronted by a yawning gulf of the most immense size in the form of a crescent, about three miles wide and six miles long and which appeared to be four hundred feet deep. The bottom was a terrible turmoil the whole bottom seeming to be one vast flood of turning water in a state of terrific ebullition rolling to and fro in many directions at once in fiery and flaming billows, while countless conical islands of varied form and size containing as many craters rose around the edge of the main orifice and from the surface of the burning lake all in violent activity shooting shafts and jets of brilliant lava which rolled in blazing torrents down their indented sides into the boiling mass below. The lava appeared almost as liquid as water its surface agitated by waves resembling those of the sea, but pounding each other, rolling splashing, counter charging, and breaking like beach surges upon the shores formed by the bordering terraces of lava.

The din here was deafening, the heat terrific almost intolerable there being a confused volume of sound, deafening hisses, roaring as of draft through millions of furnace doors, and a continual salvoes of explosions as if a thousands battles of pettyburgs were raging. They did not know what to make of the discovery, and realized that after all their visit to this mountain was attended with peril and inconceivable fatigue, and that if it had not been for the sudden clearing away of the steam cloud they would have probably fallen into this crater. Nevertheless they never regretted

having discovered his crater and Hanson wondered whether they were near Mt Calvernia or whether this was the crater of that section called Mt Polly. However this was not what they were looking for and almost nerved racked by the din they hastily withdrew following along the edge until after another hour they found themselves far from this sublime sight. They soon saw that the ground was changing, and readily believed now that they were on the right course. They continued onward and found themselves ascending more steeply grades which was long and far distant. Far up

nothing could be seen but immense clouds of vapor most of the upper portions being invisible in a thick yellow haze. They now began to wonder whether they were going right or wrong or whether they were lost altogether as they were constantly confused by the haze that enshrouded everything like a yellow fog. The sulphurous stench was peculiarly strong and Hanson feared that the cave would never be found.

As far as they traveled they encountered no crevice but the vapors obscuring everything was a confusion to them and they wished that a soothing wind would arise and blow the noxious sulphurous haze another way.

ON THE SIDES OF AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.

"I thought that at last Violet would be able to find the cave," said Hanson. "You knew where it was the other time."

"But this haze obstructs our vision," said Violet. "I even believe we are climbing this fire spitting mountain instead of going around it. It seems so to me."

"I think we are," muttered Hanson. "This infernal haze gets us all mixed up. I don't see how we are ever going to find the cavern where those Elengiglomean Serpents abide."

"Why not wait until tomorrow," said his brother. "The wind may blow then and we may be able to have a clear field."

"I hate like everything to retrace our steps now," said Hanson. "And besides I believe we can find it by descending to the lower crater which we just left, work our way around it and then descend. The cavern is somewhere in its vicinity near the base."

"I think it is best to do so," said Evans.

So all that started to do so when night came on they were still far from the upper crater and so they decided to descend and return to Calvernia and resume the search the next morning. As they started to descend there was a strange noise far above them and Hanson was the first to discover a rapid disgorgement of liquid lava from near the extreme summit of the mountain at an elevation of about fourteen thousand feet above them.

A vast flood of fiery lava was spreading down the sides of the mountain slowly toward them, flowing in three broad rivers, throwing such a terrific terrific glare upon the heavens that the spectators were filled with awe and the lofty mountain mountain region itself was filled with an extraordinary sheen of light. . . .

The lava as it ascended seemed to be white hot, but in its descent the descending torrents which were coming down with a fearful noise acquired a deep blood red tint. Great stones were being thrown up along with this great jet of lava and the volume of vapors and volcanic dust seemed to rise to the height of ten thousand feet. However they knew that they were too far from the lava flow, to cause any danger of its reaching them before an hour's time but they were nevertheless quite busy dodging a hail of stones that occasionally fell about them. They continued their descent slowly and carefully and finally the slope came to an abrupt end and stepped down to the ground for three hundred feet which surprised them intensely.

Violet had nerve enough to lay her self down and peer cautiously over the brink and saw what she believed to be a roof over a large opening.

"We will follow to the ground by another route and find what it is," said Governor Vivian. "But we must be careful when we ascend or descend the precipitous eastern slope. We don't want to have any accidents."

"You little girls better stay close to me," said Evans. "Our descent is going to be as steep as the eastern slope."

Their journey was continued downward until they reached what proved to be a level stretch of lava, and then they turned toward the east proceeding onward slowly and cautiously. . . . They had traveled a long time

time and no such aperture could they find not even that precipice ledge and they wondered whether they had gone the wrong way or not. Violet thought sure the distance to it was still greater and so the journey was continued. Another hour of treacherous traveling and a turn in a cliff which was perpendicular for three hundred feet brought them face to face with a black yawning opening in the side. There was a terrible cannonading thunder inside in opening, the explosions following each other so successfully as to produce a continuous roar. This clamor made them feel suspicious but nevertheless Hanson lit a candle and peered in. There was a mighty shaft of flame a red reverberating crash that was ear-splitting far beyond and he saw that a portion of the floor ended into a yawning gulf a hundred and sixty feet wide with a rocky bridge like ledge across it. The whole place was thickly clouded with steam. From that gulf came the sheafs of lava at different portions followed by the terrific explosive roars.

"This is the cavern all right," said Hanson. "But the darkness is so intense on account of it being night that navigation without torches is extremely dangerous."

"What shall we do then?" asked Evans....

"We'll have to secure some brushwood or some material to use as torches," said Hanson. "Either that or wait till morning."

"It's the torches we will get," said Governor Vivian. "Some can be found near here I'm sure."

"I'll go and find some," said Evans. "I know just what to get." And he was off like a flash. It was sometime before he returned, and when he came back he had a good supply of fagots enough to make eighteen torches of good size and long burners. Hanson made a big one and setting fire to it led the way carefully. The steam was mostly high up toward the ceiling so they had no difficulty in breathing though the interior was intensely hot. They followed Hanson toward the bridge and were soon across. At this time far down the abyss there was a frightful roaring that was fairly deafening but they passed on in the other aperture without paying any attention to the noise. They noticed that this second aperture had changed considerably since the great eruption, and Hanson fearing that they would get lost doubted whether they should proceed any further. However the quest was continued until they came upon the familiar cavern where the lava sea had formerly been but there now yawned a wide black gulf. All also was very clamorous in this cavern but the passage way which had been almost red hot when the Vivian girls passed through, was gone and their way seemed barred by the abyss. Nevertheless wily Hanson saw that over the narrowest crevice there was a wide projection of rocks stretching across and over this they went hastily. Then the cave they were to find the Blengiglonenean Serpents loomed before them only the interior was intensely dark, which was an occurrence never seen the last time they little girls went to see the serpents. Hanson cautiously flashed his torch. There was no floor. In its place was a yawning hole or gulf where immense clouds of vapor ascended in silence. The trip had been made for nothing as it seemed.

"Well here our trip is ended," said Hanson. "So it's best to go back. It's the only thing we can do."

Reluctantly they retraced their steps fortunately finding their way out as easily as they found their way in. They all felt bitterly disappointed and the little girls were almost on the verge of tears. "I don't believe in some ways that it was the right way into it after all," said Governor Vivian. "I remember the way well. We had about three bridges, real bridges to cross in those caves made by what seemed the serpents themselves. The one we crossed in this cave was a bridge formed by nature merely a ledge of rock hardened across the gulf."

"It looked like the cave," said Joice.

"It is," said Hanson. "But we entered on the wrong side. And things can't be what they always look. I'm sure we took the wrong side. We will simply camp in this vicinity and to-morrow see if we were mistaken or not."

They all agreed to do this and so the encampment was made. They slept all night without disturbance and the next morning they awoke to find that a fierce storm was approaching. It was at noon headed for the shores as if the devil had blown it out of the infernal regions. The only shelter from it was the cave into which they hurriedly flung themselves. "Good God but it's approaching fast," said Evans as its appalling roar could be heard. "We saw it just in time. Had we been a moment too late we would have been gone."

Just as he spoke the whirlwind struck raged twenty minutes with the most frightful fury and then passed off in the distance

leaving the appalled witnesses gazing at its wild fury. But fortunately this storm had changed the wind the south which drove the vapor clouds from them and as soon as the weather became favorable the search for the other entrance of this cavern which Hanson believed to be the right one was recommenced. It was raining heavily but as the weather was sultry they did not mind the wetting. Violet herself took the lead this time and though they all progressed swiftly they watched very closely for what would prove to be another opening to the same cavern.

"I believe I see an aperture far beyond to the north," said Hanson. "It's a mile away yet but I believe it's the right opening to the cavern we are looking for. It's on the slope of the mountain."

"Let's hurry then," said a brother. "I'm almost impatient to get there."

They all hurried as fast as they could, climbing over rocks jagged barriers of hardened lava, and side stepping steaming chasms and no forth. In this section the atmosphere was extremely hot, hotter than any parts ever experienced before, not a breath of air was stirring and the haze of sulphurous vapor drifted by like clouds of smoke from a forest fire. Notwithstanding all this they were not discouraged but continued on their way staring at the ascent that would lead them to the cavern. The further they went the more hotter it became and indeed they all looked as if they were passing through the infernal regions of hell. They did not know it at first that they were passing over a stretch of lava which was still quite hot it being the cooling surface of one of the flows they had seen descending toward them only the night before. It was tedious climbing the heat was now becoming insupportable and yet they dared not rest.

Finally however they began to reach a cooler space again and coming to a section where they got the western wind which drove away the vapors they felt more relieved. Their wooden sandals attached to their shoes were smoking, many holes were in their clothing and every one of them was a sight. They were all exceedingly thirsty but though they had canteens of water with them they did not even wish to stop for a drink. The rain made them feel cooler though it was raising clouds of steam and the wind making the atmosphere cooler relieved them and they did not lose courage but pressed on. Far to their left several thousand feet above them there was an uncommonly luminous cloud rolling upward, mingled with it at intervals sheafs of lava falling back in a fiery spray in the surrounding districts and this gave them evidence that they were near the glacial Crater three thousand feet above its base.

They were drawing near to their destination and already it was plainly visible though still a quarter of a mile away. They progressed upward silently and by the time they were within fifteen yards of it they were so tired they had to stop and rest. They rested for half an hour and then the ascent was continued but more slowly. From where they were they could faintly hear the roaring surges of the ocean, but at times could not hear the roar of the farthest shore waves, as there was enough clamor on the mountain to drown the roar of a battle. It took them fully ten minutes to reach the aperture but they finally got to it. Here again they rested as they felt inconceivably tired from their tedious climbing especially the little girls were the only ones really tired and the men had to stop for them. The rain had stopped falling and the sun was peering dimly through the dark storm clouds. They had decided to take a long rest before entering the aperture as the little girls felt that they could not go another step.

"If we don't find the Blengiglonenean Serpents now then we will have to retrace our steps," said their father.

"Maybe if they are not in the cavern Violet could summon them with the whistle," said Hanson. "That is if it works."

"It was promised to summon them," said Violet. "Anyway I'll try and if it don't then we can't help it."

They sat there on a ledge of stone for a long time watching the distant waves of the sea, and the clouds of vapor far above to the right though now it was not so luminous. They knew indeed that it was the glacial crater, for the cavern was on an opposite direction with it and about one thousand feet lower. They wondered what would just happen if the volcano would break into one of its sudden violent eruptions, and how far they would fly up. Where they sat the wind was blowing quite a breeze keeping the vapors from them, and also much of the heat. As rocks were falling at intervals, they sat closer near the inside of the cavern to keep from being hit, as many of the falling fragments of pumice stones were quite large and capable of doing some damage. As soon as they had rested long enough they started to find their way into the cavern....

Hanson lit one of the torches, and peered in. The floor of the cavern had erate decent as far as it could be seen, and Hanson and the others descended with the utmost caution, Evans governor wivian also lighting some torches to make their way more clear. The more further they progressed, the the s p steeper the decent became, untill further on they found it harder to progress forward, on account of the steepness of the decent....O The problem of going down was not so bad; it was of getting back up. So they did not dare go down any further and they retraced their steps untill they came back to the opening....At one side of the tunnel like cavern was another s aperture of smaller size, and his Hanson proceeded to examine.

"It's another passage way but it ascends." He said.

"Let's try it." Answered Evans.

It had quite an abrupt ascent, and the further they went the wider it became untill after ascending for some time they found themselves in a large cavern which resembled the one in which long ago they had a fearful encounter with a Crimecian Gazook.

It appeared to be full of grottoes, abysses, lakes, rivers, and domes but that in the center was a turbulent lake of molten lava which they knew had never been there before. To go through this cavern was certain death for the heat was frightful the cavern filled with a thin haze and by appearance the floor of the cavern was sensibly hot. They had to retrace their steps once more, and got down into the lower chamber after some difficulty. As governor wivian finally determined to explore that descending chail channel at all costs they once more went downward when it got too steep to walk, they sat down and worked themselves onward with the utmost utmost care. Finally after a decent which grew steeper and steeper they were confronted by another tunnel way that ascended with a moderate rise. Up this they went untill they found themselves in another cavern which they never saw before. It was an immense one, like some huge dome being a mile wide, and right in the middle lay six monstrous serpents of beautiful colors all awake and whose eyes glared like searchlights.

There was a very steep decent toward the floor too steep for them to descend without falling with speed enough to cause them selves injury and so Hanson and the others stayed where they were. The monstrous Blengiglomeaneans seemed familiar to the little girls except two which were in the center of the group. As they had come up noiselessly the serpents had not noticed them and as Hanson and the others watched them with awe, violet accidentally displaced a large piece of lava, and it crashed down to the floor with a thunderous roar.

Then noise aroused the Blengiglomeanean serpents immediately. The longest of them arose gazing toward where the human being were standing. It was a Crimecian. The others were Blengiglomeaneans.

As it saw them it was on all fours at once and uttered a guttural roar which attracted the others.....to where Hanson and the others were standing. The Crimecian-Tuskorhorian was sure enough the friendly one, Rover and the others were his former baby serpents which were now full grown.

IN THE DEN OF THE BLENIGLOMEANEAN SERPENTS. SAVING A SMALL SERPENT. CAPTURE OF JENNIE'S HORSE FOE. THE OFFICES OF BLENIGLOMEANEAN SERPENTS. THE TWO FOES OF CHILD HATERS

At first the Blengiglomeanean serpent known as Rover did not recognize any of the intruders, and was not going to pay any further attention to them but one of the others did, one of those which had visited Hanson and the rest way before the child labor rebellion broke out. Since then they had not seen the two governors or the little girls. This serpent about as big as Rover worked its way over to where Hanson and the others were standing, the others separated and following....What huge and beautiful creatures they were indeed. And yet though not as huge as the dragon of the Herperides, with a hundred heads, the Hydra, whose heads as fast as they are cutoff, would grow on again, and with one of the heads, which could

not possibly be killed, but keep biting as fiercely as ever, or the Chimaera, nevertheless so powerful is one half grown Blengiglomeanean serpent, one at the age of ten years even, that sixteen hundred of these frightful dragons would have no show during a combat with him. So any one can try to imagine the power of the biggest of these wonderful serpents who can with one blow of its powerful tail shatter a waterspout, change its course while whirling with it, ride with or against the mightiest typhoon wave and as easily conquer a dragon as a fly swapper kills a fly.

Evans had never seen any of these Blengiglomeanean serpents before, neither did the serpents ever see him before the reason of their hesitation in approaching the human beings. Rover however was the first to reach them and he eyed them critically for several moments recognizing the little girls and grunting.

The Abbieannian governors with the little girls Violet and her sisters had been absent from this reason for months, and at their first appearance the Blengiglomeanean serpents had not been able to make out who the human being were. The serpents had indeed changed their quarters on account of the last eruption and the serpents had believed that the little girls had forgotten them, or had been killed by the wicked Glandelinians. The serpents had remembered how the rebellion had progressed how the whole region around the child slave places had been desolated by the rebels the factories and slave houses wrecked, and the Glandelinians driven off. The serpents had witnessed all the scenes had actually seen the great battles with the rebels, and the ravaging forest fire produced by the Glandelinians. Many of the Glandelinians had sought refuge in this cavern and that they seeing these serpents had been glad to get out faster than they came in and gave themselves up to the pursuing Christians rather than face the fury of the serpents.

They also found out the reason why they were attacked by the mysterious Crimecians called the Gazooks. It was really because of the armored car which they were in which caught in the cavern cave in, which threw the car into one of their dens. The car was painted gray and unknown to Hanson had a Glandelinian banner on the side.

Not all of these creatures are horrid. Some are fairer than the Blengiglomeaneans but as it is believed these crimecian gazooks rarely show themselves to humans and when they did it was because of invasion of their den. They did not like the light of the days. They are as equally as

powerful as any of the Blengiglomeaneans, but venacious and terribly ferocious when angered. Hanson had remembered that they had just left the cavern where these ferocious creatures abounded having seen the lake of molten matter on the floor below and this he told Rover requesting if it in any way was harmful to the gazooks.

"Not possibly." Was the answer. "Even the greatest eruptions of this volcano have failed to drive them from their den while we are driven out every time. They are horrible creatures to arouse however and no Glandelinian will dare face their frightful fury.

The party stayed with their friendly Blengiglomeanean serpents till it was almost evening and then asking them to come to Abbieannia and bidding farewell, Hanson and the others with him retraced their steps.

But in their hurry to get out of the caverns before nightfall it seemed as if they had gone the wrong way, for instead of coming to any abrupt ascent, and to that steep tunnelway, they only found themselves in another cavern, which was exceedingly wide, being at least several miles across and that much more longer. They saw all kinds of grottoes in the far distance and these looked foreboding. They retraced their steps but then instead of finding their way back to the caves of the Blengiglomeaneans they found themselves caught in a labyrinth of passages and caves.

They all felt worried, for to be lost in the depths of these volcanic caverns was a serious matter. No matter which way they turned a new passage way was encountered. It was worse than being in the house of a thousand troubles in Riverview Park for these passages were more puzzling and all had an abrupt decent. Indeed they were lost in the caverns of the volcano and they feared for the worse. To make matters more critical they had only one torch remaining and that was half burned away. Finally the passage way ended abruptly and they found themselves confronted by an abyss of seething boiling lava and so intense was the heat that they retreated a considerable distance. The lava glowed like a lake of fire making a brilliant glare that penetrated the great cave its full width. It was really a long river of lava and to cross this was utterly impossible. So wild was the molten

matter, so intense the heat of the atmosphere, and fumes that they did not remain in this part a moment but retreated up the passage way fearing all the while that the lava would increase in volume and follow them. Violet and her sisters kept closer together and wondered how they were going to get out. Finally in passing through another sort of tunnel they came upon an abyss of unfathomable depth and once more had to retrace their steps. Cavern after cavern they passed through but still they could not find their way out. However they had come upon what appeared to be a passage way ascending steeply instead of descending and up this they went only to find that it gradually grew so steep that they had all they could do to climb it. At this time they heard a dull rumbling sound like dull thunder rolling incessantly along the far horizon added by an ominous hissing and snarling and they wondered what it meant. Finally they reached the top of the ascent and came upon a cavern, a vast extent from which thousands of deafening explosions seemed to roar secondary explosive puffs of vapor like huge balloons rose from the floor that seemed to heave and slung sluggishly up and down and crevasses appeared from which the explosions issued. Testing the floor they found the surface firm despite its strange wavy form, but nevertheless it appeared not firm enough to support any human weight and also was hot enough to set fire to anything laid on it. At times cracks appeared in the moving surface, cracks that glowed like white hot iron, and they all knew that the whole floor of this cavern was all soft lava for at times even from the dark surface great bubbles shining like dazzling electricity arose and burst throwing fiery spray in all directions with a deafening crash that stunned them.

HOW THEY GOT ACROSS THIS FIERY PIT...

At the further side of the cavern there was a real aperture that was letting in a brisk cool breeze and this they knew indeed was an exit to the outside. But how to get to it was the problem. There was no means of bridging the lava pit, and if they did try to cross it they would either be engulfed or scoured to death. And before they got one quarter of the way across. Nevertheless Hanson was bound to get out at that point at all costs. He had with him along strong rope and as there was a projection of rocks protruding from the wall just over the tunnel Hanson decided to bridge it by means of the rope. He made a noose out of one end and being an expert cowboy in his earlier days did not lose the noose yet and though the distant distance to the projection was ten thousand feet only sixty feet shorter than the rope he cast it dexteriously at it.

It took ten throws before he got it and then pulling it tight he fastened it around a narrow piece of rock projecting over the crater at his right.

"One at a time will cross," said Hanson. "Too many of us will be a strain on the rope and may cause the rope to break or one of the projections snap off and then we will have a fine bath. I'll go first. The little girls next. Then the rest. But for God's sake, remember, one at a time."

Then he started off with the ability of a monkey and was in the tunnel in ten minutes time.

"COME ON VIOLET," he shouted. "YOU FIRST."

She went, then came Joice, Jennie, Angeline and her other sisters all landing safely on the other side. Evans wanted governor Vivian to go first. At first they earnestly entreated each other to be the first but as governor Vivian remained obstinate Evans went landing to the side of Violet and her sisters. Governor Vivian was next and just as he was within reach of the tunnel the projection on the other side snapped off but before he went down Hanson and Evans grabbed him firmly and he was safe. Hanson then undid the rope, recoiled it and led the way through the tunnel which ascended gradually. Indeed it was a longer one than was expected though the ascent did not increase and even soon became level the course being now straight ahead. They were now without a torch and they had to go onward in the pitch darkness. What startled them most was the many and sudden abrupt turn in the tunnel level of looming steps or gradual ascents, long descents, more scenic long curves abrupt abrupt turns and widenings of great extent to terminate into such narrowness as to make it difficult for the men at times to squeeze through. The cool breeze continued bringing with it a briny odor and

The cool breeze continued bringing with it an odor that was briny and anson and the others wondered exceedingly where it led to. There were more descents than rises and finally it opened into a wide cavern which was extensively long and beautiful in coloring for its rocks. It was three hundred feet high above its rocks and floor if there was a floor for most of it was water. Nevertheless running along side the lake of water or was a long wide terrace which Hanson and the others ascended ascended to and were soon following along the edges. The cavern through some mysterious reason was lighted up to a considerable extent but it seemed to be of a lurid color. After traveling for some time they saw that the water was entering at the bottom of an aperture and believed themselves blocked once more. Nevertheless fleeing themselves very tired a they decided to rest and get some sleep before proceeding any further. They could not remember how long they were asleep but nevertheless Violet was awakened by the touch touch of water that was very hot and on arising first arising not only noticed that the lake of water had risen up to the level of the terrace but also saw daylight streaming in at the aperture.

"Oh papa, uncle, Evans," she cried.

"We are free."

"How gasped Evans."

"It's the sea entering the cave," cried Violet.

Hanson and the others aroused got up and saw it was true. But they saw by testing it that the water was exceedingly hot, too hot for them to swim in, so Hanson decided to navigate first. The terrace led into a narrow tunnel which turned abruptly and ended by leading direct toward the beach. "Into the tunnel all of you," he shouted from the far end. "It leads to freedom."

With a cry of delight the little girls and the others followed finding the curve then a long steep descending passaway, which soon gave way to light and then they saw the opening and Hanson standing on the beach. They all came up to where he was and then Hanson led the way to the beach. They found themselves over six hundred miles away from the volcano which was more thickly clouded than ever. The sea was immediately in front of them, and to the left they could see where they had left their auto. They proceeded in that direction and soon reached it. It was still in the good shape they had left it having been placed under a cliff and after they all got in the return trip for Calverine was begun. It was well on in the afternoon before the city was reached and about four o'clock before they had their dinner. And then they reached the railroad station at seven. The ticket agent knowing who they were requested of them why they did not use the government special train but Hanson's answer was:

"That all trains are alike to him."

The train arrived ten minutes later than usual to Hanson's disgust but nevertheless they reached Abbiennia twenty minutes ahead of time and a day later they were back in their own home once more. Hanson or his brother had no desires whatever of remaining in Calverine and it would bring back the memories to the little girls of their past miseries and this they wished to avoid. And to make it better the Blengiglon mean serpents left the fiery Vivian Volcano which was now in its most violent eruptions to seek an abode in the volcanic regions of Abbiennia and by Hanson or the others they were now seen more frequently.

Violet and her sisters were glad indeed to be back in dear old Abbiennia for there they had always longed to be. Evans did not believe it to be such a hot country after all but nevertheless he did not say anything to anybody as they might only scoff at him.

He at times wondered how the approach of winter would be like in the country of Abbiennia but he was soon to find out. Violet and her sisters were with him as constantly as they were with their father or uncle and as they constantly went out, Evans never leaving them out of his sight a moment, they became more dearer and dearer and friendly to him than ever. Three weeks after returning home from Mt Calverine Violet and her sisters went with Violet and her sisters out to the country regions to stay for several days and nights. The little girls were going into a large blackberry bush or field with Evans following with an arm around two of them. He stopped abruptly having noticed something on the ground at his feet. He stooped and picked it up. It was a large golden scale. He called the other little girls over to him and showed them the scale.

"It's golden," said Violet. "I wonder where it came from?"

"It belongs to some small Blengiglon mean serpent," said Evans. "They may have been here as they feed upon berries and vegetables."

Evans gave it to Violet and presently as they picked berries filling their aprons they came upon more golden scales some very small and others large. They picked them up after putting the berries in the pails they had brought along with them, for the purpose, and Evans finding a good number of scales close together felt that these scales were not lost through some ordinary cause. Besides the scales from their size belonged to a very young Blengiglomenian serpent of a very small size and it was also seen that all the bushes had not lost a single berry before they started picking them and the finding of so many scales made Evans suspicious. Maybe some wild beast had pounced upon a young Blengiglomenian serpent just leaving its infancy and so Evans decided to search and see if he could find either its mangled remains or the wild beast, and kill it for repay. The berry patch was three acres wide and three times as long and as they progressed on the number of golden scales increased. Suddenly far to their right they saw something tearing wildly at the berry bushes and sniffing and grunting in a way that was comical. It had seen the first and gave a frightful snarl followed by a tremendous roar that reverberated through the air. The creature was of a reddish color, shaped like an immense lizard, with feathery wings, and had a hideous head as large as a bear's head, barrel and the shape of an Alligator. Under its body lay a magnificently colored small serpent with ruffled wings struggling to get free and making piteous cries and moans.....

EVANS TO THE RESCUE....

Whatever the creature was Evans did not know but at its frightful roar the little girls had retreated in fear. It was nearly as menacing as a charge of a Blengiglomenian serpent resembling the Chimera excepting that it was not wingless like that creature and did not have three heads. It was something like the being of the infernal regions a hellish dream creature of monstrous size. Evans had the suspicion that the beautiful creature was a young Blengiglomenian serpent. The savage creature was denouncing the berries greedily and Evans had the belief that the demonish monster had attacked the small baby serpent to get the berries itself and holding the poor thing itself fast so that it could not either get away or give a signal cry which would summon the powerful serpents. Indeed the way it appeared to Evans this creature was the ugliest and most pious poisonous creature and the strangest and account least and the hardest to fight. It was the most difficult to run away from that ever came out of the earth's insides. It had a tail designed like a Boar Constrictor, its body was like a monstrous lizard covered with scaly armour and its large head shaped like an abominably great Alligator or snake and a hot blast as of fire seemed to come out of its nostrils. Evans had no hopes of coping with this monster successfully but nevertheless he intended to do what he could to rescue the small Blengiglomenian serpent. As Evans advanced drawing one of his pistols the monster flung itself from the small Blengiglomenian serpent and sprang straight toward him with its immense claws extended and its snaky tail twisting itself venomously behind with it flapped its wings with a great clamor. If Evans had not been quick and nimble he would have been overthrown by the creature's headlong rush and thus the battle would have been ended before it was well begun. But he was not to be caught so. In the twinkling of an eye he had dashed out of its way firing two pistol shots and shuddering, not with fright but with utter disgust at the loathsomeness of this poisonous thing which momentarily raised itself up as to stand, absolutely balancing itself on its tail with its talons waving fiercely in the air. Evans fired again and again at the insufferable monster while Violet and her sisters screamed to piteously to him to be careful. Then the monster dropped himself to the ground again as it lunged forward endeavoring to strike Evans either with its talons tail or wings and though Evans fired steadily he failed to wound the hideous serpent seriously enough to stop its attack. The monster was enraged and hissed and roared with great fury and flapping its wings rushed past Evans, and with one of its claws gave Evans a deep scratch in his shoulder. The monster seemed to belch forth shoots of steam or vapor and emitted hisses and roars so loud and so sharper ear piercing that it could be heard for fifty miles. The beast had now gotten into a red hot passion and rampant rage. It opened its jaws so wide that Evans might have jumped down his throat. It shot out a blast of its fiery blast and almost enveloped Evans.

an atmosphere of flame singing the man's uniform, scorching off one whole side of the young man's golden ringlets and making him far hotter than was comfortable from head to foot. Evans found himself face to face with the ugly grimace of the monster's visage, and could only avoid from being scoured to death or bitten right in twain by striking vigorously and furiously with his sabre. It had again flung its huge awkward venomous and utterly detestable carcass right upon the Blengiglomenian serpent, slung around it with might and main and tied up its snakey tail into a knot.

Evans realized that it was impossible for him to cope with this savage monster with success and yet he couldn't bear the thought of abandoning the poor little Blengiglomenian serpent to its fate. He however quickly retreated and as the monster made no attempts to follow a Evans and Violet and her sisters felt relieved. Violet and her sisters met him all giving him different advice which he knew he could not follow out.

"Something must be done," said Violet pitifully. "We can't leave the poor little thing in the grasp of that terrible creature."

Evans was about to answer when glancing sideways at her neck he noticed the chain hanging from it to which the whistle was attached.

"Why yes I guess we can do something after all," he suddenly exclaimed. "Try your whistle violet. I'm sure it will bring one of the big Blengiglomenian serpents."

Violet put her whistle to her mouth and blew a long shrill blast. It resounded far and wide being echoed by the most distant hills and carried through the air in a dying cadence. It astonished Violet herself, her sisters and Evans having not expected such power in a whistle of such small size. For a moment there was no result, then their attention was awakened by a loud droning roar and almost immediately there was the rush of a huge body past them all of a sudden of all magnificent hues, and then there came a series of frightful roars, the sound of terrific blows and the little girls saw the savage creature sprawl on the ground. It was a huge Grimecian that had appeared, having charged at the monster, and sent him sprawling with a blow from its wing. However the devilish monster was only slightly wounded and made at the Blengiglomenian serpent with horrible fury exchanging blow for blow, coiling its hideous body around the beautiful creature and trying to claw it with its talons, and bite fiercely, but the Blengiglomenian flung it from him like an arrow, giving the creature several blows in succession, seriously disabling one of its wings. The Blengiglomenian then flung itself upon the disabled monster, both creatures tearing at each other furiously, while giving vent to roar after roar. It tried to claw the head and face of the Blengiglomenian serpent but every move was the result of another blow from the Blengiglomenian serpent until the mortally wounded creature was willing to call it off, and drag itself back to where it came from. Hidden thickly by shrubbery the Blengiglomenian a strange one, to Evans and the little girls could not locate the little serpent and so departed without ever finding it. Evans knew just exactly where it lay and was at the spot in a moment with the little girls. They easily found the little Blengiglomenian lying helpless on the ground and they wondered how they were going to get it into the house as it seemed to be too seriously injured to be carried by them in their arms.

"Let's make a big stretcher," said Violet. "Then we can get it in without hurting the poor thing more than it is."

Evans went to the house made the stretcher with two large poles and doubled sheets and returned. It was with considerably difficult difficulty that they got the wounded creature on the stretcher and the piteous conditions and sight of it almost made the little girls feel like crying. It was while Evans was dressing the wounds that he and the little girls were attracted by an unusual commotion on out side and looking out they saw fifty Blengiglomenians of all sizes flying and crawling around the spot, while the others were hovering over the dead carcass of the savage creature they having killed him when finding the little Blengiglomenian serpent gone. The Blengiglomenians however disappeared without finding the little one believing indeed that it has had suffered fatal consequences with the demonish creature. However Evans did not feel it wise to give the little creature up just then, being determined to keep it until it was well enough to get about without support. After all its wounds were dressed Evans covered it partly with a thin sheet and locking the door so that nothing else could get at it he and the little girls went out once more. They passed the dead creature whose body was dreadfully torn and entered an assault

road which diverged into two smaller roads. They however continued on their way down the main road which finally led them to a large large creek on both sides of which were thickly overgrown with trees bushes climbing vines and trop tropical flowers. It was the first time that Evans or Violet and her sisters ever saw a stream in Abbieannia. Crossed it was a narrow stone bridge and they were on this in a moment looking down into the creek, and enjoying themselves by throwing big stones into the water and watching the big splashes. This proved that the stream was a big one and a deep one also and as they went down its banks and close to the waters edge they saw many beautiful fish swimming about.

"What creek is this I wonder?"

"Asked Evans. "Have any of you little fairies seen it before."

"It's the northern section of the Erminie run." Said Violet. "I've rode down on it all the way to Calverinia in a launch one time with papa and mama. Up here it is only a wide creek. But twenty miles below it turns into a wider stream. It's more of a gigantic river than a creek."

"Well it's fortunate that this part running through Abbieannia has not been torn by civil strife." Thought Evans. Then he said aloud;

"How about securing a large rowboat or canoe and navigate it for some distance."

"I don't think we can get a boat around here." Said Jennie. "And where we can get them they charge awfully high prices for their use."

"Oh how far is the place where they rent the boats?" Asked

Evans.

"Down the creek for a quarter of a mile." Said violet. "Shall we go and rent one?"

"We will see." Said Evans. And off they went, first at a gay trot, and then at a fast walk. In a short time they reached a dock with a small boat house near by with a "For Hire" sign on it. Evans walked over to the man who attended to the boats docked there and asked what the price per hour was.

The boat man looked critically at him and the little girls.

"You have the governors children with you." He said. "It's three dollars per hour to rent a boat here, but I'll allow you seven to use it free. Here is the best boat."

"But..." Began Evans

"It's all right. It's all right said the man. "I will accept no money. You can ride one free as long as you like for the sake of the little angels you have with me. It's no obligations to me. I'm not charged for the boats. They are mine. And would allow them to ride free anyway."

The little girls were in first. First then Evans. Evans took the oars. They thanked the boatman for his kindness and then Evans pushed off. They were half a mile down stream when Evans al, allowing the boat to drift slowly saw that the stream was slowly widening the beauty of the surrounding country increasing and that at many places in the water beautiful water lilies were in full bloom. Rowing under a small cove Evans picked several lilies for Violet and her sisters and then perceiving that the afternoon was approaching decided to return and get some dinner. As they were going on slowly they saw another boat coming a man in it rowing like mad and before they were aware of it the two boats collided with a crash almost throwing Evans off his feet and upon Jennie who was sitting along side of him.

"AFTER THIS LOOK WHERE YOU ARE GOING." Said Evans bringing his oar down on the fellows head with a resounding whack. "I'll show you what it is to bump boats around me, you fiery dirty gonnuack you. Nobody will ram a boat full of children without getting payed back and remember the fact. Your carelessness almost upset us."

"Av-w-w-w-w-w what are you hollering about." V Cried the man rubbing his head. "Can't you take a joke. I didn't see you."

"No and neither did I see you." Said Evans rowing past. "But if you purposely ram us again you will be swimming for the shore as I'll throw you into the water."

The man said nothing but glowered at him as he rode past though he shook his fist at Evans when his back was turned.

"It was done deliberately." Said Violet indignantly. "It was not carelessness or an accident. I saw him looking at us as he rode. I believe he meant to upset us for a joke."

"Of course he did." Answered Evans. "He betrayed himself when he said 'Can't you take a joke.' It'll be a joke alright if he tries it again and one on him."

They soon reached the dock and found the boat man all excited.

"Say did you see a man go down your way with a boat." He suddenly asked. "The scoundrel took it without paying for its use and when I attempted to stop him, he struck me down."

"You don't say." Exclaimed Evans. "Who is the man who purposely bumped my boat almost upsetting us. I'll go down again immediately and get the thief."

Evans quickly rode down stream again and after a swift race proved to be a better man at the oars and soon caught up with the thief or dering him to give up the boat to the owner or pay the price for its use."

The man seeing that Evans was a formidable enemy if aroused gave him the price due for the use of the boat Evans giving it to the boat man. Then and he and the little girls started on their way home as fast as they could. They reached the country home later than usual it being nearly one o'clock. Nevertheless the girl who attended to the household also been late with the preparations for dinner and so the dinner was ready for them when they came. The first thing that Evans did when he reached the house was to go and see how the wounded Blengiglomean serpent was getting along. To Evans it was indeed a pitious sight to behold behold. After dinner Evans taking the little girls with him went to examine the dead monster. It was about five hundred feet long thirty feet high and was all of a reddish color. Evans could not make out how this creature came to Abbieannia but nevertheless he believed it to be one of the dragonic beasts that are frequently seen in glandelinia, and Evans wondered anew how it ever got here. And now that it was dead the problem was to remove it as to leave it here to rot it would disturb the neighborhood neighborhood for many scores of miles. Violet however said that the Blengiglomeans would remove it as they do with every victim they kill and carry it to some volcanic abyss and drop it in.

"I just wonder how badly the little Blengiglomean serpent is?" Asked Jennie. "Couldn't a doctor who treats sick animals be brought to attend to it?"

"Yes I presume so." Said Evans bitterly. "I had telephoned for one when we brought it in but he sees me to take his time in coming. When he does come I'll give him a piece of my mind. He said he would surely and positively be here at ten o'clock this morning and here it is already two o'clock and he is not here yet."

"I wouldn't receive him then." Said Violet. "A doctor who delays like that I wouldn't allow him to touch the wounded creature."

"I already called one before we left the house." Said Evans. "He said he would try to be down at quarter after two. So if he really is coming he cannot remain out of the house."

"That is true." Said Violet as they were on their way back. And there is a man standing at the door now."

Evans hurried on faster reaching the door.

"Was it you who called at quarter to two?" Asked the man. "I'm the animal doctor."

"Yes said Evans. "I've a wounded Blengiglomean serpent of small size in one of the rooms. I want you to try and do something for it."

"How did it get injured." Asked the doctor as they went in. "I thought they were always under the protection of the power powerful ones."

"I don't know how it got into the clutches of the dead creature I presume you may have seen over yonder, but it did and was mangled. The Blengiglomean kills the monster, but was unable to find the little Blengiglomean and we brought it into the house. I called for a doctor this morning who promised to come at ten o'clock, but failed to show up."

"Why I was the doctor." The man exclaimed vehemently. "I left immediately after being called, and met some men who told me that it was a false call, that there were no wounded Blengiglomean serpents in the country. I persisted in going on as I did not like their faces, when they suddenly seized me and dragged me off saying they were not going to allow any doctor to go to the assistance of any wounded animal rescued by the dirty Vivian girls or their guardian. I tried to struggle but they roped me and threw me into a cave, where other fierce men were. I managed to get away somehow, while all the men were asleep and calling the police caused the arrest of them all. It is found that they were some of the glandelinians suspects, who brought to Abbieannia a vicious creature that would protect them from being seized. I had just got back home when I was again called. This time when I came I saw to it that I was armed. Harsh or governor Vivian will tell you about it as he knew that the creature who attacked the little Blengiglomean belonged to

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these men. He declared that these rascals ought to be put into the Blengiglomenian's cavern and be punished by them."

"Well I thought you failed to come because of other reasons." Said Evans as he opened a door. "But there is the room where the poor creature lies. It's in a pretty bad shape."

The doctor examined it closely and carefully. Then he said sadly; "Indeed it is badly mangled. Only a Blengiglomenian having powerful natures and so on can save it."

"Can't you do anything?" Asked Evans.

The doctor shook his head.

"I could if I came this morning." He said. "But now it is beyond my power."

"We can get Rover." Put in Violet. "He can save the poor thing before it is too late."

"I guess we will." Said Evans. Then turning to the doctor seriously he asked;

"Do I owe you anything?"

"Not a cent." Answered the doctor. "As I've could not do anything I cannot charge."

When the doctor left Evans and the little girls went outside.

"I wonder if the whistle could summon the one called Rover." Asked Evans. "We have seen him and the others several times but do not know where they hold their abode."

"It will but I'm afraid I have forgotten on the signal call." Answered Violet in despair. "Yet I hate to see the poor little creature die."

"I thought you had directions written on it." Said Evans. "Look and see."

Violet obeyed but saw nothing.

"It is too bad." Said Evans. "It seems as if the case is hopeless."

"Maybe papa knows." Said Jennie. "Let's go back home and take it with us. We may be nearer to its abode."

"No the doctor said it must not be moved." Said Evans. "Or we will kill it."

"Then what will we do?" Said Jennie.

"Call either your father or uncle on the phone and find out if they know how the Blengiglomenians are to be summoned." Answered Evans.

"I'll call papa." Said Daisy. And she ran into the house. She was gone for a minute and then she returned.

"It was uncle who answered." She said. "Papa has gone out to see some new prisoners who were arrested for attacking some doctor. He said that the whistle must be blown three times. Three short quick blasts. Three times repeated."

"Three quick short blasts." Asked Violet. "Are you sure it will call only him and not bring every one in Abbeinnia to us?"

"Only Rover will come." Said Daisy. "That is what uncle Hanson said."

Violet placed the whistle to her lips and blew three times making each blast short and quick but as loud as she could as well.

Then she waited proceedings. A minute passed and still no Blengiglomenian serpent came.

"Try again." Said Evans.

Violet did and more vehemently this time. But nothing occurred.

"I think Hanson is mistaken." Said Evans.

"No he ain't protested Daisy." Violet has only blown twice. For three times it must be repeated, with each time three short quick blasts. She will get him yet I'm sure."

Violet blew again and more louder. Then as still it appeared not, they went into the house sadly disappointed. They went into the room where the serpent lay. It was astir but couldn't move though it looked at them piteously.

"Poor little thing." Said Violet placing her delicate white arms lovingly around its head. "If we could only get-----"

A loud deafening rattle outside startled them, and rushing to the window they perceived a monstrous Blengiglomenian serpent with familiar colors outside in the blackberry patch just about to carry off the dead dragonic creature lying in the field. Evans attracted its attention by giving a hue and cry and it dropped the beast. As they approached it they recognized it was Rover. "Oh we are so glad you have come." Cried Violet running up to him. "We have got a small Blengiglomenian serpent that has been wounded by that horrible creature you were going to carry off. The doctor gave him up as hopeless and told us to get you."

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The Blengiglomenian serpent followed them around the house and ending around to the window of the room Evans opened it and pointed to the injured one inside. The Blengiglomenian serpent was unable to get inside the house on account of his huge size, but it told Evans that

the best thing to do was to leave it lie there where it was, and place on the wounds a certain green herb that he recently saw growing on the river bank tanks.

"This said the serpent will heal it in a few days."

And after showing Evans where the herb grew it turned its head and said;

"That dead monster is a landelinian dragon. And it did not get here of its own accord. It accompanied some men whom I rejected out of my cave entrance some few days ago in this country, because they were landelinians. If those men were near my cave again I'll drag them down to the fiery depths and roast them in the lava. They saw that little creature in the berry patch and sicked their creature or dragon on it. That little one is a small baby one of mine just born a week ago. I missed it this morning. The other serpents told me about this creature. That is the reason I appeared. I heard the whistle but did not know what it was as it was not blown right."

"They were landelinian suspects trying to evade the Abbeinnian government." Said Evans picking the herbs. "They are under arrest now having been arrested for making an attack upon a doctor who was on his way to do an act of mercy. To-morrow I'm going into town and look them landelinians over."

"It would be an act of justice." To bring them to me." Growled the serpent. "I have means to cure their wickedness."

"I will if I indict even one of them, who caused unjust sufferings of Violet and her sisters." Answered Evans sharply. "I have a grudge on all who persecuted the Vivian girls."

The Blengiglomenian looked surprised.

"Do you really mean it?" Asked. "Or would you repent of the threat knowing the terrible fury of the Blengiglomenians when aroused to wrath by the landelinians?"

Evans laughed.

"I have no mercy on the enemies of the Vivian girls, or any children." He answered sharply. "I could wish I had been a Blengiglomenian during the frightful Galverinian rebellion. I would have shown them rascals what I've done especially the Tamerlines and the others."

It was seen that Evans meant to make it a matter of fact. Evans asked the Blengiglomenian full directions to his new cavern, and readily got it. As the serpent now left Evans and the little girls returned into the house, Evans carrying the herb whose juice was squeezed out in a little water thickly mixed in vasoline and then applied to the wounds of the little creature. When morning came Evans prepared for the trip back to the town, and as the little Blengiglomenian could be moved they decided to take it with them. The creature was placed on a flat car with the little girls to watch it, he taking the same engine that brought them down to take them back. Hanson having supplied it for Evans as he could run one as good as the engineer. As soon as all was in readiness the trip was started, the town being entered after an hours ride. The engine was then left in the round house and they were homeward bound. Violet and her sisters helped Evans to carry the

Blengiglomenian serpent so that it would not get a far. It was a long walk, through the town and they indeed attracted much attention by carrying the wounded creature between them. Many followed for curiosity, especially little children, men questioned as to how it got injured, and Evans answered. They soon reached their home however, and the serpent was placed in an unoccupied room.

"I'm going to have it guarded." Said Evans. "I've seen some men that were over curious, asking suspicious questions, and they may be waiting their chance to do something."

Evans did as he stated placing a guard in the room and at the door with the instructions to allow no one under any conditions in excepting him the little girls and the two governors. He had no suspicion that any one he met was cruel enough to do it any harm, but he feared that the over curious would attempt to steal it and use it for his or their own. To have one of these for a pet was an excellent thing. He was right but the men who were tempted were strong hearted, and readily overcame their temptation and did nothing. After he and the little girls had their breakfast, he went to the station headquarters where the prisoners were, to see them, taking the little girls with him as he dared not allow them out of his sight for a moment.

He was directed to the cell Evans looking over each one carefully but neither he or the little girls recognized any of

them. And neither did the Glandelinians recognize the little girls though one of them recognized Evans.

"You've lost the creature that you've sicked out onto the small Blengiglomenian serpent." sneered Evans. The pig Blengiglomenian killed it and one of them carried off its dead body and threw it into a burning volcanic crevasse. It's lucky for you that the serpents have not got you men now. It was one of their young ones that your Devil Dragon seriously injured. Had there been even one of you that persecuted these little girls here I would have turned every one of you over to the Blengiglomenian serpent whose baby one was injured.

"We could not help it if it did the damage, could we?" protested one of the Glandelinians. "We-----"

"No lying excuses." said Evans. "The big fellow will know: whether it was accidental or not of if he had you now. He actually saw you sent the monster out after the young one. One of these little girls called the serpent to the rescue but there had been no need as the whistling as he stated did not bring them or him after all that the whistle was blown wrongly. He was gathering a bunch to tear your dragon to pieces and if you men are willing to live you will not be foolish enough to try to escape from jail. The Blengiglomenians will get you sure as anything if you do."

Evans left the station house with disgust hating the loathing presence of the Glandelinians.

"They may have been among those who persecuted you little girls." said Evans. "I know there are many who did it when I have never seen. I'm almost tempted to turn them over to the Blengiglomenian Serpents any how. They will get a lesson they will remember."

"Maybe papa or uncle, could tell." said Hettie. "He knows the faces of many who did us harm though if we did we have forgotten them. But then of course we are willing to forgive them."

"We will find out." said Evans ignoring her last words. "The Glandelinians will make any kind of excuses to get out of trouble. If they did anything to you we will call the serpent and turn them over to his wrath. I bet when he is true with them and they go free again they will never do any harm to little children again."

They now returned homeward, reaching it in half an hour. The two governors were sitting in the library when Evans and the little girls came in. However Evans on inquiring found that neither Hanson or their father knew any of these Glandelinians, but nevertheless Evans was advised that the men ought to be made to atone for the injury of the little one, and if they refused to turn them over to face the wrath of the big one called Rover. So Evans proposed to force the atonement or call the serpent if he was not successful. There were other things on governor Vivian's mind. He knew within himself that thousands of Glandelinians who had caused the sufferings of Violet and her sisters were still at large either in Calverinia or Abbeannia. The most greatest misery that poor Violet and her sisters did suffer was at the time while suffering from an intolerable disease after being thrown into the icy lake by an outrider of an Spirian Tearing Typhoon that hit Chamberlane. Violet's sister had been literally kidnapped by treacherous Glandelinians, taken and sold separately as slaves, only one or two who were fortunate enough not to fall into the hands of brutal masters. Jennie and Joice fell into the hands of the worse kind of masters who perished for their cruelties to the little girls. He was positive that these men did not fall in battle as that is those who kidnapped them, for when they were chased they acted as cattle. He had as he said Violet and her sisters, several times if they knew the men and they answered "Yes" but this did not make it easier. For the rascals were disguised or may be disguised as they would know that the government agents were after them. Nevertheless as Evans testified that he knew the place where he had rescued Jennie, governor Vivian had decided to visit the place or location, but Evans had said that he could find no clues there as forest fires had wiped out the whole whole region burning away every probable evidence.

He however never however had told governor Vivian that probably the Glandelinians who had been arrested for assaulting the doctor might be forced to tell something, but on being cross examined they even swore by the bible that they never knew the Vivian girls or anything

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They no doubt when kidnapping the little girls had carried them far from the opposing armies but nevertheless they declared that they did not know anything about the matter. They however stated

"But to make atonement for the injuries of the little Blengiglomenian serpent we can tell you this. There is a Glandelinian sergeant in your internment camp whose name is Simon Legree that same man who who killed the nigger called Uncle Tom the friend of that little simpleton called Evangeline St. Clare. If you can force some thing out of him all will be well."

"What internment camp is he in?" asked Evans.

"The one called Camp Grayola."

"Are you sure you are not bluffing on it this?" asked Hanson.

"No your excellency." "We swear by the same bible that we are telling the truth. But we doubt if the prisoner will tell anything on the matter. He is stubborn as a mule."

"He will or be turned over to one of the Blengiglomenian serpents." said governor Hanson. "That is what I'll do to those stubborn fools."

After gaining further information they left the station head quarters.

"We can have that Simon Legree brought to us." said Hanson as they returned to their home. "We can telegraph the camp officers to send him under heavy guard."

"That at least will save us the trouble of running over there for information anyway." said governor Vivian.

Hanson immediately started his call for the camp and within fifteen minutes got this answer;

Will--send--prisoner---Legree---immediately---under---heavy---guard
---and---well---manned---Quick---as---as---possible/
THE CAMP.

However when the man did come and was questioned he proved to be the most obstinate prisoner that ever faced governor Vivian. The governor threatened to turn him over to the Blengiglomenian serpents, or shoot him but the prisoner answered that even if he was thrown into perdition he would not give the information wanted. He even defied governor Vivian to send for any of the Blengiglomenian serpents or shoot him, and raved so wildly with rage that to prevent the rascal from doing anything wild or violent the guards had to threaten him with their bayonets. Governor Vivian saw that nothing whatever could force anything out of the man and so had him sent back only to be sent to the us island prisons the next day for his pugnacious defiance. Nevertheless there was some way to run down the enemies of the Vivian girls and governor Vivian knew it. But how, was the question. He wondered also within himself if there was any means to force the scoundrel to tell what he knew. Would it work if he had him recalled and make him face the fury of one of the Blengiglomenians?

"No I think the fellow is altogether too stubborn for that." Governor Vivian said to himself. "The wicked are as extremely fierce and independent and nothing whatever can force them to do a thing. But just the same I'll make that sinner Simon Legree suffer for his sarcastic answers. I'll show him what it is to arouse the wrath of the Angelinians."

In the meantime Jack Evans who had taken possession of the prisoner decided himself to force something out of him.

"What made you brutalize the poor negro Uncle Tom?" he asked.

"I'll answer no questions whatever." said the prisoner sullenly. "I don't intend to stand any questioning from any Abbeannian dogs."

"Suppose I was to take you with me under heavy guard to Mt Calverine, in Calverinia and fasten you down in the path of a scorching lava flow? Suppose you would not dare call me a dog again. I'll make you answer my questions or I'll have your flesh torn by a scourge. You'd get a cat-of-nine-tails."

"Do what you like." Answer the prisoner. "but you will get no information out of me. Even hurl me into an abyss or thrash me forever and it will do you no good. I'll tell nothing. I will answer no questions or rather take back the insult. I defy you to the last."

"Be as it may then." said Evans. "But don't get to sarcastic with me or I'll play an Everette True stunt on you which you will long remember. We are bound to find these enemies of the Vivian girls and we will whether you reveal anything or not. And it is also my suspicions." He added with a leer. "That your conduct shows you to be one of their very masters as I know from other Glandelinian prisoners those sneaking kidnapers and their masters had sworn never to betray one another. So you will never go back to the internment camp."

"What have you to say?" growled the prisoner. "You can't prevent me from going where the dog of a christian governor ordered me to be sent back to the interment camp."

"True governor Vivian did order you to be sent back, but I am under authority to detain any prisoner I wish, and do so I will. You will remain until I find whether you are one of them or not. I will show you how easily the righteous triumph over the wicked."

"Anyway what have you got to do about the Vivian girls?" growled the prisoner. "They ain't any relations of your."

"I've warned you not to speak in that sarcastic way," said Evans. "And this will be the last time. I have lots to do with the Vivian girls and what is, they are the dearest friends I have ever had."

Evans then said to one of the guards:

"Bring the little girls to me or send them. I wish to find out if any of them know this prisoner."

The guard saluted and withdrew coming back presently with Violet and her sisters. They came before the prisoner and Evans asked:

"Do you know this man?"

Violet looked at him critically.

"No I never saw the man before," she said. "That is I never saw him among those persecuting me or my sisters though I saw him on in the glandelinian army of child slave masters at Chamberlaine."

"Jennie said that she saw him many times lurking near the christian lines, just the day before Violet's sickness showed itself."

"How often was he near the rebel lines?" asked Evans.

"Every other day or so," answered Jennie. "I attracted the attention of the sentries every time I saw him but they never could catch him."

"Do you know him Joice?" asked Evans.

"Yes," she answered; "he led the band of kidnappers who carried us off, sold me and my sisters to slave masters for thirty thousand dollars apiece too. I know him and recognize him at the moment I saw him."

"This is important indeed," said Evans. "How about you other little girls?"

"I know him at the leader of a notorious band of child slavesellers. He was even my master and carried me off himself," said Angeline.

"I saw him with the bunch that carried us off," said Mame Nettie.

"Same here," said Daisy.

"I saw him too," said Catherine.

"This is surprising," said Evans. "Your father shall know this right away. Bring the prisoner to the house boys."

Violet and her sisters followed closely until all were standing before Hanson himself.

"Violet's sisters are well acquainted with the prisoner," said Evans. "According to their knowledge he led the band of scoundrels who carried them off separating them from each other and selling them. I was suspicious when he acted so stubborn. As a glandelinian prisoner. He told me that the kidnappers had sworn not to reveal anything under no conditions whatever. So I decided to detain him and also called the little girls all who recognized him except Violet."

"Humph grunted Hanson as the little girls sat out in the garden again."

"Evans Sherlock Holmes couldn't beat you at catching anybody. This is good news for governor Vivian indeed. Bring the little girls in again." They came and Hanson said:

"Jennie what was done to you by your cruel master?"

"Scourings, blows in the face or anywhere, with his fists and he even kicked me in the sides and in the face when I was down and helpless."

"Just what I wanted to know growled Hanson rolling up his sleeves showing his gigantic muscles when the little girls were outside again. "See how strong I am." He continued facing the glandelinian. "Well I intend to do all these cruel acts over again, but to you if you still refuse to tell us what we want to know. We will force it out of you or kill you one or the other. The cruel treatment of the Vivian girls are to be atoned for."

"The fierce impulsive visage of Hanson indeed cowed the foolish scoundrel, but nevertheless he determined to shield his companions at all matter what the cost and said:

"Do your worse, I'll tell nothing. I had told governor Vivian himself before that I'll tell nothing and that your questions would be merely a waste of time. Those little christian dogs deserved what they got anyway."

Hanson let fly with all his might landing squarely on the rascal

jaw, knocking him flat and as he arose, Hanson smote him again to the floor gave him a fearful blow in the face with his foot, knocking out all his front teeth.

"Take that insult to the little girls back, or I'll throw you to the dogs you devil of the infernal regions," roared Hanson as he let out with another kick. "I'll not stand to see those fair creatures insulted. Get up you scoundrelly teardrop and he pulled him to his feet and shook him like a terrorist does a rat. "Take it back to sacrilegiously insulting son of Satan or I'll put you where you will keep company with the evil spirits. Take it back."

"I will I will," gasped the wretch. "Only don't strike me again."

"Even tell me where to locate your scoundrelly companions or I'll do you worse this time," thundered Hanson. "Out with it! Out with it. I'll show no mercy to the unrelenting enemies of God and the Vivian Girls."

"I don't know," gasped the man. "They may have fallen during the rebellion."

"A likely story," cried Hanson. "You do know but want to lie. Either tell me or I'll grab Violet's whistle which she left in my possession and summon the Blengiglomeneans. They will do something worse than I have done to you and you may lay to that."

"Jonest to goodness I don't know," cried the battered villain.

"Nonsense out with it. I'll give you only a minute to tell." Before the frenzied fury of Hanson, the scoundrel saw that he was weakened by the cruelties since still going on. He really knew where his companions were, but was afraid to tell. However he said that if Hanson or the others would not tell who told, he would reveal everything.

"It's no difference whether I tell or not, you've got to reveal their hiding place and that is all there is to it," said Hanson. "If you don't I'll summon the Blengiglomeneans or kill you if they don't come. Out with it. Out with it."

"Can't you give me a few days in which to decide?" pleaded the wretch. "Then maybe I'll tell all I know."

"You've got to tell right now," said Hanson. "I've already got Violet's whistle in my hand and if you hesitate a moment more I'll blow it."

"Can't you wait for at least-----"

"No tell me this instant, or you die."

"They are in the city of Calverine in disguise as women," answered

the prisoner.

"You are lying," said Hanson. "I can see it in your eyes. I do admit that it is beyond my power to force you to tell me where they are, that you have got the best of me after all. For I know that a man who would do anything to shield your wicked companion you 'dirty Thirty Third Degree Mason. I know myself where they are but wanted to see how stubborn and treacherous rascals like you are. I met a child this morning who appeared to me through a closed door telling me that she had been murdered by one of you glandelinians and that knowing my inability to force to the true truth of you glandelinians, she revealed to me where your rascally companion companions are. I have already sent government agents over there to get them, by hook or crook, and not to come back without them. As for you, you was the leader of them, and will serve a life term in the islands prisons after facing the wrath of the Blengiglomeneans for lying."

Hanson was just about to blow the whistle, when the rascal seeing that Hanson was in earnest cried out:

"I'll tell you a secret of mine, without lying and I swear it before your God if you will spare me from the Blengiglomeneans."

"What is that demanded Evans?"

"The man who had Jennie did not perish in the forest fires, after the man who rescued her struck him down. It was he who had caused the pursuit after the lad got away with Jennie and several wagon loads of child slaves and other conveniences. He has been scouring the whole of Calverine to get the scoundrel back and he will get him too."

"I believe you in all this except one," said Evans. "And I am glad you told me as I'll look out for that scoundrel. It was I who struck the human beast. Disguise himself as he will it is he who had better avoid me as I'd like to pay my debts. I haven't forgotten so easily how Jennie looked when I picked her up."

After the prisoner was led away Evans said:

"I'm going to try and find that sneaking last, who is on the lookout for his prey. But when he finds his prey he will find a roaring lion."

loin and that he himself is the lamb. I'm fully convinced that he is in Abbieanna by this time."

D "Do you know his face?" Asked Hanson

"Yes and I can detect him even in disguise." Answered Evans. "I'll settle him like I did with the others."

"Where are you going to begin the search?" Asked Hanson.

"Right in this very town." Answered Evans. "I'm going to watch every man or woman that I see."

The next morning Evans was out with the little girls as usual and was returning homeward when in the gathering darkness of an approaching thunderstorm he suddenly saw a dark figure dart into an alley. He stopped the little girls telling them what he saw, and then crossing the street he slowly but cautiously drew near to the alley with revolver drawn for instant use. However when he turned the corner there was no one in sight. He searched through the whole alley but couldn't find nor anybody.

"Gone." He muttered as he approached to where Violet and her sisters were standing by a store window. "But I'll get him yet."

During the timewhile a frightful thunderstorm was raging outside Evans asked the little girls how they got carried off while a while Violet was prostrated with her sickness and sorrow.....

"We were playing out together when we were one year three years old in a small grain field." Said Joice. "We remained out there longer than usual and were about to return back to our house when we saw a band of glandelinians approaching on horseback. We tried all means possible to get away from them but they frustrated us every way they could, and in one sudden dash had us within their power..... We managed to scream once but after that they tied cloths around our mounts after gagging us, and took us to the place where children were being sold. We were separately sold and were prisoners a long while. How did you come to find us?"

"Friendly glandelinians gave me clues." Answered Evans.

T "Then I scoured the regions until I succeeded in recovering you little girls. I'm going to help in the drive to capture all these rascals that drove you to all this suffering and make it good and hot for them."

"But it will take a long time, before the glandelinians can be captured under any conditions." Said Violet. "They are hard to find just now."

"Nevertheless they will be captured." Said Evans. "We will not give up until we do get them."

"And remember that one day we found lots of books pictures of children and a phonograph with nearly a hundred records while looking for some clue to solve the Aronburg mystery." Said Evans.

"Have you little girls got them yet?"

"Yes they are in our room but we never thought of them." Said Violet. "Shall I get them?"

"Yes." Answered Evans. "Get everything you have. I'll help carry them. You little girls can carry the pictures and I'll carry the rest."

They soon had everything on the table. Evans proceeded to examine the pictures. He took the pictures first. These he examined carefully.

"Why this is very extraordinary." He exclaimed. "Every picture seems to lock you straight in the face as if you had some secret to tell them or as if you suspected them of knowing your thoughts. And probably he had them to use as company, as he was childless."

"Maybe that is so, and he wanted them all to look as if they were paying attention to him." Said Jennie. "He must have been a very odd man."

"I wouldn't mind seeing him." Said Violet. "And no doubt he is wondering what became of his property, we saved from the hands of the glandelinians. I intend to return them if we can find the owner."

"Evans examined all the books, then the double disc records and played them. The pieces are all right especially the funny ones."

said Violet as she played some of them herself. "This is the first time we ever played one. Used to believe them thrash and would not buy them. But at least these are splendid."

"He certainly did make a good history of the glandco-Abbieannian war." Said Evans. "He has every battle in their correct places, as he predicts that he served in them all and an account of everything that you little girls went through and even of my many experiences and rescues."

"Is that true?" Gried Violet as she picked up one of the books. "My yes it is. He certainly is a wonderful man. And he could make a good fortune on the books. We ought to try and find him."

"What is his name?" Asked Evans. "It ain't that that man that brooded over the loss of the picture of the murdered Aronburg child?"

"I don't believe so." Answered Violet. "At last! It can't be him. I'm sure of it. Ain't his signature in any of the books?"

"I didn't see it." Answered Evans. "And the story runs up as far as only to the last scenes of the rebellion."

Violet and her sisters looked through all the books even the introduction and only here was found the signature of the owner of the books and other things now in the possession of Violet and her sisters. Yet where he was and where he lived and whether he was alive it didn't say. If he was alive why did he not advertise for the lost articles. She had the first day she and her sisters with Evans and their relations came to Abbieanna advertised these things herself requesting the owner to come and claim them but to no avail. There was no answer to her advertisements and so she had given it up as it was only a waste of money and time. She was sure that some day he would come and then his property would be given to him.

"I wonder how long he served in the army of Calvernia!" Was Violet's rejoinder when Evans broke in with;

"Here's his full signature address and everything little girls!"

They at once crowded around him to see and sure enough this is what they read;

CHAPTER TWO PART I.

HISTORY OF GLANDCO-ABBIEANNIAN WAR.

WRITTEN BY HENRY. JOSEPH. DARGER.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL. 2100 BURLINGTONTRENT.

740 GARFIELD AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.....

..... IF LOOKED FOR INQUIRE

FOR CAPTAIN HENRY. JOSEPH. DARGER.

IN ARMY OF UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

AUTHOR OF WRITTEN MANUSCRIPT.

SOME DAY WILL COME TO VISIT SCENES OF GREAT CHILD SLAVE TRADES.

"United states of America!" Exclaimed Evans bitterly. "Why that's many hundreds of thousands of miles away from Abbieanna across the sea. We could not risk a trip on the dangerous Angelinian seas to go there could we Fairies dearies?"

"We would be willing to go, but it would be useless to do so anyway."

Said Violet. "We could at least send a letter to that hospital requesting the superiors to try and locate him and notify him to come and claim his property."

"That would be a grand idea at that." Said Evans. "And to night I will write the letter. How will that do?"

"It will be just right." Said Violet. "And I'll mail it."

All agreed on this and that night the letter was written and mailed and Violet went out to mail it coming back promptly. As she entered the garden where also was a beautiful pond she saw a large toad hopping toward her and with one spring land right on her shoulder.

"Oh you foolish toad I'm not the pond." She said pulling him gently away and placing him into the way water. "Next time you do that and you will be mine."

Evans met her at the door.

"Who was you talking to at the pond?" He inquired. "hard you call, come one a foolish toad."

Violet laughed.

"A large toad must have mistaken me for a toad stool or something." She said. "I saw it hopping toward me, and before I realized it it had jumped on my shoulder. I put him back into the water telling him that I would keep him if he did it again."

"Most little girls are afraid of toads or frogs." Said Evans. "A strange child passed through here last night and screamed as if the glandelinians were after her at the sight of a toad."

"If I ever was afraid of a frog or even a snake. I don't remember it."

Said violet. "Neither do my sisters."

"I know that you little girls swam a soldier from the cold coils of a snake once." He said. "I saw it from afar off. He ore before coming to you your aid. You have even defied other reptiles and once I saw Jennie snatch up a real cobra by the tail before it could attack her and swing it at a pursuing lion. That act had me both flabbergasted and fear stricken for I felt sure it would have stung you."

"I seen that too." Said violet. "She told me afterwards when I asked her what gave her the nerve she said that she would soon be stung by the snake than be a meal for a lion. She saw it as it was about to spring at her and seizing it she let fly at the lion the reptile coiling around the beast and crushing it to death."

She and h Evans now sat inside and rejoined her sisters. Governor Hanson and his brother were with them and the little girls showed them the things and told of their plans to get the owner to come and get them. "It's just the right thing." Said governor Hanson having two of the little girls on his laps therest of them prattling around them and looking at one of the books. "But I'll think and try to have him sell me these books and I'll have them published. There is a big fortune in these books for him. He could make three hundred thousand dollars on one of them alone and there is over ninten of them here, and I'd like to buy the picture too if he would sell them."

"I'm sure he won't uncle." Said Catherine. On the back of them was written the words;

ALL THE GOLD IN THE GOLD MINES,
ALL THE SILVER IN THE WORLD/
ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD,
NAY ALL THE WORLD
CANNOT BUY THESE PICTURES FROM ME..
VENGEANCE, THREE TERRIBLE VENGEANCE ON THOSE WHO STEAL OR DESTROY
THEM.

"You must be quite a quick learner." Laughed Hanson. "For here is the picture with the same words on the back with a death design painted the there. Where did you first see the words?"

"This afternoon on that picture." Answered Catherine. "I wrote them down and studied them for curiosity."

"Curiosity is a good thing." Said her father. "But the greatest curiosity I've got just now and it is a couple of oranges for all of you little girls, a." And he produced the oranges. Violet gave one of her oranges to Evans,, Jennie made Hanson take one, and Angeline gave one of her's to her father.

"I wonder how long that letter will take to reach him?" Asked Violet; "Is the United States very far?"

"It is." Said her father. "It's far across the ocean many hundred of thousands of miles away. It may take a month or more before it reaches its destination."

"A Over a month." Gasped all the little girls at once. "My but it will take us four months to get back an answer."

"Maybe he will come inste of answering." Said Evans. "That would be better. That is if the American government permits him."

That night Evans found it hard to sleep and so did the little girls because because the day had been extremely hot and the night retained a good deal of the warmth. Evans to get some comfort if possible took his bedding with him and slept on the ground in the garden. Finally as he lay there not trying to sleep as that was useless he was conscious of a light noise in the garden like something crawling. For a while he listened intently then was aroused by a writhing and twisting of the rows of rose bushes and a low growl. Instantly he was alert, and watching proceedings closely drew his gun which he had placed under his pillow. Suddenly there was a flash just over him, which swerved to one side and

fronting him was a very young plengigloomean serpent partially swathed bandages. Evans smiled to himself as he replaced the gun.

"No cause for alarm he said to himself. It is only the wounded little plengigloomean creature. It is the one whom I left in the garden. At first I thought it was that scoundrel who had half killed little Jennie. I was wishing to get revenge because I struck him down. And there is no fear of that rascal invading the garden with the plengigloomean creature here I guess." Violet and her sisters were standing by the pond watch for the reappearance of those strange creatures when starting spoke to about the plengigloomean creatures they had seen during their earlier days and also on the subject of other beautiful creatures. Then violet her sisters on being asked of the reason of the strange red spots on that day on their breasts told of their adventures in the caverns at Mountians near the city of Pholantonburg when very young, after having been fugitives of the glandolinian child slave masters when freeing so many children by inducing them to run away. Evans and the boys were surprised for they did not know what to make of it.

They must be very strange kinds of plengigloomean creatures though I have not of such kinds in my earlier days." Said Evans. "And you say they

are like roverines."

"Said Jennie.

"They may have looked like them but I'm sure they were not." Said Roswell.

"You remember I told you of the happiness of the little girls in the

garden with such kind of plengigloomean creatures. They are called the great little plengins."

"Yes that is right." Answered Evans.

"Such plengigloomean plengigloomean creatures like these are called whippie plengins. Some are small some are middle sized, and some are huge and gigantic that they are equal to the mighty roverines. The best ones look like roverines for their necks are long. I have seen many of these kinds and when flying high above in the skies, they are known to make a sound like thousands of aeroplanes humming and roaring in the air."

They are never docile in the presence of enemies, and unlike all other Blengiglomenian Serpents, they are unusually wild and ferocious. "When I was first working in St. Joseph's Hospital in this country, I saw a Blengiglomenian Serpent that would open your eyes." Said Evans as they were all seated around him in the lovely garden. "Its features was a Grimacean but it was more naturally a Grimacean of the most gigantic size I ever saw in Blengiglomenians and extended for the distance of over two thousand eight hundred and sixty eight feet, and stood at its tail alone at the height of twelve feet. Its head was like a beautiful child's but of enormous size despite retaining the childish looks. Its colors in the wings was beautiful but unlike the common kind, but the colors of the body was Red, Yellow, Green, and purple. It had all strange kinds of designs on the scaly parts of its body and tail, and was so beautiful in its very face that I was spell bound. Never in my life had I ever observed a Blengiglomenian of this kind. It was the only kind that I ever saw that had its body formed like that of some titanic dragon, though no doubt a hundred thousand dragons would have had no show in fighting this great Blengigian.

The wings stood at the height of a thousand feet, and I believed he could have torn down a city with one rush through it. Where it came from I do not know but I saw it in the country near the town of Glenmont. Since then I never saw another so huge. I have asked persons who knew the kinds of Blengiglomenian creatures existing, but they who also saw it said nothing that could confirm my suspicions that this was the strange being. This creature was the one I mentioned before, declaring it the biggest I ever seen. When it saw me it stopped eating the black berry bushes or the berries on it and gazed at me very rigidly. I approached it slowly, and as I believe it may have never seen a human being before, it was kind of suspicious, and as it grew very menacing as I approached, I halted and watched it at a safe distance. I believe as it may have never observed a human being in its whole existence, it would be a dangerous creature to approach and so I kept in the back ground until it took to its own retreat. I never saw it again. Many called it a Malfarian Blengigian.

There are many stories of the Blengiglomenian Serpents. It is stated as already in the first parts of the story that the serpents were first discovered by General Hanson's father in the Blengiglomenian islands especially the great northern island called the Isle of St. Anne, which alone is not volcanic at that. When they were first seen in Galverinia and Abbieannia, though few in numbers in those days, they were generally called the Fairy Winged, or Good Dragons. Dragons of course they never were, their form was different, and their length was more extensive, and the Blengiglomenian Serpents would be a giant to the biggest dragon ever imagined.

In the early days Abbieannia was a dragon infested country. The dragons were not cruel or dangerous, but were destructive to the property of farmers and country men or women. Flowers were ruined, and crops eaten, by these ravenous creatures. Their size was as the greatest dragons ever read of, but their strength was more enormous, and all had wings that would carry the longest serpent ever pictured. Many of these dragonic creatures, were as docile as kittens, or as fearsome of men or women, and even children as small birds are and would fly at their approach. There were others however called Blengiglomenian Gazzoos, and so on, resembling somewhat Blengiglomenian serpents. No creature ever imagined were ever so hedious as these creatures, but as they were seldom seen among the others their character were never known, though frightful at times were stated as to their frightful savage ferocity. They still exist, Hanson and the Vivian Girls have seen them in volcanic caverns, and once when lost in a cavern with a sort of coach armed with guns they had an encounter with a number of these which they will never forget as long as they live. They were called Grimacean Gazzoos or Devil Dragons of the Blengiglomenian type. Hanson declared on these creatures, that fierce as they are they hide from the presence of man, though for reasons it is not known. They have been observed to be bigger than any Blengiglomenian Serpent in ever existence, and so strong that they could crush iron framework with their teeth alone. There are as stated in the book queer ways to halt the hostile attacks of these frightful creatures, but whether it can be proved is a mystery. When the Blengiglomenian serpents arrived in immense numbers into Abbieannia the dragonic beasts left in great hurry, for they did not wish to encounter these beautiful creatures, but the battles with the Blengiglomenian Serpents and the frightful Gazzoos are so numerous that all the books ever written would not describe the number of struggles.

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They alone are beasts that no creature can ever conquer. Violet and her sisters before the war when in this same beautiful garden had literally seen small young gazzoos which later the young Grio Grimacean had driven from the pond. It is well noted their hostile appearance when they saw the little girls, and it is also stated the wisdom of the children to leave the side of that pond as quickly as they did. Their size is never known in entirety, as they are so seldom seen, and though now they and Blengiglomenian Serpents are more at peace, they never seem to be on friendly terms though recently they have appeared more, and do not show such frightful fury to human beings any more as they used to.

This very day Violet and her sisters had seen some more of these Gazzoos which at their appearance have flown away instead of becoming menacing, as the others had done. To invade their abodes as yet however is emitting suicide.

RELATING THE REMARKABLE FURY OF THE BLENIGLOMENIAN SERPENTS, UPON THE GLANDE LINIANS...

About half a mile below the eastern branch of the great Mc-Hollester River, as a number of glandelinians clambored over the intervening rocks thru through a gorge which formed a powerful rapid, several Angeline children witnessed a sight for sore eyes. Just below the rapid was a wider portion of the river which moved as swift as an express train. There the children observed an immense head of some great creature close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the immense river about sixty feet below the surface. While the Glandelinians had seen the creature, the children pointed out the beautiful head to each other. Lunging through the river rapids, the monstrous horned head had been carried some distance down the stream. The Glandelinians who had seen the creature fired several shots at its head, and what fiend could have answered to the summons more furiously than the Blengiglomenian creature did. In an instant an enormous pair of jaws appeared, followed by the full length of the great creature with wildly roaring wings, which lashed the river into foam, and charging straight up the wild and violent rapids, he breasted the stream with extraordinary rapidity, gained a footing in the rapids, and ploughed his way against the broken waves, sending them in immense clouds of spray spray all sides thousands of feet high, and upon gaining broader shallows he tore through the waters, until he landed from the river, and then screaming and roaring frightfully started at his fullest speed for the surprised Glandelinians who had not known it was a Blengiglomenian serpent.

THE MADDENED BLENIGLOMENIAN SERPENT CHARGING AT HIS FOES.

The Blengiglomenian Serpent was a young one, but of already moderate age, and too powerful to injure, and as he attacked the Glandelinians furiously they scattered like flies, though three of them were hammered summercifully by its wings and badly mangled. He made six furious charges at his foes. At one of the soldiers' armor, and crushed two big cannons brought up to him upon his head between his teeth like straws, and knocked down a number of men down with a blow from its paw.

AWKWARD SITUATION.

A strange encounter with a large troop of small Blengigians in the region of Angeline St. Clair occurred to a bunch of Glandelinians and their pff officers, who had been on the way to murder some child slaves who had been known to be at large at that region but unable to escape on account of a deep crevasse near by. Seduced by the desire to torture the children they advanced further on despite being warned that that region was infested by the Grimacean Blengigians. He traveled along the Mc-Hirther Run stream but soon getting off this path he became lost and did not know which way to proceed.

As they were scouting over the region they were suddenly saluted by a volley of broken sticks and berries from a neighboring blackberry patch, and never dreaming of such an attack, and not being able to see the slightest appearance of any one near, they still continued their search, when a second similar salute made them gladly try for another location. They soon found the stream again, and when on its bank easily recovered his their path. During their perplexity however strange noises beyond soon betrayed the assailants to be what appeared a herd of little girls for heads of girl children were within their view, whom the wicked Glandelinians thought when clear of the brush he they may at last kill. Accordingly they commenced firing volleys at the children, when instead of taking to flight, or falling down dead, as the Glandelinians had expected they would, for their aim was true to the mark, to their great astonishment and consternation, they beheld from every berry patch near them loft fifty to sixty human headed plengins

flying from patch to patch, and making toward themselves, and their chance of retreat.

Realizing at last what they encountered, and as no weapon would have any effect upon these creatures, small as they were, they thought it now full time to decamp, which they immediately did, running faster, than they had ever done before the advancing christians, or they had ever done since and pursued at full cry,---if cry that dreadful noise could be termed---by eight hundred small plengiglomenean serpents, that seemed to mock at the courage of their wicked adversaries, and certainly dispised their ill-judged plan of attack, and defense. However the Glandelinians by running into the thick woods finally succeeded in getting away from them, and back to their camp, very glad indeed to escape so easily, and their faces and boots and uniforms telling rather plainly there whether they had been following after the escaped child slaves, or the plengiglomenean Serpents after them.

DES

Despite its exceedingly beauty, a demonish monster when aroused.

One day after traveling some hours in search of orphan asylums which were reported unguarded in the town of Helford it is reported that over four hundred Glandelinians had a very desperate encounter with a great and formidable Cat Headed Blengin. For suddenly as they had been creeping creeping along toward the building in silence so that no one of the children would learn of their presence and escape, in a silence that made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods in the distance was at once filled with the tremendous screeching roar of a mighty full grown plengin, and at the same moment the trees swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before them appeared an immense Cat Headed Blengiglomenean Serpent of plengin type.

The wings were like a Butterflies-but of enormous height. Indeed the great creature was a sight the glandelinians had never forgotten. The body was nearly sixteen feet in height, the immense body and chest and long tail and great muscular legs being covered with golden scaled armor, thousands of barons were in the upper edge of its beautiful wings, and its under pary part was like the belly of a cobra. Its deep gray eyes glared fiercely like search light in the broad daylight, and though beautiful before its face seemed now of hellish expression as it saw them, which seemed to the Glandelinians like some nightmare vision. The Glandelinians however were not at all afraid of it, for they stood there, offering defiance, while the serpent seeing their apparant stand gave forth one loud thunderous screaming roar after roar. The roar of the Blengiglomenean Serpents is the most singular and awful noise ever heard and closely resembles the roll of deafening thunder along the sky.

Its eyes began to flash fiercer fire, as the glandelinians stood motionless on the defensive with leveled muskets, and the wings were flapped wildly while its tail began to lash furiously about, while the great creatures powerful posion fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar.

To the Glandelinians it resembled some hellish dream creature of magnificent colors, a being of that order, half cat, half serpent.

Realizing from its frightful screams, that the Blengin had terrible and indescribable ferocity, the glandelinian or officer ordered the men to lower guns and retreat as far fast as they could. They did no so and fortunately the creature did not pursue, as it was undoubtedly its purpose to only scare them away.

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ing that the great crature did not pursue the bold and reckless Glandelinian fools returned and seeing it eying them, and a screwing faces at them fired one volley, followed by many in quick succession. Some of the soldiers were on horseback fired at its eye on the left side, and then galloped away, but the creature though not wounded was fearfully enraged, and screaming with a deafening uproar that was heard far and wide, it rushed furiously upon its aggressors, smashing, overturning, trampling underfoot, and crushing atoms everything, and every one who was unfortunate to be in its road, and though some of the horsemen avoided this formidable attack by making digressions to the right or left, six other horsemen, before they could change course, or raise their guns, the enormous creature flew upon them, banging down three of them with a blow from its wing simultaneously trusting its sharp pointed tuskorian horns into the chest of two of the horses, and throwing both horse and rider bodily into the air a hundred feet.

The other horsemen seeing the frightful fury of the creature, in the light by making a rush to his side, they might succeed in escaping but the creature too quick for them, turned upon the glandelinians and though they discharged their guns close to the Blengins head, they were used high into the air. The soldiers and horses were mortally wounded, and on the body of the soldiers were found large wounds, one on the captians arm being seven inches long.

It was soon by the Glandelinians a suicidal attempt to come with this huge creature, and those who survived the fatal encounter ran to it to the woods in a hasty retreat. Despite their fury to the glandelinians, the creatures were always docile to the Angei Angelinians, or to all christian people, for they knew well, and it was only in a few cases when christians had ever been attacked but they had been, and fiercely too. Two of Violet's sisters, Jennie and Kate had an encounter with a young child headed plengiglomenean Blengiglomenean serpent early in the first volume, and the motive of the attack was never known, though it is reported that the creature had been wounded by Violet before it attacked the two little girls. The two children however were victors though both had been severely injured in the fray. Fortunately the creature was not a viperous one. Three quarters of all the plengiglomenean serpents known are venomous.....

Violet and her sisters had a strong desire to see the little creature they had rescued from the ferocious Glandelinian Devil Dragon, and which they left behind them at the outbreak of strong child rebellions. They had told friends about it, and many shook their heads, one saying; "Little girls don't you know that plengiglomenean Serpents never run away from people they have known to love. Just pray that it will return."

It was many days that Violet and her sisters had already been back to Abbeinnia since the long and bloody war, and had alone with their little boy friends, taken a stroll to the distant mountains which were only ten miles away. They had taken a car to the hills themselves, and then decided to climb the hills or at least one of them as none of them were so very high, and not at all steep. As they proceeded toward the hills, the little girls observed a peculiar odor in the air, which they smelt when passing through caverns which were or had been the abode of Blengiglomenean Serpents. Nevertheless the little girls and the boys did not pay any attention, and continued up the hill pathway as unconcerned as ever untill they had reached the summit and looked down toward the opposite valley below. They were all startled and awed for here was a sight rarely for any one with sore eyes.

Thick as magnets in a dead body the valley was filled with scores of thousands of the most beautiful beautiful plengiglomenean creatures that Violet and her sisters had ever dreamed of, either reclining, reclining or flying about. The boys wished to descend into the valley among them, but the little girls were too enraptured with the sight to pay any heed to their words untill Starring poked violet and said;

"What is the matter with you little girls. Are you going asleep on the spot. Come lets go down among them and see what they really are. They are to be a flock of young ones."

Violet and her sisters followed the boys down the side of the hill slowly and carefully. They had about reached the foot of the hill, when violet said; "They seem to have disappeared."

"Oh no wonder." "Cried Starring." "We were all asleep. We deen descended the side of the hill we climbed. We went down the wrong way." They saw nothing to it but to retrace their steps which they did as quickly as they could and reaching the summit saw that it was true. They had went down the wrong side of the hill. They now scrambled down the proper side as fast as they could without misstepping. It took a very short time to get down

and resting themselves on a rock the children watched the great creatures whom were lying down, flying, or crawling, and squirming about. Their colors varied by the millions, and all had wings like butterflies.

For a long time Violet and her sisters, with their little friends, watched these many beautiful creatures, and then as it was getting toward evening, started for home. For the first time in their lives they got home late, and as their father and uncle asked them where they had been and when the little girls told them, the great governor generals were surprised and Hanson said:

"I never knew that valley was so filled with Blengiglomenean Serpents. They must have settled there lately. But we were beginning to wonder where you children had been keeping yourselves. Its nearly supper time, and we were anxious for your speedy return for we have a visitor here that you little girls in particular would like to see."

"Who is he?" Asked Violet, and her sisters.....

"Come and see." Answered Hanson. He led them outside toward the garden, which they entered, and also toward the beautiful pond, and right close to it was a huge and beautiful Blengiglomenean Serpent, much alike the little one they had rescued from the glandelinian Dragon, but was much larger. It of course was not full grown, but four times bigger than Violet and her sisters had seen the little one they had rescued, and the little boys gave explanations of surprise, and wonder.

"Its a grimeercoan." Cried Fredrick Lowden, while Penrod and Roswell clasped their hands in rapture. "Its a beautiful one too. And its a young one."

"It looks familiar." Said Violet. "Can it really be the one whom we saved from the Glandelinian dragon, and who killed that wicked Legree who kicked it in the face?"

"Its the very same Blengiglomenean creature." Answered Hanson. "K I discovered its abiding place this morning. Near our garden and close to our house as you know there is within view a beautiful hill covered with grass and beautiful foliage and trees. Well I was going up to the hill to capture a rabbit which I thought we could use for a good dinner when the earth gave way under my feet and precipitated me down into a beautiful cave, not formed by nature but some creatures beautiful designs I easily found my way out, as it had many exits and entrances, like tunnels, and as I realized the cavern was all in one I decided to explore it. So I did so. One part was darkness, probably an unoccupied part, and as I proceeded cautiously I heard a slight noise, and looking toward the direction saw two glaring eyes staring steadily at me. I not knowing what it was at first decided to draw my revolver and fire, when I realized all of a sudden that a wild cats eyes is never so large and that its gleam is never so search light in appearance. I then shouted 'Who are you si with the glaring eyes.' 'As there was no answer, and as it still stared at me, I lit a match and saw to my surprise a creature that was just the one you little girls had been missing. It immediately recognized me, and came up, and as I retraced my steps it followed me as fast as I went emitting sounds so beautiful and touching that I was touched and could not resist the temptation of stroking its head. It had while we were away dug its own cave cavern and so kept itself there, and never left us."

They now approached the Blengiglomenean creature which was lying down, but as they drew up to it it lifted its beautiful head, and looked at them steadily once more. It recognized the little girls, and Evans, and governor general Vivian immediately but not the boys. It had the appearance of the creatures that I was in the cavern at Pholantonburg, at which the little girls had their strange and rapturous adventure. And they almost believed that they had seen it there too. Beautiful as it had been when so young five years ago, it was more beautiful now, and nearly half the size of the big ones. It proved to be a female, for young as it was, it had young ones as Hanson had observed, and which made him realize that the other mate was out on a hunting trip. Violet and her sisters were crowded around the beautiful creatures head and cradled and caressed its beautiful neck, and saying such loving words to it that they were not attentive to anything else, until they heard a stranger noise, and looking up saw a huge and formidable head, of the same appearance but of monstrous size.

It was only the head they saw for the rest was hidden in the deep waters of the beautiful pond. It had been swimming around and having been attracted by the strangers immediately came up to see who they were.

Violet and her sisters remembered full well, when the little girl who had been suffering from Hydrophobia, had been saved by a small Blengiglomenean creature, and surely they realized that this was the same now staring at them.

It also recognized all of them, except the boys, but nevertheless the creatures did not distrust the boys, as they were honest, and fortunately did not wear the hated Glandelinian boyscout uniforms. If they had it is probable they would have had to leave the garden in double quick time.

As they had returned into the building once more they found their father and uncle still discussing about the Glandelinian prisoners who were to be detained in Calverinia and made to repair all the damage done during the war throughout that country. Hanson had received a message from one of the main commanders of the camps which read as follows:

"Your excellency we greatly fear about the safety of all of our prisoners. Some have confessed that nearly all of them during the war had admitted all the mischief they could to the abodes and caverns, and jungle lanes of the Blengiglomenean Serpents, and also to their young, and have spoiled the food and water they drank. Of course I would not mention this for it differs not with our conversation, but every day since the close of the war thousands of Blengiglomenean Serpents of all kinds, have hovered above the camp I command in Person near the ruined city of Normaatherine, and I certainly do not like their actions. They are around for no good intention, for they are always excited, and fly in circles, which is always a sign of danger. I have always read in books about these creatures, when they are observed flying high in the air, and making circling sweeps, and hang around a particular region longer than anything else, and when their movements are swift and clamorous then look out. I fear they are waiting an opportunity to strike a blow for the havoc wrought upon their doles during the war. Is it reasonable to move them to safer quarters or shall we try to pacify these huge creatures, and try to hold them off."

Commander Constantine Hansonia.

Hanson and his brother indeed did not know what to do on this situation. There was nothing now that would pacify these creatures, and to try and hold them off just to defend the Glandelinians would change the ways of the creatures toward them also, and the results would be the same as if they were the Glandelinians themselves. So though still talking over the situation Hanson had sent back this answer:

"Nothing can be done. And do not make the mistake of trying to save them as the serpents will know where they go. There is no escaping their vigilance and their cleverness. Let the foolish Glandelinian enemies of God protect themselves. They caused all this trouble and so it is up to them to make up for it. There is no human power whatever can stay the intentions of even one of the young ones, and so what can we do against the big. Its merely up to the Glandelinians to look out for themselves. I'm sure if they stay willingly within their confines, the creatures will not attempt anything. But if they try to escape they will get into the path of the serpents and pay the penalty."

Hanson Vivian, Governor general.

Then Violet and her sisters learned of it they were almost horrified for they knew the blind fury of these beautiful creatures when angered. It saddened them to think how unjustly these beautiful creatures had been treated by the wicked Glandelinians, and now how the penalty was threatening. Still excited over the news, Violet and her sisters went out alone this time to pick some flowers for their mothers room. They saw the pasture was full of them and so toward this they went. They had not proceeded far, when they heard a strange noise in a thick cluster of grass and flowers and up before them popped a huge head in the form of a girl child, but nearly five times bigger, while simultaneously spread before them a mass like a butterfly two huge fall flagged designed wings.

Violet and her sisters were startled at the appearance of this Blengiglomenean Serpent, and at last about two of the very little girls, Joice and Jennie, thought they recognized this creature, and it is also stated that the creature did recognize both little girls.

Joice and Jennie started to retreat, to the surprise of their sister, and Jennie shouted, "Back sisters and away."

"What is the trouble?" asked violet, and her sister sisters.

"The creature attacked us during the first stages of Child slavery." cried Jennie. "It was who we are I and my sister Joice fought, and who injured us. We do not trust it whether it thinks we are those glandelinian boyscouts dressed as little girls or not."

Violet and her sisters seeing that it was true as it had the same description as they remembered told after that terrible day, they at once started a hue and cry, in an effort to drive off the creature, and also calling for their father uncle, and Evans to come out to their aid. They felt sure that the creature intended to make another savage attack upon Joice and Jennie. Upon hearing the commotion, the three men came out in a hurry, armed with their revolvers, and seeing the creature the soldiers who also followed almost laughed at first saying:

"It seems strange that you little girls are afraid of a small Blengin."

"Yes a small Blengin," cried Joice. "But it is the very same creature that attacked me and Jennie that day, and injured us so badly though we whipped it. It thought we were Glandelinian girls no doubt, but still even now we don't trust it, and will not have it in our vicinity. We want it driven off, and if it will not go I'll call the creature in the garden to make it go."

Evans advanced to see where the creature, a was and came upon it suddenly. He was surprised at its form, and of the head and upper portion of its body to which its huge wings were attached. It was really childish looking in its huge girly girl like face, but also had an aspect which proved to any one that to trifle with it would be like trifling with all the angels in heaven itself.

"It's up to you little girls to go into the house and stay there until we can pacify the creature," said Evans. "And call your friend if you wish, and have him stay with you. I don't know whether this creature thinks you two are the former ones who it attacked but I fear it if it does recognize you it may create a scene. It no doubt remembers the fight you gave it the other time, and how you temporarily injured its wing, and eyes, and may take speedy revenge."

Violet and her sisters obeyed speedily, but the creature had recognized Joice and Jennie, but nevertheless was surprised at their innocence and beauty, and also of the other little girls, and had never made any move that was menacing. It however eyed Evans, and watched his movements, but he had placed his gun in its holster and the others had done the same.

"I wonder if it has a human voice?" asked general Vivian. "I don't know," answered general Hanson. "Evans do you think the creature has a human voice?"

"We can find out by speaking to it," answered Evans. Evans said a few war words to the creature, but it only whined and still looked at him, and the others, and then started forward swiftly. Evans and the others remained immovable and Evans said to the creature,

"Those two children are not guilty of cruelty to you when you was in that pasture that day. You made a mistake in attacking them, as they are two of the saintly children called the Vivian girls. We do not wish to oppose such a gallant creature like you, as we know you do not mean to do anything unless you still think they are guilty but we'll die before we let you pass us and go at them." And Evans, Hanson, and general Vivian, and the soldiers drew their guns, and placed their bayonets on them and presented them before the creature in a menacing way.

The creature gave back at this, and started slowly another way. It was apparent that the Boengiglomenian serpent did not wish to battle with them, but Evans as the creature did give back, noticed a look in its eyes that meant something peculiar.

"I don't believe it will resist us, or try to sweep past us," said Hanson. "It's really too young to fight us successfully, but I did not like the look in its eye as it glanced back at us while retreating. It wishes to get at the two little girls alright, and I know it will not leave the neighborhood until it succeeds. We might as well get the other Blengin out and have it bring the creature to an understanding that the two children are not Glandelinians, and never attacked them with the other bad boys."

Evans went into the house and finding Violet and her sisters in an adjoining part of the house said:

"Where is your Blengin friend?"

"It's in the garden," said Angeline. "You know Evans as well as we do that it is too large to come in here."

"Oh that is right too," answered Evans. And he rushed out into the garden and speaking to it in a coaxing tone, had it follow him out into the pasture where the other Blengin was.

Violet and her sisters followed their protecting creature as far as they dared go and watched proceedings. The two Vivian girls Jennie and Joice remembered perfectly well that day long ago before the war, when they had entered a pasture, and when the creature no doubt ill treated by a bunch of Glandelinian boyscouts dressed as little girls had resented the treatment and if it had crushed those boys it is not known but nevertheless the creature had lain in ambush and attacked the two little girls as soon as they had reached its hiding place. After a desperate battle lasting about half an hour the two little girls had managed to whip the creature, and sent their way home, but they had nevertheless been injured and Jennie had lain in bed for months. They had been told by their father and Uncle Evans that they had made a mistake in resisting it in the first place, that if they had either screamed for help or screamed a prayer they probably could have cooled the creature's rage, until it would have been time to realize that it had been attacking the wrong party.

But they had resisted it like Spartans, and vanquished it after a thirty minutes fight. It is known that creatures like the Blengin or Glandelinian Serpents never forget the occurrence, and that if they ever met their enemies a second time, there would be a different story to tell. As soon as Jennie and Joice came up nearer but still keeping their distance, the new creature eyed them intently, and then started to growl in a way that made the little girls feel like retreating back to the house, for the creature was too big to enter.

Whether the other little Blengin was bringing it a full realization of its mistake or not, it could not be determined. Nevertheless it did not make any move toward Joice or Jennie, though it was for once kept its eyes off from them, and eyed them so intently that they felt sure it was reading their very souls.

Violet and her other sisters were not a bit afraid, for they had never been attacked by this creature or injured it in any way, but they could encourage their other two sisters to go near the Blengiglomenian Serpent, and the two children had retreated to the veranda of the house, and watched the proceedings there. It was some time before the big Blengin left the Cremecian and when it did the creature started toward the house, and made slowly for the veranda. Joice and Jennie immediately retreated toward the door, and slammed it shut. The creature observed that the two children were really in fact little girls and not the bad boys it had mistaken them for, and felt sorry that it had such an encounter with them, and that it had injured them without knowing who they were. It was surprised and annoyed by the apprehension, and friendliness of the two little girls, and having told the Blengin that it forgave and meant no harm, the Blengin had tried to coax the two children out but not for any long would they leave the building, and so the Cremecian had to withdraw. It nevertheless it was bound to make peace with the two little girls, and it determined to remain there until it succeeded in doing so.

After evening the two little girls remained inside despite the coaxing of their parents, and Evans, who said that the creature meant no harm, and that it really realized that they were not the guilty ones who had injured it in the pasture, before it pounced upon them from ambush.... It took three days however before Violet and her other sisters managed to get their two fearless sisters to approach the creature, which showed itself to be repentant of its mistake instead of wishing to revenge their assistance of so long ago and thus the scene here for a while closed.

There are many mysteries concerning these huge Blengiglomenian creatures. And they consist in many varieties.

One variety called the Great Blengin has a number of varieties. The Dorthedian, The Cremecian, The Cremecorian, The Cremecrean, The Rover, and the Greatest kind of all called the Catapillar Blengin. All of these varieties are the most ferocious of all toward all evil creatures, and it was believed by the Abbeannians that the very demons of hell and all the hellish legions would not dare stand before one of their grown sons with all their fiery darts, and hell to back them.

The other varieties are different creatures, and some are ferocious but nevertheless the same in nature. The heinous kinds are called the Cremecian Gazooks.....

The others are called the Gazoonians, the Tuskorhorians and the Debellian. The Tuskorhorians though heinous are not so ugly as the others, but those known as the Tuskorhorians have a savage fury that carries all before it, and many hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians have paid with their lives when getting too fresh with these hugest of all Blengiglomenian creatures.

Thus the blengins have ten varieties; and are the main leading creatures of all the Blengiglomenean serpents. They are called serpents but in reality they are neither serpents, or dragons. Most of these creatures have no form at all like a dragon, and their tail only is immense in its length, and many have been observed to have bodies in the form of varietal bees, and other insects. Few have bodies in the form of lizards.

Those which have the latter form are the only kind that are venomous. Few viperous snakes abound in the countries infested by the Whipple blengins, because they are the prey of these creatures. These Blengins have their queer names from the fact that they feed so ravenously upon the leaves of these kind of trees. Strange stories have been told by Abbieannians of these latter Blengiglomenean creatures. They form a good deal like the Tuskorhorians, but their size is greater still, and they are not venomous. They have on their heads antlers like the Reindeers besides the two long pointed horns, and also have a beard like a cat, and have a head in the form of a dove.

They have been rarely seen by the Calverinians, as they do not reside in that country, as they cannot stand the cold like the other kinds do. They live even in very few numbers in Angelinia. The best place for any of the Angelinians to find these creatures, is to go to the Boy King Islands only. They are as beautiful as the Crinecorians, but their character is little known on account of being rarely seen, though Hanson learned from prisoners taken from those islands when they fell during the war, that those islands where these creatures abound, are not or never was in possession of any glandelinian soldier. It was reported that a fleet of glandelinian warships had attempted to land on the north island, and encountered these creatures unexpectedly. To land the men at this season was impossible, for as the soldiers had approached the boats the creatures set up a commotion that would do credit to a trillion volcanoes like Mt Calverine, and so they saw nothing else to do but to return to their ships, and steam away from the horrible island and pursued for a score of miles by these ferocious creatures, who carried big stones with them in their mouths and dropped them on the ships with the intentions of sinking them with all on board. It was a trying experience for the Glandelinians. They had never seen these creatures before in their lives, and many who survived the war told it to their children when they had returned home from the battlefields. They had seemed to have the most savage fury, the savage fury of the creatures of hell themselves, and the reason the creatures did not slay those who attempted to land from their boats was never learned.

A similar occurrence happened on one of the Blengiglomenean islands though. All of these islands are covered with them to a certain extent but the North Island called St Anna is still thicker with them. During the child slave rebellion, it was feared by the glandelinians who were then in possession of the islands that war would break out, and so after fortifying the islands they had in their possession they decided to take possession of the north island, which if fortified would have prevented the whole world from ever taking the islands from them. They had received reports that the north island, though volcanic was perfectly devoid of any kind of Blengiglomenean serpents, and thus confident the Glandelinian authorities sent their biggest fleets, to take possession of the islands. At one point as the men started to make a landing, they found themselves opposed by young child headed blengins, which though they showed a fury that was blinding, was finally driven off by too many men armed with wicked looking bayonets. The landing seemed easy enough, and nearly the entire fleet of soldiers landed unopposed upon the great island. But they soon found themselves marooned. The small blengins had unseen by them wrecked every ship afloat until they sank, smashed every life boat, and forthwith had all of the glandelinians prisoners on the island. This was the report heard by Hanson, a d who learning it was true, had at that time made a visit to that particular island with a fleet of christian soldiers. They found the creatures big and little but what became of the Glandelinians no one could ever find out. It was sure positive that they had not succeeded in escaping, as the smaller creatures who had destroyed the ships had increased in such numbers that a million men could not have attacked them without paying with their lives. What ever became of the wicked glandelinians who landed on that island is a mystery.

The blengiglomenean creatures have never been known to show fury toward humanity before, and it was the worlds greatest astonishment when they the nations learned of the fury of these creatures toward the Glandelinians. But as related early in the first volumes there was perfect reasons. The wicked Glandelinians had destroyed many chances of these beautiful creatures in calverina, and also mutilated their female creatures, who by shunning the while in the sky. At first the creatures bore all this cruelty without even showing any sign of resentment, even doing their best to keep themselves out of the way of the wicked Glandelinians.

They had worked hard to rebuild the wreckage of their entrances, and every time a batch of Glandelinians appeared had retreated into the recesses of their caverns. This had made the Glandelinians believe that big the creatures were they were never so afraid of them. So to make worse for these poor Blengiglomenean creatures, the rascally Glandelinians started to show the utmost cruelty to their young. This was or was the last straw, and after that all Glandelinians who dared show their lives in the vicinity of these creatures were pounced upon and torn to shreds by the claws of the blengins. Many times without warning both male and female would rush upon a Glandelinian camp, and destroy the soldiers, and the provisions. Many cases happened in which blengiglomenean serpents have betrayed a large camp of glandelinians to the christian generals and caused the capture of the Glandelinian armies. It was much believed by the other nations that these creatures helped to win the war for the Abbieannians.

The Blengiglomenean serpents have always proved themselves to be the best friends children had next to Jesus Christ. It is surely pitiful that during the invasion of Angelinia the Glandelinians could have annihilated the entire population of children, if it had not been for these creatures, which if not mentioned then, is mentioned now. The reason they did not save children in Calverinia is because they had no opportunity to do, being all the time busy destroying scattered camps of the foe at all locations. It was reported to the Angelinian government, that many orphan asylums in Angelinia menaced by the advancing Glandelinian armies, had been suddenly surrounded by the biggest of all blengins, and not a child was harmed. Many children had been stolen from families and orphan asylums in other sections of Angelinia, and when many defective child slaves they had been taken out to be cruelly executed, --- well why explain the results. The amount of children slain during the war in Angelinia amounts to only 6,789. A small number indeed compared to the millions of children slain in Calverinia. There was a case of these occurrences in Angelinia when the little friend of Violet Turner sisters Jennie Turner related to them herself. It was one day when Angelinia she had observed that a thousand glandelinian soldiers had forced thousands of children taken from child slaves out into a large field with the purpose of massacring them in cold blood. She had shuddered with horror the lining up of these children, and had been about to scream a prayer to God for the rescue of these children when she was thrown down violently by something like a wind rush, there was a most deafening thunderous roar, and picking herself up she saw the Glandelinians rushing frantically to the close woods, pursued by three great human headed blengins which overtook them speedily and laid them all prostrate on the ground with one mighty blow of their wings. There had been more of these creatures but the others had flown about the region surrounding the children with their protecting tail, and met one fearful charge after another. The whole divisions of Glandelinians who swarmed from the camp to attack for the massacre of the soldiers. The number of Glandelinians she had never learned but nevertheless they made as much progress as a fly in trying to force its way through a mountain, and not long after the whole army had beat a hasty retreat from the region, while the children had been taken by the creatures to their own dens where they were well cared for and in their powerful protection.

It was very seldom that any of the Vivian girls had seen any of these beautiful protecting creatures, but their three friends, William Francis, Eva St Clair, and Francis Schmidt had seen as many as flies in their days, and so had Gertrude Angeline who had become to know every creature by their varieties.....

Jack Evans know very little of these creatures, only what he had learned from Violet and her sisters himself..... But Hanson yivian himself was as well known about these creatures as the History of the world. He had made many various trips to the plengigloemenan islands in his earlier days, with his own father, and also to the other islands which are covered with these beautiful beautiful creatures. And it was Hanson yivian himself who had named all the known and different varieties. The many varieties outside the numberless Blengins were not as yet named, but never the less they hardly looked any different than any of the other creatures, except that their wings were not in the form of butterfly, but more like those of gigantic birds, or even like dragons, but of many various colors.....

When general Hanson yivian first observed these huge and beautiful creatures he had never believed it possible that any one of them could have a human voice, and most surprisingly of all a human knowledge as he had seen among them. Their powers also was indescribable, and also their fury when aroused by any wickedness on the part of persons or evil creatures. The most mystery of all about these great creatures was that three quarters of their full number had human heads, but never have been observed even when full grown to have the head of a grown person. A creature found at the age of a thousand months or even years have been observed to have the same childish head but of greater size than when young. The human headed creatures are the most powerful of all, and are mostly the main plengins. The female ones have the prettiest heads but are the most terrible to encounter when in a blinding rage. It was believed by older people among the Abbieannians that these kinds of Blengigloemenan creatures may have been human beings transformed by magicians into these huge creatures, but such stories were never found true, for there were no such things as

persons who had any power over nature, and if there had been, they too would have no show or before the Blengigloemenan serpents. Another mysterious thing about these creatures is the magnetic power found in the bodies. People who passed these creatures with loose change in their pockets would find their money gone without any signs of pick pockets near, and later on after having all the police on the jump find their money adhered to the golden scales of the creatures. The magnetic powers of their bodies have been known to be so strong as to wrench a horseshoe from a man's hand, to draw all steel materials clean through a glass window and many instances have occurred when a whole hardware store had been cleaned out when even one of the younger creatures passed, which of course caused the greatest excitement, and confusion among those who witnessed the peculiar occurrences. The strongest electric powers have been known to be the very delight of these creatures, and Blengigloemenan serpents who have been struck by lightning, have been found later on to be charged with greater magnetic powers, and to be so charged as to make quite a shock if any body touched them. Lightning which have split a tree, killed a man, woman or child, or rended a house in twain have never in the least shocked any of these monstrous plengigloemenan serpents. Notwithstanding however all kinds have no fear of lightning, and are so powerful that the bigger ones never attempt to light into a street or a city for fear of knocking down a block of houses accidentally with their tail or even with their head or wings. But the most curious thing about these creatures is what Violet and her sisters had been stating about in the early parts of the stories. The power of these creatures to smash to pieces the most powerful tornado of the land, or the fearful and more powerful storm that whirls the water sports in the sea. They have been known to face the worse cyclonic storms to be able to ride against it, to smash down the biggest waves the wind happens to raise, and to whirl swirl any way it wishes with any waterspout it happens to encounter, and to change its course and make it go any direction it sees fit.

The only thing these creatures dreaded was the molten materials that comes up from the depths of volcanic depths, which have driven them from their recesses many times. It is however beyond the power to injure them but the reason it dreads the stuff is because it spills their recesses and hard worked homes they had formed for themselves and young ones. They have been observed to live in the caverns of volcanic mountains but these kinds are different altogether from Blengins and are called the Robbonia Plengigloemenan Serpents. They are very beautiful in colors and gorgeous in the hues of their wings. The Glandelinians have never encountered these kinds of Plengigloemenan Serpents, and probably if they had they would never wish to have another one. They are extremely ferocious in all stages, and their wild fury is horrible to behold. All who enter their caverns have to give an good account for being there or otherwise be crushed to death under their banging blows of their wings, or fanged to death with their powerful teeth.

They are human headed also, have tusks or horns of twice the length of the Blengins, wings of a butterfly but more numerous colors, and are as long and as lengthy as the gigantic Roverines. Their bodies instead of being covered with scales have armour like other gigantic creatures of African jungles, but the tail is scaled all around the top with all kinds of peculiar shapes underneath. They are venomous in all weapons of body, and have long hooky barbs protruding from the sides of their heads and tails. The barbs of the wings are very fine and thin but as long as the very length of the wings. They are not a bit hideous, and all who see themselves Christians never need fear to accidentally enter their caves. These kinds were visited by Violet and her sisters and Hanson and others in the caverns of the volcano called Mt Calverine, but they were found more numerous in the recesses of other volcanoes like Catherine Decio, Norma Catherine, Joan, and Mt yivian, and also in the great one called Mt St Anna.

They are related a good deal, to the great and awful Dorgelians, and are about as beautiful. These kinds of creatures were encountered by Violet and her sisters on several occasions, and in the caverns near the city of Phelantonburg when they were made so by them..... Truly these kinds are the most gigantic of them all in greatness and length. They are veritable portents of gigantic size and beauty. When the Glandelinians had first seen these kinds of plengigloemenan serpents, and taking note of their young they had declared a long time ago that it was as easily to strangle the young creatures as it was to strangle a child. Of course they spoke a good deal of trying out the science but it is never mentioned that these Glandelinians ever attempted a suicidal attempt. Their necks looked tender enough, but is there any one could crush an iron pipe in their hands. Their necks are just like pipes in the hardness of the skin, and nevertheless what fool would attempt to grasp their necks and get fanged by its terrible teeth.

The yivian girls, and her friends have seen many of these awful creatures and also their young, and the experiences that their friend Jennie Turner had among them was also surprising surprising..... Violet and her sisters that while one day while she and her little sister were out in a beautiful lane picking daisies, they had been surprised to see before them a number of young creatures with human heads with bodies like the form of the whale, with a long golden scaled with the most beautiful designs on them. Jennie Turner and her little sister had before then saw many a beautiful plengigloemenan serpent, like these. Jennie herself was bewildered by their beauty, but afraid though her little companion at first was a little timid and started a few paces.

Then realizing what they were however the child overcame her fear and war was as glad to see them as her companion and friend. They appeared to be the Robbonia alright and were the prettiest of the Blengigloemenan serpents they had ever seen. They had started to go with one of the little creatures when they were again surprised by only seeing on the high rising ground in front of them two of the big male and female, and were so dumbfounded when the whole sky fairly lit with them that they did not know where they all came from.

They were all flying back and forth, and describing many kinds of long sweeping circles, which is a warning that something has gone wrong. It was not long after the creatures had disappeared that the two children soon learned the truth. They had been protected by the swarm of plengigloemenan serpents. Not far from where they had been picking the dainty flowers, swarmed a horde of the fierce Mc-Hollistinian Glandelinians. They were the two children, and had intended to shoot them down in cold blood. The timely interference of these portents saved their lives.

The Glandelinians numbered about two hundred and sixty two in number. The children had come upon the wicked soldiers unexpectedly after the creatures disappeared and found every one of them so badly mangled that they could not be recognized. A number of Glandelinian soldiers had witnessed the scene and had declared this to their officer general Constantine Francis;

"The Glandelinian soldiers had evidently intended to shoot the two girls down where they were kneeling picking flowers as they were too late to be surprised, and who would have escaped as the wicked soldiers had known who they were. The moment they raised their weapons there was a loud thunderous roar that was horrifying, and a rush of a huge body of Glandelinians in form among the Glandelinians, one sound like a blow, followed by another, a cloud of dust so thick that the scene was obscured from view. Then the sky was filled with a swarm of these human headed creatures of which had tangled to death over two hundred Glandelinians with only

two blows from its right wing.....

CHAPTER TWELVE.

A FATAL ADVENTURE!!

A large squadron of glandelinians, who were Zimmermannians engaged in hunting for children who had been reported to have escaped a large child slave plantation some time before the great war had proceeded to the region of the small Bay of the Mc-Whirt hian Run R9 ver. The whole party fully armed to the teeth had set out to ascend one of the main branches of this great but treacherous river for the purpose of hunting the children to destroy for their boldness in making their daring escape under so strong a guard. Whilst they were in quest of the child slaves a shrill angry scream reached their ears, a scream like a child's, but more louder, and presently a new swarm of glandelinians who were Garians rushed from the tall reeds their faces and uniforms covered with blood, calling loudly for assistance to general Al Arlett and his squadron of cavarly which had been attacked by a young human headed Blengin of quite a large size. The party not knowing the fury of the Blengins, and this was a portheian, proceeded to the spot and found many of their unfortunate comrades stretched motionless on their backs covered with blood and dirt, and their eyes starting from their sockets in all the expressive horror of a most violent death. Near the dead glandelinians tied to trees were the very children they had been looking for and hovering above the scene on a slight rise of ground was a young Dorthaian, which highly irritated at the intrusion of the fresh troop of Glandelinians, waved its tail in the air, reared up on its hind legs, turned short round, and with a shrill passionate cry let fly a tremendous blow that carried all before it, knocking down forty of the surprised glandelinians, and then rushed after the remainder, bearing down everything in its way, while the glandelinians vainly attempted to effect their escape.

For a short time the most of the soldiers had hopes of eluding their fierce and savage pursuer which all the while set up a most deafening clamor which shook the air, and as the animal perceived ten of the Mc-Hollentinians mounted on the top of the nearest trees, about thirty five feet high, and four in circumference, menacing her by his voice and gestures and firing volleys at the same time, the creature with a shrieking roar that was terrible turned short round, and fairly shrieking and screaming with rage, made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the obk object of her attack, when the ponderous onrush of her head and body brought the whole line of trees to the ground, without hurting the men how ever who slipped among the reeds after a parting volley. The ferocious animal soon followed him and his companions foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river making fierce and desperate efforts to bear them to the ground by its onrushes, blows and swings of its tail, and by repeated blows of its two wings, the glandelinians crying loudly,

"A Blengiglomenean Serpent." A Blengiglomenean Serpent." until closely hard pressed by their enraged pursuer both the soldiers and the Blengin, came upon the top of the slope, where the remaining part of the party which had heard their cries and the tremendous roaring of the creature, and the droning roar of its wings were prepared, and instantly fired a ringing volley as the flying creature appeared. It was only slightly wounded, and this volley only made it return with increased ferocity to the other Glandelinians who in their eagerness to escape stumbled along, one of the soldiers tripping and falling to the ground, the huge creature flying over the others, and laying three of them low with a blow of its left arm.

As soon as the creature passed the man who had fallen arose, and limping with pain attempted once more to retreat, but with redoubled fury the creature returning, made for him with a deafening scream of rage and fury, her tail was flourished in the air with a rattling roar of its rattlers and the next moment the unfortunate Glandelinian was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself his situation appeared hopeless his huge antagonist standing over him with wildly flapping wings, chafing and screaming with rage, ploughing the earth with her feet and ploughing the ground with its gigantic horns. When the other glandelinians recovered and returned to fight and rescue him they saw the man lying between the creatures feet, and by fiercely attacking the creature they prevented it from destroying him, and withstood another charge of this noble but revengeful creature.

After they had fired the volley the creature left the prostrate man and came on with a terrific charge. The horses of the glandelinians stood stock still, and though the glandelinians had intended to give the creature a volley in the neck they had no chance for the creature was less than twenty yards off her ears erected like two enormous fangs, and roaring furiously with her thunderous signal cry. Having no command what ever of their horses the glandelinians dug the rowels in most savagely, when their horses sprang straight forward toward the Blengin, and thinking it was all up, the glandelinians leaned over on the offside as far as possible, and the creature's tail was within a few feet of them as they shot close by her. Again the glandelinians plied the rowels, and was again brought to a sudden stand by tree trunks, in a sort of triangle, a bigorous dig, and they got through, the right shoulder of one of the glandelinians coming so violently in contact with one of the trees as to almost unhorse him, slew his arm behind his back and breaking his shoulder. The Glandelinians did not know how they managed to stick to their guns fourteen pounds in weight, with their middle fingers only hooked through the trigger guard, their left hands right across their chests, holding by the end of the reins which most fortunately they had in their hands when they fired, and in this fashion they went at a most tearing gallop through a thick tangled brush and underwood most ly back-thorns, over which their horses jumped like a cat.

Their horses were nearly on their heads three times, the soil was very heavy, sandy and full of holes. The great Blengin was all this time close by their wake, bearing down all in its way and after giving her ten more fierce volleys and sustaining three more sage charges without loss, the last a long and silent one, far from meant as their horses had all the puff taken out of them and he could manage to hold his own before the enraged creature the cavarly managed to escape after going through brush that in cold blood seemed impenetrable. But the Glandelinians did not come off scathless. Their hands were shockingly torn by blows from the creatures hands, and their trousers from the knee literally in shreds, though made of thick course cloth. It was the most fatal encounter then that any of the Glandelinians had ever been met with in closing in hand to hand encounter with one of the young creatures, and the most terrible in its consequences. Seventy five Glandelinians had been killed outright, and over four hundred wounded, unto death, and the remainder put to precipitate flight of the children guarded by those trees to which they were fastened until a party of christians came along and released them and took them with severely wounded creature to their own camp.

At first it was amazing how it could have been possible for a small Blengiglomenean serpent to hold its own against over six hundred and eighty Glandelinians armed to the teeth, and how it could have been the scene so quick as he she had been. It was a beautiful creature, later on found out to be the same female blengin which had by mistake attacked Joice and Jen nie in the pasture. It had been flying near the spot where the children had been captured by the first batch of Glandelinians and had overtaken them. The creature had observed that the Glandelinians were undressing the many little girls and boys, and also observed that a number of the children were being fastened to trees by ropes. It at first surveyed the scene below, and circled over the Glandelinians who happened to see it just as it started to descend. It was the purpose of the serpent of raising the alarm at first as it was a wise creature and did not have hopes of coping with so many Glandelinians armed with long pikes and lances, and also carbines all on horseback. But then it felt confident that at least it could save the little children by creating a commotion and so it rose into the air once more and started its uproarious clamor with its rattler on the end of its tail. These Glandelinians however had never seen a Blengiglomenean Serpent in their lives, and mistaking it for some kind of a fairy winged dragon opened fire with all their carbines. Their shot had been true for every shot struck. The creature was slightly wounded by this volley, and the pain enraged the creature, that its fury was fairly blinding when it attacked this first batch of Glandelinians and annihilated them all in one onrush. The general alone had dashed out of the way of the infuriated creature as it rushed headlong among the Glandelinians screaming right and left with its wings and tail, and claving the Glandelinians most savagely screaming all the while in horrifying and most odious terms. But it soon went for him and with one blow of its right arm laid him low mangled and bleeding. The surviving Glandelinians managed to swing a lasso around its human neck and draw tight with the intention of choking it but the rope was only broken as the creature to their surprise expanded its neck which broke the rope in shattered fragments. It then had made for them and slew them all with one swinging blow of its tail.

Then satisfied with its surprisingly and easy gained victory

the creature had flown to the rise of groves above the trees to which the children, with the purpose no doubt of looking for signs of christian soldiers, when it saw the other glandelinian horsemen coming and forthwith gave them fierce battle also as already described, and after slaying over three quarters of their number routed the rest. The most peculiar thing about this combat was that not a single horse had been injured.

The length of the creature was about thirty feet. Its head neck and portion of its body and arms was like a little girl, but a great deal larger, and it had long flowing golden hair, with long tusk-orharians protruding from the two sides of its head. Its wings were shaped like a butter flies; with stripes like a flag, but with twenty beautiful colors, and designs that would astonish the best artist. Where the space between the stripes was clear designs of roses, and Sunflower flowers, and Pansies was found, besides all kinds of dots, and round circular spaces.

Its body formed more like a long lizard than any other creature, and its tail was like that of a beautiful Glandelinian serpent. Though so short in length, its wings when extended to its fullest height was about eighty feet high. And it had talons in the wings almost as long as the wings themselves and very fine in shape. The tail had a long rattler, with each rattler of a different color, and the termination of the tail had a long golden colored sting in the shape of a sword.

The scales were mottled in blue ribbon color, the scales with circular forms were green red, white and yellow in full with the under portion of the body bluish purple with round yellow dots. It was one of the prettiest creatures that the Angelinians had ever found and the children who had been rescued so admired the creature that they crowded around it, petted its head, and showed as much gratitude as they knew how.

A TERRIBLE SCENE !!!.....

General Tsnor -yltze whose under glandelinian generals have earned for themselves a rather unenviable reputation, by their ruthless slaughter of scores of thousands of christian children, graphically describes a terrible scene:!!!!

"All of the camp of the army of Glandelinia had retired to a long needed rest after the battle of Norma Catherine, when suddenly the most appalling and murderous voice of an angry, infuriated Tuskorharian burst upon my ears within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of those terrified. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard Colonels J John, and Ruyther shriek 'The Tuskorharian, The Tuskorharian.' Still for a few minutes we thought he was chasing one of the cows round the camp, but the next instant general Mc-Ferner rushed into the midst of us, almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out; 'A Blengiglomenean serpent of huge size. The Tuskorharian, he has got captain Hendrick Johnson. He dragged him away from the fireside beside me. I struck him with the burning brands on his head but the creature would not let go his hold? Hendrick is dead. Oh God Hendrick is dead. Let us take fire and seek him.'"

The rest of the Glandelinians were rushing about shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry at them for their downright folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep still and quiet the Blengiglomenean serpent would annihilate the whole camp, and that very likely there was a whole troop of them. I ordered all the horses which were nearly all, all fast to be made loose, and the camp fires increased as far as could be. I then shouted the captain's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick Johnson was dead, and that a million soldiers could not now help him, and hunting my wardogs forward I had everything brought within the camp, when we lighted our fires, and closed the entrances as well as we could. It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick Johnson advanced his forces to slaughter children who were taken from child slave houses against my will and without my knowledge a great Tuskorharian had watched him to his bedside, and he had scarcely lain down, when the creature tearing away the tent sprang upon him, and Ruyther (for both lay under one blanket), with his appalling murderous roar, and roaring as he lay, grappled with him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the chests and shoulders, all the while feeling for his neck, having got hold of which he at once carried him away, and what ever became of him no one knows to this day. Nevertheless the creature did take revenge for the butchery of those children, for all the followers of this captain had been found mangled out in the same field where the dead children lay.....

For one was strongly against the slaughter of children of the Angelinians whom we valued with, and so was in favor of the attack of the Blengiglomenean Serpent, and did not blame him or her who ever it may have been for doing what it had accomplished."

The main and bigger Tuskorharians belong exclusively to the Blengiglomenean islands, and also the Boy King islands. Even before they were discovered in those islands these kind of creatures were also found in the islands of the southern seas of Mc-Whirther where many other christian nations abound. General Herodotus recorded that many fleets of Glandelinian warships were attacked in the vicinity of the Catherine Isle by Blengiglomenean Serpents of peculiar form and type, christian fleets and ships passing the island remaining untouched. General Pausanias tells the same tale, and also stated that Blengigloe Blengiglomenean Serpents descended into the plains of the Glandelinian coast at the foot of the Glandelinian mountains which separates Oaria from Mc-Hollestonia, and carried off hundreds of thousands of children who had been made slaves, when resisted showed such appalling fury as to outrival the very demons of hell themselves, even worse than the fury of angered angels. It was also related that many many celebrated christian officers brought home home ones and made a great herd of creatures from these few... General Constantine Pliny of Abbieannia affirms that the great Dongenian Blengiglomenean Serpents are stronger than those ever seen in any of the Blengiglomenean Islands. These are found in the Catherine Isle. For enemies of God it is predicted that this particular island is unapproachable account of these creatures. It was predicted during the early part of the story of a child laid there as a castaway by the glandelinians. It had been true and she had been carried away again from there to her own native land by one of these lovable creatures, and the rascals who did the deed to her were torn to pieces when overtaken by the Blengiglomenean Serpents.

Roar of a Blengiglomenean Serpent is separated into many varieties of thunderous and frightful screaming sounds, but its natural roar of anger resembles the thunderous sound which is heard at the moment of a coming earthquake, and it is produced by laying his or her head on the ground growling a half stifled growl, by which means the sound is conveyed along the earth. The roaring of these creatures is a proverb. It can be heard at the distance of twenty miles in the big ones during a day, and in the silence of the night for many scores of miles. Signal roars are very peculiar, and when a whole swarm at different localities setup a continual din, in answering each other it avows all living creatures. This fearful but also awesome sound is produced by the great relative size of the larynx---the part of the throat that forms the upper part of the windpipe. In olden times the instant it was heard by dragonics were then found in Abbieannia, who were reposing in the plains, they would start up in alarm, fly in all directions, and even wish to rush into danger they wished to avoid.

The kind of Blengiglomenean Serpents found in the Catherine Isle aroused by wicked persons are exceedingly ferocious.

FRIGHTFUL SCREAMS AND SAVAGE FEROCITY.

Many Glandelinian fleets of ships were first seen, they gave a terrific roar of yelling and screaming yell roars that resounded far and wide over the sea and throughout the island. Their enormous jaws were widely open at each expiration, their under lips hanging over the chin, and whole face pretty in looks before in is contracted into frightful hideousness. The very young disappear at the first cry. They then approach ships flying the enemy flags pouring out in quick succession their horrid screams. In many attacks it is reported to Hanson that the Glandelinians waited the assault of the creatures with broadsides ready, but at all the volleys of cannons that was fired the fools were nevertheless at the mercy of the huge dragonic creatures, and in such an unequal contest they are speedily dispatched by their furious foes, the ships sunk by blows of its monstrous wings and the soldiers and sail sailors either drowned or torn to pieces. The strength of these creatures is enormous not only in the jaws, which can crush the biggest iron bar, but in feet and tail which it uses in attack and defense. Though the appearance of enemies of God are exceedingly ferocious, the

females are still more exceedingly ferocious, and if wounded are more terrible than a million lions and tigers put together. They advance on their enemies with a speed and fury that a whole army of armed men could never withstand, and roar terribly. When they charge they use their wings as other Blengiglomenian Serpents, and also their tails, and claws. Few creatures ever in existence are ever furnished with such powerful means of defense and offense or use them so savagely as the sharp rattlers on the tip of their gigantic tails. It is impossible to even with hostile intention to battle successfully with the young or capture them or even wound them. One blow of its little paw with its nails or talons, and the assailants entrails are torn out, their breastbones broken, or their skulls crushed. I imagine no animal so fatal in its attacks upon its enemies as this for the reason that it meets them face to face, and uses its wings feet, or tail as its weapons of offense. No man can withstand the onset of any of the young ones found on the Catherine Island, as it is with the young ones in Calverinia. All of these found in the Catherine Isle are human headed, and have human arms, and portion of the bodies also.

The biggest of them are nearly six thousand five hundred feet long. They have colors that would take a fast artist ten years to paint of one creature alone, and are dazzling in beauty. All their wings are alike like an immense eagles. None of them have wings of a butterfly however all more like the angels of eagles. They have never been molested by the Glandelinians as the Blengins have been in Calverinia and it was astonishing to the world why it was that these creatures showed such in conceivably and appalling fury toward all glandelinians who came within the view of the island in their ships. But the cruelty of the wicked Glandelinians to the younger ones in Calverinia had been conveyed to these in the Catherine Isle by the other kinds, and also by christian soldiers and visitors who happened to land on this particular island, and also as these creatures were particular fond of the innocent children the news of the horrors of child slavery aroused them. They did not only confine their warfare in the island alone. It was reported that on account of the wickedness of the glandelinians that the glandelinian country is free from these beautiful creature. But such reports is not true. They do abound there also as thickly as in Calverinia, Abbieannia, or Angelinia, but they are a terror to the Glandelinians, and their dominions are avoided by all who see them. A world of lions or tigers never committed such devastation as the great Blengiglomenian Serpents do in glandelinia. All kinds are there also. But they have been known to raid the farms whether the farmers liked it or not, seize upon the cattle and destroy them all. They were even reckless in flying down into the streets of towns or villages not caring how many civil houses they wrecked or how many people they killed or injured, in fact they were at times more destructive than the worse of Abbieannian typhoons. Child slaves were once plentiful in Glandelinia, but these creatures frequently raided upon these plantations and mills stealing all the children all they could and carry them away where the wicked Glandelinians could never find them.

They reside in glandelinia it is true but as destructive enemies that cannot be opposed by any troop of armed soldiers. In Calverinia nothing is touched, in glandelinia they ruin all they see fit in the western regions of the glandelinian nations. They commit more horrible depredations that a million dragons would have done, and have been known to seize even upon Glandelinian children and carry them off to their own lairs, and destroy all who attempt to reach the islands to force them to give up their captives but happy captives free from the viles of the Satanic country, who are taken by the creatures to Abbieannia when sure their souls are safe.

Many a time Glandelinians had been fooled..... It happened one day during the wide spread Kintergarden massacre during the frightful progress of the war in Eastern Calverinia that a certain Glandelinian officer by the name of James Francis Corbin was out scouting and from a bunch of high reeds and briar bushes saw what appeared to be the head shoulders and lower portions of the naked chest of a little girl child. At first he did not know what to make of the way it stared at him so rigidly by but nevertheless he ordered some of the soldiers with him to seize the little girl, and strangle her to death before she could get away. The soldier at once rushed forward with delight to do as he was commanded. He reached the little girl and dived for her when with a scornful smile on her face she darted forward her head and fanged terribly. With a yell of pain and rage the soldier stepped back and already saw more of the child rear itself, in reality a human headed Blengin of poisonous variety. Despite all the efforts of the army surgeon the man died in terrible agony. Many Glandelinians had been deceived in this same manner. And met a fate just as to tragic.....

WILD FURY OF A GIANTIC BLINGIN CALLED A BLANDLANTON.

It did seem astonishing to the glandelinians that creatures of such fierce disposition toward them should have the heads of human beings, and especially that the small and young ones which seemed to have such delicate necks as such as impossible to strangle as a child having a neck made of steel.

It was during the same Kintergarden massacre that a large force of glandelinians under general Constantine Angelico advanced toward the Arsenian mountains which all had caverns of vast extent and where towered not far away the great Mt Calverine Volcano. Near this region was the large town of Catherine Corbinni, and in this town was three large orphan asylums. It was the intention of the wicked Glandelinian general to slaughter all the inhabitants of this village and so by cautious movements he managed to have his army surround the town on all sides. In the meantime a portion of the army of Glandelinians extended its line toward the mountain, and using all kinds of tunnelways in the sides of the hills, with shells and high explosives blocked them up. Two small human headed blengins was caught in a massing of falling wreckage and severely wounded. It was on a rampage to commit this indeed. A large Blandlanton happened to be flying over the region in the meantime and observed all that had been going on, and also observed that the town was surrounded by the glandelinians. It hovered over the scene for about half an hour watching proceedings, and then espied the wounded Blengins caught in the wreckage of the entrance of the bigger creatures, and two big ones working away to get them free.

Then calculating that the glandelinians had committed this outrage, and that they were about to commit a still further outrage, murdering the children and the inhabitants of the town it circled around the Glandelinian camp, and then with one tremendous thunderous roar that rumbled like a deafening crash of thunder, descended upon the camp and swooped and carried all before it scattering all the tents and artillery and storehouses with one sweeping blow of its tail, and mangled all of the glandelinians who had remained behind to watch it.

The results was fearful indeed to behold but nevertheless it was not the worse. The creature after committing this incapable damage rose straight for the besieged town, and descended into the middle of it. Reeling its huge tail around the orphan asylums that happened to be close together and awaited the intended onrush of the Glandelinians who did not know that their camp had been wiped out by a fierce Blengin.

The Glandelinians rushed pell-mell into the town with the intention of committing the massacre, with with a frightful scream the creature let its tail and with one mighty sweeping blow bore them all to the ground simultaneously mangle them so frightfully that none of them survived the terrible scene. The main body of the troop viewing the scene from the point of siege were shocked when they beheld this scene. Their siege guns were trained upon the monstrous Serpent and let go with a roaring discharge. The explosions of shells flew harmlessly by for the creature nobly avoided them, and then made a rush for the artillery men and laid them low with all the guns by striking a blow with its wing.

All was over. The remaining glandelinians with their wicked general fled to the protection of the woods the serpent following them however and crashed crashing through the trees in an effort to tear them also to pieces. So thus these people of the village and the children of the orphan asylum were saved from destruction.....

On one occasion a whole wagon train commanded by general Frander was attacked by a fierce eagle-headed blengin. The general predicted thus;

"We heard wild shouting and heavy firing as if a general battle with the christians was going on and looking in the direction when the terrific noise proceeded, discovered to our horror a fierce eagle-headed blengin of gigantic size coming furiously at us at the top of its speed its wings making a fearful screaming roar. It seemed to that the only chance for most of the glandelinians was the wagon train into which they hurriedly flung themselves, but it was of no use for with a wild crazed roar that fairly deafened us and made us almost blind from the din the

enraged creature struck his powerful horns through the bottom of the foremost wagons, and struck the other wagons with such force of its banging wings as to send every wagon with all its occupants flying in all directions into splintered wreckage and mangling all who took refuge therein, although all of the wagons were standing in heavy mud ten feet deep in some places and which no number of horses could drag out. Most fortunately he did not see us. From the wagons he made a terrific rush for the artillery overturning or scattering every gun, and also scattering the camp fires in every direction. Then without doing any further damage he suddenly disappeared. The reason of the attack cannot be understood as no glandelinians under my command did anything to the creatures whom we knew resided in this vicinity. It fairly slew in that attack over ten thousand of my men, disabled two hundred guns, and destroyed all the wagons which we had numbering ten thousand. This occurred in the glandelinian country itself and may before any signs of war was threatening.

A SAVAGE ATTACK UPON THE GLANDELINIAN FREE MASON CAMP UNDER GENERAL BASKETVILLE.

The Glandelinian villages and cities of Western Mc-Hollestonia among whom was the camp of Free Masons under Basketville was terribly troubled by young Blengiglocean Serpents, who leaped into their cattle pens, and destroyed their cows. To such an extent did the creatures carry their depredations that the Glandelinians announced their belief that they were bewitched. Given into the powers of the Blengiglocean Serpents by an enemy country, and sought the soldiers of the camp to destroy or chase away the small blengins if possible. Believing foolishly that if one troop of small Blengins are shot down and wounded, the others frequently take the hint and leave the country, he gave the villagers advice to that end, and in order to encourage them offered to lead the hunt.

The young Blengiglocean creatures were found on a hill devoid of trees, and about a quarter of a small mile in length and two hundred feet high. The men circled the hill bringing their heaviest artillery, and gradually edged in closer and closer, so that the supposed game might be completely surrounded. Presently a glandelinian officer who accompanied general Basketville spied a small Blengin reclining on a piece of rock, and fired one of the cannon at him, the shell exploding and missing the creature, but sending the animal into the air by the concussion and shattering the rock to pieces on which the creature had been lying down. The animal recovering instantly from his high fall arose up on its haunches, bit a like a dog at the spot where the shell had exploded, and then looked at the Glandelinians defiantly. The other Glandelinians then let fly all their cannons in one tremendous report. The glandelinians believing that the explosions of shells had taken effect were for rushing upon their little human headed enemy at once, but general Basketville who through the bushes could see the game still on its tail rearing high into the air, with its eyes glaring, and its long tail bolt upright in many coils, checked their impetuosity, and requested them to wait and reload their guns, but while the artillery men were in the act of ramming home the shells the others set up a sudden and frightful cry, and raising his head, there was the unwounded creature fairly springing upon the artillery men. The scene that ensued was horrible enough to be censored, and after this terrible slaughter the creature made a dash for Basketville, and in his great leap the maddened creature caught the general by the shoulder, and bore him to the ground. The other Glandelinians seeing the remaining creatures appearing ready to make an attack also beat a hasty retreat, and how the general ever escaped with his life it could never be learned, but later he came back to his camp suffering at least from nearly a hundred wounds. Fortunately for him the creature had not been of the venomous type. Nevertheless he took many months to recover from his wounds.

THE VISION OF THE BLENIGLOCEAN SERPENTS.....

No matter how high the Blengiglocean Serpents may be flying in the sky, probably even beyond the highest clouds ever known, they can with their keen and piercing eye night and day sweep the plains below, even to the horizon.

The combined extent and minuteness of their vision, often includes not merely towns, villages, districts, and cities, but countries and even kingdoms in its most vast circuit, at the same time carefully piercing the uttermost depths, of gulfs, forests, the maze of swamps, and the intricacies of lawns and meadows, so as to discover every moving object even the sly and stealthy Glandelinian soldiers who constitute children for their prey-- form a power of sight to which human experience of the very eagles takes no approach. The most peculiar thing about these creatures is that at night their eyes flash fire like searchlights, that their bodies glow like fire and make a scene when flying in the dark sky in great numbers beyond description.

Many times children had been borne off by these immense creatures in Calverinia itself and brought clear to the Catherine isle. A well known occurrence of this kind took place in the very vicinity of Calverine itself two months before the outbreak of the great war. Thousands of children had been on the march of the slave factories at Pouncee-Coo-Woolin under the strict guard of their masters, when all at once an immense Blengiglocean Serpent swooped down upon the moving line of humanity, slew the guards, and placing the children on its back carried them away amidst the shot and shell blasted up among it, and the firing of other big guns. Some of the child slave tribunals near the scene was aroused hearing the screams of the injured Glandelinians, but to regain the children was an impossibility. It was not until two months after this that it was discovered that the children within an hours time had been taken to the country of Abbeonnia a distance of over eighteen thousand miles. As it showed the speed of which these creatures could fly. Another instance of this kind also occurred at another point on the same day. In Calverinia a number of days before the Glandelinians had suffered from these creatures which had become very troublesome, carrying off pigs and hogs, destroying cattle, wrecking buildings, and killing the men by the hundreds, while no christian property was even touched. No one among the Glandelinians thought they would seize children who were their slaves and carry them away, but on a Thursday, when over a thousand children were lined out in the field to be examined as was the custom, (The Glandelinians ordering children who were found defective from overwork) when they were interrupted by two large blengins of Tuscorhorian type six thousand feet long who swooped down, and by some mysterious movement seized the children on their backs in a moment many as there were, and flying away with them. The Glandelinian masters cried out, but when the soldiers got to the scene the creatures were so high that a small speck of them was visible. These children later as reported were found by christian missionaries in the Catherine isle under the protection of the great Blengins there.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS HAVE AN ADVENTURE WITH SOME
DORTHEIAN BLINGLOMONSEAN SERPENTS.

Violet and her sisters now since the close of the great war, had been happy in the ir Abbioannian home for now they were free from all the horrors which were quickly forgotten. However one day the little girls being sent out by their father to get something for dinner, had wandered too far in looking for the right store, and after coming back, a little later than the time required, hastily ate their dinner, and told their parents and friends that they were going to investigate a certain cavern they had observed in a small mountain close to the store they had entered to get the meat. The day happened to be a hot one and so they were advised by Evans to ride it to the cave and not walk it. They nevertheless said they did not mind the warm weather, and so, taking their two friends Francis Schmidt and Lillian Francis started out. It was about an hours walk before they came to the location.

The opening of the cave was huge about a score of hundred feet, but not naturally made as they saw. They entered and saw that it had a floor that was extensive and went straight ahead. It was dark in the cave, but not dark enough to require a light and so the little girls proceeded for some way and was reaching the middle of the floor where appeared a lake of water when up right in front of them rising out of the water was a huge and beautiful creature who was aroused at their entrance.

It was a Blengiglomonsean Serpent and had a strange rounded head, and spangled a spangled wings with strips. It was surprised at their appearance, and giving forth a strange grunth, there then appeared another one rising out of the water for both had been swimming about and on joying themselves in its cool depths. It looked at the little girls steadfastly and the little girls being taken with astonishment never moved.

"Oh what beautiful blengins." Gried Francis with rapture. I almost wish we had our home in here."

Violet and her sisters however were speechless with surprise and wonder and at first did not know what to say at their sudden appearance from the lake. The creatures however had seen the little girls before though Violet and her sisters had never seen them in their lives.....The Blengiglomonsean Serpents had observed all that the little girls had done during the whole war, and of all their horrifying experiences, and of all they had done for the christian cause, and of all the many or children they had also saved by their tricks upon the wicked Glandelinians. The creatures were indeed surprised and yet delighted to see violet violet and her sisters, and also the two little girls with them though of course it did not know the other two children. The two Blengiglomonsean serpents were giant Dorthieans, and as beautiful as any Blengiglomonsean creature that Violet and her sisters or any other person person had ever seen.....They had exactly the same colors and forms that the blengin who had attacked Joice and Jonnie assumed, and were of the same form but immensely longer and larger. They had no doubt been swimming when the little girls had entered. Violet and her sisters wondered where the young creatures were as it did seem strange that no young ones were with the other two. They also wondered if the creatures had any human voices, and so deciding to put the test, the little girls choose violet to do the speaking.

"Where are your young Blengins?" Asked Violet. "You are surely not all alone in this great cavern.....?"

The female herself shook her head, and then started smiling. "I suppose if you saw how many of us were here in these caverns you would be surprised." She said. "We have a full household here, and many are young too."

"Why not come in swimming with us." Said the other great creature. "The water is warm and delightful."

"We would like to." Said Jennie but the fact is we have not thought of going in swimming this day and so have not brought our suits along with us."

"Never mind the bathing suits." Said the creature. "Just leave your undersuits on. It won't hurt them to get them wet."

Violet and her sisters decided to do so and so within a few minutes were also in the water, and having the best time of their lives..... While they were having all the fun necessary for children who are swimming in the water, they were surprised by seeing hundreds of young creatures assembled together in a sort of parade appearance, and if it was not possible that the one who had attacked and wounded Joice and Jonnie among them then I'll eat my hat. It was staring hard at Jennie and Joice, and then suddenly diving into the water toward Joice and Jonnie it confronted them and said;

"You two little girls are not afraid of me any more are you. It is true that I did attack you, but we cannot help it if we made a mistake. The bad boys who injured me by throwing stones were dressed as little girls, and also the Glandelinian boyscouts. You came upon me too suddenly, and this was the reason that made me take no chances. You proved your valor nevertheless by doing what no other sneaking glandelinian could have done. You two shed your ground most gallantly, and when you whipped me I began to think there was something extraordinary in the whole situation, because if it allows us to be beaten by human beings in a fight, then it shows we have attacked the wrong persons. This is what I wished to tell you two little girls when you rushed into the house in terror. I came to do no harm, and that was also the reason I refused to show fight when the soldiers opposed my appearance thinking I meant harm."

"We do realize your mistake now." Said Jonnie. "But how did it come that the boys stoned you?"

"I will tell you though it is a long story." Said the beautiful creature. "I had descended from the hills over in that location, and after feeding on some berries near by started across the pasture, running instead of using my wings, as I did not think it necessary to fly across, then up in front of me arose two bad boys, who quickly threw a number of large rocks at me each stone striking me in the face. I made for them as they were too quick and as I was unable to fly as they wounded my wing with a blow from a large stick, I was unable to locate them. They were dressed like two little girls, and how I made the mistake was because their resemblance was quite a good deal like you little girls. Feeling sure that the two bad boys would come back, I laid in wait for them in ambush. You two opened to come along, and as you came upon me so suddenly I did not look long enough to see who you were as there was only two of you I went in right away and fought hard to overpower you. Of course I had no intentions of destroying the two boys but only to wound and punish them. So I did abuse my poisonous fangs which I could have otherwise."

"My papa papa not long after found the two bad boys." Said violet. "He had punished them some way for their brutal attack upon you, for they had been mangled by a panther which had sprang upon them from a near by tree. The panther was shot but the two boys were dead before they could rescue them."

Violet and her sisters after having enough of their swim, and after having dried their bodies, and put on their clothes, having removed their underwear requested the main creature to tell them of the cruelties of the wicked Glandelinians, and heard many a tale as to the way the creatures prey the Glandelinians for their wickedness. It was not long after when the little girls returned back to their own home promising the creatures that they would come and see them again sometime.

"They arrived home just in time for supper, and Hanson had been the first one to be at the table. After supper, they started into conversation about certain matters of the situation of the Glandelinians after the war, and also the results, and whether the sea was going to pay the war fine or not. Then the subject finally dwinded to the Blengiglomonsean Serpents. Hanson was asked by his brother if he had ever been in the line of islands called the Catherine tale, and where their proper location was....."

"Well" Said Hanson the Catherine tale is in the middle of the Great McWhirtherian Seas..... There are about twenty of them in number and they are bigger than any of the poky or Blengiglomonsean islands. I went there on a long and tedious and dangerous trip one day, long before my brave little noices were born, and arrived there after encountering storms which were too terrible in fury to ever describe. I had then know that all the Blengiglomonsean and Boy king islands were swimming with the beautiful

plongig'omenean creatures. But had never known that these islands had them also. We had made the trip with a fleet of Abbieannian battleships, which we trusted could ride the fiercest storm more easily than the other ships. We had finally come in sight of the islands, but as darkness hovered we had to anchor in the vicinity of one of them until the next morning came. These islands are very close together, being only a mile apart from one another, and in the break of day I could literally see the outline of three of the immense islands..... At first the foremost island which we singled out appeared clear, and as we steamed for one of the inlets of the islands, forgetting to raise our flags which was unusual we were surprised by seeing on a high cliff two nty great creatures of peculiar size and shape, more monstrous than any we had ever witnessed in any of the Boyking and Blengiglomenean islands. At first we were alarmed and did not know what they were, thinking that they were some kind of immense serpents that may be hostile to us. But finally one of them showed its whole form, wings and all, and being at sea as we realized it was a plengiglo onean Serpent, and that the others were too, we did not make the retreat which we were preparing to make, but viewed the huge creatures, who for the time being watched our slow approach.

One of the seamen told me they were plengins called the Robbonna Dortherearian serpents and the mightiest and biggest that was ever in existence, and whose young were so powerful that they could never be injured. He also told me that no glandelinian ships ever approached the islands without being disabled or sunk. The Abbieannian ships we rode happened to have the black color, and so the creatures not knowing however what nationality we were, watched us with great curiosity, and caution. The admiral however seeing that the flags were not flying at the mast, ordered them to be run up and soon all the flags were flying at the mast heads.

We steamed into the little bay without any accident and were able to land without opposition on the part of the huge creatures whose young only came down to view us with more curiosity than over. There was not a one among them that did not have the heads of children, big or little, like boys and girls, but more docile looking than any ever soon in any of the Blengiglomenean or Boyking islands, and I wondered how it could be possible that they had such frightful fury toward the glandelinians as it was reported. To test one of the young however, we spoke to it, and showed it a Glandelinian flag which one of us had opened to have in our possession, and it forthwith made at it and torn tore it in shreds with its teeth. Then another of them said;

"We give the glandelinians all the hell they want if they dare approach our islands. We hate the sight of any soldiers, and people who brutalize the young ones we heard about in Galverina, and of their horrifying child slavery, and its a wonder to us you christian nations do not war against this wicked tyrant of the world and crush her before she dominates all the nations."

Of course we were surprised at this remark, and I said to it that some day we will enforce orders against the child slavery. "We found also that the island was peopled with strange natives, who nevertheless were christian in their ways, though they hardly wore clothes, and were of a strange brownish color. When we approached the interior of the islands the natives treated us with the deepest concern, and sold to us many jewels they had, and showed us many curiosities of the islands, and even they loaned us guides, who showed us the way to the craters of enormous volcanoes, and even showed us the valleys and caverns swarmed thickly with thousands of these beautiful Blengiglomenean Serpents. I tell you all that with the kind of foliage growing there, the peculiar natives, the beautiful way they built their shelters, and the scenery of fields, and mountains, and these beautiful plengiglomenean creatures, these islands are regular paradises worth visiting. These very natives have been exceedingly hostile to the Glandelinians also, and when they landed on the islands where they had not at first been opposed by the plengiglomenean Serpents, the natives showed such terrible savagery toward them that they were glad to decamp and go back to their ships. While there I asked one of the native chiefs if they had any use for the people called glandelinians.

His answer was;

"No me ha a hate um. They no good. Bad soldiers. They kill-um. They no good. They steal our pao papooses, and make slaves out of them. Blaspheme god. We start great good dragons to sig them off our islands. The good dragons defend, help us. They keep bad soldiers and peoples from our islands. They kill them all. Take good grub out of them."

had been surprised at the last words the chief made and said;

"Do you mean to say the serpents eat the glandelinians by kill.?"

"No, no I no mean to say they do." He said "I say that for expression. But I keep the region clear of bad soldiers."

The main island was the queerest island that - had ever set a foot upon. It had three great volcanic mountains in its center, an also number of small ranges of hills, but very lofty in height. It alone was not devoid of trees, but had low bushes and grass growing. We landed on the large island the last thing, and made a throughout investigation. We saw a number of small Blengiglomenean Serpents approach us, and as soon as entering a certain field full of beautiful grass, and tall floor flowers we were surprised to see thousands of children playing together, native children but children of other christian nations and of all different languages. There were many Abbieannian children among them, and questioned them how they came to be in the island, and why the reason of the Glandelinians marooning them there, when they may know they would be for the care of the plengiglo onean serpents, and well taken care of at last. The foremost of the children answered not a word, from timidity. One of the eldest boy who was a galverinian answered that the glandelinians had not brought them there at all. They had been slaves in the care of the wicked Glandelinians and had been seized and carried to the island by the huge creatures, who had taken care of them, and watched that harm ever came upon them. At this moment the young plengiglomenean serpents which had been following us came up eyed us curiously and then eyed the children, who appeared to be remarkably a happy. Most of the children as I was told by the eldest had no parents the glandelinians having killed their fathers and mothers. I asked them if they would like to go to their own countries or say in the island with the beautiful creature, and among the God loving and fearing natives, and they said they did sooner die than leave such a happy paradise.

I was ja ja heartily glad that the great creatures had did this work and I seeing the small ones looking up at me said to one of them; "It would be a most good thing if all your big mates carried all of the children who are still in bondage over to this island. And it would also be a good cause if you all went to Glande, Glandelinia and wrecked tenfold vengeance upon the rascals."

The creature nodded in ascent, and then one of the little girls came up to me like a happy singing bird I noticed a red spot on her chest just what is on the chest of the little things of the nations. I used to wonder what that peculiar red spot meant and now I have found out. A child made happy by the goodness and kindness of these creatures are marked with a seal on their breast, and told any man lay a hostile hand on that child in front of any plengiglomenean serpent, he would meet a furious creature more terrible than all demon in a rage. I can examine the red spot of on the child's chest, and accidentally touched it, with the same result that has and still seems to my little nieces, a sudden strange happiness striking her almost private. I could never understand how the plengiglomenean serpents made children so happy in this fashion, and yet prevent all harm from falling upon them. They have even in their very blood a peculiar fluid that destroys the ravages of the most incurable disease known. I learned this from experience during the child slave rebellion in Galverine one winter when a child was bitten by a ferocious dog suffering from a fearful disease called Phenomenia that resembled Hydrophobia but which was highly contagious. A small plengiglomenean serpent was brought into the house by me, and it effected something into her that in the shortest time possible cured the disease and yet to this day as I have learned I left the child in the same state as the Vivian girls are now. I never observed such happy children. It was the worse. She showed it more at night time when in bed when the effect was still more greater. Thus it shows that these creatures are the best of children's friends. And that they do defend helpless children against their wicked enemies with exceedingly terrible fury. I remember that in the very city of Galverine when I was walking through the streets I saw a creature that made me open my eyes. There was a number of children boys and girls playing with a cat headed plengin, a very cute little creature that when a number of glandelinians rushed upon the children with the intention of seizing them and no doubt bring them to the slave houses. Without the slightest hesitation the creature threw itself between the glandelinians and the children, which when they surrounded closely with the formidable tail exposing all the talons on the side of its body at the same time. It defied the glandelinians to seize the children. As the creature was so small to them the glandelinians did not believe it capable of doing anything, or even of being able to defend the children success

successfully and made fiercer efforts to get at the children one of the men striking it on the head with a club he had in his hands. The creature at once sprang upon the glandelinians who were anyway about to be mobbed by a swarm of Calverinians who were rushing up, and right before their eyes carried the glandelinians in its claws high into the air and then dropped them that fearful height to the ground where they were dashed to pieces by the fall. It was a horrible scene but nevertheless when aroused the creatures seem not to care what they do to their wicked enemies, or the enemies of innocent children. I have seen other occurrences during the child slave times. Children had been time and again forced out into the cold and snow without a stitch of cloths on to cover their bodies, when all of a sudden small plengiglamean Serpents would swoop down upon the shivering children thrown them upon its back and enfold them into its war wings and roar fiercely untill Angelinians came with others, and seeing the reason procured blankets, which they wrapped the children in and then carried them to better places. The creature would then hover above the factory of plantation where the children had been forced out into the cold, and for days and days no Glandelinian would as dare peek his head out of a window without the creature making a sudden descent and biting him fearfully with its poison fangs.

In other ways they had accomplished the destruction of these wicked child enemies in a manner that is worth worthy of attention. Well aware that the men would remain in the factories than face them after their cruel forcing of children into the cold naked has been discovered and there by elude their attempts upon them, the two would ascend upon the building, and two others ascend into the air, and three others would fly in opposite directions. All would then would first reach a certain height, immediately after which, two of them glides with great swiftness toward the mill, the Glandelinians meantime aware of the creature's attention rushing back into the building before the creature reaches the doors or windows. The pursuer would then rise into the air, and is met by its mates, which glides toward the building just as the glandelinians who though the creatures had gone off emerges, and forces them to plunge again into the buildings, with slamming of doors and bolts, to escape the tarlons or the second rush of plengiglamean assailants. The first creature is now poised itself in the place where its mates formerly was, and rushes anew to force the Glandelinians to take to shelter once more. By thus alternately gliding, in rapid and often repeated rushes, over the ill fated house full of Glandelinian child slave masters, they soon fatigue them, and then down they all descend and surround the house on all sides, while another with its horns on the head, or its fearful paws batters down the doors, and rushes upon the panic stricken Glandelinians and mangles them horribly and forthwith carries off all the other child slaves to the islands or to Abbiaannia and despoites them among the other children. Glandelinian camps full of soldiers were attacked for the same reason.

I remember a soldier telling of of glandelinians from a near by camp when the weather was ten below zero take children seized from homes and forcing off all their clothes leave them tied to trees untill nearly frozen to death, and then about to tear upon their bodies when down upon them swooped a gigantic creature who first restored the children to consciousness, and warming them with the folds of its wings, and then rushing upon the Glandelinians and in one moment lay them prone in death and then carry off the children to the nearest christian camp. Then as he said it returned and wrecked its vengeance on the Glandelinian camp killing every Glandelinian there.

There was another instance I remember which a glandelinian prisoner told me himself and which investigations proved to be true. Near a mountainous region where the fierce Dorthelian Blengins aboded a fearful massacre of children had occurred, and also twenty eight Blengins of small size had been fired upon and stoned. Enraged at the scene of bloodcurdling slaughter, the horrifying sights of the mangled bodies of children, and the ill treatment they had received three human headed Dorthelians made an attack upon a portion of general Manley's main camp, consisting of one third of the main Glandelinian army. Here they wrought great havoc.

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The thou and men perished in general Federal's division, 10,000 in general where not a tent or tree was left standing so fierce was the onrush of the creatures, and their ferocious and desperate charges and blows struck right and left with their wings or tails. At one point during a rush from one of the creatures a hundred tents were torn to pieces in a moment and the occupants as scathed. In general Royals camp, his giant tabour, seven acres like tents of just as many generals, and one thousand four hundred per tents were torn to shreds, and one thousand six hundred glandelinians were buried under the ruins of a line of barracks which were shattered tangled wreckage by the blows of the creatures tail, a few of the glandelinians escaping and being pursued into the woods by one of the engines which bore down thousands of trees in its way in an effort to get at them, and roaring terribly as it charged. All of the barracks containing soldiers in company street L, the Mess halls, and Y.M.C.A., the barracks establishments, and the two rows of tents in the company street, and a part of the main barracks occupied by under officers were dashed to pieces by the blows from the tails of these creatures. In Santa Lucias camp where a thousand Glandelinians had perished the most massive barracks were leveled to the ground by blows from the wings of the creatures, great cannons fired in number were dashed to a distance of a thousand yards, and men and horses were dashed into the air and hurled to the ground. It was one of the worse attacks ever made by these creatures, and for a time since it was reported that the Glandelinians never molested these kind of plengiglamean serpents, ---in fact they never did again. Much is said of the blind fury of these Dorthelians toward Glandelinians. Hereafter no camp shall be erected but that the creatures did not go at it, wreck everything, as the greatest commotion, and slay many of the soldiers and officers killed.

All were spell bound at the sort story that Manson told. All it shows the fury of these great plengiglamean We Serpents. Said our governor general Vivian. "I had witnessed many things also concerning these creatures but none so fatal as that attack you just told us. I have seen many glandelinians flee before the fierce Dorthelians that so dare as rebel repel their assaults for a moment. Nevertheless never have the glandelinians been so bold as to repel the other creatures attacked them. One day when I was scouting with me officers to see the effect of the enemys position at the McWhirther run I saw a thousand plengiglamean Serpents hovering over the main glandelinian camp and that all the soldiers were beating a hasty retreat, leaving all behind to get away from their ominous enemies. . . . However though I remained a long time watching the scene none of the creatures made any attack although they hovered over the camp for the space of four hours. I then went into the deserted camp to see if they had committed any havoc before the glandelinians had fled. But nothing in the camp was then touched and I saw a great prize indeed. I believed it had been the purpose of the creatures to capture a Glandelinian position for us, and thus save us from sacrificing many of our men. Another scene I witnessed was when a squad of glandelinians had been riding toward three children who had been trying frantically to get away from them. I had intended to interfere, when down upon the three glandelinians swooped a number of plengiglamean serpents who in a moments time routed the Glandelinians and saved the children from harm. But though I had witnessed many incidents more numerous to describe, nevertheless I never saw any of the creatures slaughter the glandelinians. "I saw a most harrowing sight." Said Violet mother. "And a sight that showed what these great plengiglamean creatures are when aroused to a fit of fury. I had went out with a ship full of children who had been taken from masters of orphan asylums for a raging good time. This occurred during the child slave rebellion. We had been steaming down the McHollester River when three Glandelinian war cruisers, confronted our ship, and ordered us to slow down. The captain of our ship had to obey orders and the Glandelinians of the foremost ships landed upon our decks, and declared that all the children on our ship were child slaves who had escaped from the masters of the slave plantations. We protested that they were wrong, but they told them that if they were they would get no success as a shot from one of the guns would bring to bear upon them the christian batteries of the shore.

It seemed however that all we said did not cow the brutes who demanded the children, declaring that if we would not give them up they would take them by force. At this time a large plengiglamean Serpent was hovering over the ships that were hostile to us, and before we were aware what had happened saw the enemy ships sinking, and the men all floundering in the water. The creature had wrecked the ships, and only the men on our ship were the only ones not in the water. The creature was hovering over our ship, but hesitated in attacking, on account of us christians being mixed with them.

but the captian threatened to order his men and passengers to the cabins below and leave the glandelinians exposed to the creatures' wrath if they did not yield themselves up as his prisoners. The wicked glandelinians who were twenty in number upon our decks, saw nothing else to do but give themselves up as his prisoners. They dreaded the huge poverine which had made such a fatal assault upon the ship, and drowned the men on board, and they feared that if the captian and the others quickly dear deserted the upper decks, and locked them out alone the creature would descend and tear them to pieces without mercy. So they yel yielded themselves up as prisoners, and were placed into the hold in chains. At first we did not know the reason of the creatures fearful attack upon the ships of the enemy. But we soon found out. The glandelinians were frustrated in their intention of seizing the children and making slaves of them. This was the reason of the interference of the creature.

Banson also related this;

"The plengiglomenian Serpents have indeed proven themselves the friends of little children without adoubt. It happened during the child slave horrors and even the war that the glandelinians who found children unable to work in the factories or slave plantations, treated them with the most shocking cruelty by taking them out into a hot calverinian desert and leaving them there tied up or to lose them as lives and to die from the frightful tortures of thirst. But none of these children had died so horribly for these great creatures had first brought them water, and then took them out of the desert region to safety, and then assail the wicked glandelinians who had tried to do this and kill them all without warning....

"It seemed queer to me," said violet's aunt, "that the female plengiglomenian serpents are more ferocious toward the glandelinians than the males are. I wonder why is the reason?"

"Their nature is more sensitive than the males," answered Hanson. "Just the same as little children are more sensitive than grown persons. They are more easily angered than the males, and are stronger though longer and more slender. They have attacked the glandelinians more than the males have. The females were always exceedingly ferocious to the glandelinians since they started their cruel pranks, and it is probable that they will always be. Once the plengiglomenian Serpents are started there is no chance of appeasing them at all. Once they really believe a certain man to be its enemy, then always will it hate that person. They have known to defend their own young with the most savage ferocity, and have proved themselves more formidable enemies than any dragon of fables. They cannot be stopped once they attacked and neither can the older ones be always wounded. But if one chances to be wounded by its assailants then God help its assailants."

Violet and her sisters had been listening to this conversation with the greatest interest, and felt like telling something about them that they themselves knew, but then felt more like hearing what the others had to say about those creatures.

"How many of them in all the islands do you think there are?" asked Evans of Hanson.....

"There are too many to be counted," said general janson vivian. Before the fierce and warlike character of the plengiglomenian serpents was known to the wicked glandelinians, they took many glandelinian vessels by entwining their huge tails around them. Ship taking seemed indeed to be a proceeding so dear to the plengiglomenian serpents, that they could scarcely resist the temptation when it is offered them. In my first voyages to the plengiglomenian Serpents islands, especially the Boyking, there was an anecdote of a an adventure that befell us, which but for the timely arrival of a friendly plengiglomenian serpent would undoubtedly have had a tragic issue. The ship had arrived off the island of Union Peter and while at anchor the following proceedings occurred;:::

"This morning our little vessel was surrounded with all kinds of strange but small plengiglomenian serpents, many who clambered up and crowded the decks so much that we were obliged to put a bar across the quarter decks and guard it from intrusion. We happened to have a ship belonging once to the wicked Glandelinians and this is what had attracted them. The small creatures had been suspicious and which before we were aware they had taken complete possession and forthwith made us their prisoners.

wondrous and most horrifying were the howlings, screeching, and shocking thunderous uproar of signal cries of the small plengiglomenian serpents, as they stamped their feet, and brandished their long human shaped arms flourished their rattling wings. One female with two males had surrounded the captian, holding their tuskhorians at his sides and breast on the larboard quarter of the well vessel. The chief of the small plengins all whom a human headed now brought her huge scaled visaged near to the captian, naming in tones the most odious and horrifying;

"Are us plengiglomenian creatures had creatures that you should execute us like you do and then dare approach our islands." This the creature repeated as rapidly as lips, tongue and throat could utter the words. Happily the captian understood the question though he was no Abbieannian did not understand the tongue of the creatures. Though convinced that a terrible death was at hand he answered with as much composure as could be assumed;

"B Not had the plengiglomenian creatures are good serpents, so often as the other, with indescribable ferocity of aspect and sharp as of an accent asked the same question, which was a hundred times, the answer was returned. And it may be observed that all good persons had never could have any idea of the preternatural fury which the plengiglomenian Serpents can throw can throw into their beautiful but now distorted countenances, and infuse into their deafening voices and outcries, screams when they are possessed by a literal legion fiend of fearful rapidity and revenge. However by gaining time the captian was at last rewarded for his courageous stand, by the arrival of a friendly plengiglomenian Serpent who knew the crew of the ship, and who explained the situation succeeded at once in clearing the ship!....

The young plengiglomenian serpents of human form headed form a very young in particular are singularly beautiful, and retain their strikingly good looks longer than is usual among human beings. Like the boys of the Catherine Isle however, they generally attain to a great size in a few years, those of the better sort being remarkable for their enormous size when at the age of five years old. This development is owing to that of the creatures of the Catherine Isles to the great quantity of weeds and other grasses which they continually feed upon. When young over the porthereans are exceedingly beautiful, their features having peculiar charm of their own, and their forms being of those of gigantic beautiful dragons. A friend of mine whose name was Charles Jennings gave a most animated description of a small portherean plengin, in his interesting work on the plengiglomenian islands, showing that despite its great serpentine creatures that it had not destroyed their beauty of features nor symmetry of form in the neck chest and arms. In truth to me it may be safely asserted that beauty is not merely confined to humanity in this story. It was more frequently found among the human headed plengins and tuskhorians, on every distant isle of the Angelinian, or Mithredian, and Calverinian Oceans. In this instant I wish to be understood as speaking of physical beauty, and this only. On leaving the shore to ascend one of the volcanic mountains, I met just such a specimen had often driven men mad, and whose possession has many a time led the way to subversion of empire on the part of Abbieannian monarchs. A portherean was rather above the medium size of the other kind of human headed plengins. Her finely chiselled chin, nose, and forehead, were singularly Grecian. Her beautifully moulded neck and shoulders looked as though they might have been borrowed from Juno. The development of her entire form was as perfect as nature could make it. She was arrayed in the most beautiful wings ever seen on any plengiglomenian creature, striped in the beautiful parts, and strewn strewn with kinds of flowers in the form of pansies, roses, carnations, and other kinds that artists have ever known. The hair on her eye brows of her beautiful high head were as glossy as shining gold. I was even surprised to see that around her head was carefully twined a wreath of the beautiful native flowers of those singular islands. Her lips seemed fragrant with the odor of brsalvia. But her eyes. I never shall forget those lovely eyes. They shined something that spoke of affection so deep, a spiritual existence so intense, a dreamy enchantment so inexpressively beautiful, that they reminded one of the beautiful Greek girl Myrrha in Byrons tragedy of Iphigeneia at Aulis, whose love clung to the old monarch when the flames of the funeral pile formed their winding sheet. In no former period of my life had I ever raised my hat to beauty, but at this moment and in such a presence, I took it off.

I was entirely fascinated, charmed, spellbound now. I stopped my horse and there I sat, to take a further glance at the fair reality, half human being, half dragon. As the creature stopped, and I returned the glance while a sweet smile parted her lips, and partly revealed a set of teeth and two sharp pointed fangs as white as snow and of matchless perfection. I felt that smile to be an unsafe atmosphere for the nerves of an old bachelor like I was, so I bowed, replaced my hat, and passed on my way feeling fully assured that nothing but the chisel of Praxiteles, could have copied her exquisite charms. And as I gently moved past her she exclaimed in the vocabulary of her one voice; "Love and Protection to you."

From this man's description of her I remembered all told. And to speak the truth one day when I landed on the same island with a swarm of Christian soldiers I was confronted by a creature that looked very much like the one he stated; and the childish appearance of her face and fear feature, and arms, neck and shoulders was tenfold more beautiful than any of the little Vivian girls themselves. I was dazzled by the exceedingly great beauty of this creature, who followed me and my shoulders around the island watching every good proceeding, and always appearing to be so sweet mannered, and so loving toward me and the soldiers, and helped us to wend our way up to the crater of an enormous volcano, and show us other marvellous sights of the islands. All of the soldiers were spellbound at her beauty, and we did wonder how creatures so pretty in features could show such frightful ferocity toward the wicked glandelinians, but they have shown fury that God alone could describe.

Only three of these islands had been in the possession of the wicked Glandelinians the others having been impossible to be approached. The three islands were; Mt. Patch, Golden, and Ploverhole. And also My St. Johns. All of these islands, or islands are over a hundred miles across, and some are nearly twice as long as they are wide. Every one have volcanoes, many of which are active. The islands are numbered by the thousand but there are at least thirteen or fourteen of the immense ones themselves.

"We have been there ourselves," said Violet. "How I do wish to go there again and see the pretty one you mentioned."

"But that was a long time ago," said Hanson. "It is probably grown to its full size now and probably cannot even be found there now."

"We will soon have to make a trip for those islands any way to see the results of the war havoc among those in possession of the enemy during the war," said Governor General Vivian.

"There is one great kind of Blengiglo-nenean Creature we could find there, if we ever take the trip, when the typhoon season passes," said Governor General Hanson Vivian.

"And I believe you are about to reveal it," said Governor Vivian. "Its either the Whip-lash-tail Blengin, or the others called the Cattapillar Blengins, the most formidable of all in the Blengiglo-nenean islands."

"You are right," said Governor General Hanson.

"Why do they call them the Whip-lash-tail for?" asked Evans a who had never heard of these creatures.

"Because they have a tail like a long whip," answered Hanson. "And the one called the Cattapillar is because it has so many feet like that kind of insect. I tell you my boy they are simply beautiful to behold in their colors but to Glandelinians the most ferocious of the kind in the Blengiglo-nenean Islands to encounter. They are very seldom seen in Abbieannia or Calverinia. But probably some day they will swarm these warmer countries too. Those he ever with the human heads are always the strongest when full grown, and have shown more fury toward the wicked Glandelinians than the other kind have."

Robert Angelic Vivian decided to make a trip to the Boy King and Blengiglo-nenean islands, but the others especially General Hanson Vivian did not like to make such a trip, as they dreaded the fury of the great typhoon storms that sweep there nearly three times a week. Hanson remembered the other three he and the others had passed through, and when the last time the ships had been wrecked on the shores, or beaches not far from the great Calverinia city of Calverinia. Hanson had even refused to make such a trip, declaring that since that day he had made a vow that he would never set his foot upon a ship again, unless in case of the greatest necessity, and that if they had to go it would be probable that the Vivian girls stay at home, or remain with the King of Abbieannia until they returned. But Governor General Vivian did not like this idea.

"They'll go with us," he said. "And Hanson dear there is no asking out. You must go, and if you refuse we'll bound and gag you and place you on the ship just the same. It is a case of necessity, and you must go. It's a duty to perform. We simply have to go and see how the results of the war have taken effects upon the Blengiglo-nenean islands, and also the Boy King Islands and also to see other sights there well worthy of any one's good eye sight. You never was afraid of Typhoons before and I hope you are not getting scared of them now."

"I have heard certain things about the Blengiglo-nenean serpents that you would astonish anyone who hear of it," said Evans himself. "Is it that the Blengiglo-nenean serpents of all kinds, no matter what shape they are found on or what islands in all the sea, mean love children better than any lovable person could?"

"It is hard to say the real cause though I have heard stories about great love for children," answered Hanson himself. "The kinds that children the best are the great human headed Robbouna Whip Lash Tailed kinds of the Catherine Isles. These kind of Blengins are seen everywhere in Calverinia and Abbieannia. I used to read a good deal in those years from many books and also read of them in my lessons in school. The most lovable creatures of all toward the children are those of the Blandanion, which are found in all islands of the sea, but seen in the main land. They are the best looking of the lot without human heads, but also the most gigantic and many of them in form of bodies they resemble the gigantic Cre-Grime-mercians. I have heard of them raising children in the vicinity of the Calverinian border during the great Abbieannian war of eighteen fourteen one, and the reason no children remain during that war is because no Glandelinians dared go in the nation where the Blengiglo-nenean serpents resided. The subject I read in books is very interesting, and I'll read it to you out of one of the books I still have and which I had since a little boy. The book is old and new but nevertheless I can use it yet."

Hanson went into his library and in a few minutes returned with the book. It took him several minutes to find the place he was looking for, and he began:

"All Blengiglo-nenean Serpents are the greatest lovers of children of all nations whether good or bad, and children of bad nations have been carried away by these enormous creatures so that their souls would not be ruined by the sinful ways of the government of or their parents. The love of the Blengiglo-nenean Serpents for little children is indescribable, but there has been many examples of it in the actions of these lovable beasts. As they are supposed to be called. It was intended by General Constantine Goacoco during the Glandico-Abbieannian war to lead his biggest army into Calverinia, and while opposing the fierce Abbieannian enemies, they waste to the whole country and wipe out all the Christians with their children there was then in the country. Somehow the Blengiglo-nenean serpents heard of this plan, and children from orphan asylums and from homes were carried off by the creatures and brought to their caves, until, when the short invasion they did not find a child which to slay, though they did find something that had a fury worse than a million fiends."

It is declared by history that the Blengiglo-nenean serpents had to do with the Abbieannian victories in that war than all the battles fought for no where during the invasion of Calverinia, or in defense of their country were the Glandelinian armies safe. Three quarters of the number of Glandelinians died from the fury of these creatures, and only one tenth of the battles. Camps had been attacked by hundreds every day, the creatures had created havoc worse than a roaring tornado, and men were slain and torn and lacerated so horribly by the creatures that the Glandelinians, believing that the Blengiglo-nenean serpents were fighting for their Christian enemies readily surrendered though the war had progressed for ten years.

Even during the child slavery, the Blengiglonian serpents had been very active. During the quarrel with Angolinia starting in Eighteen Eighty one and resulting in the great war just written the glandelinians had about fifty million child slaves, and during the outbreak of the war the Glandelinians could boast that to the utmost number of slaves then in their power was only thirty six million five hundred thousand and these had been fast carried away by either the creatures, or the victorious christian armies.

The Glandelinian country in its earliest history had also been infested by strange creatures called Dragon Dragons but these creatures had been different different than those of Abbeannia. They had been extremely fierce and more cruel and dangerous than those ever mentioned in any fairy tale and no person or no great number of persons could cope with them or even wound these creatures. What over the creatures were by right name no one would surmise, for the fact that heinous as they were they were as docile toward christians as a little kitten is in a child's lap. They finally got the name of Glandelinian Gazooks or Blengiglonian Dragons. Others are called Gazoonian Blengins or Good dragons. These creatures were more enormous than the longest and largest Blengiglonian serpents sometimes exceeding a length of five thousand feet, but their colors and wings were the same and form also. It was only their heads that had forms so as to cause them to look heinous not quite as heinous as the dragons of old however.

They and Blengiglonian serpents worked hand in hand with each other against the Glandelinians in the country called glanderton now a part of Angolinia and caused such horrible devastations that the glandelinians fled from the region entirely and never dared to return. No child slave was overlooked in this location and neither was any of the cruel masters who were torn in shreds when ever caught lashing a child. These great dragonic creatures reside in all christian countries now, and many a time during the earlier period helped the Blengiglonian creatures rout the destructive dragons out of Abbeannia, and down the more fierce ones who dared offer resistance.

Being with the Blengiglonian serpents so constantly they finally lost their heinous faces and within the time of the great war we just won or even sooner their fearful heinousness was gone completely and it is these that finally became so beautiful as to be called the Gigantic Tuskorhorians. Now being real Blengiglonian serpents they are the most gigantic of them all and some of those that are more gigantic are called the Great Roverines and Dorthereans.

The greatest number of these are now found in the Blengiglonian islands and also the Catherine isles, though there is no islands found where you cannot see these creatures. But the most strange things in their love for children especially all human beings who belong to christians. Once before the wicked cruelty of the Glandelinians they did love them also, but the wicked cruelties of the Glandelinians went too far and made the beautiful creatures the most formidable enemies they ever had. So many Blengiglonian serpents could have easily wiped out the whole glandelinian nation for their wickedness, and for their cruelty to them and the children of christian nations but they did not for the reason that they loved the women and children and only showed such fury toward the wicked men and had no desire in many cases either to do harm to any of them but nevertheless would not stand for their abuse, and would not allow them to ruin their own loved friends. Children always came in as the best friends of the Blengiglonian Serpents, and thus the reason that children had been seen playing with so many of the littler ones, and being protected and guarded by the larger ones.

Some statements on the love of children may be stated thus:
"Children to the Blengiglonian serpents seem to be beings more prettier than any flowers, no matter whether the child is good looking or not. To see a child crying, makes a Blengiglonian serpent cry, to see a child injured by a Glandelinian seems to make a hell enter a Blengiglonian serpent and to see a child happy makes the creature work hard to increase the happiness of that child. It can be remembered that Blengiglonian Serpents can make children happy as much as a being of heaven through means of some instrument it has in its mouth though this queer means has never been discovered, though a child lanced by one of those Whipple Blengins can never be made to cry again, and a seal mark is on that portion of the child's body, that will make a Glandelinian gladly wish to dive into hell rather than face the fury of a Blengiglonian creature if he dared to try and mar the happiness of that child.

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Also that particular child is rendered incapable of catching any disease is rendered incapable of any sickness, and nothing can injure that one particular child. It is easy to trace any child who received this treatment from a Whipple Blengin though all Blengiglonian Serpents do the same thing lancing children happy. The seal is a small round red spot on the body where also he had been lanced. It may be in the breast, arm, leg, or on the hand, and the fact is that it has a form of a print like a Japanese design on their flags. The size of the spot is sometimes about as large as a quarter, or half a dollar, and has a beautiful pinkish hue. Every touch that the child receives on that spot starts the extreme part of the happiness all over again. Many great persons have tried to trace the means of this but it is hard to do so as good as the creatures are they will not reveal any of their secret membranes of the mouth, though it is believed that they would only to children. But nevertheless this has been done and the children who have been thus treated number by the millions. All rescued child slaves have received this lancing, and are seen now more happy than natural children.

Hanson when he got through reading the article he looked gently at Violet and her sisters.....

"Well," He said, "I believe my little noices have been treated the same way at Phelantonburg when they took refuge in a cavern belonging to a set of great Blengiglonian Serpents. At least least there are traces of it on their little breasts. Is it not so Violet?" He asked.....

"Yes," said Violet remembering that day. "And I have never known what it is to be even as afraid of any wicked Glandelinian since then, and never as I fat and any more."

"What was the name of the membrane that the creature did it with in the cavern?" Asked Evans of Violet. Did you or any of your sisters ever see it?"

"We did not," said Violet. After the attack it put us all into a deep trance sleep and when we revived we felt as if all the sorrows of the world was on us. But we never saw anything but that the creatures embraced us before the happiness came. They did not reveal the lances to us."

"Maybe your little girls could find out from your guardian the Blengin in the garden," said Hanson. "He may show you his hers."

"She did," said Violet for we asked her to one day after we returned when the war was over. "It forms a just like the flea feelers of a common snake, but not quite so forked and there is two colors one red and the other blue. They are very long, and not attached to the tongue either, but to the sides of the creature. They are sharp but also hollow, and at times a fluid of a very sweet smell comes from either one of them. Those are the lines which if pierced into the bloodveins of a little girl or boy causes her the strange hapiness as soon as the fluid is injected. How great the happiness is it depends how long the injection lasts."

"But how is it that the creatures have something in their own blood that saves a victim that has the most incurable disease?" asked Hanson.

"No one knows," answered Hanson, "but it has happened, and I remember a instance before the war during one of the worse winters the Glandelinian country had ever experienced. It was when a little child had been bitten by a dog suffering from Fenadencia of the worse form, and in all the best doctors gave her up as hopeless a young Blengiglonian serpent saved her in the quickest time possible. The little little girls as was Jennie though I have forgotten the second name. This is the main reason that during the war there was only one series of epidemics and only caused by the enemy when they blew up a number of laboratories. The reason the disease did not spread as far as dreaded was on account of many Blengiglonian Serpents. You all have observed I believe that when we come within the location of these creatures that there is a peculiar sweet smell in the air? Well this smell is very enticing for us, as the odor is grander than the perfume of the most sweetest flowers, but nevertheless it is very deadly to all germs and any insects of vile kind that encounters it. This odor is rejected through the tarlons of the great serpents, and whose tarlons are shaped like long hooks or sabres. They are hollow like a tube and eject a bluish fluid of the sweetest odor, and which prevails the air for miles around. Well when that great plague broke out after the destruction of the laboratories these creatures noticing it, ejected the fluid in greater quantities, and that is the reason the plagues went away so swift. If it was not for them it would have wrought terrible havoc among all of our christian armies, and wiped out all of the calceolians inhabiting inhabitants altogether before the war was half a year old.

The fluid has a stronger odor some days than others and it is this that causes their wings to glow like living fire in the darkness of the night. All of the Blengiglonenian Serpents glow and it is because of this substance in their veins which no doubt consist of some kind of fluid besides their own blood, the latter which is the great Blengiglonenian poison so fatal to any creature bitten or torn by them."

"The Blengiglonenian creatures are certainly wonderful serpents then," said Evans. "For this is something new to me. But then there is another question I would like to ask. Is there any real descriptive fury to those called the human headed, whip-lashed tail blengins?"

"Their fury is beyond any other description," said Hanson. "They have been known to be easily aroused, and to the Glandelinians are as dangerous as the common Blengiglonenian Serpents of the Catherine Isles. There have not been any encounters that I know of with these creatures and the wicked Glandelinians, but nevertheless there has been many fatal encounters during the war just the same, and probably the scenes enacted were terrible enough to be consigned to the annals of the Blengiglonenian Serpents. They are exceedingly ferocious to all that proclaim themselves enemies of children and God whether they be Glandelinians or not, and to strike a child down in the view of one of these creatures is like committing deliberate suicide. Their fury is something terrible, and a blow from one of their wings, or from its horrible whip lash tail would carry all before it. I have seen some as long as the Roverines, and some still longer. When young they are short, but I have never seen a grown one yet that did not exceed ten thousand five hundred and eighty five feet. They like the Tuskorhorians are the largest of all the Blengiglonenian Serpents living are the most powerful of the world and the longest creatures of the all. Those without the heads of human beings are called Taporian Blengins. I have seen many of them in my younger days and many even now. They are beautiful in their wings, and some of them are as beautiful in face and form as fairies, but nevertheless none the less ferocious when attacked by Glandelinians or any kind of enemies either human or wild beasts. No lions or tigers, or ferocious monkeys dare live in the location of these kind of Blengiglonenian serpents, and one of the youngest of the creatures could rend a large Elephant to pieces with its fearful claws. The human headed northerners relate to the fierce Whip-lashed-tail Blengins, and thus all human headed Blengiglonenian Serpents received the name of Robbonna, and the other kinds as Tuskorhorians, and Grimecorians.

So furious in manner toward the Glandelinians these creatures, that it would be horrible to imagine what they would do if aroused. I have seen a number of them sometimes spring upon a monstrous whale, or a shark and kill it in a minutes time.

I seen one young Whip-lash-tail Blengin of human headed form in the Blengiglonenian islands during one of my tours there during the earlier part of the child slave troubles in Calverinia. A large party of Glandelinian marines had landed near a rocky part of the shore, and as I watched them from my observation place, I saw what appeared to be a young plengin with wings of many beautiful hues, and with large and long black tarlons all around them. It observed the approach of the Glandelinians with great disdain, and immediately it opened its wings half way to their normal height, suddenly assumed a demonical expression and let out a thunderous roar while flourishing its long tail straight across the sky, and let fly with one single blow that sent ten of the nearest Glandelinian sprawling dead, and mangled mangled and bleeding. The surviving Glandelinians seeing what made the attack with its tail immediately fired one volley and beat a hasty retreat. It had no legs yet, only arms and the Glandelinians who in firing the volley had succeeded in wounding it slightly in one arm though they thought the creature could do no further harm, but it flew between them and the boats, smashed the boats to atoms with a blow of its wings, swooped down upon the remainder of the Glandelinians, and pinioned them under its huge body crushing them to death. It was probable that in this island the creatures allowed no Glandelinians to land, though the island was only a small one and she seemed to be the only Blengiglonenian possessing it. It tossed the dead bodies of the Glandelinians into the sea and flew back to its former post looking out for more of the dare devil invaders, but none came as long as I remained within view of the ferocious creature. I had decided after a little while to approach the great plengin, and so after all the excitement died down I crept from my hiding place, and slowly approached the creatures, making the sign of the Cross, which the creature did with curiosity. To me it was as docile as a harmless and helpless creature, and though young when I came close enough its body extended nearly as high as I am.

The hues of its wings were magnificent. The upper three

stripes were red, white, and blue. The white strip had black dots in it, the blue, and red yellow. It had two yellow stripes of different shade, with the dots, two green stripes with yellow dots, and a black back ground over the back with yellow dots also. The tarlons of the wings were nearly sixteen feet long and black, with hollow openings at their points. When not angry it looked as pretty as any angelic child, and I was indeed surprised by it could have assumed such a hideous expression of face as before when it had been enraged at the appearance of the wicked Glandelinians. It had no long arms, longer than soon in a human being, and was of a reddish color in the scales, with yellow on the belly. The first part of its tail was of different colors of striped bands, being red, blue, green and yellow, while the whip part was all of a fiery color and shone like flames of fiery gold in the strong sunlight. It had dark brown eyes, and yellow hair but no horns as yet.

Its voice was not at all childish, and when it talked it had sort of roar in its voice. It was the most peculiar creature of these kind that I have ever seen before and though she told me she was only one year old, she extended to the distance of eight hundred feet, in the body alone, and the tail was two thousand feet in extent. She stood fairly six feet, or more high. When fully upon her wings extended nearly a hundred. The interior of the wings were of a dark pinkish color, with black spots clustered all over, and seemed as formidable as any dragon I have ever read of.

The spots on her belly were blue, and she also had bands of yellow and dark green color. The long honey hooks on both sides of her body made her seem a formidable creature, despite her beautiful coloring, and I felt great respect for her, and when I left the island I bade her adieu, and gave her good luck in keeping all Glandelinians off the small island. I have seen her many times already in Calverinia, and we have become the best of friends. It is a long time since I have seen her, and the last time I did she was full grown and extended the same length as some of the gigantic Roverines. Her whole body and greater part of the tail out of the whip part, formed exactly like that of a Roverine. She herself has done a lot to free thousands probably scores of thousands of children, and no Glandelinian have dared to resist her, and not a great number of trees could stand before her sweeping onrush upon them. No forest could protect the Glandelinians from her frightful fury and they soon named so from a frightful scene I witnessed myself during the war after defeat at Phelantonburg.

She had seized upon children who had been marching in a long line, from a child slave mill. The Glandelinians who were Zimmermanians that once resisted her, and opened upon her with over a hundred powerful shot guns. The explosive were unusually strong however and monster as she was, she had been wounded in the rear leg, and in the foreleg, and in one portion of the stomach. Well as I said before a wounded monster is no pleasant thing to meet with when wounded by an enemy. They were more tired than a million lions, and a million tigers in one. She was called to drop the children she had rescued, and giving forth a frightful scream, she dashed her monstrous tail right through the monstrous leg of Glandelinians and killed fully ten thousand of them outright, and made for the main force and their artillery with the roar of a thousand lions. The onset carried all before it, the cannons all of them, dashed into the air, one of the wings tarlons tore a Glandelinian officer in half, until his entrails fell out, and sent thousands of others prostrate driving the rest into confusion. The survivors fled to the large patch of woods close by thinking to escape her terrible fury but in vain. She tore through the trees as if they were grass in her path and laid all the Glandelinians and the very trees low. She then made for the main camp close by, and scattered everything in her path causing a scene of the most confusion ever imagined. It happened to be Vanley's headquarters, that directly in her path, and how those Glandelinian generals escaped with their lives is a mystery, but the building was shattered to flying pieces with a blow from one of its powerful tuskorhorians. It did not stop the frightful attack until it had destroyed a hundred thousand Glandelinians, set the whole camp into a conglomeration mass of wreckage, utensils in confusion, and wrecked every general's headquarters, mess hall, barracks, and scattered all the tents of the entire camp for a distance of ten miles.

This scene that I had witnessed was more thrilling than a full grown battle of the war, and it was all done within a short space of three minutes. All the while the creature had set up a most deafening uproar, sending forth roar upon roar with such intensity as to make the skies rive from the frightful din. It literally killed the Glandelinians as the tornado or cyclone does its own victims...."

The children not knowing what was up had been frightened by the terrible scene but nevertheless knowing that it was a Plengigloenian serpent they felt relieved also and knew that on account of her they were free. And free they were indeed, for after creating this awful scene it carried them all off on its monstrous back. Those children were found later in Abbieannia guarded by the great creature until Abbieannians came to take care of them.

It was only these two attacks that I had ever witnessed. It shows indeed how formidable they are, and when wounded are more terrible than could ever be thought. She recovered no doubt very speedily from her slight wounds, for they never suffer longer than a few days as wounds on them heal very fast.

All were great/yaastonished, at all that general Hanson had related to them, and I had a still greater desire to go to the great islands so often mentioned in the Angelinian histories. But Hanson did not feel inclined to go for he did not like to risk any more of the most terrific typhoons that he had experienced in his earliest days. Some suggested that they could ride on the back of one of the great Plengigloenian Serpents but none liked the idea either because all most of them had armour on the top of their backs, and it was also dangerous to sit sustain such terrific speed while exposed to the air for the slowest of all the Plengigloenian serpents flew at a rate of eight hundred miles an hour.

While Hanson and his brother and a Evans Evans were discussing the trip and how it should be made Violet and her sisters decided to take a stroll outside for a while. The friendly boys accompanied them. After traveling an hour it being near ten o'clock now they reached a large hilly part of the country, and found themselves face to face with a large cavernous opening, only that there was a noy not much darkness inside and that it had a strange glow of all colors that appeared very transparent. Feeling overcome with curiosity, the children decided to enter and investigate. Nevertheless the boys did not at first like the idea of going into this cavern, but the little girls insisted, and so they proceeded. It appeared to have only one way of progress and had the form of an oval immense underground tunnel although the ceiling was nearly three hundred feet above them. A strange sweet pungent smell pervaded the atmosphere of the cavern, and which was so strong that it almost made the children cough. It had the fragrance of perfume but still more stronger. They progressed for a certain distance, when they saw toward one of the walls a strange creature lift its head. Then all at once it rose with a great noise of opening wings and before the children to their surprise, amazement, and awe stood an immense Roverine.

It had a long lizard shaped body, with red blue, and yellow bands on the top of its tail, which was very long. The wings were yellow, with round circular designs with red and blue colors. The rattler was red, blue and yellow, and the neck of the creature expanded like that of a great cobra while the head had a most peculiar shape being almost flat and round with large but beautiful eyes. The creature was partly hideous but also affectionate looking. Violet and her sisters had seen many a large Plengigloenian Serpent but never in their lives one so huge as this. And it was not far from where they lived either. The scales of the creature was golden and the underpart of the creature's body was green with round circular designs of yellow and blue. It was not so pretty as some of the other kind of Roverines they had seen but nevertheless more monstrous and as docile looking to them as a gentle dog, though the head almost formed like some peculiar creature of the fairy regions. The body of the creature extended nearly twenty feet high, was a hundred feet wide, and free from any weapons of all sorts. Its legs seemed short, but when it rose up they had seen that the creature was a large Roverine generally known as a gigantic Whipple Plengin. Never before had they seen a Plengigloenian Serpent of this sort, and at first they had not much suspicion that it had been here very long.

The wings were fully open displaying all their hues, and was nearly a hundred and fifty feet wide, and two hundred feet long or high. The wings had only thirteen tarlongs but nevertheless the yellow tarlongs were ranging from the length of fourteen feet to eighty. The smallest tarlongs which were ten feet long were only green in hue. The gigantic creature looked at the children with great love and compassion and to them when the creature displayed the full glowing flaming light of its body the ceiling of the cavern seemed to turn of a deep sea blue color, and the floor of the cavern to a deep sap green with the distant hilly part of the floor to a peculiar brown color.

The creature seemed to be the only one occupying the beautiful cavern, and the little girls viewed it with great reverence and not without a little awe or fear. They had remembered that Hanson had spoken of a gigantic Roverine of the same hues he had seen in the garden only a few days before, and he had estimated it to be nearly a thousand feet long.

Violet and her sisters felt sure that this was the same beautiful creature that Hanson had mentioned. Wondering if it had a human voice like the others Violet and her sisters decided to speak to it.

It was decided that Jennie should do the talking. So assuming her most friendly manner she approached it and said;

"Are you a real Roverine or a great Plengin?" "I don't know what I am to be called" said the great Plengigloenian creature. "We are only great creatures of an unknown name among ourselves. It's good humans like you that give us our queer names. I suppose I may as well say I am a Roverine though. Ain't you the little brave children known as the Vivian girls that I met in the cavern near Phelantonburg, and whose use of my young ones made so happy?"

Violet and her sisters were astonished at this question that the great Holy Plengin asked them. They did not know what to make of it for it was the very first time that they had ever seen her as the creature was a female.

Violet then said;

"It is the first time that we have ever seen you dear Plengigloenian creature, though we do not know any of their forms when we were there away as we were too happy to see right, and must have went into a deep sleep or trench."

"Well you are the little girls just the same" said the creature. "For of us Plengigloenian serpents as you human beings call us can recognize any person no matter how long it was that we had seen them last. So recognized you children right away."

"Come and stay with us in our lovely garden" begged Catherine. "Any way it not you that was in our garden three days ago?"

"Why how did you know it?" asked the great creature.

"Our uncle explained it to us," said Jennie. He did not say it was exact ly a but his description exactly fitted yours."

"Well I am the one," answered the Plengin. "And I will obliged you little girls and do so. You better hurry home and I'll be there even ahead of you."

Violet and her sisters immediately left the cave. They did not see the creature leave after them but when they reached home they heard a great commotion and running to see what it was they saw a great creature of the same one that was in the cavern out in their garden and a crowd of people men women and children viewing it closely, and stroking its beautiful head most lovingly.

Indeed it was the same Roverine that Violet and her sisters had seen in the extensive cavern, and they at once approached close to it to surprise of Evans and the whole crowd, and Violet said;

"This is our own beloved friend and we wish to have her very much respected by all good people of Abbieannia who ever see her."

Violet and her sisters with their friends parents and relatives now stayed in Abbieannia for over three months since the ending of the hot and bloody war. All this while they had had at night the series of numerous signal roars of the great Plengigloenian serpents as they continually flew in the sky above them flying back and forth, and every day Violet and her sisters had seen thousands of all sorts, and wondered where they all came from. They had two of them which were their own general guides the Young Plengin, and the immense Roverine was her main protector.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.
 EXCITING TIMES! DURING THE BEGINNING OF THE
 GREAT GLANDCO-ANGELINIAN WAR. GANNON THE FIR FRIENDS OF THE VIVIAN
 GIRLS ACUSES GLANDELINIA OF A GREAT CRIME! AND WHAT
 COMES OF HIS ACCUSATION:.....

Violet and her sister were very proud of the Angelinian governors and the rest who had fought so bravely at the battle of Glandalle to overcome the wicked Glandelinians and early that morning they had seen two boys and a girl a girl strolling out anew in the murkiness of the snow then falling and had also seen a lot of wicked Glandelinians come rushing after them only to be intercepted by a score of Angelinian soldiers who had opened fire and shooting the Glandelinians down without mercy. This sight had stirred them with both gladness and horror for they began to realize that the wicked Glandelinians did not have the power in Calverinia which they thought they had had and when they thought of the wrongs caused by the Glandelinians they yearned that the day would come soon when somebody would strike them all a blow for it. That time was coming.....

Gannon during the fight with the Glandelinians at Raspinia had demolished ten thousand Glandelinian child slave factories captured a hundred thousand prisoners and sent the Glandelinian army flying like a herd of frightened cattle, but in his advance he and his army had been pelted with mud by those who stuck up for the Glandelinian cause and being bursting with madness and passion, Gannon had destroyed a large force of Glandelinians who opposed him at Me-Adoo and as in another battle Gannon had been defeated at Angeline Nelson every drop of blood in his body seemed to boil and he met the enemy again in the battle of Sanders with such raving fury that the Glandelinian general was killed during the struggle and his army annihilated. The next thing Gannon knew during his advance southward that a hard stone had struck him in the back of the head knocking him sprawling from his horse. But his head was iron immensely hard and it only caused him enough pain to make him wild with rage.

He advanced against the Glandelinian army stationed at a town called Tabernacle and though wildly attacked by great numbers he and his troops fought so wildly that his army soon held them off until most of the risen Calverinian rebels and rebellious child slaves had come up to his aid and the Glandelinians who did not get a chance to retreat were taken prisoners. Bad as the Glandelinians were they did not complain but however this did not convince the prisoners of their wicked folly and they got themselves in trouble with their guards, the child slaves, and into contempt by all of the Calverinians and Angelinians. The rascals were stern overbearing sullen pugnacious prison prisoners, men of no words to their enemies, and there were no Calverinians, Angelinians or child-slave rebels who could approach them on friendly terms. All they got from the Glandelinians was pouts, scowls and a volume of imprecations, blasphemies, and vile cursing and wicked revilings.

Most of the Calverinians who had captured them in helping Gannon run down the child slave hordes treated these Glandelinians with great contempt and even harshness and brutality. While all the fuss had been going on several of the rascals who had been captured had slain some of the children in the slave houses before they had been captured by the Christians for revenge right in the very sight of the furious Calverinian hordes, and then tried to escape by leaping out of the windows after shooting scores of the soldiers down but had scarcely ran a yard when big bags were thrown over their heads, and several rough hands were laid on the rascals while the voice of Colonel Aronburg hissed in the ears of the Glandelinians;

"If you attempt to get away or even cry out you will arouse all of the men and it will go harder with you then than it will now."

Half stifled as they were and terrified as well, they recognized the voice well and knew it was impossible to get away from the crafty Angelinians, Calverinians or who ever they be. Aronburg had been a hater of every servant or soldier unrepentant serving Gannon or his angels and had often assaulted and abused such things, and as he was a strong man and a splendid boxer the rascals did not care to turn on him. They knew they were in for it for the murder of the children but they did not attempt to call out as they were almost stifled by the way the Angelinians or whoever they were pressed the bags around their heads, as they dragged them back toward the howling Calverinian mobs. The next moment the rascals found themselves flung into ice cold water which made the Glandelinians shiver to the bone. They left them in a for a moment and then dragged the Glandelinians out again. But they were nearly half drowned and stifled with the bags on their heads.

At the same time the Glandelinians heard the rage and the Glandelinians could realize that a great fight was going on around them. It then occurred to them that the fellow Glandelinians who had gotten away from the burning factories had rushed to their aid assistance, but before they could effect their rescue they were also captured by the Angelinians who were wearing regalias and hoods who overpowered them immediately after some spirited fighting, and unexpectedly the Glandelinians were flung into the pond again and then shot without mercy..... Gannon himself could see by the black look on the faces of his prisoners that something was brewing somewhere, and yet they had given him to understand that they hated him and all the Calverinians, and Angelinians and continued to heap their insults upon poor Violet and her sisters, and any of the poor children who happened to pass within their view. At one moment Violet and her sisters with some of the Angelinian soldiers were passing the prisoners singing sweetly to themselves but out loud when one of them got a stinging slap on the ear that sent her sprawling like a rubber ball while a rough voice cried fiercely;

"Get out of here you Christian dogs. What right has such flannel mouths as you to come among us Glandelinians singing!....."

It was a big stalwart Glandelinian officer who had assaulted him and right in front of General Baldwin, and all the Angelinian blood in him boiled at the moment as he thought how the rascal had struck the holy child but he kept his temper as well as he could while Joice strode boldly in front of the Glandelinian and said:

"You are no gentleman and if you strike my little sister down again I'll shoot you as a brutal child enemy and have you given to the dogs. We are children, but you are greatly mistaken if you think we are afraid of you Glandelinians. We'll sing all we like and we defy you to stop us."

A big Glandelinian bully had a club in his hand which he had picked up at that moment he sprang at Joice with a cry of rage as he yelled;

"I'll do as I please with you darn Christian children. Take that infernal Christian dog and nick." And he amid a blow at Joice but missed and the bat caught Balow Baldwin on the side of the head while at the same time a piercing voice from Violet rang out crying;

"Shame on you you coward."

She had been almost knocked senseless by the blow of the rascal before he scolded him and when she did recover the child's ear was quite sore and as just as if she was paralyzed there. Some of the Calverinians had raised a half weeping child from the deep snow and they were bathing her head and with water as she stared around looking at them with wistfully.

"That was a false blow and it was a great coward who gave it to me," she said. "If it was not wrong I would shoot him down for it."

"Cheer up little girl and you will be all right soon." Muttered one of the Calverinians.

Pain in the child's head was nothing to her now, it was going away fast though but yet she felt like bursting into tears for the moment. The Angelinians and Calverinians were so indignant over this that the blood seemed to mount to their faces and they felt like suffocating. General Aronburg and the others were upon the scene and looking upon poor Violet with pity ordered the men to take her to the nearest hospital tent; she ever forgot the look that Hanson Vivian gave the now condemned prisoner while the companions of the prisoners shouted;

"Kill the Angelinians, and the Vivian girls who were bad as they, and as for that Angelinian dog called Baldwin, we defy all the Gods that we'll make it hot for him. You can bet you are with curses on him."

Hanson turned abruptly upon the prisoners with a deadly scowl, when one of the Glandelinian prisoners in a rage threw a shower of cut stones at the stones all over many of the Calverinians and many struck the Vivian girls, the other Glandelinians calling Hanson many ugly profane names and declaring that they would have revenge for his raids upon the factories and for starting the war with Glandelinia, and now Calverinian mobs were stiling like torjans to keep the Calverinian firemen from fighting the mobs, who did not understand why the buildings were on fire until they explained and then they dropped their work and went back to their homes. One of the Glandelinians before Hanson was aware of his intentions sprang at Violet and choked the child so terribly that the sight was like that when the other little girls were strangled to death during the Growley massacre. Hanson would not stand this any longer and he made at the Glandelinians and struck Violet assailant that struck that sent him sprawling to the ground and then knocked the thunder out of several more of the

Glandelinians as they made an attempt to choke the children and then had the Glandelinians manacled, the Glandelinians showing ugly cuts on their heads.

"That is the way to settle with the infernal devils who commit such cruelty to little children." He said with a menace of fury.

WAR IS INDEED WHAT SHERMAN SAID IT WAS.
THE GREAT CROWLEY AND JENNIE WREN TOWN MASSACRE.....

As if to aid to general Hanson's aid, at this moment five little children with tears in their eyes, nice clean looking children came up, and when he asked what the matter was, and why they were weeping so hard, the eldest said, that a child rebel leader whose name was Annie Aronburg (not Angelina Aronburg of course) had been slain or assassinated, while their parents had been murdered at Crowley. The child said that a score of Glandelinians, one the description of governor Federal of California had committed some mysterious massacres in revenge for the outbreak of the war with Glandelinia and Angelina, and murdered thousands of Angelinian children in the vicinity and in the city of Crowley and Jennie Wren town a few days ago, and among the other houses broken into was their fathers, they having been with Annie Aronburg on a visit with their Aunt, Crowley being near the boundary line of Angelina and Glandelinia.

Then several Calverinian and Angelinian generals appeared to get the prisoners whom Gannon's armies had captured during the few battles already fought and these generals made a tremendous fuss about these Glandelinian raids and slaughters and swore that it was a fact that the Glandelinians led by a man resembling the Glandelinian governor of California called Raymond Richardson Federal had taken three million dollars worth of stuff, and also swore that the neighboring grounds outside of Crowley and Jennie Wren town was fairly strewn with over three hundred thousand murdered children children, many of them of other nationalities, but that most of them were Angelinians, and general Kindermine himself declared in a bitter rage that his own wife and daughters were included among them with Hanson's wife, and that of general Robert Vivians among the wounded who had managed to escape after being pursued by Glandelinians for two hundred miles. He also declared that governor Federal was in the bottom of all this and that no one else could spot out the houses, and plunder and destroy them with so much secrecy.

"One of my officers told me that governor Federal murdered Annie Aronburg in cold blood. Of course I'm not sure of it but it is true because one of the children told me so."

"Where is the child?" Asked Hanson.

The child a boy was brought forward, and he declared that it was all true. Hanson turned his eyes on general Gannon sadly and said;

"Did you hear of any Glandelinian troops going on any raids this morning before yesterday, as you have said to be before as I was busy?"

"Yes indeed." Said Gannon with fury in his eyes.

Hanson looked very sharply at him and then inquired;

"What places did they raid?"

"Crowley, Jennie Wren town, and the sacred heart convent as well." Fairly thundered Gannon. "And killed my own children who were near Crowley."

The general who had been ushered forward by Kindermine now whispered some words to Hanson and he nodded sadly and looked toward the direction where the raid had occurred though it was half a thousand miles away before he said aloud;

"I will tend to that. You officers take off these wicked Glandelinian prisoners and I will see the decision in circumstances of the slaughter."

The strange general whom Gannon recognized as Williamsburger Zimmermann took charge of the prisoners drawing his revolver and pointing it at them as he cried;

"If you try to escape you damn butchers and enemies of God I will lay you out on the instant. Forward march. Come Kindermine." He added you and your men watch them also."

Gannon was so dumbfounded that he did not know what to say, that he could not even open his lips if one single word would have saved his life at that moment. Zimmermann kept sneering at the Glandelinians and pointed the pistol at the head of one of them as if he would only be glad of a chance to shoot him at that moment.

Hanson really thought that he would have really fired at the wicked Glandelinians if he had moved a step at him or raised his hand against him. He could tell how long Hanson or the others were gone but when they did come a general Hanson held a poor bleeding child in his arms and he looked at the Glandelinians with terrible eyes as he cried out;

"Who killed this child in such a manner you dirty Glandelinian gutter snipes...?"

One of the Glandelinians looked at the poor bleeding child which looked as if it had come out of the butcher shop, then at scowling Hanson and general Kindermine while a cry of anger burst from Zimmermann as he sprang at this Glandelinian to grab him by the shoulder as he cried in savage tones;

"I suspect he was in this for there was a Glandelinian murdering children here by the name of Baldwin and here he is."

If this Glandelinian was certain that death awaited him the next instant he could not keep still. At the moment he felt that he was near enough to be put out of the way forever. With a savage cry he sprang at Zimmermann and struck him a blow in the face, and that blow laid Kindermine prior general flat on the ground, and the revolver went off at the same instant. Over the accusation and knowing he was guilty he became temporarily insane for a few moments and he was mad enough to dash furiously out of a batch of prisoners as fast as he could, when the coward should have stood ground and faced his accuser like a man. He could think only of flying away as he knew he would not have any chance against the Calverinians and Angelinians as they would send him to perdition for the cruel deed he was guilty of. Away he dashed, and after him ran the soldiers, and as he was in blind condition in every way, and to fight and run for his life, he spent a great time in speeding toward a glen, while Zimmermann whom he had knocked down kept yelling to the soldiers as he led the pursuing Angelinians;

"Fire at the darn d child murderer and shoot him down before he can succeed in escaping!"

Hanson had called on Baldwin several times to stop or he would fire, but he was so far for dear life knowing that he would be lost if that they got him, for he would stand no chances against the enraged Calverinians. Just who opened fire as fast as they could pop their rifles and pistols. While he was thus plunging on in a great state of excitement that he had been a fool to have slain that child and that it would be utterly impossible to get out of the scrap if caught now, for he would meet his destruction.

His chances had he against all of them, would be by remaining at liberty and running away he went even when the Angelinians again commenced to blast away with their pistols and muskets. As he was enough of sport so that it was hard to hit a flying mark he kept on toward the southeast section of the glen and then out from the slow filled lanes beyond where he could hear by the shouts of the fierce Calverinians that hundreds were swarming hurriedly through the wooded country to head him at all risks.

If of the Calverinians could run like fury as the Glandelinian knew full well and he was also aware that they would desire any other spot than running down a wretch who was accused as he was. As he dashed along he could see that hundreds after hundreds of Calverinians and Angelinians were after him and closing on him, the soldiers with bayonets fixed, and he now knew that the two governor generals with Baldwin, Gannon and Zimmermann were leading and directing the chase. Making a turn to the right he started away again so that they could not head him off, and now bullets began flying dangerously close to him, one clipping a gash in his head, and as he looked back soon after another series of shots were missed, he still knew that the same ones were leading the chase but that Violet and her sisters were with them on ponies, and that those little girls were far in the lead of the soldiers and gaining on him at a most great rate and were with surprise drawing small pistols. Calverinians seemed to be swarming from all directions and now the Glandelinian was in a worse peril than any when Violet and her sisters were spying on the Glandelinians during the war, and shots were flying around him like hail.

With a time there was a great hue and cry and now a voice called out to him;

"Hold on there Mr Baldwin. You cannot escape us and you know it. Either stop or be shot down like a dog...."

After measuring the distance between Violet and her sisters and the general officers, and finding he was surrounded, he did hold up a little, but he had intended to show that that he would really kill the Vivian girls before they got him..

But however he realized indeed that the little girls were truly armed and Violet who perused him on her pony was soon along side of him saying: "What are you running for you fool if you claim you are not guilty? Though you are accused and swear you are not guilty your running shows you are. Come along."

"No Angelinians can clap me in the island prisons alive he "He hissed. Violet's other sisters came up at this moment followed by the two governor generals Hanson crying;

"Hang me for a slow polk but he runs like a race horse and no mistake at that. You are my prisoner."

Hanson was about to clap a pair of handcuffs on his wrists when a swar of the Angelinians came up at that moment, and also general Kindernine. As Hanson was about to place the handcuffs on the rascal, without waiting to draw his breath he rushed furiously at Gannon and struck him on the face with great force, and Gannon fell to the ground from the stinging blow while he could hear Hanson crying;

"That's not right you care. You have struck two officers and I'm going to have you shot for striking general Zimmermann and general Gannon."

The big glandelinian bully glared at Hanson and to the other governor general he blurted out;

"To the mischief with your condemnation you cur yourself. If you say any more I'll strike the both of you down also."

General Gannon sprang to his feet as soon as he could and his heart was bursting with rage as he cried;

"I'll make all ye of you Glandelinians pay for this before long I'll be bound." He then turned to the Calverinians who were being held back by the troopers as they were fierce and dangerous and attempted to mob the Glandelinian for striking down the general, and the tears were in his eyes as he said to them;

"Boy's boy's may I never live to see violet and her sisters, and my own flag and country again if I do not see that Glandelinia is punished, for her slaughters at Crowley and Jennie-wren-town. And the truth will come out that I'm the fierce avenger of the death's of my own beloved wife and two daughters who were also slain."

General Hanson gripped his hand while the men shouted;

"We believe general Gannon our leader is really fair. Angelinia must and shall have fair play or we'll massacre if the glandelinians."

"Angelinia will have fair play." Cried governor general Vivian vehemently.

"And I bet my life that we will come out all right, with this war with wicked glandelinia."

Another of the Angelinians whom the glandelinians had knocked down came puffing along at that moment, and he was making for the glandelinian when governor general Hanson pushed him back crying;

"No more of that. While the prisoner is in my charge I will see to it that there will not be any more butcheries by him."

The glandelinian felt very desperate and who would not be when treated like he was. Gannon never felt so bad when he saw violet and her sisters looking so pleadingly at him.

"What is wrong?" Asked Kindernine coming up at the moment.

One of the glandelinians butchered a little child and when discovered to be guilty tried to make a break. Replied general Hanson.

The other little Vivian girls had now dismounted and sprang forward Gannon seizing him by the hand and looked up into his face as little Jennie cried;

"I and my sisters do not believe that the glandelinians could have been so mean. We pity you that you had to lose your daughters and your wife." Kindernine sneered and walked away mumbling to himself;

"I bet a million dollars and my life and home and children that the Angelinian nation has been degraded before the whole world by the scenes at Crowley and if the government does not do anything, the nations of the world will laugh at us and Abbeannia as the darrest fools that ever founded a christian nation."

"Heaven bless you little girls." Was all that poor Gannon could say. Had Gannon been on the scene now he could not have been more overjoyed than he was when the bright little celestial like little girls asserted their belief that he was not deserving his sorrow. Gannon did not say a single word more but bit his lips to suppress his anger knowing that he had been foolish to leave his wife and children behind in Crowley, but then he realized also that he would have been helpless and that the wicked Glandelinians would have murdered him also.

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He thought that if there was any justice in the land the glandelinians would be punished as they deserved. All of the country was indeed in great excitement while violet and her sisters stood by casting wistful glances at the glandelinians who were already being marched away, while soldiers all over with gleaming bayonets thronged round their company officers and beside the tents talking in excited manners.

From newspapers general Hanson saw that the reports of the great massacre was true and that thousands of houses and churches had been ransacked and burned, all religious articles and statues either stabbed and burned or stoned, and that the right number of children butchers butchered in many other towns combining Crowley and Jennie-wren-town was nearly five hundred and sixty nine thousand. All the fugitive survivors who had fled into the near by cities, villages, and towns declared that the wicked glandelinian governor federal did lead the infamous raid. The good officers asked at Gannon very earnestly for some minutes as if trying to gaze into his very heart when Hanson stepped forward and grasped his hand warmly he said;

"I did not believe that the glandelinians could ever reach your children as they had been under the protection of the soldiers that were there and who fought so desperately before the foe won and invaded the cities. I and the others are suspicious that governor federal did more than what is reported. It is believed that an army of peace commissioners advancing to hold a peace treaty with Mormonia whom we never had a war with, was also massacred by the Glandelinians on the very Mormonian soil, for that nation is also dreadfully cut up about it or something that occurred there."

The two governor generals looked at Gannon with a sorrowful face. Gannon did not pay any attention but hid his face in his hands. The glandelinian who had been caught by Hanson's men or by violet Vivian rather was grabbing something to himself and Hanson now scowled back defiantly he said;

"Before I ever believe that Gannon is losing all on account of you and glandelinians I'll make sure you are also guilty of the slaughter. You resemble the face of a glandelinian I seen in the news of some massacre that I doubly took notice of."

"You had better be easy with glandelinia if you are so sweet on prices called the Vivian girls, for the glandelinians are not to be killed with." Laughed the rascal scornfully.

Hanson Vivian's eyes gleamed with rage and it looked like he was going to sail into the insulting glandelinian puppy like fury, but he checked himself and replied in quiet tones;

"If you say another word like that about those little girls I'll have you hanged and riddled with bullets right here. Any more mess I believe you are the glandelinian whose face I observed in the news. You greatly resemble him and besides one of the prisoners are miss."

General Baldwin came forward at that moment and as he reached Hanson he cried out;

"I swear to goodness governor general that this man is an aid to prisoner federal and that he was in with those who committed the great massacres at Crowley for his picture is in to days news."

"That up you monkey face." Cried the glandelinian prisoner. "I wonder if you are in with the glandelinian christian dogs and you had better get out for yourselves and not get gay with the glandelinians."

Baldwin flew into a rage on the moment, stepped back, and suddenly drew his arm and was going to strike the rascal when he put it up and said with a deadly scowl;

"You can be that blamed glandelinian puffer."

As he was almost tempted to strike the rascal with the sabre but he curbed his temper nicely and ground his teeth as he snarled;

"If you are found to be the one who was in the same bloody raid you will suffer a worse punishment than being placed in the island prisons."

Meanwhile had consulted with governor general Vivian, then Hanson turned to Gannon and said;

"I don't believe we can stay in Calverinia much longer for the present. I will have to confine all the glandelinian prisoners to the internment camp as quickly as possible. I mean to push into glandelinia, make an invasion and strike a blow with the fury of a rattlesnake. I'll push on this war to a crushing success or know the reason."

"Violet and her sisters are the Angelinian sweethearts of the fools in heaven." Interrupted the rascal with a sneering laugh.....

Governor Vivian could not stand this insult heaped upon heaven and his daughters which added more and more to the mountain of rage forming within him and he struck the rascal a blow in the face and said: "All in time you rascal. If you be found guilty of the massacre we will go for you hot and heavy you can bet."

Gannon was downhearted the next day when he found himself surrounded by his bodyguards in his headquarters, and who wouldn't under the circumstances he went through. Gannon wondered what Violet and her sisters would do. Knowing that the Angelinian governments were having their hands full over the case, and sorrow and trouble too and of the reported assassination of the Abbeannian king's wife and daughter with a submarine by sinking a child laden with children, and also of their work in mustering troops for the intended invasion, Aronburg's great Christian army stationed at Angelina (Angelina) had went straight to the scene of these slaughters in order to punish the murders and murderers, but so great was the glandelinian army there that he could not do anything without waging a full and terrible battle, which even if he would win was not right to do until Hanson saw to it that he had reinforcements in order to avoid too heavy losses. However he made raids upon the enemy's camps, sortied, struck blows here and there while thousands of his men tossed about all the fallen branches to get a chance to dig graves for the corpses and the dead soldiers fallen in the sorties. Aronburg never said a word while this was going on but he always gave several awful black looks at the far off glandelinian camp as he muttered to himself:

"This is some of your black dirty word work governor Federal and if I ever get my hands on you I'll put you to all the tortures and the most horrible death that I can think of."

While making his concentration Aronburg's army was once heavily assaulted by the glandelinians who were determined to prevent him from besieging Crowley but they were repulsed with the loss of 10,000 in killed and 45,678 in wounded a horrible toll. This was known as the battle of Atlanta junction and raged a whole day.

In Calvernia Violet and her sisters came in to see Gannon a few days after the news of the massacre and it was then that told him that general Aronburg was besieging Crowley, Crowley and that he was threatening to crush the glandelinians for committing that awful massacre, if governor Vivian gave him the permission to do so and sent him reinforcements.

"It has been found true that the glandelinians have massacred the peace commissioners on the Hormonidian soil, and caused the deaths of the wife and daughter of King Proscile of Abbeannia." Said Violet. "The glandelinians are Angelina's and Abbeannia's bitterest enemies and are trying to be active against our working tooth as papa calls it, and all child prisoners who have not been slain, have been railroaded to the sea with the intention of the glandelinians of sending the children to their own island prisoners but the news reports that all this has been frustrated and the children have been rescued and the trains wrecked burned, and the glandelinians escorted the children taken prisoners. The game had been commenced against the enemies of Angelina and Abbeannia, and all the glandelinians who will be identified as the murderers, will be crucified head downwards papa says."

For several days Gannon had been prostrated over the news of his loss, and when Violet and her sisters came in again they assured him that the tide seemed turned against the glandelinians, for the whole army concentrating against Crowley was very doubtful of Hanson's queer actions and that of their father, and that probably something was going to be done as soon as possible as big Angelinian, and Abyssinkilian armies were being mobilized. But yet Gannon suffered torments over the dark cloud of sorrow that was on him on account of the horrible massacre.

"Papa is watching all the news that comes in." Said Violet. "He feels certain that all the government men acting for him will soon act on a clue and decision that will expose whether the new ruler of glandelinia ordered this massacre or not; or whether it was because of the inhabitants of Crowley sniping the glandelinians as reported. A number of days flew by and there did not seem to be much progress made toward the situation excepting the reinforcing of Aronburg's army and his orders received to press the siege of Crowley with might and main, but Hanson Vivian had set about to watch every line of news that came in never losing a moment, and it was soon found that the new king had been a good deal in with the massacre, in fact had led it himself in person, and it was suspected indeed that they had something to do with the raids also, and the murder of the Aronburg child, and other spies had caused it to be reported that besides all this, all other raids had been made by the foe who were in overwhelming numbers at Crowley and

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Jennie-Fren-town. Putting everything together general Hanson made up his mind that the king had led the slaughters in person with Federal as his assistant and yet it was hard to tell whether it was right or not, though he also learned that five thousand children in the town of Archie (Angelina) had been seized as child slaves escaping from their respective factories during the time of the slaughter, and had been sent off to face the tortures of the glandelinian prisoners only fortunately to be rescued by plengiglamenean creatures themselves. Hanson and all his aids had held a meeting over it in their regallas and hoods, and all agreed that the king and all his following officers and nobles did lead the massacre, and that it was only right to trace the right ones in order to have the complete justice in making a terrible invasion into glandelinia and smite her down with a terrible iron hailstorm of cannon.

It had occurred to general Aronburg himself besieging Crowley that the assassins might have hidden some of the massacred children and he had drove the glandelinians part way out of the town after making many desperate attacks, and had then made a complete search of the ruins, but for a time nothing was found among the ruins, but a good supply of snipers, and machine gun nests which were overthrown with great difficulty and many days hard fighting, but at some places fragments of children, intestines, and blood were discovered in the grassy meadows outside the city.

In the meantime that evening Violet and her sisters came into Gannon's tent to inform him that a serious movement had been made by thousands of the Calverinians in the region and that they were all excited. They believed it was an intended attack on some glandelinian forces that happened to be in the neighborhood. Gannon was about to embrace poor Violet and her sisters when a loud cry of fright came from the direction of the twenty factories that had been burned down and hundreds more of the Calverinians bounded away in that direction on the instant. Hundreds of wild screams followed in quick succession, which grew stronger and stronger only to be suddenly hushed by sudden crashing rolls of musketry.

"Some more glandelinians must be committing slaughters of children" cried here in Calvernia and are being interrupted by the Calverinians."

Jennie hopefully.

News of the Angelinian soldiers at the orders of their officers bounded after the Calverinians and Violet and her sisters could see them racing toward the same direction the Calverinians had gone while now the sound of firing had become incessant.

"Is it another slaughter or the attack of the Calverinians on the glandelinians?" Asked Gannon as a sudden and close shot of furious discharge as it seemed of a hundred thousand muskets broke the noise of the more distant firing. At that moment heavy masses of gray smoke suddenly appeared while hundreds of Calverinians made at them but were cut down simultaneously. Hanson riding up roared orders as an officer unseen to strike at a glandelinian as he went down and then their leader was heard to cry out:

"Shoot all of you fellows. We attempted the slaying of children to close to the Christian army and at too dangerous a time."

A glandelinian then sprang at another Calverinian officer and made a wack at him with his sabre but he warded off the blow. The rescued children were screaming with terror amid the confusion of firing and yells, and a general fusillade and desperate hand to hand fighting waged all around, the war by Glen being filled with a twisting squirming mass of humanity, which looked awesome from where Gannon and Violet and her sisters were looking out from the tent entrance. A score of the glandelinians finally broke away from the hard pressing Calverinians, and darted away with many of the Calverinians after them, yelling and discharging volleys to raise the alarm, while from somewhere several bombs dropped among the glandelinians and exploded with a loud booming roar, raining a hail of bullets around and killing and wounding hundreds of the glandelinians, while one of the officers struggled with the desperate fellow before him lunging back and forth with his sabre and warding off the blows of his enemy. Although he barely missed getting several sharp cracks about the body he managed to down him at last with a two twack in the head with the sabre that sent him sprawling in the snow and made him see a million stars before he died.

A good many more of children however had been rescued, and more child slave factories were on fire before the row started, and another glandelinian made at the Calverinian officer;

"Down with the Christians."

But he was downed himself very neatly.

The fry was soon over however with little loss to the christians while the foe must have lost a thousand in killed, and two thousand in wounded.

"I am ready to swear it was the king of glandelinia I saw in the paper among those who slew or massacred the innocent children at Crowley and Jennie Wren-Town." Said Gannon another day later.

"Oh how could it be when we shot him in that house?" Cried

Violet.

"You do not realize what I'm talking about." He said. "I thought you may have known that they have a new king who did the leading of the massacre."

At this moment he looked around for general Hanson or the other governor general but they did not appear as they were working hard on the situation while Violet and her sisters were staring at each other as if not knowing what to make of the affair.

"That king is a villain also then." Said violet as she grasped Gannon by the hand. "For maybe he was seen leading the great massacres for I could not be mistaken in the picture I seen in the newspapers the rascally glandelinian as he is."

"What is that you said little girls?" Cried a stern but sad voice behind them.

They all turned to face the newcomer on the instant and there stood Hanson in his full uniform.

"I said that I'm certain that the new Glandelinian king led the great massacres at Crowley and Jennie-Wren-Town." Said Gannon himself, as he bent a spiteful look toward the ground. "I'm sure my word is as good as any ones governor and my eyes also for there was a picture in the paper that resembles the Glandelinian kings face, and I can swear that I'm not mistaken and can show you the paper."

Hanson did not seem to know what to do on the matter at all, as violet and her sisters declared more strongly that Gannons words were true and Joice saying;

"The new king of glandelinia is a wicked man anyway and he surely may have done it to revenge the death of king Procile and the war glandelinia had been forced to fight with Angelina."

It then became apparent that all the glandelinians in that furious battle in the glen, that might have escaped after the disastrous rout and on counting their number, Hanson came to the conclusion that there must have been about fifteen thousand of them concentrated near that glen. When general Robert Vivian appeared he told general Hanson that he had seen in the papers that large armies of glandelinians only yesterday had been reported to be coming from the southwest from glandelinia to attack Aronburgs army in the flank, but that Aronburg was on the watch and had made an extension of his lines so as to avoid this if possible. Hanson appeared to be puzzled and remarked;

"What could they be wanting that they should now attack him without warning. It seems suspicious."

Violet then told the two governors that it was true that the glandelinians had attacked the peace commission on the very soil of Mormonia, and in the garb of mormonians. The two governors frowned at what violet had to say; and answered in angry tones;

"Those glandelinians did worse than we thought for we saw the papers a s also. I myself flashed on Hanson indeed that the king was the cause of it all."

General Vivian then shook his head and frowned as he alone continued;

"We may be right about that, and we may not, but it looks bad for us before the world if we do not do something."

Hanson then shook his head and answered;

"How you see the nonsense of men slaughtering children. I'm sure I myself slew many a rascal during this week of trouble, and we are pretty sure to catch others, but what will that avail? I fear we have lost a good chance of exposing the whole affair, but we will have to make the best of a bad job."

It was his purpose to go with an army to the scene of the child slaughter in the city and ascertain how many were really slain, and how many were rescued but then it did not seem to give them anything available either. At that moment a commotion was heard outside the house, and then one of Baldwins men staggered into the main tent bearing something on his broad back.

"It's a Glandelinian officer." Cried violet as the soldier flung the fellow on the ground with some roughness. The fellow was helpless however as the soldier had bound his arms behind him. Looking down at his captive with a triumphant glad gloating smile the big soldier said;

"I guess you will not come snooping around us any more you rascal. Blame my eyes how much like general Gannon he looks. He's a spy your excellency general Hanson."

The others stared down at the prisoner who was dressed in a great handsome glandelinian uniform, while exclamations burst out from violet and her sisters.

"The rogue is the image of general Gannon." Cried violet.

"And now I know him. He is the one who had threatened to throw us into the very crater of Mt Andean."

Hanson gave a significant glance at Violet and then pointed to the fellow who was lying on the ground floor of the big tent as he inquired;

"That do you know him?"

"He is the one who made us suffer the most while captives." She answered as she stared spitefully at the rascal who shut his eyes at the moment, and could see that she shuddered as she continued in faint tones;

"I saw his picture in the papers as one of the leaders of the worse Glandelinian child butchers down at Crowley, and I believe he did these horrible things himself...."

The prisoner who had not spoken a word, then raised his head and stared around the tent until his eyes fell upon violet and her sisters. Hanson was watching violet and her sisters for the moment, and he could see that they shuddered again and draw back as to get out of sight of the rascal. The prisoner then spoke aloud with a decided brogue;

"The christian dogs are all mistaken, as I did not slay any of these children at all. In fact I never was near Crowley."

Every one present scowled, and stared at general Gannon, when they heard the prisoner or the rogue, imitate Gannons voice to perfection.

"What did you threaten the Vivian girls for, and who else was leading that massacre besides you?" Demanded general Hanson angrily.

"I did not threaten them." He answered. "If those little girls would only shut up it would be all right." He muttered to himself.....

Violet and her sisters looked innocently and wistfully at general Gannon, as the rascal finished speaking, but all were surprised in the droll way he continued to imitate Gannons voice. Violet and her sisters stared at him with wide-opened eyes and mouth, as the rascal cast an angry glance at general Gannon, and then scowled in a sly manner. The rascal was now sitting up and general Hanson looked at him with an angry frown as he cried at;

"You impertinent dirty scoundrel. I believe you are guilty of the great massacres as well. I know you now and you must be in with the other wicked fellows...."

Hanson already appeared who were strangers, and the bound rascal gazed at general Hanson Vivian a look which meant to say;

"I'll stick to what I have to say no matter what happens...."

"Then you know the rascal my dear child." Said Hanson to violet with a smile.

"Yes I do and he is our bitterest enemy." And she drew back again.

"Do you know him?" He asked turning to Jennie.

"I do sh." She answered.

He then turned to one of the men who had come in and who was also very much excited and asked;

"Do you know the prisoner sir?"

The man hesitated and cast a glance at his companion, who shook his head and frowned at him as if he meant to say;

"I'll give it to you if you expose me and him."

Hanson and the others saw the glances pass between them and then governor general Vivian turned on the timid distressed man crying;

"Look here sir I warn you that you must speak out and tell us if you know the man or prisoner. You see that he is accused of not only massacring the children at Crowley and Jennie Wren Town but also as a spy entering our lines and we can all notice that the prisoner looks very much like general Gannon. I will make matters clearer if we know who the prisoner is, and I demand that you tell us."

The man groaned in agony and his companion cried out to him;

"I command you to keep silent or I will kill you."

Then Violet ran over and flung her arms around his neck as she cried;

"And I call on you Mr to recognize the prisoner if you can and clear the name of Ange linia who has been pineaded enough already."

They all could see that the miserable man was struggling between the fear of this man and his inclination to do justice. Then governor Vivian spoke in very stern tones crying;

"If you do not admit who the prisoner is I will accuse you of conspiring him to killing children, and will hold you and your companion as spies."

Then the other man burst forth in full fury and he made a dash at the governor general as if he would tear his eyes out while he cried; "What right have you even if you are the main governor of Angelinia to threaten us Glandelinians as you do. If my companion had a spark of bravery in him he would kick you and the others, including those old vivian girls out of here at once you meddling fools." And the furious Glandelinian looked at Violet and her sisters as if he would like to crush their necks for them at that moment. The governor general did not seem to pay any attention to this man's fit but addressed them all in general as he cried out in a loud voice;

"Is there any one else here who can recognize the prisoner? If there is I want them to know that they will be committing a crime by holding back and a shall be treated as Glandelinian spies as this one is." Violet and her sisters then stepped forward together and cast one scornful look at the rascal and the prisoner and Joice answered;

"I know the fellow, he is general Homer of the Glandelinians known as Mc-Hollestinians." They all started on hearing this announcement, and then the prisoner cried in his roguish tones;

"These little girls are damn liars."

Hanson and the rest were dumbfounded by this anger and governor general vivian snarled;

"If you call them liars again I'll have you strung up right away without even a trial."

A quiet gloating smile appeared on Hanson's face as he looked down at the captive and asked;

"Are you general Horace Homer?"

"Don't answer him," cried the other man stirring up again. "I swear that it was Cannon who helped in the slaying of the children."

"Oh what a fib," cried Violet. "Why Cannon was with us all the time, and we were trying to comfort us him all the time during his sorrow over the loss of his children."

"Look here sir," said Hanson with a frightful frown to the interruptor;

"You are going too far in this business and I would advise you to stop or get out of here."

The spiteful man was not subdued however and he pointed to the door way and cried to violet and her sisters;

"And I advise you impertinent little imps and snipers to clear out of here at once yourselves."

Violet was about to answer when the man sprang a sprang forward and clapped his hand over her mouth as he cried;

"Out fools, fools. You do not know what you are about. And I command you to get out."

The spiteful fellow was about to drag two of them out, when Violet hit him on the head with the butt of her little pistol, then the two governors acted toward him as no man saw them act before. Both governor generals were aroused at once and sprang at him pinning his arms to his sides, while the rascal yelled like fury. He was quickly bound hand and foot and marched off off toward where the other Glandelinian prisoners had been taken while the other one called Homer was believed guilty of doing some of the slaughtering at Crowley and was also marched off to the same place on the charge of being a spy. The next day Violet and her sisters came to their father with a very sad face saying;

"I saw in last night's news that about one hundred and fifteen thousand Glandelinians are going to make a raid on the province of the great Sacred Heart Convent near Crowley and we came to tell you, so you can wire to general Aronburg to prevent it..."

THE PROGRESS OF THE GLANDCO-ANGELINIAN WAR.

THE SCENES BEFORE CROWLEY, AND THE BATTLE FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE PLACE. THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE.

He looked into the swart faces of the innocent children whom he loved so dearly though they were his own he could not refuse, so he went over to the phone and he finally got into communications with the authorities at the Capitol and this is what he finally got to Aronburg even before the presence of violet and her sisters;

The enemy in Angelinia it is reported are advancing strong forces to raid the property of the Sacred Heart convent near the city of Crowley. I order by my authority to order Aronburg to head them off at all costs and if possible to strike a blow against the herds at Crowley for revenge the massacre. War has been declared against Glandelinia by governor Hanson yesterday."

The government authorities promised to do so immediately and did.

"I'm going away to-morrow for general Locknell with a large force Glandelinians it is reported had laid siege to Jennie Wren town." Said general vivian soberly. "Then I will and can stop this imposing on the christ also."

"I know but I want you to promise not to believe any more lies told by the Glandelinians or you will break our hearts, and we could not ask to any one again for sorrow." Said violet. "I know that you would say an excuse about it, something puzzling, and that is how I can tell when you are lying, or telling the truth, but you must promise as far as all."

He shook his head sadly and looked down on the floor as he replied; "It would grieve me to my heart little girls but do you think I believed your words like a fool? No indeed. I have put up with the abuse of the Glandelinians long enough and was really suspicious also when the Glandelinians were accused of blowing the hole in the side of the fierce Whine Volcano to make her burst into explosions or eruptions so as to lay waste to the whole country in that region. What a toll the Glandelinians will pay for the losses of lives and the destruction they had already and though through making the volcano break into such violent eruption what a price they will have to pay for that massacre along the boundary."

The poor little girls sighed as they were turning away as Violet said in her first tones;

"Now it is very difficult to bear what you do governor but I only ask for your own sake as I know it will make a great difference and worse if you make new enemies out of other christian nations if you refuse to punish Glandelinia for the deed."

"How is that?" asked general vivian as he saw that she was keeping some thing back. The good child hesitated a moment and then turned to him again saying;

"There is a secret and a plot among the foe to try and turn Glandelinia against us by claiming that the Angelinians have committed the massacre, and not the Glandelinians. I have also seen that in the papers but you can do nothing to prevent it to prove that the Glandelinians did it. Three hundred Cardinals and bishops are prisoners of the enemy in Jennie Wren town and they will cruelly torture them with the poor children they had captured at Crowley. We ourselves would rather be in the places of those poor saints than let them suffer and no aid come, and they are to us like brothers."

However when he had heard this from officers, and even heard it talked about by Glandelinians his heart was bursting with suppressed rage and he promised the little girls he would do anything they wished, and declared it would go hard with the Glandelinians when Aronburg threw a portion of his army at the Sacred Heart convent for that would be all that could be done to rescue the poor bishops and cardinals and to even save the convent, even at the annihilation of his whole force.

"But don't you think you might get killed in the big battles that are to soon come?" asked Glandelinia shudderingly as he knew that a deadly war was raging.

"I have an inward feeling that I will survive it." Was his truthful answer.

Indeed all the authorities of Angelinia had passed throughout the whole country of Angelinia the general Vivians and Hansons declarations of war against Glandelinia, and even all the Calverinians and many hundreds of thousands of child slaves had rose up in frightful rebellion against the Glandelinians there, and general Germania Vivian the traitor son of general Robert Vivian in command of a Glandelinian army at Idols Dell had to unite all his hordes to repel the Calverinians in hot contested battles in which though the Calverinians seemed to be beaten just now, thousands would fall in dead and wounded among the Glandelinians while only hundreds fell among the Calverinians. A week later governor general Hanson Vivian, his brother and all the rest were in Angelinia Agathia where immense crowds of people clamoring for war were assembled before his palaces and here governor Hanson and Robert Vivian were in full view on the balconies with Violet and her sisters, and general Robert Vivian addressed the crowds out loud through a large horn so that all could hear;

"I'm going to reward Violet and her sisters for their great bravery during their captivity. They had suffered among the Glandelinians a year before worse than any of the slaves who are rebelling now and saw the most awful sights, and bore all these patiently without the slightest complaints. Now to add to this the Glandelinians have caused the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives among men women and children, by setting a great volcano in action, then massacred children along their own boundary line, and causing the destruction of one city by fire as well as by setting fire to our Dell-Mell-Tell-Mell fortifications and blaming the Vivian Girls for it. The manager of it was the Glandelinian spy called general Deldon. All this justifies me and my brother through the laws of Angelinia to declare war against Glandelinia, and I have already given orders to general Aronburg to attack the besieged Glandelinians at Crowley as soon as possible he can do it. Violet and her sisters have wished to become small red cross nurses as they are bright enough to do these things, and so I have given them this permit. General Kindermine is also with general Williamsburger Zimmerman on his way to reinforce general Aronburg en route by train, and soon they will be giving Federal or Honnie Shoemannia who are in command there all the general war they want. I have already bought for the little girls clot clothes of the most whitest colors even six pairs, and also each are going to have splendid white ponies as they are very good at horse back riding. They are also to lead a regiment of boy scouts under the former child slave rebel Angelinia Aronburg, and are to be guarded by their best friend general Jack Ambrose Evans and to perform this they are also to have a beautiful crucifix each worth five thousand dollars, which the store which sold them gave them to me for nothing. As for their messiries during their captivities they are also to be revenged, also other occurrences, as well as the child slave mistresses, and I want you all to understand that it is not to be a play war, but a real hard drive against those wicked child butchers which have degraded our nations before the eyes of the whole world. We are to smash Glandelinia's armies at Crowley and Jennie Wren town and then to push on and invade Glandelinia and punish her as she well deserves. We are also to muster armies and drive Glandelinia armies clean out of Calverinia."

The answer was a deafening cheer from every one in the great crowds while several officers galloped down the streets ordering other masses of troops to move on toward the main armies which were waiting orders to entrain for southern Angelinia. The crowds stared in amazement, and at Violet and her sisters, for never before had they observed such beautiful children as Violet and her sisters. To the crowds they indeed looked like seven little celestial children in snowy white dresses, and modestly dressed, and with such amazing beauty that governor general Hanson Vivian who again came out on the balconies after having went inside on being called just for the moment did not recognize who they were.

Their clothes were the kind that keep children cool even in the hottest day for in Angelinia there is never no snow and it is always summer. Their necks were left slightly bare as for wearing collars in such hot days as Angelinia sometimes has would probably be dangerous. However they were modestly dressed their shoulders and arms being fully covered and not dressed in the fashion as women dress themselves now a days and then go into society and defile themselves before respectable men and other decent persons. Hanson stood staring at Violet and her sisters for a long time then awe overcoming him he started something on the line of a long speech.

The balconies were decorated with all kinds of beautiful flowers, of sweet greens, and also brilliant flags and draperies.

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was indeed unlike cold blaky Calverinia for here was tropical realm. Above the roof of the balconies was a big sign also decorated with flags and beautiful flowers, mostly roses, daisies and all kinds of tropical flow-ers also. There were words on that sign which read in the Abbisannian language. Violet and her sisters noticed the engraving on the large sign and for they being Abbisannians by birth could read later and understood it meant and as they read it their hearts gave a wild leap. Their two others came out on the balconies and looking toward Violet and her sisters

gasped; "What beautiful children they are, even more beautiful than my dear little sisters. Where did they come from?" "They are your own sisters." Said governor general Hanson seriously. "They have been the heroines of the nation and are going to be rewarded." "I could not recognize them." Said Jimmie. "I knew indeed that the reward was coming, but this transfiguration is all of a sudden." "What reward?" Gasped Germaine. "To lead boy scouts, ten tend to the wounded during the war or anything they like to do, and other things." Was general Robert Vivians answer himself. "I knew we are the heroines of the nations, but we could not help being slaves and—"

"There are no ends to it." Interrupted Hanson. "You little girls are heroines of the Angelinian and Calverinian countries both and you know you cannot deny it."

Violet and her sisters for the moment were so happy that they could not speak, and one after another they flung their arms around his neck and kissed him again and again.

"Here, here I'm not your papa." Laughed general Hanson amid the smother of kisses. "What are you doing to me?"

"We do not care if you are not our papa, you always have been so kind to us and we want to repay you some way." Said Violet.

Hanson now presented to them the small sabres which were real weapons, and which they knew how to use well, and then the other things were given out, besides the crucifixes. Hanson told them what they were for and after this he unrolled a large sheet of paper.

Everybody attention. He said with a wave of his hand. "This is a published manuscript of all the sufferings of Violet and her sisters which they had experienced among the Glandelinians, in trying to lessen the misteries of the poor child slaves. It is my duty long as it is to have read and I will distribute each book among as many of you as there are the books to give out. I will have it intitle read aloud by a man who will recite the names of the books through a far far resounding trumpet. It tells how Violet and her sisters spied on the wicked Glandelinians Angelinia Aronburg the chief child rebel leader, and how she got a wounded hand. Joice alone a couple of years ago had saved the blessed saint at the risk of her life, for sometime during her visit in Calverinia the time she had went into one of the churches where mass was going on and no sooner had she entered, when she saw a Glandelinian soldier holding his rifle at the Blessed sacrament. Instantly she and her sisters without hesitation rushed forward, but Joice was in the lead, and she stepped this way, and received the bullet. Though the wound was indeed mortal, for a great reward caused her to survive quickly. No doubt her sisters could have done the same but she had seen it quicker than they. I have the priest in the house who gave her Holy Communion as soon as she fell. I'll call him here for proof."

Instantly a loud bell rang and immediately a saintly looking priest entered the balcony, and not a man there was as tall as this priest, and he had such a loving expression that all those who saw him felt awed.

"I'm the priest who witnessed it all." Said the priest. "And I'm telling the truth." And it had been King Procle of Glandelinia who had done it, and as Violet and her sisters foiled his dastardly attempt he had sworn vengeance against them which was probably the cause of their suffering at the hands of the wicked Glandelinians. That gun had been a double barreled shot gun, and was also aimed at me as well as I could see."

"It was a shot gun for he dropped it as he ran, and it was examined by me." Said general Hanson. "They had all experienced the greatest suffering under him. This morning at three o'clock I encountered some great reborn Glandelinian Creatures who themselves had decalred they had seen the very guardian angels who protect and watch over the little girls and these angels are convincing these Glandelinian creatures that the sufferings of the children in Calverinia had been worse than any one could imagine, and that the angels have demanded that their cruel sufferings should be avenged on Violet. Glandelinia by a hundred fold."

Hanson Vivian then turned the document over to a tall man with a trumpet and the names of these books were soon read aloud as they were distributed, while general Hanson gave each little girl something that looked like misty hands which he told them to wrap around their necks. The little girls did as they were told but the hands became invisible though they could actually feel the protection of these handed bands. In drawing their little sabres Violet and her sisters saw that as small as they were they were as sharp as razors, the handle of each being of pure gold. As the man had finished reading the names of the last books there was a general uproar among the crowd, which fairly shook the house while Hanson and the rest drew their bigger sabres and cried;

"Give as loud a yell as you can. Down with Gland I Gland I Glandelinia!" The yells were given as loudly as possible. At other parts Violet and her sisters saw that the house was surrounded by thousands of small children in white clothes and their heads wreathed in flowers. They all had pretty flags and they indeed made a pretty sight as they had formed themselves in the shape of an Angelinian flag each bar of children having the separate separated colors of the Angelinian flag, red, yellow, and blue, with the Emblem of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the middle of the blue space. The children had set up a loud cheering, while the crowds continued their cries for vengeance, and the rolling of drums and the rattling of muskets added to the deafening din.....

In the meantime while Hanson and Governor Vivian was rewarding Violet and her sisters the enemy far away in southern Angelinia at Crowley had made a desperate attack upon the christian line and during the confusion of the battle which was raging furiously, the enemy were for the time partly victorious and were breaking a part of the christian front. As the glandelinians continued to press on several made in person for general Saunders, and one of the glandelinians who seemed to be a captain attempted to seize him but in an instant several Angelinians sprang forward to his rescue and struck or shot them down. All throughout the battle the firing was extremely heavy. During one of the onslaughts a whole immense wave of glandelinians rushed forward raising a hue and cry but so many of them dropped in their tracks from the accuracy of the christian fire that they became demoralized and finally gave back a little, and Saunders himself rallying the christians shot down five or six of the glandelinians who attempted to rush in him. One of the leaders of the glandelinians of low rank whipped out a pistol as he retreated and aimed at Saunders and his aim was true and Saunders fell mortally wounded. Gertrude Angelina who happened to be with the Angelinians during this battle (she being the former child rebel leader Angelina Aronburg) also found her self harassed by the glandelinians, while she was tending to one of the wounded glandelinian soldiers, but she brought down several of them with well aimed shots. However scores of glandelinians armed with bayonets were rushing upon her. Quickly reloading her pistol she shot them down also, bringing down two almost simultaneously with the first shot, and shooting one of their colonels dead who was known by the name of Bellabham. But yet three score of the glandelinians came dashing over the works on horseback back and with shouts of we "We'll go into the works with the christian dogs!" gave persi persuit as she darted away. She determined to make stern resistance however and laying behind a high fence where some of the retreating Angelinians had also taken defense, she held her pistols in readiness.

The enemy were now close upon them but at such a distance there was danger that a shot would miss, when all of a sudden the soldiers themselves stretched out and taking aim at the leading graycoated soldiers discharged their rifles. Then all saw several long sabres fly into the air from the hands of the graycoats, and in another moment while these fell from their horses, forty other glandelinian horsemen came dashing toward them in their rear. Their appearance was apparently a great surprise, to Gertrude Angelina as we can call her at least, despite her real name, and so she with the soldiers dashed off for another fence. The whole plain beyond was swarming with thousands of graycoats firing upon the retreating christian troops, and some of these rascals were very close, but the soldiers having reloaded their muskets, sent in a rattling volley, and twenty of the graycoats fell, the survivors returning a series of fearful volleys and several of the christian soldiers went down. The surviving christian soldiers again fired wounding six glandelinians and killing two. Again they retreated until they had reloaded and in a short time their guns were again sputtering and crashing in the liveliest fashion greatly to the annoyance of the graycoats. But nevertheless they came on all the same and having emptied her pistol Gertrude quickly got out of

range of the enemy. As she continued on she again ran into another herd of graycoats coming from another direction, and though forty four of the three Angelinian soldiers had easily escaped two of the glandelinians had sprung upon Gertrude as it seemed. But suddenly there were several sharp reports and the graycoats who had surrounded Gertrude fell from their horses, and Gertrude managed to break away and join the escaping soldiers taunting the enemy with several pistol shots. In the meantime more glandelinians were pursuing Gertrude Angelina with a shout, then more came dashing from a clump of trees and these tried to head off the little girl. Then from another direction six officers came, then a whole mass appeared having been attracted by the firing and Gertrude realized that she was in considerable peril for the glandelinians were dispersing in several directions to hem her in. Gertrude was dashing on when suddenly a hundred glandelinians rushed out upon her. She shot one of them in the shoulder, and brought down several others shooting them in the calves, while she sent many more rolling upon the ground with well directed shots, and then as more of her pursuers came up the little girl discharged both pistols until they were empty causing such confusion among the enemy that she managed to get away again. Then the loud clatter of more hoofs was heard followed by a shout and another large party of glandelinian cavalry could be seen coming from down a broad road full speed anxious to reach the scene of wild firing and capture the little girl.

The volleys that the glandelinians were continually firing served to guide them and now they came on faster than before giving a loud yell while Gertrude again fired a few shots after reloading her pistols, and yet not a single glandelinian hesitated about coming on and she realized from this fact that the whole christian line was giving way before the attack of the main force of the glandelinian troops. Still more and more of the glandelinians were coming on, the sound of firing having aroused them, and in a short time nearly a thousand glandelinians were swarming after the one fugitive like a pack of wolves. The glandelinian cavalry was approaching nearer every moment and Gertrude was again forced to leave her point of defense after shooting ten of the foe down. The cavalry came dashing down toward her sending in a volley at the little girl but the bullets missed her and she returned the shots. But many numerous glandelinians were springing from every clump of trees and those who were on foot tried to seize her as she shot them down as fast as they came she having plenty rounds of ammunition. The glandelinians were led by a glandelinian general who was dressed like a Priest in the form of garbe.

"Halt you christian dog you are caught at last." He said leveling two braces of pistols at her, while the soldiers coming up barred her retreat with a bristling wall of bayonets. Gertrude though a little girl was not afraid of him or his men no matter who it be. She tried to dash around but the other graycoats had come up from behind and her escape was blocked for certain now. After taking a good look at his face Gertrude thought he must be a fiend in human form. He looked it anyway and acted like a man and spoke like a bad tempered man. This man during his reign of slavery in Calvernia had confined many a victim of a disease called Pseudomaniacal Hydrophobia, and had put many a prisoner among them so that he had scores of such cases. The first victims that had been captured had been bitten by scores of mad dogs set upon them by glandelinians, from a maddog pound, and by children suffering from the most deadly disease pseudomaniacal fever, at the same time. And though skilful doctors had done everything in their power to save him and the others the dreadful diseases Hydrophobia and the other with the long name had set in at the same time, and poor Gertrude Angelina thought of this horror she had seen herself. She was seized with an indescribable terror for if this glandelinian general once caught her he would put her among the heinous living corpses, so that she would get the fever which was impossible for any medicine to cure, and she thought that the best thing to do was to fight them all even if it caused her immediate death for she would rather be killed outright than have this happen to her. She was suddenly horrified by a vision of his victims lying as if in a dream, their blood shot eyes, their red and yellow scaly and cancerous corpses, red rosy mucus drolling from their mouths and their bleeding wounds. She was so terrified by this horrible vision, that she could hardly move but when the vision vanished she quickly leveled her pistols at the wicked general and shot him dead. Then quickly afterwards she fired upon the graycoats before and behind, broke through their ranks and dashed on down the road closely followed by the yelling cursing and blaspheming graycoats who rushed over a body strewn lanes or meadow without ceremony in their desperate efforts to overtake her. Gertrude was forced from sheer desperation to lock herself inside a house which was soon full of the graycoats, but she soon rushed furiously upon them like a little mad amazon overturning three tables with a crash and made a dash for the door, running out and slamming it behind her, and adding to the deafening noise in the room the officers screaming with rage, the men shouting and cursing, while she

room the officers screaming with rage, the men shouting and cursing, while pots and pans made a great clatter. As Gertrude ran outside the grates gray coats quickly dashed forward. One big graycoat sprang at her only to be shot down. Another fellow flew at her with drawn sabre but she had also drawn the dead man and both sabres clashed together furiously, but as more came rushing forward she managed to break away from her assailant and he came in violent contact with the other glandelinian and both graycoats fell sprawling. They got up with a great flow of language and dashed after her followed by the others. Gertrude now reached a certain ruined house and stole around to the side, when suddenly from around another corner of the house a graycoat suddenly appeared and made a rush collaring her and held on to her like a roaring bulldog until he got a sudden kick from her that sent him over backwards. She then disappeared into the house while in an instant six of the glandelinians ran around to the front of the building but was too late for she jumped out of the lower right window as they turned the corner. The glandelinians fired after the retreating fugitive, and then followed after her. Never in their lives had the glandelinians experienced such a desperate child fugitive and did not know what to make of it.

Many more glandelinian soldiers were arriving from all directions veterans of glandelinian cavalry men and other glandelinians came hurrying to the spot armed to the teeth. The glandelinians now opened fire upon her bullets beginning to fly, muskets and pistols began to crack, and the glandelinians thinking they had her rushed on her, but she overthrew them once more and continued to rush on showing that none of the bullets had touched her to the amazement of the graycoats who thought she bore a charmed life.

The enemy kept on some of them opening a withering fire upon the little girl but the shots flew wild. Gertrude having reloaded again fired upon the enemy, shooting more of them down including two lieutenants, but these officers who had been shot down were only wounded and they charged their men not to give up no matter what the risk. Two small divisions of the enemy was already approaching to her and as Gertrude saw that there was so much danger of being hemmed in or being caught in the jaws of a trap she at once opened fire again with great rapidity and many of the graycoats were seen to fall, but on rushed the daring reckless survivors and so the brave little girl was compelled to fire as fast as she could reload. Yet she was in greater danger than ever and was again forced to run in another direction.

The pursuing glandelinians gave a shout and endeavored to close in upon her setting out once more in different directions being determined to capture the little christian girl at all costs and punishing her for joining the Angelinians. Over across a meadow rushed a full hundred of the wicked graycoats in a rage and so close that they reached Gertrude who began swinging the sabre she had taken from the dead soldier, about her little golden head, like lightning and one of the one after another of the glandelinians went down with serious but not mortal wounds.

So she kept this up until she created some confusion, enough enough confusion to escape and again dashed out of their way, and across the meadow. Here they came upon a point where one of the main columns of the retreating Angelinians were within sight and rallying, and she managed to go among them and wounded over fifty during the time they had tried to get her. The glandelinians were firing furiously upon the retreating christians and almost simultaneously over fifty of the soldiers in purple were mowed down while among the fallen soldiers lay a little strange girl with her body badly hacked and cut open as well. A beautiful sight to behold indeed. During the great engagement the right wing of Zimmermann's first division had been rolled up especially during the height of the engagement with the glandelinians known as Omarians who had first attacked the main christian line, and the scene here had been for three hours one of great confusion and horror, the ground being tumbled and the grass clipped with bullets, and spotted with blood that spurted from the fallen soldiers. As the glandelinians advanced onward in apparent victory the yells in the far distance caused by the Omarians had a sort of bloodcurdling meaning soon sound. The sound would abate at times and then become louder and louder until the whole battle line of the foe was like a storm wave of howling demons. This yell of the enemy was later always termed as the "glandelinian Devil Yell". The roar of the enemy storm yells grew louder the glandelinians screaming like a million demons in horror and miscey and rage, accompanied by direct blows and onslaughts despite the fact that their lines were time and again torn by terrible volleys. The christian troops there were still retreating were being shot down in masses by the fire of the advancing enemy. All this shouting, yelling and incessant heavy firing reached the ears of Zimmermann and to him these blood-

ing yells continued, even went on unabated, then grew still more louder as time passed. One of his orderlies decided to make an investigation, he jumped on his horse and soon was entering a wooded stretch of ground, with nearly fifty thousand five hundred men and parks of artillery. When they had proceeded far enough and concentrated into the newly formed position, he dismounted, leaving his horse in the shelter of a heavy growth of trees and crept stealthily into the woods where the horrid yells were proceeding. Evidently the noise of their horses had not been heard for the yelling went on unabated, and even the slight crackling among the underbrush caused by the passage of the soldiers through the tangled woods was unheeded. The yells were terribly loud by this time and as the general and his comrades approached nearer and from the sound of the voices it seemed as if all the demons of hell were let loose. At last they reached a clearing and saw scores of thousands of purple coats dashing in confusion this way and that some dashes stopping to open fire at unseen objects, the woods was wreathed in smoke, and then a massive swarm of yelling Omarians were seen advancing furiously and occasionally returning the christian fire. It at once flashed upon his mind that general Zimmermann's right wing was rolled up and so he with his aids went back the way they came, toward the Angelinian troops who were given the alarm, and were ordered to hold off the enemy from passing through that section if possible. Even if these glandelinians were mounted, they could run as swiftly as deers, and if they overtook a horse they would cling to it's stirrup, until they could either drag the rider off, or spring up behind him and fell him to the ground.

The christian general knew their ways and did not wish to encounter these three Omarians alone, and did not even have any hope that his fifty five thousand could hold out against them though they were inferior to the number of the Angelinians. Their horses needed no urging but lay low to the ground and seemed to fly over it outdistancing the glandelinians in a few minutes. At this moment they could hear the dull booming of a hundred glandelinian cannon at once, and the deafening crashes of sudden thousands of shell explosions at one time and the rolling thunder of long like of artillery all at one simultaneous time, occasionally with an increase of the yells of the glandelinian "Devil yells".

"One of you officers must warn general Zimmermann of his danger." said the general. "Go immediately." One of the officers dashed off in a rush while the confusion of the distant battle increased, and the fearful rattling roar of all numbers of firearms continued to swell the volume of sound mingled at times with a crash of something like the loudest banging of the severest thunder. At this moment there was a loud crashing through the woods and later over seventeen thousand Omarians appeared, and with wildest yells fell upon the glandelinians. The fifty thousand soldiers showed the sternest resistance for several hours making the woods a perfect inferno but they were overwhelmed by numbers but by the force of the glandelinian impact, and at last the christian line here began to break and slowly recede, but kept up a storm of fire. However at other points of the same newly formed battle line the christian force still held for a time but the glandelinians went at them with surprising agility that the christian general and his officers could not have they were the same he and they had seen a short time before. The glandelinians at a distance could have easily been mistaken for a large number of girl children attacking a force of boys from the appearance of their hair. However their motions were not impeded by their heavy clothing and soon a most desperate fight was raging all around, while the christian officers amid the bedlam went dashing about their lines encouraging their men to hold on. One of the glandelinians out of many hundreds who succeeded in crossing the christian works succeeded in catching hold of colonel Hardees saddle, swung himself up behind the officer, clapped one over his mouth so that he could not yell, seized him tightly with the arms and before any one could go to his rescue bolted off with him. A bunch of Angelinians immediately dashed forward rescued the officer, and killed the glandelinian before he could draw any weapon to use on them.

During the frightful struggle the glandelinian wave was badly shattered and torn, but nevertheless the glandelinians were soon reinforced by a second wave and the Angelinians suffering heavy losses as well as the enemy, general Costello who commanded here was forced to withdraw from the newly formed position, and the long brig bebridges his men defended blowing them up with dynamite with all the surging glandelinian on top, while the glandelinian general Francis Callabong was making rapid progress southward under fire, his intention being to turn Zimmermann's left flank.

Seeing that his right was rolled up with the loss of 11,056 in killed and wounded already, and that the other wings of his 6 first division was hard pressed, Zimmermann had now put or had been putting all the impediments he could in the way of his enemy blocking the roads with fallen trees, blowing up the bridges, crossing the Mc-ganberries Run, and running off all the horses and provisions to the rear so that Hennie Shoemannia the chief leader of the glandelinians could not make progress in time, and so it would give Aronburg, and Kindernine time to come to his aid, and give federal battle in general fury.

During this time the general fury of the attack of the gmarian armies broke out anew after a few hours lull, and never before had some of the Angelinian leaders who had served in some other great wars, and even the glandoo Abbiesannian war of eighteen forty one saw anything like it, it being something awful. This frightful onslaught lasted for fully four hours without abating and reached its worse by the fourth hour, wave after wave of the glandelinians rolling resistlessly as it seemed against the christian line and at every succeeding wave of glandelinians the christian works was submerged in a roaring storm of carnage. The slaughter was frightful to behold especially at such close quarters, the glandelinian waves being torn and shot to pieces at each succeeding charge, the howling of the glandelinia yell being something unaccoun accountable and terrific, but they soon succeeded in carrying the second line of works. Bullets flew in torrents against the contending columns for hours while the bursting shells glared fearfully. The glandelinians at each succeeding charge fairly roared in fury, the battle itself raged with the most terrific violence and ferocity, and each onrushing tidal wave of the glandelinians yelled so loudly that it seemed as if there was a whole legion of devils and dragons of hell let loose in desperate array against the christian lines.

All through this there was an infernal clatter made by the clash of bayonets against bayonets, while new and savage yells and heartrending shrieks filled the air as thousands went down mangled and bleeding. The uproar of the battle was hideous and deafening just before the whole of Zimmermann's line wavered a second time and began to fall back. The glandelinians continued to press on with sharp penetrating yells, the air was filled with the smoke of battle, and so thickly was the christians compacted against the glandelinian assailants that it did seem unusual that Zimmermann seemed to be losing the fight against such inferior numbers combatting against him. At the same time a huge army of glandelinians had been thrown against the christian divisions under Sidlight but here they met with horrible slaughter, for fifteen columns each consisting of ten thousand men were crushed and mangled, and torn in pieces with their men lying in windrows of fallen, for here Zimmermann's main line of cannon mowed them down in while large platoons, and after charging repeatedly for three hours despite the frightful carnage the glandelinians finally broke and fled in panic and confusion.

It was indeed seen by Zimmermann that his army could not hold its ground much longer unless heavily reinforced, and that he would have to fall back toward the plains of Crowley run. If he was compelled to do this the siege of Crowley would be broken. However the battle had ceased for the day and as the enemy did not press the assault any further Zimmermann had time to reestablish his lines. In the following morning several of the christian scouts who had been out all night came riding back to the christian lines and met one of their generals in the glens.

"Hennie Hennie Shoemannia has arrived with a hundred thousand more Glandelinians to reinforce federal and he is making his way forward toward Sidlights Run as fast as he can." Was the startling news. Others came riding up a little after giving the same news. Zimmermann doubted if his Angelinian troops though overwhelmingly in numbers would be able to meet the trained soldiers of Hennie So Shoemannia once more though still much inferior to his own to begin with, but splendidly trained in the art of war. He at first decided to retreat and give the alarm to Aronburg at once, but the rumors of the sudden and unexpected advance of Hennie Shoemannia was quickly verified, and the greatest alarm arose among the whole line. Hennie Shoemannia had been advancing from glandelinia a month before the Crowley massacre had started, and had reached the boundary line of glandelinia and Angelinia some time before the battles of Crowley began, and had at once set out with the intentions of stopping the christians from moving forward, though in his full heart he was not for glandelinia and fought just because he had been commanded to do so. Angelinia in heart was his friend and so was Hanson ivian his friend and in one of his statements before Crowley he had said that if Hanson ivian commanded the christian army opposed to him he would sooner lose his own life than clash with a life long friend of his army.

At the news of the approach of Hennie Shoemannia with 100,000 troops to the aid of federal Zimmermann wished to retreat for if he stayed against such numbers he would meet disaster though his force outnumbered Hennie's two to one. The foe were fiercer fighters than the reason. The center of his line had already receded two days after the first bloody engagement and the glandelinians there had remained in possession of the works instead of following up their advantage and did not even continue the pursuit of the christian army under Chamberlane. The other lines had still held however for a whole day still ordered by Zimmermann to retreat and take to better cover. General Chamberlane knowing that he could not stand against the concentrating enemy who were now preparing to attack again sent the horses and artillery ahead and then after retreating a certain distance decided to skirmish with the enemy for a couple of days until Zimmermann could be ready for another general fray, and so halted nearly a thousand men in the bushes to ambush any number of glandelinians who would happen to advance that way.

"We are forced to retreat for the enemy are coming in overbelling numbers against me, but we may harass them a bit for a few days more to make time for the main christian line to get into a new position, and for reinforcements to come to Zimmermann's aid."

On came the glandelinians pushing on, evidently thinking that general Chamberlane had retreated in panic, but suddenly the gallant glandelinians opened fire upon them from the bushes. The glandelinians who were totally surprised did not see any signs of the rallying christians, but they knew that the christians were somewhere near, and after hesitating they promptly advanced again. The Angelinians after retreating for several paces again opened a galling fire, and now the advance guard of the enemy having fired their cannon with them plunged into the bushes, and after a serious hand to hand conflict forced the christians to retreat. As they retreated the Angelinians fired volley after volley, and making a desperate running fight for several hours. All this while there was a tremendous rattling of musketry firing with Chamberlane's main line many of the Angelinians having been killed or wounded, but some of the wounded still kept on fighting until exhausted. This for a time checked the glandelinians but two days later they rallied and came on again and this time with a fierce rush, while the glandelinians having brought up their artillery and seeing that Chamberlane's men showed more fight, trained their guns upon them meaning to scatter the troops like chaff. The guns were primed and aimed but most of the glandelinians at this point lost no time in getting away, and the volley of shells went wild only doing damage to the trees and sending a blizzard of leaves and broken bark and twigs or branches to the ground and filling the air with a dense cloud of smoke. As the Angelinians continued to retreat, they saw that they had run into another danger for there were other graycoats in the way and these also had several batteries of field pieces with them ready to open upon the mere handful of christians, but as they turned their guns upon the Angelinians the brave christians dashed through the bushes. So again when the guns did roar the Angelinians were not in the way of it, the christians finally gathering behind a stone wall at a sharp turn where they could send a cross fire upon the foe. Seeing nothing of these brave fellows excepting of a portion of the main christian line under Chamberlane which was looming far in the distance the glandelinians supposed that they had fled, and were unprepared for the surprise they presently got. As the advance guard was well within range every one of the Angelinians behind the stone wall filled his arms with stones big and little and let fly at the graycoats. Away went hats and wigs, the volley being steadier than that of firearms and quite as effective in halting the enemy. The men were hit in the faces, arms, and heads, and bodies, the air being full of the flying missiles for a few minutes, and only the pressing forward of the main body kept the advance guard from falling back in the greatest confusion. Having used up considerable ammunition the Angelinians beat a hasty retreat, but halted again further along the fences of a long half old field and here several hours later they opened fire upon the enemy again, being determined to make as desperate a fight as they could, and harass the enemy as much as possible until Zimmermann was ready once more to repel the main force. The glandelinians fired a return volley, but the Angelinians were lying flat upon the ground behind the hedges and fences and the enemy's fire passed over their heads. They managed to do considerable damage to the enemy before they were forced to fall back again, and then they hurried on to find another good point from which to fire upon their now slowly advancing foes. Many of them were already wounded, and many had been killed, but the survivors were determined to fight as long as they could and none of the survivors gave up on account of their hurts.

Finding another point of vantage from which they could fire upon the enemy, the brave Angelinians waited until they came up and then opened upon them in the liveliest fashion. This time the Angelinians were in a score of sheds whence they could direct their fire from three points, thus greatly puzzling as well as harassing the wicked glandelinians. The latter charged upon the barns and set them on fire in front, but the smoke hid the retreat of the Angelinians in the rear, and the glandelinians were disappointed once more at not meeting them face to face, and getting hold of some of them as they supposed they would. The Angelinians now retreated in full speed, but soon picked out another good point upon a road, and here they fired upon the glandelinians in general general fury only dashing away when the glandelinians came on in greater numbers, some of the enemy being on another road and this forced the Angelinians to retreat to avoid being intercepted.

Two days later Hamberlane was compelled to engage the glandelinians in general combat. The main head of the enemy's column on the other section of the plain was coming on with the intention of surprising the Christian line, and suspecting nothing themselves when all at once there was a great rush and a roar and a big force of Angelinian cavalry came suddenly sweeping across the plain in dense formation and fell upon the graycoats with terrific ferocity, the glandelinians first retreating in confusion and then rallying opened a terrific fire, but the Angelinian cavalry had charged a second time more vigorously this time and so furiously upon this section of the wave of advancing glandelinians that this part was somewhat separated from the main line, and being somewhat confused retreated. The other part however came up and they were fighting more vigorously when suddenly Hamberlane saw the other column approaching from behind having been sent around while the fighting was going on. There was a great danger of the Angelinian cavalry separated also from their own main line as they were of running into a trap but they saw their danger and wheeled in an instant and fairly hurled themselves pell-mell upon the graycoats and beat them back with heavy losses but now other detachments of glandelinian infantry were pressing them close and once more dashing into these reinforcements the gallant fellows broke their line and sweeping off to one side they dashed away back across the plain. The other main columns of cavalry which had been forced to retreat also rallied at certain times, and when the foe got too close rushed them, beat or forced them back. The glandelinian forces of course were seen coming on in general strength and presently out of the dust and smoke emerged several men in the uniforms of officers and after them some pack horses that were coming on at a good rate each led by a mounted graycoat.

"We are in luck," exclaimed general Kauffmann who was in command of arriving reinforcements for Hamberlane. "Here are only a few glandelinians and we may as well try to bag them all."

He waited until the foremost were abreast and then ordered the counter attack. The surprised glandelinians were taken aback for the moment, for they had neither seen or heard the Angelinians but general Frander B. Vehm who was in command of this column even if he had been caught napping was now wide awake and wheeling like a flash called loudly:

"Forward soldiers of the king. Down with the Christian dogs." Muskets began to rattle and pistols to crack at new portions, the pack of horses were left in charge of the guard and over ten thousand glandelinians rushed up to where Vehm was waving his sword and calling for them to advance. The enemy came forward shouting and yelling and shooting in long volleys and the air and plain seemed full of storming bullets and onrushing graycoats. But the Angelinians seemed to be prepared for their leader shouted:

"Charge soldiers of Christ. Down with the glandelinians." "Fire!" Rang Vehm's sharp command and he was answered by a galling fire from his men who had ceased to advance but who started to lie down or reel in long ranks. The Angelinians had opened a general fire simultaneously and when the smoke partly cleared away many on both sides lay prostrated on the ground but the glandelinians themselves took no heed of the greater losses and even many of the wounded did not realize that they had been struck, and the glandelinians soon came on again shouting and yelling once more like demons and with such a deafening clatter that for a moment the Angelinians were completely demoralized and became confused.

Right in the midst of the Angelinians in the face of a terrific withering fire rode a Gorian horseman with hurrahs and shouts of defiance, and before the Angelinians realized what was happening they found themselves almost surrounded by troops of glandelinian horsemen who were furiously charging on columns were a thousand feet in length and some of the Angelinian with 220,000 men, and thirty thousand of these were thrown upon Vehm's men the charge and a fight following being awful.

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the crash of the shock the glandelinian wave was badly torn and gapped hundreds having fallen in a few minutes, and two general officers themselves narrowly escaped as they rallied the torn glandelinian columns. As the glandelinians tried to charge again there came a fiercer burst of musketry and the flash of so many guns almost blinded the glandelinians and the deafening noise, and the fearful losses for which they were fully unprepared almost dismayed them and a portion of the foe line gave way. By continuing these all directed charges and volleys Kauffmann managed to keep the glandelinians from advancing any further until general George Hannon with sixty thousand of his own force arrived and soon these fifty thousand were resisting for four straight the series of desperate glandelinian onslaughts, and giving a rousing reception. This battle was as bloody as Antietam in the civil war and the glandelinians saw that they could not press their advantage they had obviously gained any further now, and were repelled by two new divisions as they were they were forced to fight bravely and stubbornly to save themselves from being cut off and rolled from the field in disaster, yet inspiring them by his impetuosity, but one of his largest divisions had been badly driven back with severe losses in killed and wounded, another was fastened with annihilation, and two generals had fallen. However the assault of the main column of the enemy for the time being had not been stopped, the glandelinians after repulsing two charges of the Christians and descending their lines had pressed forward with the pressure of an avalanche storming the Christian lines furiously, and despite a deadly fire that was mowing them down like grass advanced again and again making sixteen successive desperate charges and each time reaching within eight paces of the load Hannon to take surer aim at the men behind the blazing guns, but the smoldering cannon scoured the air with flame and smoke, filled the plain with a battle line with confusion and sound a thousand times confounded and the gray waves to pieces every time they charged.

For two hours of those four bloody hours the continuous roar of a hundred cannon and the rattle of sixty five thousand muskets and the clatter of many pistols deafened the ears to sound from the infernal fray, but during the third hour of the desperate fray the glandelinians had succeeded in mounting the works on Kauffmann's left, and the Angelinians with their ammunition and cartridges gone were forced to take to bayonets pikes and broadswords, and the cavalry to their lances and sabres, and now fought their hard pressing assailants with irresistible fury showing no mercy the desperately charging enemy, killing and wounding a thousand every hour as soon their first line was broken by the pugnacious character of the glandelinian attack and the survivors were forced to take flight the glandelinian leaders shouting as their men pressed on through the sea of smoke, "Smite with the Lord and his sword and of Gideon."

About five minutes after the glandelinians had poured over the breast of Kauffmann's left the whole column was the scene of confusion but in panic, the battalions of the Christians being badly broken, but fleeing in good order, though pursued by the furiously advancing enemy. Along the left of general Kauffmann's line the Christian line still held against the rolling tidal wave of destruction and here by some means the Angelinians had been reinforced and the fight was renewed after a lull with increased vigor and one line of graycoats two miles long was torn to fragments and created in the wildest panic.

Hardly the field pieces half an hour later after a rally pressed the glandelinians anew, the Angelinians still keeping their ground, until they had torn six glandelinian waves to pieces, and saw them recede, and still held on until they had not a single cartridge left and all their field pieces had been wrecked and badly hacked by bullets. The glandelinians still rushed on and a new force of Angelinians was thrown upon the assailants and the Angelinians resisted furiously driving back nine successful waves horribly mangled and shattered, but the next charge of the enemy in heavy waves was irresistible, and though the Angelinians fought very stubbornly they were forced to give way also, but they also had retreated only when their full amount of ammunition gave out. On came the glandelinian storm waves with a rush and a shout, but rallying the Angelinians though out of ammunition vainly strove with the fury of desperation to stand their ground calling the glandelinian columns with their bayonets making wider gaps in the enemy ranks, and bearing them backwards despite their desperate struggle to hold the Christians in check, but again they rallied and once more came on with crash and roar and clashing of clubbed muskets, and the ring of steel on steel. The carnage of the hand to hand contest was appalling. The other wing of Kauffmann's line still held however the enemy being greatly inferior to them and the Angelinians here kept up a scathing fire upon the enemy

which picked the glandelinians off as fast as they appeared through the dense sea of smoke. The din here was equally as terrific as elsewhere and though the graycoats were exposed to the most galling fire of kauffmanns remaining divisions they continued the assault, despite the fact that the ground was fairly paved with their dead and wounded, the Angelinians indeed keeping up the most disastrous fire, there being a most terrific discharge from breastworks, trenches, stone walls, from behind low fences, corn stalks, and from behind trees, and down went so many masses of the moving bodies of the graycoats that the remainder fell back though one column still swept on like a screaming howling roaring whirlwind. Indeed the whole christian line under kauffmann had been attacked vigorously but the last wing had held their ground most stubbornly, their works being strongly defended with deadly gathling guns which swept the foe down down like leaves falling from a tree, and which raked the ranks of the glandelinians in a frightful manner keeping up an incessant lively fusillade of lead and canister and grape which mowed them down in such dreadful fury that for a time again they were confused and recoiled.

Every rank of the christians poured in their fire, whole other divisions coming up to the rescue, but also more and more of the enemy had arrived and the violence of the attack was increased, while the gray lines which had been driven into confusion by the christian fire rallied, by this time, and though new batteries of artillery had arrived these could not now check the glandelinians who were now attacking all along the line. Hannons divisions had charged again and again against the glandelinian hordes with the intention to check their advance if possible but in the dreadful carnage general Hannon was killed, and general Tomy Senguine had to take his place and when he renewed the onslaughts by making the scene of carnage fearful he and general chambers were wounded by a bursting shell and general Henry Esteran was also wounded. General August Antinolo himself took senguine's place and resumed the counter attack with dreadful fury, even forming a flanking party to harass Vehans right, but the flanking attack failed with the wounding of three more of their general officers who were not named.

At the same time large forces of glandelinians under Hanson ginty were now coming to reinforce Vehans, and Hannons forces which held a crossroads and in ignorance of the death of their leader still showed great resistance to the one enemy holding their ground against great assaults but after two hours despite the fury of their resistance they were not able to hold it, but they held it long enough under a galling fire for the rest of Hannons army to withdraw after the death of their leader was known, and then they withdrew also but kept up a withering fire as they receded. The glandelinians after another lull and confident of victor again came on with the greatest energy but general chambers had now opposed them with a line of artillery and double line of infantry and cavalry, and in the attack of the glandelinians the firing became so heavy this time that indeed the glandelinians were going down in thousands, but despite their fearful losses the glandelinians had crushed a portion of the line and so pressed on but a portion of the christian infantry counter charged and threw themselves upon the glandelinians with the greatest ferocity, but they could not halt them and were driven back. The glandelinians rallying after the shock came on like a perfect swarm of bees and soon the gunners were doing all they could to keep the assailants from capturing the cannon, and the ground in front of the guns was piled with windrows of the dead and wounded graycoats. It was evident indeed that the battle along the entire line from chamber lane to kauffmann and the others was growing fiercer every hour, but so heavy was the attack on his position at the crossroads, that chambers felt sure he was being worsted despite all he could do.

"Oh if kindersine would only come and hurry to their aid." Groaned chambers. "Charles oblin is coming of course but he cannot hold out against such a storming attack, though we even outnumber the worse of the glandelinian assaulting waves."

Chambers still had his Abbieannian nature and would not give way despite the fury of the attack. It was indeed awful but the enemy kept coming on. Many of the Angelinians who had been overheating their muskets from overdischarge had to resort to their pistols and bayonets, but nevertheless the enemy were indeed surprised by such a steady resistance, and of the steady fire of the Angelinian cannon. But still the onslaught was continued with unabated fury, and time and again the glandelinians rushed forward wildly with fierce yells and engaged the christians in bloody hand to hand fights.

Boblins divisions soon however appeared and came to chambers aid and stopped a portion of the enemy line for a time but the rest came on nevertheless and struck against the newcomers with such a furious attack that most of the gunners scattered in all directions in the first onrush.

Some portions of the glandelinian columns had fallen back after being swept down like grass before a scythe and general chambers killed two glandelinians who attacked him and brought their heads together with such force that he fractured their skulls. Then he cracked the skull of another with his sabre bringing it down upon his head, and charged six others sweeping the weapon around like a club and felling one after another. The body of the glandelinians was now at a standstill standstill instead of attacking any further, but they had opened such a galling fire upon the christians that they themselves found it impossible to counter charge any more, while now even distant new batteries of cannon was opening fire on the christian gunners. At times more glandelinians during a charge would leap at chambers but he himself would leap forward to meet them swinging his sabre about and about a dozen graycoats would fall to the ground either stunned or with their skulls cracked. Within another hour after a short lull in the firing other forces of the enemy were seen advancing at different points of the crossroads with the intention of flanking chambers right and left rear with a heavy onslaught on his left as well, and retaining their own formation despite the deadly christian fire. The Angelinians again attempted to charge and drive the enemy back at the point of the bayonet, but not of these swarms of christians covering a space of a mile of ground were actually caught in a gigantic inflade and were almost annihilated before they retreated. It was seen by all that a counter charge at this dangerous place was out of the question for the enemys fire was more deadly than before, and more incessant. It was also realized that the enemy intended a general attack, otherwise it would not have been so vigorous as it continued continuous as a severe storm, and as soon as the various flanks who were the flanking party reached the christian right rear at last, it was seen that they were also advancing with almost resistless fury at different points at once, and in solid columns. The two wings of these advancing columns however from the resistance they met were compelled to stop immediately for aid, and heavily overwhelmed and not able to force any part of the line they were soon compelled to fall back. The right and left wings of chambers army were now able to make a counter advance while oblin favored to surround his foes, and presently opening a fresh fire upon them, and increasing their fire until their whole advancing line seemed to be rolling forward clouds of smoke. The glandelinians opposing oblin however halted their retreat, and so fierce was the sudden counter attack of the gallant graycoats that soon oblins line was hurled back and torn, and with their leader wounded. The enemy again advanced hesitantly, and then recovering their formation once more they charged more bravely than before driving oblins line from their works in confusion as they still tried to rally and stand ground the glandelinians crushed their whole line to fragments.

The battle was now raging at its worse fury a, along chambers line which was also hard beset by the determined glandelinians, the crashing of long lines of musketry and the thunder of two hundred christian guns being heard all round and the uproar was more terrible than before and completely general. The enemy were closing in upon oblins force, and they were also hard pressed being unable to break through the lines of graycoats or to drive them back. They made one bayonet charge after another only to lose thousands of time in killed and wounded, but soon as the action got too hot for one side and the losses too heavy they would be relieved by another but never their retreat continued, for it was impossible to stand before against such an indomitable foe as the glandelinians, whose cause was indeed believed in the right despite all the cruelties they had done. The enemy were also still charging Hannons leaderless armies furiously the hottest of the fight going on here, the enemy here also pressing on bravely. Hannons successor waited until the enemy were within easy range and then ordered all the ranks to fire as rapidly as possible and an hour more there was a renewed deafening crash of firearms, and again masses of the advancing foe seemed to drop but on the survivors came, at tack the Hannons rallying forces more furiously, and at other points shell and shot seemed to fly in every direction as it seemed, but nevertheless Hannons depleted forces were compelled to retreat because it was now found impossible to hold the foe even at bay. But their receding fire never slackened, and though the brave Glandelinians were winning at this time they were doing so at a most woeful loss. But the firing of the enemy had about as good an effect or more upon the christians and now as general Joseph Danginis ordered his divisions to counter the foe and then when it was repulsed he suddenly heard the sound of most tremendous firing in another direction which was kept up incessantly, and he wondered what it was all about.

While he was losing hope and fearing annihilation parginis happily recieved reinforcements, and while he was trying to rally one of his grand divisions, it was put out of commission by its losses while standing their ground like spartans, and as it was withdrawn its withdrawal was covered by the fire of ten heavy batteries of big cannons. Again and again several monstrous waves of glandelinians rushed upon the christians under parginis but one wave after another was torn asunder and sent back reeling and staggered from the terrible blows recieved by them. Nevertheless the other onslaughts of the enemy was soon becoming resistless and so intolerable was the firing that the yells of the enemy and the crashing din of cannons and firearms became indescribable, the enemy trying to carry Danginis works by storm. Some of the masses of glandelinians soon swarmed over the works yelling and firing heavy volleys at close quarters with the christians, mowing them down like grass, and soon the christian line at this part gave way and retreated to their second line of works.

The conflict ended in this fashion night closing on the scene but the main christian line had not been driven back and during the whole night Crowley was under shell fire from Aronburgs and zimmermanns and gindernines main line of cannon. The next morning some of the scouts came dashing up to general parginis who was concentrating his forces at his new line of positions the scouts being breathless and excited and being questioned said: "General there is a large force of glandelinians in the whole stretch of woods covering both sides of sidelights run. I or we could not at all see how many, but there are at least four times the number there was yesterday attacking us."

Almost before these men had finished speaking another scout came dashing up on a jaded horse.

"General," he cried, "The roads to the city of Crowley is blocked by Federal's main troops and we must send a messenger to general Aronburg to warn him of our danger, for if we fail to hold, general zimmermann will be driven back, and the loss of the battle means the raising of the siege."

Still another scout appeared he and his horse panting and gasping and he himself could hardly speak;

It was a capitan one of the favorite officers of parginis who shouted;

"Quick general the graycoats are coming upon our rear."

Danginis and Chambers looked at each other.

"Surrounded Danginis," said Chambers.

"We'll have to sneak out Chambers," said Danginis.

Danginis had to do something pretty quick and even some quick thinking. The enemy could not very well bring up any cannon to where they had made their new position and their position was such as to give them a decided advantage although if the three glandelinian divisions steadily pushed forward in one simultaneous body they would soon have the christians penned in like cattle in a corral. However they had during the night recieved some aid from major general Aronburgers forces and three divisions were taken out by parginis himself and selected at these very three places these very positions bristled with their bayonets and field pieces. The first of these glandelinian attacks came on from the large divisions of Mc-Hollestonians under the command of general Frank salome and after a three hours desperate and bloody fight raging for the length of two miles the attack was repulsed with vigor and bloody loss. When Chambers found out that this first bloody attack had been made at that point he called his officers to come to parginis aid and these Angelinians made a furious defense, the firing being more incessant for they all fired and reloaded as fast as they knew how. Many muskets were stuck into the tree branches and when the men had emptied their own muskets others fired these, while the rest reloaded the empty ones and so this caused an incessant firing of musketry which roared incessantly, and it seemed indeed as if the woods were full of christians that sprang up from everywhere at once firing shouting, and retreating before the enemy had a time to charge. The deadly steady firing now seemed to come from all sides of the woods mowing many gaps in the ranks of the enemy, and as Danginis saw that great numbers were swarming toward his three divisions for the moment his heart had failed him but he recieved aid from Danginis and the enemy were not able to stand the resistance of the greater odds against them and so desisted in their first desperate attack, though tremendous storms of volleys fairly made the woods roar like a million lions, and down fell many a glandelinian before they had the chance to retreat behind their own position. Soon however the foe again tried it and one of the attacking divisions of glandelinians approached toward a long stone wall, where a force of christians had been placed behind and to the foe there was not a head to be seen except those of the graycoats who continued to advance in massive formation

christians behind the long wall remaining perfectly cool and steady and waiting for the signal to fire. Finding apparently no resistance at this point the enemy pressed closer and closer but cautiously and carefully, and then there was a withering flash a murderous roar, and for every shot a graycoat dropped in his tracks, over a thousand of them going down almost simultaneously and driving the others into great confusion. The Angelinians hastened to aid but before they had a chance those who had been behind the unfortunate graycoats rushed forward in their place, and were upon the Angelinians in terrific hand to hand contest. The Angelinians were forced to retreat reeling as they went backwards step by step, but on came the enemy they also reserving their fire until it could be made most effective. By the time the graycoats fired the Angelinians had reloaded, and their fire was simultaneous with that of the enemy, the sound being deafening, the smoke blinding and by the time it had cleared away they saw chambers left in the midst of the enemies who all of a sudden began to swarm about him and trying to kill him off. Seeing this they opened a fearful fire upon the graycoats the chambers fought most desperately striking right and left with his rifle. But he was soon overpowered the deadly fire of the Angelinians being able to assisate the enemy. While the Angelinians were furiously trying to rescue their leader more of the graycoats got behind them and soon they found themselves surrounded. The plight of the Angelinians was serious in the wooded districts burning from the serious fury of the cannon charges lying between them and Aronburg, and his army preventing any evacuation of their dangerous situation being gotten to him. The Angelinians fought most desperately, while chambers had hopes that general Aronburg would hear the sound of firing at Crowley and sidelights run and go to their aid but it was a forlorn hope for they were being overcome already the disarming was beginning when a new force appeared on the scene. They were heard first and the sounds caused some of the most valued glandelinians to pale for they were the horrid frightful yells of Al Aberdeen Je usins cavarly divisions of Concentinians. In a moment before the glandelinians could recover from their surprise and horror, a large division of Jensins men came dashing up from the Angelinia Pill and came down upon the enemy like a roaring tornado tearing their line to pieces. All was the greatest confusion in a moment, for in the midst of the counter attack the enemy for the moment forgot their many numbers and chambers took advantage of the brief time to escape and to gather his men together. Down the slopes more lines of Jensins horsemen came armed like Grecian spartans in their headwear, while infantry of Aronburgians came leaping from tree to tree, from rock to rock, like so many mountain goats firing heavily and almost incessantly as they came, urging the graycoats to rush to either side to get out of their path, the riders under Jensin seeming to have the best of it because the suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack, and when they saw more glandelinian troops coming they tore their line to pieces, and when chamberlans men rallied they and the Concentinians and after making a furious charge drove the foe entirely and recovered the positions they had lost.

In the meantime the attack upon Danginis had been continued anew and the numbers of the christians far exceeded the numbers of the glandelinians, glandelinian assailants and of other columns combined, and when the enemy came on again with increased vigor, they were repulsed after a storm of firing that made the trees almost invisible from invisible from the thickness of the smoke. When the second day of the battle of sidelights had started the sound of new firing in the far distance had been heard which Chambers had also heard and which had increased and drew nearer a long time. This was the reason of parginis being also heavily assaulted. It was also caused by the arrival of heavy reinforcements which had been sent to Danginis by Zimmermann. The enemy had stormed his lines ten times with an appalling fury at this point continually under the ferocity of a most galling fire, but the Angelinians made it so hot for the enemy that they were dissillusioned, and the remaining glandelinian columns after escaping the danger were glad to lull in their attacks for a while. The enemy by all this serious resistance on the second day had made but slow progress against both parginis and Danginis as the christian line had grown more tremendous than before the contest with Zimmermann, this relief having been resumed at eleven o'clock, and the heaviest of the attacks had been made against his extreme center, which so frantically held its position that the enemy were galled. However one of the worse of the onslaughts was indeed most terrific and the more the christians had moved on the Glandelinians the more had come on to the assault assault, the fight waxing hotter and hotter until reinforcements came to both and also here the enemy were finally hurled back and the lost positions regained.

Some time later after the bloody battle of sidelights run and while Zimmermanns Zimmermanns and Aronburgs siege of Crowley was growing tighter general Kindernine himself had advanced for days with his mighty armies and soon had halted his armies south of Siligh flight onburg, and so far was he that he could not hear the roar of another fierce encounter that was going on at Banderbush, and did not know of the serious condition of the christian force there, but Aronburg had sent scouts to see if the enemy had made any more attacks upon Zimmermann or not and these soon came back about several hours later at least and one of them said breathlessly;

"There is a terrible battle raging at Crowley run, and another at Banderbush and if aid don't come in time, chambers and panginis will be compelled to withdraw from the siege for the glandelinian armies are assaulting them this time with all their force and making terrible slaughter. Tell Kindernine or show me where he is."

For a moment Aronburg could not answer for his surprise but he soon said;

"Kindernine is miles away. It will do no good to telegraph to him even right away. He is too far to come at the right time. I'll do what I can myself."

He did so sending the attacked christian armies reinforcements and within a day these two battles also ended as christian successes and the siege of Crowley was made still more tighter. Now the glandelinians were driven to desperation. By this time Kindernines army had crossed the sidelights run itself, and had been thrown forward to the attack several days later with such violence that the enemy fled to their works. It was now intended to raise the siege by a general and deliberate attack on the works of Federal and Shoemanns armies. Kindernine started the assault. When the glandelinians saw the approach of the new christian forces the leaders ordered the men to fire and at once the front line began a crackling musketry fire, the foremost glandelinians bundling in the middle of the fields and firing at all points as the Angelinians came on firing in return. A little later general Aronburg also preparing for the general storm sent general Jimmie Scan, clanline left grand division and Germanjais and another generals and these with their divisions advanced furiously in solid formation reserving their fire but receiving considerable loss from the fire of the glandelinians who continued a incessant fire now, not a surprising circumstance, considering that they had had been almost taken unawares and were confronted all along the front by a fresh army of determined and fury stricken Angelinians, the cavalry on swiftly coming horses. After the graycoats had discharged their muskets for nearly an hour until they were almost ready to blow to pieces from overheating they awaited the attack of the Angelinians with fixed bayonets and for a few minutes there was a terrific hand to hand fight, and during the engagement to general Kindernines amazement he noticed a general called John Manley who had placed himself in main command of this glandelinian army confronting Kindernine. Quickly dismounting general John Manley sprang forward and engaged Kindernine in a sword fight. Back and forth flashed their sabres each parrying and thrusting with the skill of accomplished swordsmen. Closer pressed Kindernine compelling his furious young antagonist to fall back step by step, and then suddenly by a swift turn of his wrist he sent the others sabre flying out of his hand.

Seizing a musket from one of his men John Manley rushed upon general Kindernine with fixed bayonet, which Kindernine struck aside with the blunt side of his sabre. Meanwhile thousands upon thousands of the other Angelinians were grappling with the enemy hoping to crush them back and it was indeed a great hand to hand engagement. As soon as general John Manley the young general in command heard the sound of fresh firing elsewhere he endeavored to order a retreat but the graycoats amid the terrific din of battle did not hear his commands, and were striving with the utmost fury to force their way through the massive christian columns, many thousands mangled to break through, thousands of the Angelinians being mowed down as they endeavored to get out of the way of the swiftly counter charging columns in gray. The main body of Manleys army had come up by this time and the counter attack was pressed so fiercely that a part of general Germanjais division was driven back the left wing of Aronburgs force seemed to be getting the worse of it and were forced to enclose themselves behind walls and fences and here the beleaguered christians kept up a furious hand to hand engagement without pausing a moment. But Aronburgs main column had stood firmly as a rocky wall itself, repelling the enemy with such vigor and deadly effect that part of their right grand division could not make any progress and soon were obliged to give way in general retreat before ten times their number?

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Upon the main columns of the enemy they retreated Aronburgs Angelinians in close pursuit, not noticing whether they were going until they found themselves upon Boblins assailants, and upon Boblins divisions which were retreating so slowly, but within twenty minutes most of these were rallied and also pushed on in advance, and soon the glandelinians assaulting Zimmermann and chambers were also forced to recede in confusion the christian fire playing awful havoc among their ranks. The second battle of Crowley run was being won now. And it was. The siege after this engagement was tightened still more and for fourteen days more until March 31st 1912 the city of Crowley was under a continual rain of shot and shell. The main problem now was to capture the enemys strong line of works along the lines of Kroma Run.

Aronburg from a commanding position could see during the main concentration a renewal of the advance of the main christian line that Hennie Shoemannia had drawn his main forces in long battle array to meet Aronburgs and Kindernines general attack. Hennie Shoemannia had enough cannon to annihilate any attack made and Aronburg knew this. The veterans under general Janner Liebiemann with the main chains of artillery under general Alcholol formed Shoemannias left, and were stationed on rising ground facing Kroma run. Next to him where the Mc-Jollesinian glandelinians 24,678 strong under general Mahor Reed and Franklin call forming the center also guarded by a strong chain of artillery. The light infantry under Winthrop, and Hanson, cornet picknell with many parks of big cannons formed the extreme right, while in advance a detachment of fifty thousand picked men under general fatherian O'Hara were ready to attack the Angelinians as they should be attacked in front.

As both he and Kindernine surveyed these preparations and the positions of the enemy and the advance of the christians they drew in their breath a little and exclaimed aloud although their troops did not hear;

"There is going to be a fiercer fight yet."

At then there came a deafening roar of artillery and a furious rattling of a score of thousands of rifles on the smaller heights not far from where general Aronburg was surveying the preparations of the enemy. Aronburg galloped back to his main command in reserve and putting himself at their head he rushed into action. Riding hither and thither and brandishing his sabre he cheered on his men, and Kindernine aided by his example called to his reserves and rushed after him. With fifteen thousand men by a circuitous route reached some high ground at the extreme right of the glandelinians and fell upon the flanking party of O'Hara with terrible fury, while at the same time general Wilsome with his forces fell upon their right. Up the gentle slopes marched the troops of Wilsome toward the Veteran Mc-Jollesinian armies, and a part of the artillery under general Lallie and Acholol which were awaiting them. Being orders from their general chief not to fire first, the Angelinian troops marched onward and upward in an awful silence facing those silent yet threatening batteries of one hundred and sixteen guns. Suddenly the batteries belched forth with a tremendous roar and a frightful shower of shell and grape, mingled with canister tore and mangled their first ranks and splintered the tree tops. This was a signal for the Angelinians to fire and with a loud shot the many survivors leaped forward, delivering their fire in rapid volleys, and at the same time opening ride and left to a avail themselves of the shelter of the rocks and trees on the margin of the ridge on which the artillery had been posted.

The glandelinians under general Hansel bid received the first furious assault of the christian troops led by Chambers which was made upon the enemys center but was met with terrific resolute resistance the glandelinians fighting stubbornly as was their custom. Then amid raining broadsides of shot and shell which decimated their whole platoons and mangled the surviving Angelinians resumed their onslaughts laugh after a slight pause, and dashing forward, whirling his sabre wildly around his head Chambers led his troops again in a furious charge. Close about him pressed Danginis men and instead of stopping and resisting this forward charge the glandelinians after delivering a storming withering fire which withered a portion of the advancing christian line broke and fled, while after them with terrifying fury pushed the Angelinian columns toward the guns which were belching forth incessantly with a tremendous uproar mowing down thousands of the Abgolians.

"Silence those guns." Was Aronburgs orders. And forward pressed the Angelinians under this deadly fire, the tempest of shot and shell and grape shot raining thick and fast but no one seemed to take notice of the fact, the awful fury of the battle having taken possession of them the lust of the fight being in their veins. Men fell on all sides in monstrous masses, but not one of the survivors took notice, and the

the wounded only complained only because they could no longer fight, many ignoring their hurts, keeping on until riddled with bullets, and others were ignorant of the fact that they were shot at all until they sank fainting to the ground from the loss of blood. All around was furious battle, the cannonade and tumult being deafening had any one giving any notice. Death was everywhere but it had lost its terrors at least for the present for when they paused long enough to think would come horror. Inflamed by the smell of gunpowder as with strong drink the Angelinians continued to rush on furiously. A shot took Chambers hat off but he was unawares while Sandernies face was scratched, the blood and sweat streaming down his face which he did not notice sufficiently to brush away except when they ran into his eyes and blinded him. Another general had a bullet in the fleshy fleshy part of the arm and noticed the stinging pain but he kept on nevertheless and did not stop.

Chambers men in the thickest of the fight fairly revelled in the bloody melee, shouting defiance defiance at the stubborn enemy and fighting with the pluck they had during the other battles already raged. They fought as stubbornly as the glandelinians themselves and despite the deadly fire of the enemy which mowed them down by hundreds at every step would never give way even on the losing side until ordered to do so by their main commanders. Still onward under the tempest of shot and shell they pushed and fought their way, and toward the guns they directed their main efforts, stopping to dodge the murderous fire, and then up and at them again.

Muskets rattled incessantly above their heads awful showers of grapeshot fell around, but onward, upward they went, crowding, pushing, shouting and firing, coming nearer and nearer to those guns on the heights, that was belching forth fire and fearful volleys of shot and shell, scarcely time being given them sufficiently to cool.

Chambers was foremost, Danguis was alongside or almost by his side, Sandernine on the other, and the forces as close as they could crowd, while in the meantime Aronburg was harassing the enemys right wing furiously with an incessant fire of small arms and artillery, and preventing it from sending assistance to the center. Lord C. Consoe with his chosen corps fought them off with the fury of demons, a gallant figure on his g iron black charger, in his uniform of a field marshal. In firing his own spirit into that of his men he managed to keep the Angelinians off inflicting inflicting upon them fearful losses.

Aronburgs sharpshooters kept up an incessant fire and every shot told as every marksman picked his victim. The shot that struck the gallant glandelinian general took the life of a hero, and saved the lives of thousands of his surviving men for with the fall of their leader Lord Consoe, his corps became demoralized and fled in confusion. But no one heeded what was taking place at any other point than where he was fighting except the common commandant who was from the rear directed operations. The air was filled with grapeshot, flames, and smoke, and the hail of bullets and shells, while in one part of the field could be heard the cheering of Jimmies glandelinians as they countercharged and struggled. In another rang out as clear as a trumpet trumpet the clarion voice and tone of Chambers, animating his command with a part of his own valiant spirit while with him was Danguis's indomitable score of thousands of sharpshooters coolly picking off as many of the glandelinians taking the most conspicuous as being the leading spirit, whose removal would bring about the end of the slaughter so much the sooner. As soon as Consoe fell a panic spread among his graycoated line and they began retreating within their intrenchments, the Angelinians pursuing in the face of a storming fire of grapeshot, shells, and musket balls, assaulting their works vigorously, with the aid of field pieces and gathling guns. Among the foremost of these was Danguis and his men. Oblivious of the shot and shell falling thick and fast around them, passing over their heads at times, and then dropping into their very midst, they pushed on, Danguis's object being to capture the main line of guns and works. He had many gunners in his troops and it was his ambition to turn the guns on the enemy as soon as they were captured. His men knew his intention and acted as one man in their efforts to aid him. He had signalled several particular field pieces whose positions were vulnerable and directed all his efforts at that point. The gunners soon saw that the attack of the fierce Angelinians was directed toward them and they turned the full force of their fire on the daring Angelinians, and down they went for several minutes in whole columns. But in the face of death and destruction the surviving Angelinians advanced, and with fiercer determination than before, and soon all of the artillery of the enemy were in action sending forth great clouds of smoke, and streams of grape, shell and canister which decimated their very lines. Again and again all the glandelinian batteries opened fire and soon the air above their heads was cut by the hissing flight of the storm of grape and canister and exploding shells, the Angelinians returning their fire from every angle of the ridge, at the cannoners in front

The survivors were so soon half way up the hill and here could be seen a low long common stone wall and incessant puffs of smoke which showed the enemy were behind it. The enemys cannon committed awful havoc among the christian line but the purple coats cheered and continued onward with steady tread, the christian line being in solid position, their beautiful flags fluttering gayly at intervals, and on they went under the galling fire of the enemys fire cannon, which raked the christian columns from front to rear, even through their whole length, yet every man who was not shot continued on nor did a head stoop as hit when the glandelinian batteries sent solid shot through their line after line of the christians as ascended under the witering fire and the slopes were thickly strewn with the dead and wounded Angelinians. Hours had passed a passed and still the right wing of the Angelinians was going forward in successive lines and now nearly all of Chambers men who had so far been engaged were wounded or dead. The clouds of the enemys artillery was thicker than ever all of whose projectiles were coursing through the air over their heads, the shells also falling dangerously among their ranks.

Hills reverberated the thunder of the enemys cannon with a hundred loud echoes and the line of the enemy was almost hidden in the smoke, which was pierced by the glare of the enemys cannon and of bursting shells by the long flashes of infantry fire. Onward swept the Angelinians and they drew nearer they seemed to have attracted most of the fire of the glandelinian batteries but though the awful shells were bursting above their heads or among their ranks, and the canister was rattling through their ranks they did not waver, neither did the heavy fire of the enemys infantry at their advance though over forty thousand had already fallen since the long attack commenced. There was quite a number of guns at this point and Danguis had determined to take them at all cost.

"Forward soldiers of Christ," he shouted. "Capture the guns at all costs."

The head of his men his sword flashing in the sunlight advanced panthe, his men close behind, while the tumult around them waged more and more furious, while they seemed to be a part of it all, and scarcely gave thought excepting to that belching battery and the guns they meant to take.

A storm of shot and shell tore through the trees with a shriek of a typhoon, ripped up the ground, but the back lines of the christians seemed to bear charmed lives or to be incased in enchanted armor, for the shells seemed to roll away from them. Although many of them were bleeding from scratches to which they paid no attention in the excitement, probably unconscious of the fact that they had been touched, the Angelinians continued on with wild cries, rushing to the muzzles muzzles of the guns, and meeting fearful execution with their rifles, bayonets, muskets and pistols.

Angelinians though now exposed to a sudden cross fire of the great intensity from the batteries, again charged pell-mell and before the enemy fire these charges were repeated with a promptness and impetuosity that was astonishing to the enemy, and though the Angelinians in some instances reached the enemys lines, and got into bloody work, yet they were invariably driven back by the fatal fire of the glandelinians, and Danguis's right wing was annihilated, but at the same time the main body had fared better, and enabled Aronburgs army in an hours time to again concentrate their forces and throw themselves resolutely upon the batteries. The conflict was fearful by this time, and now the glandelinian infantrymen were overwhelmed and clubbed and bayoneted almost to a man, and the glandelinian army was now completely broken, and general Hennie Schoemanna in despair at to his utter amazement the glandelinians rallied and after an hours struggle again drove back the christians with the crushing of general Danguis's divisions, and the death of their leader and the wounding of others.

Aronburg seeing this crushing repulse with the loss of twenty thousand more quickly was not disheartened nevertheless and decided to resume the onslaught with heavy reserves, and to support the charge with ten batteries of cannon, and even resolved in the change of in the disposition of his men. Concentrating these therefore his musketeers and opening two hundred and fifty guns upon the enemy, and placing himself at the head of over 200,000 men and followed by his entire division of 300,000 in reserve reserve he again drew himself toward those batteries in a most desperate charge. Again nearer he approached those fatal guns and faster flew the shot until the artillery was so hot that the gunners were compelled to wait until they cooled a little, and this alone at last enabled the christians to at last mount up to the summit. Then came a tremendous withering fire, and a storm of grape and canister simultaneously but the surviving Angelinians had seen the

the cessation of the glandelinian cannon fire, and it infused fresh courage and the determination to win. Up to the guns themselves rushed general Frank Healey in place of chambers while by his side were Jomibbs and Badline and the color bearers with a single leap placed the colors on the earthworks those themselves but amid the withering storm of musketry were riddled by bullets for their recklessness. An appalling yell came from the Angelinians and they were despite the galling fire beside their colors in a moment swarming over the breastworks and grappling hand to hand with the gunners and the infantry men as they closed with the foe. Amid the carriages of the heavy field pieces they struggled furiously while backwards with the loss of thousands were crowded Healeys men. Healeys men with Thompsons among the, by the vallant glandelinians were crushed back by the pressure of a Glandelinian counter charge while whole lines bristled with ringing bayonets, but amid fearful losses forward pushed the daring Angelinians again and back and forth they surged the issue uncertain. The slaughter was now awful and for a few minutes the smoke was so thick that nothing could be seen. Five times with awful loss the Angelinians succeeded in seizing the artillery and five times they were repulsed with awful losses and with such awful losses at that, that the breastworks were surmounted in the slain. The carnage was horrible but still they struggled using the dead bodies as breastworks. Hennings Angelinians were determined to capture those breastworks and gun at all costs and even all risks, and so once more they swarmed over the bloody breastworks which had been cleared ten times, and so impetuous was this attack that they finally drove the enemy back with the decimation of one of their main lines.

At this moment Hennib Hennings took advantage and leaping on one of the guns he wheeled its muzzle toward the enemy and with the recaptured ammunition opened fire upon them only to fall riddled with bullets himself. Around the fallen general crowded the Angelinians and furiously fought off a last attempt of the enemy to retake the field pieces. In an instant the enemy was compelled to fall back under the galling fire of 100 guns and the effect was electrical, and seemed to give all the surviving Angelinian columns strengthened senses and fiercer courage. The contest was fiercer than ever for the enemy under cornsue fought long and stubbornly. General cornsue was at length severely wounded, and his aiding officer general Johnie Bander killed himself had he was about to be taken prisoner. Still the Angelinians kept at the guns, and volley after volley was discharged, but despite the death and destruction everywhere, the poor Glandelinians tried desperately to retake their guns again, and were not disposed to give up.

From the incessant fire the guns grew hot and the Angelinians had to take a brief spite less they fly to pieces, and opened a withering general fire with their small arms. The dead and dying lay in piles all around again, but on up to the Angelinians rushed the recently displaced glandelinians, while suddenly general kindernine arriving with his forces now recognized general John Manley a second time. He had once been a friend of this glandelinian lad when a young child having known him for years, but now as he led the Glandelinians their friendship had seemed to be waning. Anyway Manley could not recognize Kindernine in the thick smoke, but nevertheless he was aiming directly for him. The smoke of the firing grew more thicker, but with sabre uplifted he rushed at Kindernine thinking him to be some other officer at least. Kindernine met him and a hand to hand encounter ensued. The battle was now at its height and the glandelinians were desperately fighting with the fury of titans. To have their guns wrested from them by mere Angelinians was something incredible to their pride and they were fairly storming with the violence of their devilish onslaught, the Glandelinians keeping up the hand to hand fighting with dare devil reckless recklessness. Hennie determined not only to recover the guns but to annihilate all the christian columns attacking him or whom he now attacked, and so the assault was on in all its fury now and the firing of cannon and musketry was fairly heart rending. Manley himself thought he could unsword Kindernine without difficulty but was soon finding his mistake. John Manley came rushing up at the head of the furious glandelinian columns and now the young lieutenant general was fighting not only in the cause of his wicked king, but for personal reasons as well for he had known of general Hanson's anger over the great Crowley massacre and he was bound to revenge his hated feelings for the whole of Angelinia for starting the war on his own country. He was bound to show his returning enmity.....

The furious din of the frightful battle was all around them but the two furiously struggling leaders were cognizant only each of the other. Muskets were at all used as clubs, scores of thousands of pistols were fired at short range or point blank, bayonets were used in a very cruel manner, and the Angelinians flocked around their commanders, while the glandelinians were pressing toward theirs yelling like demons.

General Williamsburger Zimmermann had already over 22,345 of the glandelinians disarmed as prisoners, while Kindernine and the glandelinian general were struggling fiercely, while all around the Angelinians were beating back the enemy once more, the guns still roaring and the muskets rattling with a most terrific din.

It was a most fierce and bloody fight but the Angelinians were determined to win. Man to man they were fighting, with muskets, bayonets, sabres and pistols and even ramrods, and rocks and fists, and neither side seemed conscious of such a thing as defeat was possible. An hour passed amid this roaring battle storm, and Aronburg fearing that he was really on the point of being for the attack of the foe was only increased in redoubled fury, and redoubled the massacre of soldiers, when all of a sudden the glandelinian general Zimmermanns screaming storming front seemed to realize their brave colors had fallen.

Longer were Cornsue or his aiding general there to incite them to fresh valor, and then panic stricken the infantry and artillery forces along the lines were receded, and he pressed his success so fiercely that at last artillery men fled also leaving the cannon they had tried to save in the hands of the Angelinians. At this moment however from a fall off his horse Zimmermann received a slightly dislocated arm and was borne bearing another christian officer from the field before he realized his slight hurt and had attended to and then resumed command.

Neither men nor their assailants did not notice this for several minutes but when the glandelinians discovered that they were being outwitted by their comrades, they only fought like hell hounds to force the enemy in revenge of the fall of their leaders, and for a time indernines were in danger of stampeding, leaving general indernine still on the breastworks, while general John Manley was still striving with the fury of desperation to run him through, when he himself with indernine fell amid the midst of a terrific withering fire, which he retained its vigor for fully two hours and a half without abating.

Over the works the glandelinians were pouring like swarms of hell hounds and then general Aronburg having found the saltpore of the enemy had had fresh forces to the rescue and once again the two forces were in hand to hand fighting, but the glandelinians who had seen him upon the black steed in the thickest of the fight for more than two hours were terrified at his approach, and soon withdrew in dismay, but not before delivering a parting withering storm of musketry which killed general Aronburgs horse under him and severely wounded the general himself. His aiding general Voltee Hanson had his leg badly lacerated by a cannon ball and a fragment of a bursting shell at the same time.

Beside of the glandelinians Hennie Shoemannia seeing a chance or the way I mean rushed heavier forces to the rescue of the glandelinians and as they were also failing to force the lines back under Aronburg he went to the king officership himself and again had the glandelinian hordes pouring over the works in great success, and crushing the christian line to pieces. He fell badly wounded in a severe storm of destruction for raging for a distance of ten miles and three other brilliant general officers Hanson, Jenniean and Callibeanna and Sandersbury killed.

Not only did Hannies death, and the fall of general Shoemannia demoralize the glandelinians but at the same time came 20,000 reinforcements of Abyssinkilians under general Francis Anna Hanson. At the command of federal now took Hennie Shoemannias place, placed himself in command of the whole of the glandelinian troops in person, but his presence nor nothing that he could do revived their confidence, and they began to fall back abandoning the works to general Zimmermann. Four o'clock had now come the conflict having started from the morning and was not entirely over yet. These enemy along the front fell back farther and further still keeping up a heavy firing all along the line without abatement, but leaving all of their artillery and camp equipage in the hands of the Angelinians. It was half past four when general Aronburg had been found wounded and carried from the field of horror after having driven the glandelinians from their position, and wounding their commander and killing four. Both armies were thoroughly fatigued from their appalling losses, but yet along the right the fierce fighting still continued with the same great violence and along this point as along the main sections elsewhere the enemy were failing to force the Angelinians back, and it seemed as if the battle was going to end as a draw with a christian advantage of holding the siege. The dead, dying, and wounded lay strewn on the heights, in the ravines, in the open fields, on the sides of the hills and among the wooded districts of the Kroma Run which the battle received its name, and along the trenches on the summit where the fiercest of the deadly engagement had raged for so many hours.

The poor Angelinians along the inactive part rested with the guns by their sides, too weary and tired to pursue their great advantage, but waiting until morning to renew the fierce attack and try to win a complete battle if possible. Kindermine men now stayed by their captured works and guns while general Fred Neilsen who had come at the worse of the great battle of Kroma along the central sections, marched out to relieve those on the fields who were still standing against the glandelinian assaults there, and soon the graylines soon receded herealso, but nevertheless the Angelinians had not gained a complete advantage, for the glandelinians on account of their apparently and reckless disregard of danger in facing the terrific christian onslaughts that the Angelinian leaders poured forth had held their main lines across the Kroma Run though their own losses had been awful and so the christians had to continue the wearisome old seige. Federal who stood against the assault on the Kroma Run had sustained the loss of 11,560 in killed alone while on the other hand in the entire battle he had taken more than forty thousand prisoners, among whom were several officers of distinction, secured twenty pieces of artillery, all the baggage and camp equipage of a christian brigade, obtained a large supply of ammunition of which he stood in need, recovered a portion of his own works, and also entered the christian lines and secured a most advantageous position which the Angelinians for four hours had made the most frightful onslaughts to recover but in vain. Nevertheless the situation of the glandelinian army was critical and distressing. The surviving glandelinian generals did not dare await another attack on the same grounds as before and so they resolved to remove their troops before Zimmermann should renew his advance, and he did remove his army in an orderly and silent manner without any interference from the Angelinians, who had extended their besieging lines up to the distant hills, and along the banks of the two rivers, the sidelights Run and Kroma Run. From his advantageous position Zimmermann the following morning had tried to provoke Federal to resume the fight but that general had the better of the game for a while by not resuming it under any conditions as it would be a useless sacrifice of life for he knew he could not hold again if he courted another conflict so soon with the fierce Zimmermann and his army of bulldogs as he called them from their fierce tearing way of fighting in battle.

The engagement had been a most bloody one especially for the time of its main general duration and the losses in this one battle considered of nearly 1165,789 in killed and wounded alone, while eighty thousand more had been taken prisoners. The glandelinian losses were still heavier on account of the severe resistance they had shown being more than 145,688 in killed and wounded and over three hundred thousand in plain wounds and disabled and crippled soldiers, while over 189,000 were prisoners and 9,876 were missing. The other losses of the glandelinians at other portions was nearly 236,999.

Hendonians men had clung to their guns to the last against the sledge hammer onslaught of the christians sending volley after volley into their lines, lines and these alone had lost 18,876 in killed and wounded before they had been compelled to give way to the attacks which had told so heavily on them. On his side general Francis Teabone had been killed. The glandelinians had in reality won the battle for the main line of intrenchments had not been carried and that all of the best christian generals were down and that the armies of Angelinians were practically without an able bodied commander and no telling what would have been the result if Zimmermann had been severely disabled.

It was indeed a fact that the christians had carried the ridges along Hennie's front and on the other fronts but the success that Federal's main line had won on the Kroma Run established the greater part of the glandelinian armies, and Zimmermann saw that to take Crowley by an abrupt assault was utterly impossible just now for the glandelinian armies were still 10,000 strong to his 23,987,666 remaining of what he had and he saw it wiser just now to prolong the seige with vigor and continue the furious bombardment of Crowley without cessation. It had been Aronburg's purpose at the request of general Hanson and Robert Vivian to punish the glandelinians for the slaughter of the helpless people of Crowley, but he had been almost punished himself, and the carrying of the ridges held by the armies of Hennie Shoemannia alone saved the christian armies from being totally routed from the region altogether, and prevented the enemy from raising the seige.

The bloody battle of Kroma had fully raged sixteen hours from the starting point and Zimmermann left within three hours had lost 11,560 in killed, one section losing 2,000 killed and wounded and another two thousand and six hundred, and another division had lost five hundred in a few minutes, and had refused to engage the enemy any further. General Aronburg indeed feared that he had made a mess of the whole affair and he or Zimmermann did not know what to give as a report to the two governor generals who were also moving armies through Angelinia toward the boundary line to first strike the enemy at Jemie-Wren-Town, and Norma Run, and then to establish a line of soldiers along the boundary line to prevent the enemy from crossing again, and to make a full invasion of glandelinia, and make her fall to her knees. Hanson really was starting a job that surprised the world from the great difficulty of the task, and which brought on the frightfullest war the whole world had ever seen.

To make things completely more surprising Hanson and his brother learned the news of the series of frightful battles raging around the besieged city of Crowley and certainly was more surprised and apprehensive than any one could have imagined when he and his brother learned of the news of the last great conflict. They had hoped all the time they could have easily averted a war with Wicked glandelinia and now that it had occurred they had to go to it to a finish.

They were also surprised when they received the news as to the main cause of the battle, and so they had decided to immediately advance their armies upon Jemie Wren Town as soon as possible, and when the opportunity presented itself to strike a blow himself and make the glandelinians pay dearly for the slaughter of children that occurred there. So he at once with others and Cannon went to the scene, and soon the calverinians who had accompanied him had discovered that the glandelinians had begun up to some more mischief. Many children had been struck down by the glandelinians. A party of calverinians at least came upon two small children one a little girl lying in the snow of the higher hills, and weeping pitiously. She was taken in by the soldiers and given comfort.

While Hanson moved forward toward Jemie Wren Town he gave the authorities to see that the boundary line became fully fortified, to also strengthen the boundary line of Angelinia, and Calverinia, and to fortify the boundary like of Abyssinkile, and advise the calverinians to see that all the fortifications of Vivian Wickey called McWhirther were fully garrisoned so that the glandelinians could not obtain possession in case the christian armies started to invade Calverinia. He also gave orders and advice that the rebellion of child slaves and of the calverinians should have all the help possible, and that in case of necessity all armies that could be spared should be thrown into Calverinia with the purpose of helping the Calverinians out against the glandelinians. He knew that the child slave rebellion was growing in force and strength and that the children were not in the rebellion as yet refused to work and were already on the edge of insurrection.

PART TWO OF THE CHAPTER TWO. *Sixteen.*
THE SEIGE OF JEMIE-WREN-TOWN, OR THREE DESPERATE FIGHTS.
AND WHAT THE VIVIAN GIRLS WENT THROUGH DURING
THE SEIGE.

Zimmermann being now in command however was not discouraged and decided to do what general Aronburg could not do and that was to urge the battle more and bring on the first real engagement of the glandco-Angelinian whose declaration was set by governor general Hanson and Vivian for the year of 1912 March the 31th. If he could crush the enemy in this second battle for the possession of the Kroma Run then he could crush the enemy's opposition further and be able to tighten the seige. If this could be accomplished he would not need to spend so much ammunition on bombarding the enemy's position at Crowley, and which was only smashing down many more buildings into total ruins. This horrible destruction of Angelinian property in general he wished to avert, and so he decided to wait until March the last and then hurl his armies against general Federal and Hennie Shoemannia once more and this time with all his force and fury, and not to allow a separate engagement to rage at any point. All must be fought simultaneously all along the line. This he knew would accomplish his purpose.

THE WAR GAINS HEADWAY. THE MASSACRE AT CROWLEY.

The rebellion had soon gained such momentum that the glandelinians had become apprehensive and the glandelinian king the main one prodded at once ordered general Hennie Shoemanna on the month of March fifth day before the last to move his armies through Angelinia rather than by the sea and do all in his power to stop the rebellion before it grew too fierce. Hennie Shoemanna was then concentrated with a large army of glandelinians near Crowley, by the southern boundary line of Angelinia, and he was fully opposed to it declaring that the Angelinians would resent the invasion and that they would immediately start trouble that glandelinia would not care for at this critical time.

He was recalled by the glandelinian king to hold council over this, and while he was absent his under leader general Magi advanced the army into Angelinia, and because some of the people of Crowley sniped the soldiers a scene of rapine and horror occurred, which at once precipitated into a battle. Simultaneously other armies conducted by Magi had been moving toward Jennie-Fren-Town (Angelinia) and received the same resistance and slaughter. Massacres occurred that horrified the world, and at which completely established one of the most terrific wars that the world had ever seen.

General Aronburg of the Christian or Angelinians had a large army of Abyssinkilians near Crowley, and he had been under instruction to watch every movement that the glandelinian armies made along the border, and he had witnessed all this horror the enemy committed at Crowley, and while he sent news of it to Hanson who was near Angelinia at the time he obeyed all the orders received from the Abbeisannian government and by two o'clock on the morning of March 31st 1912 both encloses, Aronburg and Federal, were in the clutches of the first struggle of the long threatening war, with the enemy, which had broke before the king of glandelinia or Hennie Shoemanna knew there was going to be any war.

General Zimmermann himself had started the engage engagement being amazed at the number of the enemy, but he had ordered his right wing to charge which they did, and soon the whole battle formation of glandelinians along this point was badly torn by the Christian fire. Zimmermann had made up his mind to get to the scene ahead of the enemy, take the whole of his division and attack in as heavy a force as possible, so as not to give the enemy much time to defend himself, and he did. For an hour the battle raged furiously, and every general of the inactive forces had rode forward to the high hills to see what the roar of firing was in the distance, and then realizing that a battle was in progress immediately prepared to get their own men ready for action. Seeing the heavy pressure on his left the main glandelinian general Mc-Hollester made one frightful onslaught after another, and so fierce were these attacks, and so heavy to the losses that it seemed as if Zimmermann's forces were getting the worse of it. The whole history of the country's wrongs thronged through his mind during the change in the scene, and extending his inactive right wing across a portion of the Mc-Allister Run which flowed through here he crossed them over the region near Crowley, and ordered them forward to make a sweeping charge. The enemy resisted this charge furiously struggling and fighting like madmen, but the charge at this quarter of the battle field was so irresistible that the glandelinians who were under the general's command retreated in confusion leaving nearly a thousand prisoners behind with the fall of their leader who was wounded. The main line of the enemy had however stood against the fierce onslaught however and the battle went on and increased with a terrible fury. Every minute a perfect storm of minnie balls accompanied every volley, and now the enemy having unlimbered nearly one hundred guns which the artillery men had brought up opened a terrible fire upon the Christians, but in spite of all they could do within four hours, the desperate charge of the Christians proved to be too strong, and the glandelinians again rapidly retreated leaving a good number of the cannon behind. By this time Zimmermann's columns which had at other points been driven back by a herculean onslaught of the enemy had received fresh troops, and after repulsing the enemy finally resumed the advance under a deadly fire from the main foe line, and the ground was soon covered with the dead and wounded, and a blinding pall of smoke overspread the scene.

Zimmermann seeing the advantage he had gained had by this time gathered about half of his force, which also advanced in the face of a severe withering fire. The contest was indeed frightful and bloody, and by the terrible resistance a part of the advancing force was soon crushed into fragments and all was confusion and alarm, but hardly had Mc-Hollesters

tried to advance when Zimmermann and Strabrooklin came to the rescue with fresh forces, and soon these combined forces were carrying all before them. Mc-Hollester was wounded in the thigh as he strove vainly to rally his army. The Abyssinkilians yelling like demons pressed forward in heavy force, while Bellion, who had before this been sent with a large force to turn the rear of the foe by Zimmermann fell dead pierced through the head.

For a time now there was a lull, the Christians were advancing successfully and all seemed as if the contest which had only raged to now four hours would be over. But only a part of the glandelinian army had been engaged. What followed the great advance which lasted thirty minutes, could not be described but however at this critical time the force of marians for general Handon had been advancing to the relief of the broken line in that of Zimmermann's advancing army, and these first formed a battle line, on some serious resistance, and then threw themselves upon the Christian columns with all their might, closing with the Abyssinkilians like a mad legion of yelling fiends, reducing the right wing of the checked Christian division so much, that the survivors had to withdraw, before the pressure of the foe became too great, but they were not in signs of confusion, though generals Nainburger, Callahan Gordon, and others were mortally wounded. This great loss of officers so quickly and that the glandelinians had meant to give the Abyssinkilians all the they were looking for, and this scene indeed filled Zimmermann with up and apprehension. His whole entire army was now at hand however having been up at the sound of deadly conflict, and being under the full command of Robert Saunders one of the old time generals who served in the Abbeisannian with glandelinia. General Saunders knew the nature of the foe and believed that the battle would be lost unless these fierce Christian assailants were met. He also believed that they would watch out for the coming of any Christian reinforcements for the glandelinians even during a hostile action, and sent out crafty scouts, but nevertheless he knew that the marians must be held back at any costs and to make them pay dearly for the loss of many Christian officers in the first battle so early. He was of course aided at the desperation of the marians and did not believe that any fierce resistance could check them now for the way the worsted Christians were treating. A hour passed during which over a hundred Christian cannon had had a chain of batteries in the way of the victorious enemy advancing 10,000 strong and as soon as the foe came within good range they thundered incessantly in a deafening din enough to wake the dead. But on came the surviving marians with a horrible bloodcurdling yell, and despite the resistance of the infantry supporting the artillery the onslaught of the marians became so fierce and steady that for a time it was almost impossible to meet them directly and the infantry men retreated the poor artillery being compelled to meet them alone. However they did the best they could and inflicted fearful losses among the gray columns mowing them down as fast as they came within range. One method that Saunders saw under the circumstances was to direct the course of a desperate counter attack and so furious counter attack was soon made on the sides near the front columns which was separating the forward columns of the advancing enemy from the main wings with the aid of ten of the chains of batteries. A part of Saunders' columns attacked the forward part with the most bloody fury, and the others over lapped their two wings who with the center attacked on all sides was forced gradually and constantly back from the line of works they had captured from the Christians, but their onslaught could not be checked, though the marians had already lost over nearly 10,000 men with general Allingbar in the bargain, he being killed by a bursting shell. Fearful losses indeed for the unfortunate marians to suffer and the first time in the battle too. But in spite of all this they were not daunted and continued the attack with the most frightful fury driving like a wedge against the Christian lines which were now storming with fire.

The attack of the enemy was indeed more fierce than any more description could make out but it was also repulsed with the most frightful decimation of the glandelinian waves and finally the glandelinians sullen and enraged withdrew, and Zimmermann was able to do as he planned tighter tighten the siege without any necessity of continuing the bombardment of the city of Crowley for a time. He now hoped for news from the location of Jennie-Fren-Town which he knew the glandelinians themselves were besieging and fully hoped and desired that general Hanson would move upon the besiegers and drive them from the city and the country altogether and invade glandelinia as he planned....

214 "My gracious look Violet the city of Jennie-Wren-Town is under a siege siege."

"Is that so?" Gasped Violet looking in the direction her sister Angeline pointed. "Let me have the glasses and I will see whose Glandelinian armies they are and)-----"

"BO-O-O-O-M-M-M-M."

A long distant reverberating detonation of a siege gun broke the oppressive silence of March the 18th and a high explosive shell burst a few hundred yards ahead of them throwing great clouds of dirt into the air for over one thousand two hundred feet. Another and another report came, and Violet still fearless despite all this looking through the glasses said;

"We are discovered by the Glandelinians in their signal stations, and their gunners are hurling high explosives at us."

"But we must get inside the city and give the Pope who had been visiting some high priests there the message of general Vivian's intentions at all hazards." Said Violet. "For papa said it must reach him."

"Does he know that the city is besieged?" Asked Angeline while now the rattle of musketry sounded, and another high explosive roared high in the air with a deafening thunderous crash and sending a jet of dirt and black clouds of smoke one hundred feet wide, while around the space in front of them a shower of dirt and clots fell as another explosion tore a crater in the ground.

"No a" Answered Hettie "And neither did we until now. We must warn general Hanson or papa as soon as we get the answer from the Pope."

"No, no that would be too late." Said Violet. "I will return and one of you who choose may give the note to general Hanson."

"But Violet it is like suicide to return so soon. We ourselves are hemmed in already and there is no chance at all of escape now unless we can wait until it gets dark and make a dangerous race for the city's gates." Violet indeed saw her rashness. Being fired at by distant batteries of the enemy the little girls dreaded the high explosives that were going off every half minute about them, and they sped under cover of a large ravine, and remained there until nighttime came, before they ventured out again.

Yet they were in danger of being discovered for hundreds of very strong searchlights were displayed incessantly and if these revealed their presence they would never be able to reach the city or enter. Not only this but they would have to pass through a portion of the enemy's lines, which was a more dangerous thing to do, but they fought a desperate battle to keep down their dread, and summoning up all their courage despite it being a most hard ordeal they crept forward stealthily and on all fours and in four hours were under the enemy's intrenchments under general Consoe George Bicknell. On they progressed.

"Halt who goes there?" Thundred thundered a sentinel. "Answer or I'll shoot the daylight out of you. Do you hear?" The sound startled Violet and her sisters but they knew their danger of remaining there or giving an answer so they crawled toward a big bush imitating the cry of cats and then hid, but also looked carefully over their weapons to see if they were all loaded. The sentry who had spoken, hearing no other sounds, or receiving no answer strode toward the spot where he had heard the slight noise of somebody moving and saw by the disturbance of the ground, that indeed six or seven persons had been there, and children at that, and he immediately fired a shot and raised the alarm, arousing all the soldiers nearest to him.

"What is the matter with you this time?" Cried general Bicknell riding up at the moment. "This is the tenth time you raised an alarm and found nothing. Are you crazy?"

"No I'm not fooling." Cried the sentry. "There are spies around here or seven escaped children. They are around somewhere trying to get into our lines. The disturbance in the ground here shows that they were seven girls, little ones. Here is one of their ribbons from their hair."

"Like y they are the Vivian girls whom I have heard so much about." Said general Bicknell. Search every bush around the whole region boys. Get them dead or alive."

Violet and her sisters paled at hearing this and decided that a good dash would be the only means of escape.

"We must run with all our might for the city." Said Violet. "That is our only means of escape."

The graycoats were already searching carefully and a score were coming toward the bushes where Violet and her sisters were hiding, when the little girls suddenly opened fire with their pistols, and then as seven of the nearest Glandelinians fell with a loud outcry, the little girls made a sudden dash firing as rapidly as they could and downing seven Glandelinians at every volley. The surviving Glandelinians set after them firing incessantly in efforts to shoot the little girls down but missed, but nevertheless swarmed from all directions with the intention to hem them in.

Nevertheless there was a gap in the enclosing lines and Violet and her sisters shooting wildly and shooting down every man in their way broke through this gap and ran full speed toward the city, a whole line soon pursuing the little girls, while even several batteries were trained upon the little fugitives and barraged the whole ground before them but somehow the little girls got through the barrage fire unharmed. However the Christian gunners were of the army defending the city saw this occurrence and immediately opened fire upon the Glandelinians while a large force of Christian soldiers was sent out to their rescue. A few hours later they were before the Angelinian Pope who only desired to see them alone. What a grand thing it indeed was to be in the presence of so great a man Violet and her sisters to be admitted, and permitted to see the Head of the Catholic Church, who had left Rome to come over to consult the Bishops of Jennie-Town, and whom few were seldom allowed even to see in his Vatican without private duties to perform. He however was glad to see Violet and her sisters and after the note was read, he told them that the request would not be granted on account of the war outbreak and of the siege of the city as he was unable to escape and anyhow did not wish to run chances of going through the enemy's lines, when the Glandelinians were his special enemies. The enemy were indeed enraged over the escape of Violet and her sisters, and a big force of them were sent forward by Bicknell under the orders to carry the city and to get the little girl spies by force. The Glandelinian forces were advancing in considerable numbers, and all of the artillery on the center of the Christian line rained shot and shell upon the advancing Glandelinian columns, which were swarming forward in long massive lines. Violet and her sisters were to see the first battle in the war, in this section. The first charge made by the enemy was a furious one, and though the Glandelinian waves tried with all their courage to carry the line of artillery they were only annihilated, and a second series of lines repulsed with the most terrible loss and routed clear back to their lines by pursuing waves of Christians. Soon another series of bigger lines were sent forward to the attack which was a redoubled one, and though this section was almost annihilated and fell back under the furious Christian withering fire which tore terrible lanes and avenues in their line a score of times, the others did not fall back, but advanced with terrible fury for a whole day making a series of charges in the face of this deadly fire, and only recoiled when almost annihilated.

Thus was the first day now of the beginning of the battle of Jennie-Wren-Town.

The other main column which was sent forward advanced and opened a terrible fire upon the Christian lines and for several hours more a most furious battle raged and then the foe gathering in greater numbers made a terrible headlong charge which was repulsed with greater slaughter, and the leaders not wishing for a general engagement without the arrival of the promised reinforcements decided to hold off for the night and wait for the arrival of the main column of Mansone Bicknell and Calmann Shoemann to arrive and join them in the siege with general Consoe Bicknell. It had been a fearful struggle however and the losses were heavy on both sides, but the enemy lost four times more heavily than the Christians, as they had been the valiant, and nine hundred and forty five sabres, and six baggage wagons inclusive of the Ocarians and Glandelinians were taken by the Angelinians. Over 11,031 were killed and wounded though general James Bicknell on the left wing of the Glandelinians predicted a loss of 83,566 totally. However was much below that actual number.

One hundred were killed on the Christian side and over five hundred wounded making over six hundred altogether. But there was sad work to be done before any rest could be taken that bloody night in the burial of the many dead, the caring for the wounded, and the search for the missing. The field of the conflict was strewn with the wreckage of the fight, the dying or wounded laying on the ground either fighting for life, or fully resigned to death. The enemy had carried off their own dead and wounded, so that the Angelinians were not troubled by them.

"Boys we've got to help the poor boys in purple." Cried Violet to some of the boy scouts she knew. "Even if the enemy snipers do open gun fire."

Soon to the battle field they hastened and began trying to relieve the suffering of the more sorely afflicted. The enemy did not attempt to do anything however as they had all they could do to attend to their own wounded and the burial of their many dead. While they were searching the field stopping to do some kindness or what they could for some poor soldiers to relieve their sufferings Violet Violet heard sounds that attracted her attention.

"Boy's "She said "You remain here and attend or do what you can for the wounded."

She mounted the hill and saw that the main body of the enemy under general Camann, and Calmann Shoemann and Monsoe Picknell were slowly advancing. She reported the facts to the lookouts on the signal stations, and again returned to her work of mercy to the dying and wounded. As the general in charge of the christian forces at Jennie-Wren-town found that he was again menaced by the main body of the enemy at that, he gave the alarm all along the line, and soon the entire christian forces were drawn up and ready for the general attack in case it came. Violet found lying on the ground a place where the ground had been torn or had not been torn by shot and shell or by the trampling of many feet, she saw a slight boyish form, his eyes closed his features composed, and his hands folded upon his breast. Some of the men came with a stretcher and violet had some of them carry him carefully into the lines and to a part where the red cross nurses were looking after the wounded, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that he was free and from pain and asleep. Others were looking out for the many dead and wounded lying out there, the dead decently buried, and conveying the others to the place where they might receive care and treatment.

Soon Violet and her sisters came upon another man who was a Glandelinian Curde but who wore a green uniform. This one was suffering from a superficial flesh wound, and in little or no danger. They got pine torches and continued their sad quest in the darkness despite the recommencing thunder of artillery on both sides, and later came on another man who was also in gray, this one badly hurt but alive. Then after seeing that the wounded glandelinian was made comfortable they continued their search and came to an overturned field piece where they heard groans. Could it be possible that a man lay under it. Violet called several men, and among them they managed to lift the field piece, and draw out the wounded man from beneath its body. He was a glandelinian general whom the foe had not saved in their retreat. Fortunately the wheels of the gun had kept the heavy muzzle from crushing the life out of the man, but had pinned him to the earth helpless, and almost senseless as well. They would that he was not so badly injured that he could not be moved, and so the men gently lifted him into their arms, and two of the Angelinians making a cradle carried him as far as they could, and were then relieved by others, and in time got him around to where the others all lay asleep. Soon all the dead were buried and the wounded taken care of, so violet and her sisters went to the generals headquarters. Though the enemy had threatened a general advance after the first bloody action, they happened to be attacked by a large force of christians under general Calvin later but after a desperate fight the Angelinians had fallen back, but not without capturing a thousand prisoners, picknell having witnessed the second awful onslaught with tearful eyes.

The losses on both sides in this second action was over five thousand in killed and wounded. Calmann Shoemann had a force of over five hundred thousand men besieging Jennie-Wren-town and also concentrating near the Jennie and Normas Bridge and the Angelinians extended their lines across it, confronting 234988 more glandelinians, while the Angelinians were waiting with the apprehension, the next movement of the enemy it being too undoubtedly the purpose of the enemy to move forward on to Normas run, also the next place of great importance, thence up to the Bullways Run River already in the hands of the glandelinians under the main picknell and also fifty thousand Omarians who were watching out for a general advance of Hanson or general Robert Vivian, the two main christian generals.

It was indeed pretty risky business for spies now during this siege, or for general Monsoe picknell made firm commands that all spies caught either man woman or child should be put to death right away even without a trial. But violet and her sisters unheeded the terrible danger and would have done so immediately in if not sternly forbidden to do so by the christian officers.

"No spy can live if caught by picknell's men." Was what they said.

But violet and her sisters under orders from general Hanson and Vivian allowed no one to rule them unnecessarily but their own parents and so went off anyway in fact for the purpose of getting out of the region altogether and report to their father of the siege. They even had a hard time of getting into the enemy's lines, but through great caution they succeeded, and reached a tent belonging to some of the glandelinian generals. One of them was general picknell as five came outside, and fiercelo k looking glandelinians they were indeed, picknell looking like some human fiend incarnate with his thick coarse black hair, and whiskers?

These glandelinians were in conversation conversation and they caught general picknell's words as he was saying;

"If we may get Jennie-Wren-town and Normas Run before Hanson arrives and his brother, it may not be long before we can show these foolhardy Angelinians what it is to make war on glandelinia. And by god's help it will not be long before we could have that christian dog Hanson a-prisoner or put to flight. We will be attacking the city of Jennie-Wren-town in general within a few days if possible."

"We may as well be cautious" Said another general whom violet saw as the leader of the persuaders that very same evening. However general picknell having eyes as sharp as a cat's discovered the hiding places of violet and her sisters before they knew it, and secretly had them surrounded, this conversation being as a bluff so as to keep the little girls from catching on. Then with pistols drawn he suddenly sprang upon them to their amazement and growled;

"Why you impudent little rascals how dare you to listen to our conversation, and besides I know you little christian dogs. You are those christian girls who are trying to become famous spies for those crazy christian armies called the armies of Angelinia, and if any one deserves where it is spies of your kind. Don't you know that I made a law to my men that all spies no matter who they be are to be put to death right away? Listen I believe you do, but are too darn rash. Seize the children!" cried to his men but do not grab their necks for I know very well they are around them. But despite the protection of that darn serpent of mine I learned off they shall and will have the same punishment as all the do."

More of the glandelinians armed almost to overloading had surrounded the little girls and there was no chance of escape. Violet and her sisters were inside of general picknell's headquarters and placed in a rear room with a little window facing the river and two doors, one leading into a hall and the other into a bedroom.

"We have got to get out of here as soon as we can." Said violet in a whisper. "If we remain here an hour it will be either the death of us all or life imprisonment, for picknell swore that all spies shall be put to death as soon as captured and we have too much to do to die that way at now, and in fact we do not wish to die at all if we can help it."

They then began to look about them to see how they might get out of what they regarded as a merely temporary prison. The one window in the place was small and quite high from the floor but they thought they might get out if they once reached it. There was a number of men walking up and down the hall outside the door of which was locked, and violet now cautiously opened the other door and looked into a little bedroom. Not seeing any one she went in cautiously followed by her sisters and walking to the other door hearing the tramp of many officers outside and seeing there was no chance of getting out that way unless by a great work of herself. There was a table in the room and this violet and her sisters carried into the other room and placed it under the window, violet stepping on a chair to the table, then drew the chair along side, and stood on it using the window and looking out. There was someone under the window, and violet noticed that it was the officer who had led the pursuit, when and her sisters first arrived at this besieged city. Violet fearlessly began to make herself out of the window which she found a tight fit. A man would have been unable to have escaped. She decided to jump on the shoulders of the graycoat despite the dizzy height and let her sisters climb down by means of the sheets and blankets of the bedroom. She first made this, taking one end to the bed, but it was not long enough so she tied every bit of stout rag and towel towel towel she found, even the trousers of the glandelinians and their undershirts and pants, and wore women's skirts which they found in the bedroom, and soon had the rope long enough for the thirty feet drop. She told her sisters what she was going to do, telling them to come next by the rope. Then again she crawled through the window despite her sisters protest that it was dangerous to leap that terrible height going through feet first, held the sill by her hands, and took careful aim for her jump, for should she miss the graycoat she would be killed by the impact with the a hard ground. After several minutes hesitation and summoning up all her courage for it was going to be a terrible ordeal, and did make her fearful of the results, she dropped and fortunately landed plump on the shoulders of the general falling him to the ground. Then she hastily bound and gagged the general while she could hear men talking inside in loud tones, laughing and making merry about defeating the christians on the next day. Her sisters were soon down, and violet went cautiously around to the corner of the house to see if there was anyone about.....

"There are a whole lot of beautiful graycoats around the house but it is clear here." She said. "Now let's skip." "Very good." Whispered voice. And the little girls walked away unconcernedly and for a time were not noticed. Hurrying on in the gathering darkness, of an approaching hurricane, the wind already blowing briskly and stirring up the waves of the Angoline River, they presently met a sentry coming toward them. The man recognized the children, and attempted to seize them, but in a moment found himself in deep water, the river being close along side where the sentry was pacing. The little girls hurried along the bank the man in the tempest tossed river yelling and making a whole lot of noise! The shrieking wind, and rain and thunder made a considerable tumult of its own, but the landelinians heard his cries, and searchlights were trained upon the river. Violet quickly found a boat, drew it into the river, helped her sisters in, then got in her self picking up the oars and immediately pushing out. The glandelinian they had pushed into the river was out by this time and was shouting for help at the top of his voice. The gleam of glandelinian uniforms could now be seen in the rays of the light from the house itself, the graycoats themselves having lanterns. Then more lights and more men came running along the shore and now the graycoats by the help of the lights saw the little girls out on the river, the boat beginning to toss out upon the waves and the graycoats opened a heavy fire. Violet and her sisters could easily see the flash of their guns as the soldiers ran out, and then to their surprise and dismay several boatloads of landelinians shot out to head them off.

Some of the shots from the pursuing enemy hit the waves and a few went beyond the boat. None hit it, and Violet pulled steadily on being a good rower even if she was a little girl. The waves were white all around the craft, and the boat was lifted to the top of the waves, and then sank into the hollows when nothing could be seen soon on shore, excepting the hovering rays of the searchlights. The graycoats on shore fired again and again, but did not damage and at last it grew so dark, and the wind and rainstorm so strong and fierce that they could not continue the pursuit for fear of being swept away. So they returned to their strong shelter to prepare for the approaching twister. The perils however on the river was not over yet, even if the graycoats did cease firing for the pursuing boats were still after them and there were landelinian intrenchments and batteries all along the banks of the storm tossed river at this section. The those in the trenches had heard the shots and the firing and yelling from the other parts of the shore and suspected that christian spies were making their escape, and started to the beaches with countless searchlights and flashlights despite the raging wind and dashing sheets of rain, while a number of the most powerful searchlights were trained upon the river on all sides, and cannon aimed to be fired upon the boat.

Violet pulled on sturdily and steadily as before, using her eyes as well as her ears. They went on, escaping the dazzling rays of the searchlights with out being seen, the water growing rougher and the wind more boisterous every minute. But the pursuing boats were getting closer one being almost along side but at quite a distance, when a big wave captured it throwing its occupants into the water. At last the waves were getting too rough for the other boats who soon gave up the pursuit for fear of being swamped. The boat carrying the children was too tossed about like a piece of wood, but Violet rowed well and kept straight on knowing where she was going and not fearing the thirteen feet waves as she had been out in rowboats in stormy stormy seas before and knew how to manage. Neither did her sisters who only laughed as they went down into a hollow where all was black around them. In the meantime the black cloud which had been overspreading the night sky was suddenly riven by a hissing river of lightning and a terrible thunder roll was followed by a furious outburst of the hurricane, the wind roaring and screaming like a thousand demons, lashing the river into wild crested billows, while helpless on the heaving seas the boat rose and fell now mounting a monstrous wave, then again plunging into the depths only to rise again on the surface of a surge. The boat was filling fast and the rain came in tremendous sheeted gusts and torrents and the waves were literally like those on the sea the boat being flung upon the shore by a rolling wall of water the occupants being spilled out. They had all they could do to escape the next wave, and the scores of falling trees. The hurricane was increasing with frightful fury hurling the trees down by the score at every gust the hurricane being at its highest fury by the time they recovered from the shock, but all the while drenched to the skin they had to lay behind a big rock to escape the tearing fury of the wind. Two more hours it retained its general fury then it began to cease gradually and soon the ink dark clouds parted and at times the red moon shone through the breaks.

As they proceeded on thus through the dark dark woods a landelinian suddenly ran at Violet with his musket ready to be used as a club. Violet with the wind of the clubbed gun rather than saw it, and throwing up her hands quickly caught the gun as it descended, and as the rascally coward did not have a tight grip on the gun she twisted it out of the mans hand in a moment and then used it on his own head which such effectiveness that the man fairly stunned the rascal and he dropped without a cry. Another landelinian had simultaneously attempted to run upon voice but got a crack over the skull that made him howl and caused him to plunge headlong into the river. Then four more landelinians and glandelinians also appeared and all at the woods was swarming with graycoats. The four rushed in upon the children and so sudden and impetuous was the assault in the dark that the little girls were knocked knocked down, and in a moment more the rest were running up looking like priests in their customs but of a deep gray color and violet and her sisters were seized and dragged to their feet. They were an evil looking force as Violet and her sisters could see, they being the Omorian Curdes, and it would require all their courage to face the face these kind of glandelinians if they detected them try to make their escape. They were again brought and placed into a house and put into a small room like before, with a small bed, with a chair and a table but it was nailed fast, and here the little girls for the time being were left to themselves. There was a large window in the room but it was nailed fast and there was no other door except that leading into the living room.

"It's not going to stay here and that is all there is to it!" Muttered Violet with a pout. "We will get away. Just see."

There was a lighted candle on the little mantle over a small fire place, and Violet and her sisters therefore had all the light they wanted. Lifting the dress with the aid of her sisters up upon and they placed it against the wall. Violet then took the candle and set it on the floor but so close to the mattress that it soon set it on fire. Picking up the light chair after pulling it loose of the nails Violet raised it in both hands and dashed with all her might against the nailed up window. There was a tremendous crash and the whole sash was sent flying in a instant. Throwing down the sash she got out of the window followed by her sisters and ran away from the house. One of the glandelinians at hearing the noise opened the door and was at once met by a dense cloud of smoke and a burst of flame which drove him back in a moment. It was sometime before the glandelinian realized what had happened and he and the others set about putting it out. He still others went in search of Violet and her sisters with the aid of searchlights. As soon as he had succeeded in putting out the fire he decided to go and try to recapture Violet and her sisters at all risks and he quickly sent out a hundred of his best men and they went to work saddling horses without delay. Violet and her sisters were soon discovered but the little girl fugitives opened fire sending a good many rolling on the grass wounded with dore heads and then as some more of the enemy appeared they heard the sudden shots and suspecting that the graycoats were in the house, Violet and her sisters poured in more rattling shots and for a moment there was confusion among the pursuing enemy. Then the clatter of hoofs was heard and a large party of Glandelinian Curdes on horseback could be seen coming from a broad road at full speed anxious to reach the scene of firing and capture the fighters.

A furious clattering fire served to guide them and now they came on faster than before, giving a loud shout. The little girls again fired and the other landelinians hesitated about coming on! But still more of the glandelinians were approaching, the rattling fire having aroused them, and in a short time the enemy was swarming after the little fugitives like an angry swarm of bees. The glandelinian cavalier was coming nearer every moment, and Violet and her sisters again scattered. The enemy came dashing down toward them sending in a volley at the children but the bullets missed and the children sent in a return volley and then scattered and ran into a grove.

But a number of graycoats sprang out from behind trees and bushes and where they could get away they were seized a third time and were taken to another tavern where sitting in a tap room they saw a man whom they dreaded at once who looked as a human fiend. The man had a hooked nose and thin closely set lips, eyes being also deep set and surmounted by shaggy black brows, and as he looked up he scowled at Violet and her sisters. "There are several christian dogs which had escaped twice general James Macmillan and if they are not the vivian girls of Angeline I'm mistaken." said one of Violet's captors. "And there are not several of us, but seven put in Violet determinedly.

"What are your names you dirty christian dogs." Asked the second picknell with a snarl glaring at the children.

"If you expect us to answer your questions you might as well be civil sir." Replied violet with a glare in her own blue eyes. "We are not afraid of you graycoats."

"You wear pretty clothes and wreaths of flowers now soaked with rain on heads to make yourselves look beautiful I see." He continued with a hedious smile which spread a comical grin all over his homely face. "Are you the Vivian Girls?"

Violet and her sisters remained silent and the general said with a snarl;

"Well whether you are or not we have got you now and mean to put you to death within fifteen minutes as you were taken by the other commander as spies for that picknell told me so and asked me to look out for you. Of course we will have to take you back to our general in chief whom you escaped from first, and when we get through there you will be in your heaven you claim you go to but your bodies will be showing their interiors while they lie on the ground you little puppies in dresses...."

"If I am brought before general Cam Calmann Shoemann or Consue picknell there will be some trouble in getting away for sure." Thought violet; and while also her sisters thought of the fate in store for them if they allowed themselves to remain as prisoners.

"Put those christian dogs in a safe place and see that they do not escape this time." Said the glandelinian general. "It was a clever thing you men did...."

The glandelinians took violet and her sisters into a back room of the tavern and locked them up. But there happened to be a trap door in the floor by which the glandelinians overlooked and they descended into this and found their way out by means of a tunnel. As they passed through the rest of the enemys lines without being seen they suddenly came upon a number of men on horseback riding at breakneck speed. Calmann Shoemann has arrived. They cried to another man. "He has got hundreds of thousands of men and they are making their way toward Normas Run to cut off all the help that might arrive from the christians as fast as they can. It will be a good thing too."

Violet and her sisters kept themselves hidden from these men untill they were out of sight, and violet and her sisters determined to give the alarm at once. The rumors of the final advance of the main force was quickly verified and the greatest alarm and terror arose among the Angelinians who were besieged at Jennie Wren town. Calmann Shoemann had advanced from his intrenchments and had at once set out for Normas Run with the intention of attacking the christians there, and stone the main force at Jennie Wren town at the same time. Hanson himself had heard the news of the advance and had stationed his entire force at that region. Calmann Shoemann had sent word to Pullaway (Glandelinia) the night before Hanson's arrival at Normas Run, but the Angelinians had come sooner than was expected, so that no preparations had been made by the army of Glandelinia at Pullaway, forgetting the garrison and the stores from there. At the news of the approach of the christians with 2,789,000 men Calmann Shoemann fell back without even a skirmish, but his army removed all the baggage and artillery and military stores including five hundred thousand tents, all the mounted cannon, except two howtzer howtzers, a thousand barrels of flour and other stores being captured by the christians. Calmann Shoemann had saved all the luggage and ammunition and retired back toward Angeline curren run and extended the lines across the region to bar Hanson's further advance by this route. In the whole of shoemann's army preparations were being made on the part of the

Glandelinian soldiers, the soldiers gathering all about, drilling for stern defense, and making strong batteries along the river fronts. While violet and her sisters had safely returned to their friends after this excitement had started Shoemann's army had become stirred untill each hour it seemed as if there was the expectation of a general attack. Hundreds of thousands of graycoats were drilling for the threaten threatening battle, while large forces were extended in the adjoining wooded plains, the glandelinians fortifying these positions as best as they could and had sentinels to watch the movements of the christians and to give warning if they started to advance. They had many scouting airships and balloons, great searchlights by thousands, arranged so that in the night they could barrage the plains around for miles with the rays of light. Hanson's furious advance and desperate attack on the positions though completely unsuccessful had nevertheless broken the siege of Jennie Wren town for Calmann Shoemann had been forced to extend his lines across the Angelinia curren, and being separated from the three picknells he was indeed in great danger and he was loathe to engage such a great christian force almost twenty to his one. Little violet and her sisters knew that the Angelinians had situated themselves on both banks of the Normas Run, and the Evangeline curren, but Calmann Shoemann in his advance had soon the Angelinians there and knew that nothing not having his entire force

with him he could not resist this greater force in red uniforms, and who were engaged with the fierce Abyssinkilians and Galverinians, and thus the reason he had fallen back to the Angelinian curren. And it was doubtful too if he could meet the Angelinian troops stationed at Jennie Wren town itself and if he could hold out against more than his entire number to begin with he might well have better trained men in the art of war. And most of his troops were drafted men who were really unwilling for the most part to meet the Angelinians as they were slightly afraid of them in particular the galverinians troops which had joined the christians.

When the christian batteries opened a desultory fire part of the enemys forces fell back to their proper line which then occupied some of the edges around the two great Run Rivers, and which the glandelinians intended to hold at all hazards. The slight movements in which they were engaged filled the glandelinian leaders with continual anxiety, and even during that night forces of galverinians under general sparr had furiously attacked picknells advancing forces near a sound portion of the river and the connect between Normas Run and this was known as the engagement of the "Two Bends" where over fifteen thousand fell on both sides, though there were no losses in officers reported as could be ascertained. The result of the battle was undecided though the christians had the advantage as it was believed. Many times poor violet and her sisters had tried to mind the vision of the Pope's tall figure and sad but holy king and a kind face as he stood looking in the direction of the enemys lines, where the picket lines of the glandelinian troops could be traced smoke and dreading from hour to hour the final advance of these troops and the christians lose the battle that was sure to come by and by.

At that time violet and her sisters had escaped through the tunnel and heard the news of shoemann's advance, and they were excited and added to warn Hanson of the Pope's danger. They feared that they could escape by this way after all for so many glandelinians were swarming out and even countless searchlights were flashing and if any one was seen coming from the tunnel, the batteries in the distance would open fire upon them.

Escape by the way of the house was still more dangerous and entirely possible for their escape may have already been discovered in that section and that the glandelinians armed to the teeth were searching for them. Violet and her sisters wondered how they could get away. It had been difficult and dangerous to get into the city the first day of their arrival, but now it seemed impossible to get out of the enemys lines either way. Yet to save their best friend the Pope, they must do so at all risks or die for him one or the other. The tunnel was the only means they could see that was the least dangerous so they decided to do so. Securing plenty of ammunition and load their pistols well they made a sudden rush only to find the tunnel guarded by twenty men. Rendered desperate they fired their pistols so furiously that about a scratch they shot them all down and made a break for liberty.

"BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!" Cannon shots sounded almost simultaneously and shells began to fly all at them. At the same time a score of more glandelinians passing by the tunnel saw them running and shouted to them to stop or they would fire. Violet and her sisters answered by opening fire themselves, while the enemy at the distance increased their battery fire, but the shells failed to hit their mark only exploding uselessly, and in due time violet and her sisters dispersed the crowds of graycoats and reached the limits of the river. But yet cars discovered them and setting up a shout gave pursuit and opened fire. "We will have to make for the woods." Said violet. "There is going to be an exciting time for us."

They ran as fast as they could toward the place where they had lately seen a lot of horses and finding that they had remained there all that time unmolested and eating grass, the little girls quickly mounted them and set off at full speed followed by hundreds of yelling glandelinians, while they also noticed that six batteries were trained upon them, and they set off at full speed for the wood woods where the flying shells could not strike them. At another horde of glandelinians this time on horseback dashed up from another direction endeavoring to head them off so violet and her sisters changed their course and dashed on just as the six batteries opened fire. The shell fell dangerously near them filling the atmosphere with smoke and flying fragments as they burst but they were unhurt though violet's ribbon was carried away by a fragment.

Violet and her sisters managed to reach the woods but the enemy did not give up, the woods itself being a regular nest of garran guards and those made every attempt to head off violet and her sisters, the woods echoing their clattering fire. Violet and her sisters dodging in between the trees fired with big vigor, Jennie and Joyce firing toward the galloping graycoats far behind them while the rest of the little girls fired upon the garran guards.

Violet shot two garians in the ar arm, killed a another, while her sisters n moved a path through the screaming yelling mass of seething human demons. Though they broke through, the enemy fired a tremendous volley after them and persued the unharmed fugitives all the harder, and soon the whole woods was ringing with the yells shouts, and the noise of countless shots. All of the enemys nearest batteries were f trained upon the woods but fortunately for the little girls the glandelinian gunners did not care to fire for fear of hitting the persuers also. Violet and her sisters soon emerged into an opening of the jungle and discovered that a great force of graycoats was rushing up from another direction, and if they did not manage to elude these they would be surrounded and probably killed right there for now the glandelinians over the third escape would not take any chances with them this time. There was a curve of the Angeline curren River going through this portions of the woods with a long bridge across it, and this seemed to be thdr their only means of escape. Onto the bridge they dashed with the yelling hordes close behind and which were already on the bridge immediately as they dashed on. The division in front under the leader ship of a villainous looking glandelinian lieutenant also reached the bridge at a tremendous gallop before the little girls could get off, and their chances of escape seemed very little indeed. The la deliniansethought they had the little girls this time for sure but they were soon to be baffled. "Those are the christian so dogs who have escaped us three times already," said the leader. "See that they do not get away and do not take any chances with them this time and kill them right away--O-O-OH NY"

Seeing that the graycoats were at dt either end of the bridge and dangerously close at that violet and her sisters sent their horses leaping into the furious stream and this is what made the glandelinian leader end hid his sentences by the words of; "Oh my."

The glandelinians were amazed at this great feat for they did not realize that mere children at such an age or few women either would ever attempt to d do this. The horses of violet and her sisrers were good swimmers, and so were the little girls though, though they did not need to do it themselves.

The glandelinians could not dare to try and make this leap for fear of destruction to their splendid horses so they had to go back all the way to reach the banks firing steadily at the fugitives as they went. By the time they did reach the banks on both sides violet and her sisters were far on the other side taunting them with their handkerchiefs. Yet the enemys horses were all good swimmers and all were across within five minutes, then again violet and her sisters opened fire upon the persuers as they came on at a furious gallop. Violet and her sisters then galloped away and soon reached the furious yorma Run River. To swim this river would be suicide so they only went into the part where it was not rushing so fur furiously, the enemy following closely yelling t for them to stop. The Glandelinian lieutenant was far in the lead, but violet and her sisters did not pay any attention to the glandelinians and kept on untill they reached a plank bridge. Wide as this bridge was violet and her sisters saw that the slightest stone hurled at it would demolish it in such a manner that the enemy could not cross. After each child was across violet managed to hurl a large stone upon the middle with all her might, and kept throwing stones while her sisters opened fire upon the glandelinians to hold them in check. Soon the whole bridge gave way with a crashing roar and fell into the furious waters: Yells of rage and scorn came from the enemy on the distant shore and they again commenced to fire volleys which failed to reach their mark the distance being too great as the river was nearly a mile wide as at that portion and the wrecka wrecking of a portion of the bridge by Violet had caused the swirling waters to tear away the whole entire bridge itself. Yet the enemy were furious over the destruction of the bridge and the leader cried;

"No matter what the risk or how furious the river is we must cross. Come follow me."

He boldly urged his horse toward the roaring river and soon all were making a most vehement attempt to swim across the furious stream, and though w quite a number succeeded the remainder of them failed on account of their horses being unable to breast it and they had to go back half drowned. Violet and her sisters were far ahead of the enemy by this time, but the survivors steadily gained ground and soon again came within pistol shot range the leader being three hundred yards behind violet who hailed in her clear childish voice;

"Wait you glandelinians. It will be the death of wither your leader or us if you force a pistol fight for we mean at any cost to get away. We are even bound under any circumstances to send you fellows to perdition where you belong if you go fooling with us, for we are not to be fooled with though little girls as we are. We are well prepared for you butchers and will shoot to kill this time instead of wounding. We will not fool away time with you fellows any longer."

The as enemy only gave a cry of rage, some saying;

"Listen to the babies talking," and continued on but surrounding their leader so that during the shooting he would not be b hit. Violet and her sisters seeing that the enemy did not pay any heed to their warning and only as on started firing and seven of the graycoats dropped from their horses dead. The surviving glandelinians sped in speedily returned the fire but violet and her sisters continually sprang back and forth keeping up a fls h fusillade dropping a number of glandelinians every time they fired. At the other glandelinians were attr acted by the continuous firing and swam to the spot their leader shouting;

"Stop you dirty little christian dogs."

At with a parting volley which indeed brought the leader down from his horse violet and her sisters again started their horses off at a gallop but the enemy instantly continued the pursuit to revenge the fall of their leader and reached the Angeline and Pandora railroad just as a long passenger train filled with glandelinian soldiers was passing by. The engineer though running a glandelinian train was a christian in heart and he seeing their peril stopped the train quickly and let them in the cab and to their surprise the soldiers were galverinians but in uniforms so light that at first they were mistaken for glandelinian soldiers, violet and her sisters having forgotten that galverinians also wear the g gray but that the form d the uniforms are different. The one engineer started the train quickly while violet and her sisters started to fire at the enemy who were cursing and maring in a way that was beyond describing.

The train was now going at a good rate but not far behind there was also chancing a long freight train which had stopped on account of a hot The enemy got opss possession of this freight train in a jiffy by overpowering the engineer, and killing the others who worked on the train and then one glandelinian who knew how to run it turned on full power and the chace was on once again the frig freight now starting after the passenger train which had of course by this time outdistanced them by nearly quarter of a mile.

At soon the foe had the stolen train going at a terrific rate of speed and both trains seemed to be running at an even speed. Every time a Glandelinian showed himself it was washis death for the galverinian soldiers on the passenger train would open fire. It was a furious exciting ride, and yet the enemy was soon forced to lessen their speed because several of the cars by the heat of the trucks called hot boxes were set on fire and flaring furiously and even beyond control before the flames were discovered. The passenger had to stop also but violet and her sisters got off secured their horses from the baggage car with all their ammunition and held the enemy at bay with a perfect fusillade of shots untill the passenger train could start again the soldiers also firing from which windows they could and then as they feared the enemy would still follow the passenger train rather they were on it or not on account of hundreds of children that were in the other coaches they managed to have some of the men displace the trucks so that if they attempted to follow the freight train would be do miled and wrecked.....

Then they galloped away toward the yorma Run river and decdn decending hard the bank saw a small Angelinian gunboat ashore. There were only ten young men aboard dressed in red uniforms with golden trappings and badges and as they reached the docks one of the men shouted;

"Oh it's the beautiful vivian girls coming toward us, and will ye look who is after them."

"Are they Abbieannians, or Abyssinkilians?" Asked Jennie.

"I do not know," Answered violet. "But we must get on the boat if we have to kill or overpower the redecoats....."

Violet and her sisters galo galloped up the gang plank pistols in both hands and then they dismounted. A certain man in a captians uniform came out of the cabin door and cried;

"Why are you pretty little girls leveling pistols at friends for we are Abbieannians but dressed u in the uniform of Abyssinkilians."

Violet recognized the man as the friendly conductor of that street car who had allowed her and her sisters to ride free when Jennie had been run down by a train while they were saving her from glandelinians during the child slave reign of terror and quickly put down her pistols, her sisters doing the same. Violet told the reason why she and her sisters wished to board the gun boat, and so the gang-plate was withdrawn and the boat began to make its way up the Norma gun river under a terrific fire from the shore. The steepness of the banks on the river gave peculiar advantages for such a fire and frequently it was seen that the guns of the boat could not be elevated so as to reach the pursuers. It was also difficult to protect the man at the wheel from such a plunging fire but bales of cotton was soon placed around the upper decks which were sufficient to head off at least musketry fire. The improvised armor however proved not only insufficient but a dreadful peril when the interprising glandelinian gunners succeeded in discharging from their field pieces red hot shot. It happened more than once that the cotton was brought into flames by so many shots that it became necessary to run the vessel ashore, in which the vessel came near being captured by general J. James Bicknell's cavalry. But the fire was quickly put out again, and once more she sped down the river. A murderous rifle fire was directed upon her decks from Bicknell's skirmishers on the shores. At one point the river widened out and the channel meandered through a narrow open space of comparatively shallow water. As the gunboat reached this open stretch the man on the wheel had been replaced once or twice during the trip, and once or twice was struck by a well aimed shot. The little vessel turned sideways to the current and grounded bow and stern across the channel. A large squad of glandelinian cavalry led by general Bicknell seized the opportunity for a brilliant coup. The glandelinians rode out through the shallows the water being up to the shoulders of their horses keeping up such a sharp fire that the decks of the gunboats had to be abandoned. The cavalry reached the edge of the channel and it seemed for a moment as if they would be able to get on board and take possession of the vessel. If their attempt had been successful the ship would have been sunk where she lay with all on board and the river would have been blocked. But the men on the gunboat finally succeeded in bringing to bear a gun from below and a volley of sharpshooters and grape killed general Bicknell and two hundred of his cavalry men at once. Discouraged by the death of their general and so many men at once the surviving cavalry turned back to the bank while the christian gunners again took possession of the deck and the wheelhouse and getting on their stilts (long poles fastened by swing bolts to the side of the vessel) they succeeded although still under sharp fire in pushing the bow of the vessel around and getting her again under way. Yet the batteries suddenly opened a general fire forcing the boat to seek shelter under a bank where large fern trees overhung. Here Violet and her sisters foolishly got off and seizing some horses they saw mounted them and galloped off after thanking the men for their kindness.

They had no sooner galloped for a short distance which before they were aware had run into a trap set by glandelinians known as the fierce gargolian-Zimmermannians who forthwith made them prisoners. Tremendous indeed were the deafening baw, bawlings, and screechings of the barbarous Zimmermannian glandelinians as they brandished their weapons, while an officer with his fierce hooded soldiers had surrounded Violet and her sisters holding bayonets at their breasts and their sides, the leader screaming:

"Are you the vivian girls. Are you the vivian girls....."

He asked these questions in tones the most odious and horrifying and at that their refusal to answer the glandelinians were filled with the most indescribable ferocity and seven stalwart glandelinians stepped up behind the little girls and pinioned their arms close to their sides while others took away their weapons. The children made no efforts to resist or elude the gigantic grasp knowing that such would bring instant destruction. Immediately another glandelinian drew his sabre raised it over the heads of Violet and her sisters, and this ruffian looked with demons like eagerness and impatience to strike, and here it may be observed that we ourselves could not have no idea of the almost preternatural fury with which the glandelinians could throw when they are possessed with ferocity, and with feelings of revenge. Neither could we have any idea of the almost preternatural fury with which these glandelinians when unhooding their heads could throw into their distorted countenances and they were now going to cut the little girls down when the men on the gunboat saw the childrens danger and began to sent shot after shot crashing through their midst.

Not knowing where these balls and exploding shells came from the gray rats with wilder yells scattered, some trying to take the little girls with them. But Violet and her sisters seeing the mysterious approach of had reached themselves loose from their mounted captors and dashed away toward the bridge twenty miles away. As they dashed on pursued by the screaming fiends they were suddenly and rudely stopped by Angelinians who at first thought they were glandelinian boyscouts being unable to see them plainly in the darkness that was gathering.

"My gracious!" remarked one of the men as they saw at last that they had stopped. "If they are not the little vivian girls." "Please to meet you." Said the leader tipping his hat politely. "But why in this haste. The christian line is only two hundred feet away. Are you being each other, playing hide and go seek or what in all this darkness the woods?"

The glandelinians have been chasing us but seeing you soldiers they have believe turned around the other way." Answered Violet. "We want to warn general Hanson our uncle that on account of his approach the siege of Jennie-Wren-Town is lessened and that general Bicknell is moving for with a large force to compel him to leave his position at Norma."

"That so?"

"Yes!" cried Joice herself.

The officers face paled as he heard this but said:

"Hanson is on this side of Norma bridge."

"I was engaging a large force of general Sam Calman's Shoemann's army

behind to hold him in check two days ago to hold him back from

coming." Said another officer. "And we did not know that you were out

of the lines. Where were you?"

"Jennie-Wren-Town."

"Jennie-Wren-Town you say."

"Yes."

"What doing. How did you get in?"

"I and her sisters told him all they did of the frequent pursuits how

they escaped and how often they were captured only to escape again

and rescued by them."

"All you little girls did wonders for children of your age." Said

main officer.

"Never mind." Said another general. "Hanson is bound to cross even at the

end of a general battle on these very grounds."

"And why should he worry about a battle?" Laughed another soldier. "Hanson

is twenty times the size of an army compared to Shoemann."

"But why did general Hanson go to Norma's bridge for?" Asked Jennie.

"Yes that is strange." Declared Joice. "Because Jennie-Wren-Town is so

near there."

"It is caused by this." Answered the general. "Not long ago he heard of

Sam Shoemann advancing to seize this bridge so that general Hanson could

cross over and attack him on the Angeline Curren. But Hanson got here first

and now there had been quite a bloody struggle going on and ending two

days though I'm afraid we will lose in the end if we allow the Bicknells

to join Shoemann."

"That so?" Gasped Catherine.

"Yes was the answer.

"Then we must get to him and tell him before it is too late." Said Joice

again. "We have considerable information that will be just the thing he

needs."

"We want to avoid a general engagement if possible in such a situation

we are in now." Said Angeline. "Of course he has a much larger force

than any of them. Bicknells put to gether with joining Shoemann but he is on

the ground and this is where the enemy have the advantage if they do make

a junction."

"They all set out in the direction of the bridge and soon plainly heard the

sound of heavy firing. Yet they hoped they could reach general Hanson

before it was too late. They were just within a quarter of a mile

from the bridge when a sudden crash shattered the air and a storm of shells

burst shrieking over their heads, while at the same time there was a tremendous

roar of cannon and almost simultaneously a bugle rang out and long

lines of men in purple seemed to appear from nowhere nowhere firing heavy

volleys toward the upper banks of the river.

A cannon whirled by on the gallop struck a rock, being overturned, and

the body of an artillery man shot from his seat and went sprawling to the

ground with a sickening thud.

Violet and her sisters knew that a fearful new conflict was raging somewhere and dashed forward to where they knew general Hanson must be while the edge of the woods for miles to their right and front in the far distance was now seeming to be riven by the enemy's fire and the little girls found the earth disturbed as if by an army of frantic moles, and all around them they saw it was so thickly covered with dead and wounded, that they had all they could do to prevent from stepping on them! An ever increasing mass of yellowish smoke mingled with flashes was rising before the massive purple lines mingled with a continual crashing roar that was ear-splitting, while the enemy's batteries were fairly raking the ground before them, mowing down the Christians at the hundred. All of the men far in front who seemed to wear gray were reloading and firing in continual fury, and the officers of the Christian columns cheered their men and encouraged them under this galling fire, and even shrieked their orders also. Every now and then scores of men would stagger back with a sudden gasp or thick sob and sink to the ground, while a man to Violet's left rose to a crouching position and without transition, there was a mass of quivering limbs on the ground where he had lain a shell having taken off the top of his man's head. The conflict was raging so furiously that poor Violet and her sisters did not dare approach any nearer for fear of being mangled also for the wicked gray lines were getting the range and mowed down whole swarms of Christians who were sticking stubbornly to their position and meeting charge after charge of the Glandelinians and men mangling their whole line time and again. To the south, Violet and her sisters could see one large column of Glandelinians though blazing with fire from their musketry give way before the counter advance of the Christians who had made a vehement assault against the whole line while the shells shrieked and yelled about them and mocked them, until Violet and her sisters prayed that someone would end it. Thousands of bullets whistled spitefully, men by hundreds bled, groaned and writhed upon the ground. The fearful continuous crashes of musketry now near now distant seemed to rend the heavens while columns of more Angolinians swept around a house while Violet and her sisters had stopped their horses in front of a lieutenant who demanded:

"Where are you men going?"

"Ammunition low." Panted one of the men in reply. "We had to hold our fire and the gray columns charged in most frightful numbers and took our trenches though we did wipe out ten of their columns. General Gainsbury had lost over 30,000 already in killed and wounded."

A heavy tramp was heard upon the veranda at this moment and the sound of men letting down a stretcher brought Violet and her sisters to the spot at once. She flew to the door and shoved it open, and her face was white as she turned toward the men.

"It's one of the leading generals and it's Gainsbury." Said one of the men unsteadily.

"Go bring the division to the rescue of his forces, while the little girls go inside and see what they can do for the stricken man." Said the lieutenant.

The litter bearers marched straight into a bedroom and laid the stricken general with great ceremony on a soft bed and Violet heard him hoarsely protest as they pressed his back upon the pillows and tear away the shirt at his throat. A near by fusillade of storming volleys miles long apprised her of the near approach of the battle and a shell exploded in the open doorway doo rway shattering the floor and killing three of the other generals standing there, and wounding two others. Violet then went and closed the door. Then the lieutenant came out and seeing the men who had fled standing there still said:

"Come on boys. We will take back the trenches."

The men who had ran gazed at him stupidly but he cried:

"Come on, or I'll go alone."

The colloquy had lasted but a minute, men hesitated and clustered around the officer and as his sword flashed into the air his regiment started to advance and he cried to the runaways:

"Close up. Guide left, charge."

His regiment was the first to dash away a reanimated body magnificent with life and daring. Behind them the poor wounded general was whispering hoarse commands in his little room of the house, while the officers who leaned over the muttering general gazed at each other with blank faces and silently shook their heads.

"Tell-- tell-- tell-- the men to cheer as if they had lots of ammunition. Tell them to give a rousing cheer and to send-- to send-- to send-- to general Porter for ammunition. Who will go?" He demanded fiercely. He half rose from the bed but sank back with a groan. One of the officers departed swiftly and a feeble cheer was heard outside. The door soon burst open and general Sanders stood in the opening.....

"We have got the trenches back again boys." He shouted excitedly; "but cannot hold them for another half hour, because our ammunition is almost gone."

"For heaven's sake where is the wagon train?" Cried one of the officers. "It's straight across that field there where the bullets are mowing down the grass like a lawn mow." Replied an officer. "There through the shell swept woods along the road which leads to the main line no man could live through such a trip. We are cut off out--answered."

Never mind the word danger." Said Violet. "I'll go for the ammunition. In the meantime you men watch over the wounded general."

Violet dashed from the room before any of the officers could restrain the general gasped;

"Godby-- little-- girl-- and-- and-- and-- and-- god-- bless-- you." She gently pushed the orderly aside and leaped into the saddle and galloped on toward the bullet swept field. The bullets whistled about her viciously as the horses' hoofs thudded on the yielding grass. The enemy did not shoot violently and as almost unslung her and a backwards glance showed Violet that it had merely dodged a Glandelinian who had been trying to run her through with a bayonet. She quickly laid the fellow fellow low with well aimed shot and continued on. A roar that almost seemed to be beside deafened the little rider for a moment but as she flung up her arms and exultation and spurred her horse to still greater speed and shells shattered the tree tops above her with a rattling bang that was maddening. This noise slackened but as the road wound through the woods she was quickly surrounded in a perfect maze of exploding shells and it seemed a wonder that she escaped unscathed. Back in the trenches Glandelinian rifles spoke interestingly, while the Glandelinians were preparing for another rush, and the Christian soldiers were saving their fire for the supreme moment which meant defeat or victory. If this portion of the army rushed on him. Soon in front of general Hanson himself Violet was making her request.

"I've got them I tell you." She was saying in violation of the rules of military rules and etiquette. "And with another division and another forty tons of ammunition we have got them for good. They are beaten."

"I'll give you sixty wagons loaded with ammunition and send my forces to the rescue myself." He remarked.

Again over the winding roads roads through the shell swept woods labored the teamsters' horses into a frisky, Violet galloped urging on the fly wagons. But her flight had been seen by the Glandelinians and her purpose devined, and the crackling roar of hundreds of Glandelinian rifles met the flying cavalcade to a stop while in the same instant the dry piled across the narrow road burst into tongues of flame. Who could in one hundred and ten thousand car cartridges through fire? She was cut by a stray bullet bolted forward dragging one of the ammunition wagons while his mates joined in the runaway. The teamster of the first wagon uttered a shriek of despair as the Glandelinians scattered from the blazing brushwood. The shriek was his last. With a thunderous crash the wagon was scattered high into the heavens the licking fire having the power on fire. Violet for the moment was dazed by the force of the explosion but when she rested her eyes again on the scene before her she smiled with a start of joy that it had nearly extinguished the fire. The flying brush was scattered far and wide and the road was clean save for a single rent where the first wagon had exploded.

"Fire on, drive on." Violet shouted to the teamster of the second wagon but the latter fell back limp and inert upon the heaped up boxes. Cartridges shot through the head by a flying bullet as the Glandelinians fired upon them to prevent them from passing. With a bound Violet leaped from her seat and had gathered up the reins and the horse started under the sting of her lash and in a minute later she was past the fire the following close behind. Back back in the little room where the general lay wounded an officer was leaning over the bed.

"Take the trenches the general was saying: "Hold the trenches. It is our chance."

Front of the trenches a man in a gray uniform was running far in advance of the now oncoming triumphant yelling Glandelinian soldiers, but he saw his stagger and fall as the wagon bounded over the top of the bullet swept field. The Christian fire had slackened for a moment while the Glandelinian advance was almost malignantly deliberate in its certainty.

"Come, come." Shouted Violet. "Cartridges. Cartridges." Her strained voice far above the din and roar of the battle was heard plainly and in an instant the soldiers were swarming about the wagon

train the boxes being ripped open with bleeding fingers and cartridges distributed from hand to hand. A real cheer unlike the feeble shout that had gone up at the general's command rose upon the air, and as the gray lines surged above the earthworks they were met with a deafening roar of musketry for the length of four miles and the gray lines withered before that terrific fire as Violet leaped from the drivers seat.

But the glandelinian survivors being in heavy numbers recoiled only a minute and then resumed the onslaught and pressed on and it seemed as if no christian force was for the moment available for the defense but their leaders with a number of aides raised some flags over the rocky breastworks and the leader of the attacking glandelinians getting the impression that the position was too strongly occupied delayed a brief time for reinforcements. This momentary respite gave time for the general to bring to the defense to the defense of the works troops from the nearest of gansons advancing columns that was available. A division of the ninth corps was brought up and a few minutes later came the first heavy attack, followed by a series of fierce and bloody onsets that continued throughout the long part of the dark morning before daylight broke. With some advantage of position and with the realization that the control of the works was absolutely essential for the maintenance of the christian line the Angelinians held their own repelling with some heavy loss the final onslaughts of the gray columns but when complete daylight broke the works and the plains beyond were thickly strewn with dead, the bodies of the purple and gray lying closely intermingled. After the enemy had recessed the main force came up and many hours more it took before the main christian forces were across the bridge, so fierce was the resistance of the enemy and all during the bloody engagement which raged incessantly all day and made the woods and heavens roar with the tumult violet reported to ganson of her experiences and those of her sisters and also telling him of Shoemann abandoning the siege of Jennie-wren-town, because of his advance and of Shoemanns plans to crush him on uneven ground also.

"Humph. How did you little girls get away?" He asked. "I had wondered what kept you so long. If I had known it was so risky I would not have sent you at all. And Jennie-wren-town was besieged eh? And the enemy receded from the city because of my advance eh? Well as soon as I can get my forces across I will make Shoemann know that he will leave Angeline current also. The christian forces engaged now will succeed in holding off any more attempts of the foe to destroy this bridge, and then I will bring the whole force against the glandelinian army. How large is general Shoemanns army?"

"They are not quite as large as your general." Answered violet. "You I learned overwhelm Shoemann twenty to one and he hopes to have the jicknells to hurry to his aid to be reinforced. If reinforcements under the jicknells will come to join him they may be able to repel our armies to the last."

Hanson was amazed when he learned of this and sent a fleet messenger to hasten on the other columns, and all of those who had crossed the bridge the threw themselves upon the main line of Shoemanns army and for many hours up to three o'clock the battle raged on furiously all along the line, Shoemanns leaders one after another crushing their biggest forces against the christian line which drove them back with more frightful slaughter than some of that seen during the battles around Crowley.

During this conflict signal messengers were sent by the glandelinians by means of flag torches of lights by combination of three separated motions. The flag was initially held upright, one was indicated by waving the flag to the left and returning it from the ground to the upright position. Two by similar motion to the right, and three by a wave or dip to the front where a letter was composed of several figures the motion being made in rapid succession without any pause. Letters were separated by a very brief pause and words or sentences were distinguished by one or more dip motions to the front one signifying the end of a word, two the end of a sentence, and three the end of a message. When using night signals there were no more than twenty combinations of colored lights which permitted an extended system of prearranged signals. White rockets or bombs one red, two green, and three yellow. White flags with a red center were most frequent though with an white, while a black flag was used and with varying background the red flag was seen farther. In every important campaign that was to follow the progress of the war and on every bloody battle field in galverinia and glandelinia, the red flag of the signal corps flaunted defiantly at the forefront speeding stirring signals for help, conveying warnings of impending dangers and sending sullen suggestions of defeat. They were seen on the advanced lines during the battle of the Angeline Run closer to Jennie-wren-town while Hanson was pushing his advance and in the enemys sap and trenches around the grounds of Kram Johnston during the fierce battle there, and amid the frightful carnage of the battle of Jennie-wren-town itself.

in which countless numbers were killed or wounded during the assault of the glandelinians on a death dealing bloody angle. At Jennie Wren-town the carnage broke out with a fury enough to horrify the world coigns of advantage were occupied in high trees and on the lofty towers whence messages were sent to and fro especially those containing information of the position and their formations and movements of the enemy which were discerned by high power telescopes an important duty now not always known and appreciated.

their work drew the christian artillery fire. And even the unpleasant array of the sharpshooters. The saving of the weakest part of their lines a days after the first frightful struggles at Jennie Wren town was in part due to the efficiency of the glandelinian signal corps in the best trees. Finding that the weakest part of the line was vigorously attacked by a superior force the glandelinian general ordered the officers of the signal corps to arouse the men on the other parts of the line. Quickly raising their signal men in a high tower the flag was frantically waved the advance of the christian foe inciting action. A keen sighted officer alert on the northern section of the wing and catching sight of the flag waved. In a few minutes the officer requested that the christian line be held and this was so effectively carried out as to save the day for the glandelinians at that part of the field though the rest had been rolled with the loss of hundreds of thousands. It will be recalled that the days conflict ended with a bloody struggle for the Imporiania ridges and the use of the signal corps enabled the glandelinian leaders to serially transform impending defeat into successful defense untill overwhelming forces of christians compelled them to go as the ridge then became completely untenable. When the vigorous christian attack on the ridge called and threatened the certain destruction of the glandelinian army holding the signal corps managed to bring heavy reinforcements to the front and storm the christian lines with merciless fury. One signal station the right was under fire which killed about three hundred men and wounded others near by untill the segesergeants asked suspension of the fighting to save the lives of the glandelinian wounded.

most important glandelinian signal station during this days titanic struggle was on the middle of the ridge now known as the ridge of panamation on the flank of the Imporian ridge which commanded a view of the country around Jennie Wren town. occupied by the right of general Shoemanns main army under general called Hairbreadth Harry who distinguished himself to so greatly at Federnine and other great battles. Heavy was the price paid for flag work this point where the men were exposed to the fierce sharpnell fire of artillery and the deadly bullets of Abyssinian sharpshooters. On or beside the besides this signal station seven men were killed or wounded every day or as fast as fresh ones took their places. With rash gallantry the glater held his ground and at the most critical phase of this bloody struggle signalled to the main officer on the highest tower.

"A heavy column of enemy dragoons and infantry about four thousand in number is moving from opposite our extreme left toward our rear and right."

OTHER OCCURANCES AT JENNIE WREN TOWN.
THE SPIRAL TYPHOON.

The main glandelinian officer saw it himself. The notion revealed to him the christian line of battle already formed and far outflanking their troops outside. The discovery was intensely thrilling and appalling. He was still watching the christian foe when musket balls began to fly around him but he kept his flag waving in defiance. This action however failed to save the day for the glandelinians for the ridges were carried on account of the displacements of general Mc-Gollester, Johnston's left grand division which was almost annihilated. Four hundred and fifty shot and shell were fired again against the main tower in that one day with slight damage however. At the chief generals headquarters the glandelinians had a unique experience. But fortunately it was not a fatal one though thrilling in the extreme. A slight platform was built of a tree close to the summit of the right section of the ridge of damanation where from a height of four hundred and eighty five feet the christian right flank movements were in progress. This station naturally drew a heavy fire to prevent signal work. As the men were charged to hold fast at all hazards descending after two successful shots at them they became accustomed in time to sharpshooting, but the shriek of shell and their thunderous explosions was more nerve racking. One one occasion several shots whistled harmlessly by, and then came a violet shock, with which nearly dislodged the platform, men and instruments. A solid shot partly spent striking fairly had buried itself in the tree half way between the platform and the ground. This good luck had the good cause of saving them all from immediate death. These engagements around Jennie Wren Town raging five days was somewhat a christian victory but as yet the foe were not driven entirely from the region and the city was about to be now besieged by the christians the population of the city having flown as the retreating enemy was reported to be retreating the direction of the city itself. During the time that Shoemann had receded to the Angeline current once more after the battle at the bridge and the five others around Jennie Wren Town the christian batteries were advancing along with the corps to the northwestern section of the great Mc-Gellan gun occupied by the main batteries, and these occasionally engaged the enemy in slight artillery duels.

All this while Shoemann's right wing had launched a frightful attack on the christians following the last of the five days battle which was now at its highest fury and the slaughter was dreadful. Indeed after the enemy was retreating and the battle slackening somewhat general Hanson Vivian who was out scouting was suddenly startled by the appearance of a very queer looking cloud which was of a very deep gray color and had a very freakish color. The sky had looked threatening all morning and during the last part of the afternoon had the appearance of an approaching thunderstorm. But as I said before this dark and massive cloud had a very freakish appearance and was very suspicious shaping like a long arch on the top and seemed to roll in three directions at once. What was coming the worsted glandelinian leaders did not know, but as the glandelinians were retreating back to their main lines the leaders were filled with a very strange fear and withdrew inside their headquarters. When the engagement was over the loss of the glandelinians was 690,789 in killed and wounded, while the christians lost over 100,000 in killed and wounded.

The cloud at the advancing surface seemed full of round convulsions and under it had the shape of protruding bubbles and Hanson noticing the strange cloud and its appearance halted his main columns and reported at headquarters at Jennie Wren Town proper telling the christian armies near there that they were going to have a severe and wide tornado storm. By being experienced of all storms raging on sea or land general Hanson or Violet and her sisters had no doubt whatever of what was coming and every minute a jarring thunder roll that seemed to split the earth broke the stillness.

Besides this cloud was advancing with astonishing rapidity spreading out in a thick gray canopy while an immense wall of ink black cloud seemed to float hover over the southwestern horizon spreading toward the north and east with terrific speed the top or advance guard boiling like the great convulsion of smoke from a city fire, while large columns of the convulsed parts extended from the top and to the northern horizon like pillars of white and black vapors rising from an active volcano. As it came nearer the under part of the whiter convulsions was as black as sackcloth or ink and had the appearance of some immense black opening of an erubus cavern. Suddenly there was a burst of thunder enough to blind any human being and thus was accompanied by a queer humming roar high in the sky which soon became a loud roaring like trains rushing through a tunnel simultaneously while in the distance along the southwestern horizon there simultaneously broke loose a peculiar but loud booming and rattling roar, mingled with a terrific crashing like the exploding of millions of muskets and vastly visible to all eyes was a vast revolving funnel of immense black blackness which looked awe inspiring indeed. The sound produced by the funnel was continuous and without a break then came three lurid flashes of light in the form of arches and soon beheld the terrific terrific funnel approaching at a terrific rate spreading out spirally as it joined the portent above and soon from this conical cloud there came an appalling earsplitting roar. All this while the black canopy above was made hideous by a tremendous whistling sound and seemed to turn as red as blood while high above in the black canopy there came a furious shrieking sound like steam whistles of an engine while at the same time a portion of a large forest in the distance and in the path of the storm seemed to writhe and twist huge gaps appeared in the mass of trees, and as everything seemed to be going away into emptyingness while almost simultaneously came a more horrible thunderous roar and now the woods in those that direction seemed to be dissolving before the onrushing funnel then the whole region in view of Hanson and the army who watched it from a safe distance became a hell of wind and destruction though the southern and western sides was now becoming devoid of clouds. All within sight of Hanson was a chaos of destruction, trees by all numbers in the path of the whirling twister being swept away or vaulted into the air the missiles of a terrible invader, the twister sweeping the entire right wing of Hanson's army carrying all before it, from heavy cannons down to everything of war they had, leaving them of all their tents piling down the trees as thick as broomstraws and burying the shrieking and swearing victims under thousands of shattered trees.

Everything was carried into the air by the roaring funnel and Hanson's headquarters in the distance within his very sight was shattered to fragments in the twinkling of an eye, while overhead now a fearful cloud spread overshadowing every darkness over everything. The storm in sweeping Hanson's right wing had aged in the most frightful fury and the air was choked with flying broken trees or the hurricane of million branch branches which was scattered on all sides by the roaring shrieking funnel. The storm's passage only took about ten minutes through the right wing hitting the town of Mc-Ferner in the region causing terrible ruin and destruction tearing all the buildings to fragments during its short passage and causing heavy loss of life among the people of the town as well as the christian line. In this town many large and strong buildings were ripped to fragments, while smaller structures were swept into streams of wreckage which filled the streets in windrows after the passage of the windspout. Sailing vessels were picked out of the Evange current river by the raging fury of the funnel which changed into a water spout as it passed through the raging waters of the river, the wreckage of these ships being strewn on the banks with their dead, while a grain elevator of the town was carried bodily fifty feet from its foundation and almost dumped into the river. Every man and soldier who had seen the funnel approaching had made every effort to seek some shelter, thousands lying flat on the ground clinging to the stumps of felled trees, and others who tried to run into some ravine did not get there in time and were sent flying on their faces or carried bodily into the air and dashed to their deaths on the ground thousands of yards from where they had been picked up. The storm gained redoubtable fury as it advanced onward fairly piling the wreckage of another town on the streets the funnel roaring and shattering on and how the inhabitants of the town of Pandall survived the storm could not be ascertained nor did they ever see anything like the havoc wrought. The christian line along the banks of the other river being also swept was in a wooded country and so suffered more terribly than any other part of the right wing. Not a tree was left standing everything being cleaned out entirely all of the christian tents being carried away like feathers, every general's headquarters being leveled to the ground and they themselves narrowly escaping death of or injury and the lightning and thunder which followed the wind passage was worse than any cannonade ever heard and every now and then something would be struck by lightning and hail fell as big as baseballs.

G By the whirling funnel of the storm whole stretches of forests along the Normas un were crushed the storm of wind letting loose as quickly as lightning and all the open plains a ter the storm had passed were thickly strewn with the trees and broken branches that had been carried that distance. Hanson himself had ascertained during its approach of the typhoon the direction of the gyratory movement and knew it to be a Spirial Terrocian Typhoon for at the start it had broken loose with the most irresistible violence and for all of his experiences of other typhoons he could not have believed it possible for the storm to blow as it did, its real violence even could not be described, and it had actually tore the clothes of the bodies of the soldiers clinging to the trees for dear life, and few of these as was found after could have faced such a wind and lived for death had staked it fury on them. The terrific wind funnel had been a monstrous thing and coming on toward M-9 Mc-Wirther, un had the pressure of countless billions of sand, tearing forward at a rate of over 8,00 miles an hour. Just imagine this wh wind sou spout to be sand and invisible impalable yet to retain all the weight and density of sand. Do this and you may get a vaguely inkling of what that wind was like.

APPALLING FURY OF THE TYPHOON FUNNEL
AS IT TEARS THROUGH THE CITY OF JENNIE-WREN-TOWN! AND OF THE LOSS IN LIFE
LIFE AND PROPERTY.

If they saw it no one could have forgot the inconceivable fury with which the storm roared as it crashed through the southern section of the city of Jennie-Wren-Town which made a clean breach of all the houses in the lower southwestern part of the city first and progressing onward with a frightful roar. Hundreds of men women and children were immediately buried under the crashing wreckage of the houses, while windrows of it were sent crashing through the streets and swept along in a solid screeching, groaning roaring mass. The seas of wreckage filled the streets for the width of twenty miles the entire circumference of the storm, and as the storm progressed on toward the main sections all the miserable dunnage of life and luggage poured down into the street or through the air. It was a terrible storm of wreckage including all the store materials and human beings which came head first, sideways feet first rolling over and ob over twisting, squiring writhing among the roaring storms of wreckage as it swept down and cumbering the streets. The Funnel gaining little more in width carried all before it sweeping on with unprecedented violence destroying thousands upon thousands of buildings making in its whole passage through the city a property loss of over \$5,777,000 killed 22,000 men 6,000 women and from the destruction of so many orphan asylums the loss in killed children was over 55,56,789 while over 100,000 were injured making a total of 184,789.

The storm tore away eighteen blocks in the business section, demolishing to total loss thousands of other large buildings, wrecking many churches, the capital building thousands of private residences and even many grain elevators were strong as they were prostrated to the ground. Numerous were the strange freaks of the wind. The railroad yards for many lines of trains going through Jennie-Wren-Town were changed into an expanse of flat ruined buildings and trains were wrecked, not a whole train remaining in the yards every coach or freight car being shattered into kindling wood by the terrific blow, while some of the steel pullman coaches had been picked up by the furious wind and carried like feathers for several blocks, while one big pullman a chapel car was hurled clear through the freight yards and out of the city itself. And even a score of badly wrecked grain elevators had been blown clear across the railroad tracks completely blocking traffic.

During the storm one line of cars of an incoming train had been sent dashing at full speed by the wind into the rear of another train pulling out this occurring just as the storm broke, and all the coaches were first telescoped and then hurled into storms of kindling wood through the station all the passengers being killed or injured. The tenders of the locomotives had been forced from the rails many coaches were thrown behind it from the tracks and the cars telescoping each other fell over with the tenders and then scattered like chaff through the station which also went to pieces. After the passage of the storm one of the coaches one of one of the two trains which had remained undamaged except its windows being blown in, was seen to have been hurled lengthwise from the rails and stood almost at right angles to the piles of wreckage. The storm had not been wide enough to sweep the whole city but the path of destruction covered over twenty miles in breadth, and the scenes of havoc along the storm path was indescribable. Whole houses had been swept into wreckage the streets being filled with the wreckage of the damaged buildings and smashed railway cars blown into them from the various stations. Many human beings covered the streets but the wounded were rescued by the many survivors who brought them into the other parts of the city which had not been swept by the storm, and even in these sections though the buildings were all right tons of wreckage from the damaged buildings in the path of the storm were piled in the streets. The Christians had all they could do themselves to aid the wounded and bury the dead and attend to their displaced batteries and clear the wreckage of fallen trees from the earthworks.

The Christians had not suffered so badly as it was feared though the city was partly demolished but he had all the injured aided and placed in the tents and reestablished his lines to better shape and by the morning of the next day the whole army was in good condition the whole army having worked for hours with ceasing, but unfortunately the enemy were better prepared for they had been swept by the storm and only slight destruction had occurred. The day after the storm Hanson had received a letter brought to him by a Glandelinian courier who was while the main Christian general read its contents. It was from the king of Glandelinia and Hanson read thus;

"Keep your armies away from the region of Jennie-Wren-Town or there will be trouble. I ought to have revenged the assault of the Angelinians on the Glandelinian armies at Crowley and you will have to yield up all those child labor places you took from my men in Calverinia or they will be taken by force. If you yield to this I'll withdraw all my armies from Angelinia, otherwise I'll do all I can have all of Calverinia sacked and burned, and will force all the captives to insult all the False Gods in their heavens they worship and forsake them also and you had better keep an eye on your neices for they will be taken some day by the soldiers given up to me, so it is also better to give them up in peace, and I will not let the troops at Jennie-Wren-Town to make any attack of any sort but shall have them withdraw, and not allow them to kill all in the city and level it to the ground. I have first ordered: You well know that in the time of our rebellion we won not free from your government and if you make war on us for that trifle Crowley where we will be bound at all costs to win."

King Manley.

Hanson was surprised over this letter and showed it to his officers. They all agreed that Hanson had already made the soldiers of Angelinian inflamed with his tales at Angelinia Agathia over the cruelties if the Glandelinians to the children and to the Vivian girls and that there was no turning back now. So Hanson immediately wrote back;

Your forces are not besieging Jennie-Wren-Town for they have changed their ideas. I came with my armies, and I even promise you that before this letter even reaches you shoemans and his other leading generals with their armies will be routed. No more all your foul demands. I know that you and your hosts were once Angelinians. Now as you rebelled a hundred years ago and got free you need not think that you can over us as you see fit and we are just as powerful as you, and I would rather continue my quarrels with you rather than accept your demands and I have already declared a general war which cannot be averted, for the whole nations of is rising and as possible, you will find a fearful invasion into your country for we mean to crush the child slavery out of the world, even if we have to appeal to the other nations to back us. You may think that because your father foster fathers the first war on us poor Angelinians that you will do with us as you please, but haven't you will soon see you folly. As for capturing Calverinia that you will never get if you send armies there I'll have Calverinia torn with your mangled armies. Some of the Calverinians will forsake Christ no matter what will happen, and you would rather suffer from the effects of a terrible way war than submit to any of your demands. We were not victorious in the battle of Crowley but were in the other of three smaller ones that followed and are bound to save Jennie-Wren-Town from other siege at all costs. And further more do not write to us Angelinian officers for as for facts we have nothing to do with the matter, and if you write to our general Vivian and he does as you wish then I will abandon the war, but I will laugh at you letters and only increase the fury of the war for every you sent. Anyway not one of us Angelinian general would do so either if we were Robert Vivian and do not sent any more letters to me for they will be sent back and unopened.

GOVERNOR GENERAL HAND HANSON VIVIAN."

After he got through writing the letter was carefully sealed and given to a Glandelinian bearer who was allowed to go back to his army and prepare the letter for sending. Violet and her sisters all this while had wondered what the tremendous statement was all about and learning asked the reason why the king wanted him to send to him.

"He wants you maybe to kill." Answered Hanson in a surly tone. "But I vow before all in heaven that I will not let them take you, and I will not let you rule on the Glandelinians, no, not even if you begged me on your knees for I will be such a fool."

"But uncle you know we would not be such fools as to ask you to let us spy on the Glandelinians when it is so dangerous. We do not want to go to that old king and we won't either." Said Violet.

All this while work had been going on in throwing up works the enemy's lines being in plain sight where they had halted after the last fierce struggle. The enemy knew of their presence but were not in the courage to attack as long as Bicknell and his other generals delayed so long in coming. All the time the pope himself had thought that Hanson would not attack but because he could not grant the favor, and thought that Hanson was sore and was allowing him to be at the mercy of the enemy. But this was not the case, and the christian armies were nearer to the city than he supposed. All that day the work went on batteries being put into place and double entrenchments being thrown up. All work of defense possible were made and abatis and logs thrown in the way of the first line of works. The day when the first lines of works were being thrown up more Angelinians had arrived consisting of small parties of Protestants, mormonians, domobians and Abbieannians and abysinkhians which had been surprised when they heard of the out break of the war and being citizens of the nation and wished to join. Hanson's main line of batteries was north east or Normas gun supported by three hundred thousand men and one hundred cannon.

General Hanson's main line was on the north, being in the center with three hundred and forty thousand men and two hundred guns and general Germaine's line on the north west side with the same number of guns but with three hundred and sixty thousand men, making one million altogether.

The main batteries in the center of this immense christian line were fixed in such a position that they could sweep the enemy's batteries with terrible destruction while the other batteries were fixed in positions to resist any counter charges that the foe would dare to make during the progress of the battle.

Toward night time Hanson himself was astonished to see to the southeast of him many bright flashes proceeded by dull booming sounds like the muffled thunder of far distant cannon. He wondered what it meant as he had not ordered the gunners of his lines to fire as yet, and thought that it was perhaps signal guns from the sea.

But soon the glowing shells from this new direction directed for his batteries began to explode in a continuous roar, and for a time he and even violet and her sisters watched this tremendous display with wonder. Then all at once from another point he could see by means of a strange red glow in the far distance, by means of his field glasses that more of the enemy's cannon were turned toward his right, and soon to his surprise the very heavens over the positions in that direction were shaken by a tremendous cannonading. The cannonading raged without intermission and fearful fearful volleys of shot and shell began to pour among the christian chain of infantry cannon at the rate of three hundred and sixty five shots a minute, and the uproar of these shells in exploding became deafening and not having orders to return the fire the artillery was speedily being withdrawn under more shelter though some of the batteries had at times made a feeble response. At times receiving no response the Glandelinian artillery fire seemed to slacken but at times would renew the fury of the action, the very sky being dotted with the screaming shells which looked like hundreds of bright blue and red flames as they exploded, and violet and her sisters almost received earaches from the terrific noise. Hanson made investigations to see why the batteries were in action fearing that his gunners had opened fire without his orders but he soon learned that they had not disobeyed him and that the enemy had started it thinking him off his guard.

"Some aid must have come to the Glandelinians." Said Hanson to one of his general officers. "I believe I'll give them a general answer in an iron hail of cannon also."

"But I wonder who could they be, and if Bicknell was really ignorant of the danger or not?"

"Maybe they must be his Glandelinians all right." Remarkd one of his officers. "Mark the cannonade is increasing."

As quick as possible Hanson gave the order for all the batteries on the center to answer back with all their might and within an hour these guns were roaring forth in dreadful fury the concussion shaking the ground. More and more guns were added to the action increasing the roar to a redoubled fury and increased and continued to increase and soon became a warfare of titans, as more cannon broke into action and soon all the christian guns not only on the center, but all along the entire line commenced such an uproar of artillery that each broadside became a continuous withering discharge which did horrible damage among the enemy's lines. Hundreds upon hundreds of bright flashes came from the cannons from both sides and the flashes of shells were just as bright, while strange weird sounds came from the direct of the enemy's lines which was probably their shouts and yells as the gunners would find their marks, and bright red lights numbered by hundreds would flare up continually.

Soon however the Glandelinian artillery fire began to slacken and continued for two more hours in a sort of desultory fire, volleys being discharged here and there in the space of every three minutes.

TERRIFIC COLLISION BETWEEN THE OPPOSING FORCES. FIRST BLOODIEST CLASH OF THE ARMS OF ANGELINIA, AND GLANDELINIA.

In the next day after the artillery duel which caused the loss of 1,000 killed and 4,000 in wounded on both sides, Hanson had prepared his general officers on the next day after daylight appeared these forces were falling into line of battle, while at the same time all the preparing Angelinian generals noticed great signs of activity in the enemy's front and believing that their preparing for battle had been discovered and having been informed by other officers of the enemy's intentions making vigorous advances for the bridge resolved to seize every advantage they could by opening the battle first.

All the Angelinians were aroused beyond doubt and as soon as all were ready they swept on toward the lines of the enemy to make the attack. The battle at once began and with tremendous fury that was simultaneous. A heavy struggle ensued and the discharge of musketry became blinding, while a fearful artillery fire was poured at once on the advancing christian lines, and the Glandelinian columns not only held their ground with merciless fury but hammered away with eighty nine guns but despite the frightful carnage the christians charged again and again in heavy masses with awful impetuosity on the smoke wreathed gray lines only however to be repulsed each time with the most tremendous losses. Never before since the war began had there been such slaughter, the very air was clouded with thick powder smoke, shells filled the air and though the heat of that bloody day was almost intolerable the battle still raged with fearful fury and suddenly as the large and last charge of the christians was repulsed there was a terrific yell from thousands of enraged Glandelinians and a portion of wicknell's men having recovered from the shock of the first series of fierce onsets of the christians had fully gathered up their strength for a fierce effort and ten thousand Glandelinians came rushing forward with tremendous fury.

The Angelinians allowed the large columns of graycoats to come within easy musketry range and when they were a rod from their works every Angelinian behind them lunged to their feet almost simultaneously and poured upon the Glandelinians a storm of deliberate murderous volleys, in a series of fierce discharges. But there was a tremendous withering sheet of flame from the muskets of the enemy, and the Angelinian survivors, discomfited, enraged, torn, mangled and bleeding, their dead and mangled comrades piled in heaps where they had fallen drew back from their works, and the main line fighting with such stoic stubborn fury as they retired, and with a courage as to fill the onrushing Glandelinians themselves with admiration.

The works and ground was red with gore and so thickly covered with the bodies of the slain and wounded of both sides that they seemed to lay in grass mowed down by the lawn mower.

The gray and purple coat lay in many common heaps wilder or inside the shattered works, and the trenches were filled to overflowing with the dead and wounded. Many poor fellows on both sides after many hours of suffering and almost bled to death were found writhing in mortal agony, while the place in which the terrible battle was raging was badly torn and rent by hundreds of fearful shells, and every tree was pierced, or almost cut to pieces with innumerable ball and shell fragments.

While the conflict at this point had been going on immense columns of Angelinians were seen forming on the edge of the long woods which crown the banks of the Mc-Holleston Run river, and when they were formed for a furious charge they were going to make, their front was about six miles and a half in extent and as it swiftly emerged from the havoc matted woods and began move steadily and firmly toward the gray lines, a great thrill of admiration passed through the heart of the Glandelinian generals themselves who was watching this terrific collision between the opposing forces.

The christian advance was a splendid sight and was well fitted to call forth great admiration in the breasts of the waiting Glandelinians themselves. The large divisions of Randall composed mostly of infantry and a cavalry was singled out and appointed to be a cloud of skirmishers. Randall's men were quickly formed and arranged in a long line of battle four feet deep and the distance between the Angelinians and Glandelinians was about a mile.

For the attacking party there was a large plain and as the columns of Angelinians advanced suddenly all the ridges where the enemy's batteries were seemed as if covered with a sheet of flashing flame, and rolling columns of smoke while simultaneously came the loud deafening thundering roar of Glandelinian artillery, and three hundred and sixty guns from their angry mouths poured death and frightful destruction on the advancing christian lines. All the christian commanders ordered their men to take every advantage or protection as they advanced.

Though all this was done, and notwithstanding every precaution, the destruction among the christian columns and the wooded regions themselves was something terrible. Hundreds of solid shot, chain shot, stones, shells and canister mowed immense gaps and fell with deadly effect among the christian lines and felling the trees by the score. At every volley hundreds of men and horses were dreadfully cut up beyond describing, and as the main columns of the forces did not recede, Bicknell ordered his own batteries in action.

Instantly all those ridges seemed ablaze like a volcanic eruption and the din became frightful, the thunder of artillery along the entire line of ridges rivaling in fiercer grandeur than any cannonade in the Glandco-Angelinian war, and this deafening grandeur of the Glandelinian artillery increased in redoubled fury as the christian columns continued to advance amid the frightful carnage, the Glandelinians fairly hammering away with their four hundred cannon, and the columns of christians seemed to be rushing into the very jaws of death. But despite the increasing artillery fire of the Glandelinians the firm and steady step of the christians was not affected and though whole ranks went down at every volley they advanced on their yells going far above the din of the cannons. On and on came Randall's men in the face of the most withering tempest of thousands of shells, innumerable bullets, grapeshot, canister and hundreds of high explosives which at each successive volley mowed them down by hundreds.

On and on they came furiously, yelling like devils and defiantly waving their flags, and it was already a question among the glandelinians whether they could resist this fierce onset and defend their lines from destruction by those so firm and compact christian columns who numbered about seven thousand. Yet the glandelinians were well prepared for the fierce attack, as Bicknell's and Magie's forces on the right were well advanced in a large grove of fruit trees and his left at a handsomely shaped angle with the main line of glandelinians.

Galmann Shoemann was more to the right with one quarter of his entire force of glandelinians and Omerian, urdes and Calsoe in front. From the direction in which the large thickly massed assaulting columns were moving it seemed for a time as if the first heavy blow of the assault would fall upon Bicknell's forces, but such however was the severity of the horrible artillery fire and the discharge of musketry from the entire gray line of skirmishers that by the frightful carnage and havoc among their ranks, they were forced to bend more to their own left. Still they moved on under the fearful withering fire, their line of hostile march now bringing the Angelinians under Randall more directly in front of the part of Galmann Shoemann's forces.

Now came the opportunity for the brave glandelinian forces who seemed in no haste to wait their ammunition and who allowed the christian forces to come as well forward and so near that all their entire flanks were fully exposed.

Then Galmann Shoemann stood boldly upon the works and waving his sword shouted; "Now in the name of Satan give them Hell."

All at once the entire line of works was fairly riven by a sheet of flame, as all the Glandelinians poured in rapid and nearly endless succession for ten minutes the most destructive volleys, and now the trembling christian columns already frightfully torn, tottered and bleeding, with thousands of their dead and wounded lying in heaps besides the enemy's works were under a most terrific artillery fire of ten batteries in charge of Camilla on the nearest ridge of hills.

The main body of the attacking forces however pressed on with terrific fury and inclining still more to his own left. Hansonnias was moving with his forces straight on the divisions of Bicknell and the other officers.

"Hold you fire at all costs men, those christian dogs are not near enough yet." Said Bicknell as he moved calmly and composedly along the ranks under a heavy fire of bullets.

The immense swing made by the advancing columns to their own left, after the terrific blow received by them from Shoemann, had the tremendous effects of flinging Hindernine who commanded Randall's divisions well toward Kalves right.

Calsoe's men were well posted for his right was well advanced and the position of the ground was such as to enable his men to open a most galling fire on Hindernine's troops not only with his right and left but with all of his entire lines in the rear.

All the Glandelinian batteries were also in position and the most destructive effects of a very cloud of bullets was aggravated by horrible tempests of grape and canister shot. All at once and with merciless fury this galling fire fell upon the already torn and cecimated christian columns under Hindernine. Terror stricken Hindernine's men broke in utter confusion, and Hindernine though wounded was able to retain command and vainly strove to rally his men. In spite of the dreadful artillery fire which was mowing down the Angelinians in ranks Hansonnias survivors rushed bravely on, their lines fairly flashing fire from the fierce volleys they continually delivered. They were now close to the enemy's breastworks and the Glandelinian divisions defending it after delivering a galling fire which mowed gaps in the christian lines yelled and fell back to the main lines in the rear. Vivian and many of his officers was at hand the retreating columns were quickly rallied and reformed despite the mad murderous discharges of the captured cannon, and now their lines were held together despite the tremendous fire which was mowing down the graycoats like grass.

Yet the battle inflamed Angelinians had pushed themselves over the long line breastworks and though six hundred and seventy shot and half shell were rained upon the works per minute by the enemy's batteries on the ridges the christians had planted their battle flags on the works, which was soon covered three feet deep with the bodies of the dead and wounded purple coats. Yet they held to the works despite the awful artillery fire, and the struggle soon became more fiercer and terrific. It became a furious hand to hand fight, man facing man and fighting with the energy of despair, hundreds falling together in frightful death struggles. The clothes of thousands of the men on the sides were actually burned by the powder of the exploding cartridges and scores of shells, and the hundreds of Glandelinian cannoners stubbornly refusing to retire bayoneted shot to death and clubbed at their guns. Hansonnias was now left entirely alone with his forces. The divisions under the other officers which had intended to cover his right had been defeated captured and driven from the fields.

But however Vivian, whose duty it was to hold his works failed to advance on account of the fierce attack of the christians upon him and the right wing of his division by Hindernine's advancing division had been cut up and destroyed. Bicknell was now forced to mass all his men on the point which was in danger of the works. Cheered by words and by example of the officers thousands of after thousands of the graycoats pressed bravely forward, but the christians showed such serious resistance that they were enabled to again push the entire advance forces of the Glandelinian divisions back mowing down five hundred at each volley, the battle now increasing with tremendous and frightful fury, the bloody fighting raging along the entire line of breastworks, which the christians had managed to retain though at such fearful losses.

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Shoemans batteries was bombarded on the second day and a large force was sent to seize the works from general Bernard Dummer vetter at all costs. General Leonia Lamsin with a troop of ninety five thousand men was to assault that of Dummer vetter eighty thousand. The assault was repulsed the Angelinian columns wavering and falling back before the galling fire they met the tops of the works being fairly strewn with their many dead and wounded comrades their general being among the slain.

A second desperate assault was made in spite of this but new divisions of the foe under generals Collyer and Calyon drove the second attack back at the point of the bayonet. General Gannon then took command and met a third christian assault in which millions of shots were fired for a quarter of an hour and the christians managed to sweep clear over the works, but after a fearful struggle the enemy being again reinforced and after hundreds after hundreds fell riddled by bullets held this attack at bay though not repulsing it. Hanson also tried to force the enemys line in the region of Normas Bridge but those who tried to cross the bridge were compelled to fall back their line being badly shattered.

Three more assaults were directed by Hanson vician but he was frustrated by an explosion which damaged the bridge and so he determined to force Angelinia Curran and advanced heavier forces against this point. These were under general Nogoodins and they were driven back by twenty thousand glandelinians with great and horror horrible loss. The glandelinians then counterattacked making every effort to take the christian works.

One assault was repulsed but two others were made by the foe under general Gandon, and Fliny. The third assault was almost successful especially on the right but the christian general Jennings changed the tide by pressing the left of the foe line back. Another assault was then made, and handsomely repulsed. Again the attack was resumed and with redoubled fury. It resulted in the christians being driven back and with their generals Frank Holstine, and general Minio Kincindia killed. Other generals fell who were wounded being George goblin,

George Sander, and Henry Mulsbeory. Hanson saw indeed he was not making as good a success as he thought he was going to make so he decided to make an earnest effort and while the other columns were in action full preparations were made, new batteries were put into place and heavier columns were thrown forward against the assaulting columns in gray.

General Hendonia and gob made the first charge and got caught in the way of general picknells cannon fire. This repulsed the bloody attack but a second was made with desperate energy. This assault appeared probably successful. First general Hendonias and Gandononias men were first near picknells headquarters while general La Linans divisions were attacking the foe works almost immediately afterwards on the right. Though almost successful it took the foe a long while to repulse this attack but only temporary until the main bodies came up. The attack was then resumed by general Dunn on Bicknells left, Handonia quickly reformed his troops and followed, while Nartens divisions was also thrown upon picknells left and though suffering severe loss soon rolled up the left and center of picknells army. The glandelinians under Wailenclung to their own works against every desperate and fierce effort to dislodge them until annihilated. Pick picknells whole force had rallied by this time however and came back with irrepressible fury to drive the christians from the captured position. This counter attack fell with the greatest force upon general Gandons corps but the christians under him made what front they could and continued the stubborn and bloody fight until the attacking columns overlapping the right wing of the christians forced them to give way and the whole of Gandons army was rolled up from the right of the main line and retired in disorder along a creek bank as far as Germanias position which now repelled the attacking force.

Germaine vician himself took charge of the main line at this front. Germaine vician after sending a message to hasten the march of other troops galloped for a moment to the rear of his demoralized troops and was assisting the other officers in rallying them and directing a terrific fire of artillery when to his surprise the head of Jimmie vicians columns appeared swinging down toward the enemys lines at a furious trot and moved obliquely to the left to meet the right and left of the glandelinian columns which was attacking there and which had swung around in that direction during that fearful counter assault.

The glandelinians were then checked in their sweeping advance by the arrival of the reinforcements and thrown back upon the first line of works they had captured and here they made a furious and stubborn stand.

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The glandelinian troops were checked in their their sweeping advance by the arrival of reinforcements and by their murderous fire and thrown back upon the first line of works they had captured and here they made a most furious and stubborn stand. But Germaine vician urged by his brother general, charged furiously and irresistible force and with his whole command that, and after a bloody struggle which Germaine vicians tri troops of seventeen thousand was reduced to ten thousand captured a part of the line of works but could not hold them against the incessant assaults of the enemy on other parts of the line and were hurled back during a frightful carnage losing one thousand more. But again the christian troops after giving again made another irresistible advance while twenty thousand Tripolygonians regardless of numbers flanks or support dashed directly upon the other sections of the main gray lines and as they surged above the works, there was a deafening and murderous crash mingled with wild yells which soon settled down to a steady roar of fifty hands of muskets.

Less than half an hour one half of that devoted twenty thousand Tripolygonians were lying upon the field in piles and strewn upon the works dead and wounded together, but they had delivered a staggering blow to the glandelinians and for a brief broken the force of the Glandelinian advance. Mr Neltcone and Maltoes came promptly to their support and the whole swept forward under a withering fire to the right and again captured a line of works and had only held them a few moments under a hail of shot and shell when a great force of Angelinians under Gannin came with amazing fury to their support support the fire along the entire gray line being so terrificly terrific that whole regiments seem to fall. The christians all along the line were relieved with merciless fury and the christian lines in this attack they had fairly riddled by bullets and shells canister and minnie balls but the onslaught but stopped or either was it checked being attacked furiously in front and on the right by fresh forces the christians seemingly to fairly advance backwards without halting on the order of their going until Neltcone reached the front line of works all the Angelinian forces driven back recently were now storming all along the line making a vehement assault and though they won at one point that were successful at the cost of seven officers killed and three thousand wounded.

However the surviving christian soldiers were now pressing the foe hard and stubbornly but a great section of works on the extreme line of the ridge was held against a series of determined and vehement assaults in which the glandelinian general Hendandon was shot from his horse as he rode up close to the right of the main line on the main road going up the ridge. The position was becoming untenable by reason of the death of their leader of and of the retreats of the christian troops a long the left and center of Bernard's divisions of glandelinians and their leader also having been killed they were forced to finally retire, while their left wing under Goodwill was rolled up in great confusion and heavy loss down the slope and toward Normas creek and then back upon their main position with more heavy loss and Goodwill wounded.

While Handernines whole force which had followed Hansonias continued a heavy bloody attack on the north of a cross roads near the ruined bridge driving cloudlike divisions back with heavy loss, and as Lovefriends men came to the assistance he continued the offensive driving the whole line of Glandelinians back from vicinity of the bridge and beyond an extensive line of breastworks with frightful results. Simultaneously a unsuccessful attempt was made to turn the left flank of these Angelinian columns and heavy and bloody assaults following one after the other were upon these lines of Glandelinians and so persistent were these attacks on the front of Calloes brigades who were holding their works at all risks that large troops were brought up from the rear to its support but during the persistent bloody struggle they could not hurl the christian christians back, who without better advantages pressed on furiously and lapping the right and left of Barney's divisions gladders corps made a sudden and determined attack upon it.

Taken by surprise of the onset and the dreadful dreadful charge of musketry and cannon that came unexpectedly the Glandelinians were driven from a large portion of their works with their dead and wounded piled in heaps and a loss of three thousand prisoners general lader being among the killed.

As the Angelinians pressed on furiously immense bodies of the glandelinians and Omarian-gurdes under Ganders threw themselves in heave masses upon the christian right wing which assisted by the timely arrival of Walter Jennings brigade repulsed the attack with loss that was appalling.

General Cannon was arriving by this time and he moved rapidly and resolutely toward the Glandelinians on Angeline Curran and attacked Bicknells extreme wing with merciless fury but through a slight blunder Gannons right wing was checked by a counter charge and driven back with frightful loss and three more christian officers fell riddled by bullets. Meanwhile Gannon was not idle and as he rallied the panic stricken division he commenced vehement efforts to break through the massive Glandelinian columns the assaults being made with bloody but the Glandelinians were holding it at all hazards despite the many fierce onslaughts and Cannon from the displacement of one of his wings could not progress further at present and was soon met with a complete and bloody repulse. But again tried and was wounded for the attempt.

He quickly sent an order for a supply of ammunition to be sent into the lines.

Though slightly wounded as he was he made a third attempt and with horrible fury the a large purple column pressed forward to the attack and though one part on of the line was sent back with their columns mangled and bleeding and with the ground fairly strewn with piles of their dead and wounded the main columns continued the assault the Angelinians being reckless of their losses coming into full view and after another first in quick time, then at a trot, then with a furious rush toward the works. The first columns dissolved dissolved before the pitiless storm of bullet tempests that met them but those in the rear pressed forward with tremendous fury and over their dead and wounded comrades reached that portion of the works held by the Glandelinians. These gallant graycoated fellows despite the odds stood manfully and stubbornly to their works and though their double and solid lines were bent backward by the pressure and by the fury of the christian fire, they continued the furious fight in the rear of the works keeping up a murderous fire point blank with their pistols and muskets and assailing the Angelinians with bayonets pikes and clubbed muskets.

Fortunately for them Galloes brigades had cleared its own front and a large portion of it turned upon the flank of their assailants with tremendous fury crushing Gannon's line to fragments and driving them out. The christian survivors recoiled leaving many ranks of dead and wounded out side and inside the works.

While this great christian attack was in progress another more furious and quite determined was made further to the right by the christians in front of Baldwins divisions and artillery men and the Angelinians furiously attempted to capture these works but after a bloody struggle their lines were broken and swept back with dreadful loss. But as the counter attacking force poured through the immense gap thus made Daniels Joe Jones Brigade on the left side and Penrill's on the other drew back from their receding lines and fell upon the flank while Emery Page and Johnnies Johnsons brigades were hurried up from the left under a terrible tempest of shot shell and canister and thrown across the Glandelinian front with mighty force and great violence. Assailed on three sides at once and mowed down by the thousand from a terrific withering fire the Glandelinians were forced back to the main line of works and over them where they broke in disorderly confusion and retreated in a panic, while most dense columns of the Angelinians emerged from a palm forest half a mile to their rear and rushed to the attack.

They came on in great fury but with a narrow front and extending as far as the eye could see. Bicknell's best batteries of artillery unfortunately could not be brought into action in time to fire upon the furiously advancing columns which offered such a very fair mark for artillery and which could have covered the retreat of the Glandelinian columns which were so hard pressed, but however the guns were brought up soon enough, but only in time to be captured by Johnnies Johnsons christian divisions.

The infantry of the christians and the Glandelinians fought as long as fighting was of any use, and the gray lines deprived of the assistance of the artillery which could do little to check the furious onward rush of the christians forces which soon began to overrun the whole entire angle shaped works north of Normas Bridge capturing sixteen general officers sixty eight pieces of artillery and over three thousand men.

The whole thing happened so quickly that the extent of the disaster could not be realized at once, and no one could report it either for generals Maltonia and Gainers had been killed while general Brooklines Genders, Sabbie and Schloedne had been wounded two of the latter mortally.

Johnnie Johnsons troops who made the bloody assault from the start in the region of the Normas Bridge, he being the chief leader next to Hansonnia, recovered their formation and extending their lines across the angle of work works under a heavy fire on both sides of the breastworks had resumed their advance when John Gainers brigade of field corps and immediately on the right of the captured works could not do anything without their leader who had been killed long before this happened rapidly drew back to the unfinished lines in the rear under a storm of shot shell and canister. However as they slowly fell back every one of his ranks poured in a galling fire upon the christian left flank and wing which soon checked its advance with severe loss but failed to throw it back. General Glandlin whose divisions was in reserve under orders to support any part of the line about the works hastened to throw in front of the heavy masses of Angelinian columns a strong line of battle, and repelled the assault as furiously as they knew how, and after a most fierce and bloody struggle in which ranks were mowed down in quick succession the Glandelinians or the new comers at least were forced back from the base of the main works.

And to make matters worse the Glandelinians did not cover their whole front. On the left of the works where Mapkins division had connected with Gorgonians the attack was at its pressed with great determination and bloody fury and here the carnage was awful to witness.

General Mapkins drew out Buds brigades from the right and center of his lines a portion of Bicknell's taking its place and to be sent to relieve the pressure on his right and restore the line between himself and Gorgonian. The struggle now became fearful. Buds brigade swept the trenches the whole length of his line with frightful fury but did not fill the gap and his right was exposed to a most terrible withering fire from the works still held by the christians.

more brigades of his own division was ordered up. Paul Marcuslin which was first to arrive under a heavy fire too, rushed forward through a fearful withering storm of minnie balls, and a storm of shot and shell and after a fearful and bloody struggle recovered a part of the line on Gorgonians left. But during the carnage general Marcuslin fell dead from his horse just as he reached the works seemingly blazing works. General Glandlin had been killed and though Bud was severely wounded he remained in the trenches with his men under a furious storm of shot and shell. Mapkins right was still hard pressed and he himself was mortally while Paulish Jones and Glaindeberry were also killed. Harvans and Hennisons were ordered forward despite the horrible rain of shot and shell and these through this blinding storm and tempest of bullets into the works on Buds right Angelinians still held the greater part of the works that they had captured, and the Glandelinians were unable to drive them out these great purple columns for could get no further on account of the severity of the Glandelinian fire all the line which resembled the blazing furnaces of fissures from the terrible clouds flames and terrible roar.

Johnnie Johnsons forces which had first made these terrific assault upon this works and which also had the ruined bridge in their possession possessed reinforced by Desplains divisions and now the battle increased furiously.

Artillery had been brought up on both sides the Glandelinians and christians using every available piece upon the two lines of works increasing the terror or carnage and then Harvans Hansonnias went down mangled and bleeding inside of the Glandelinians.

Bicknell had by this time put up every man that could be that time to defend the angle of works and for the restoration of his broken which crossed the region of the Normas Bridge, and longed for someone to send for he feared that he could not hold these positions much longer.

It now became a matter of endurance with the men themselves. Three hours within the region of the bridge and along the Mc-Hollester Run, the conflict raged with increasing fury in the space covered by these body works and the slaughter was terrific.

Every attempt to advance on either side was met fiercely and re with merciless fury from the other. Many of the hostile but pretty battle flags defiantly over different portions of the same works, while the men on both sides like fiends for the position of either line of the works, firing at each other killing each other and doing damage of all kinds of description to each other it being war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Despite the frightful slaughter tried to make charges by but they would only be mowed down annihilated. It was awful indeed, the conflict being so fierce as to caused the division of divisions of an army. The very mouths of hell seemed to have suddenly opened and was roiling in its sulphurous fumes. During the first hour of the conflict many diversions were made on both sides to relieve the pressure on the center.

A fierce attack made upon Andersons corps (christian) by Welios Glandelinians repulsed with the death of their leader and the wounding of the Angelinian leader, while on the other side of the works general Mohp Mohope who was furiously with a part of A-A-Hickades corps to strike the flank of the christian corps engaged in a bloody fight there for a half an hour and succeeded in defeat the christian corps with the death of their leader. At the same time large forces were advancing to attack A-Hickades under a withering fire of a hundred pieces of artillery which swept all the approaches to Stonemans lines, and soon the attacking force was also badly broken and driven back in disorder and heavy loss before it came well within reach of the Glandelinian musketry. But through some cause Stoneman was wounded and as all the works had not been there was a delay among the Glandelinians which caused time for reinforcement for the Angelinians and soon heavier columns taking advantage of the pressed forward under a new deadly fire and made a very heavy and bloody attack the division of Hope and Shawhill. Before this storming assault Clingmans and infantry infantry on Hopes right and left gave way under a destructive fire, and Woodruffs on Shawhills right and center being turned after a bloody engagement was forced back with terrific loss.

As to the many assaulting columns of Angelinians swept over the under a deadly and galling fire a loud cheer was given as it rushed on over the angle of works. Its front covered more than the line of brigades and was of more than forty thousand men, but despite the serious fire the line followed until the space inclosed by the breastworks and the Glandelinian artillery played with cruel and destructive effect mowing them down at the rate of one per second.

He had taken a fine position on a slight rise of ground in the rear of the line carefully noting the tremendous firing of his men which had by this time become so fierce and so incessant that he feared that they would soon exhaust all their powder in their boxes before the attack of the christian columns ceased. He quickly sent an order for a supply of ammunition to be sent into the lines.

Though slightly wounded as he was he made a third attempt and with horrible fury

He then went down to the long trenches on his side of the angle nearest to the bridge to regulate the tremendous firing and through the storm of bullets and shells. He soon reached the trenches and found or noticed plainly the terrible havoc made in the ranks of the assaulting columns, and never before had he seen such dreadful carnage. It was not fit to be called war, but murder. Over more than seven thousand lay in front of the works many killed or wounded and many others were there who were too badly wounded to leave the field. Among them were hundreds who were not hurt but remained among the dead and wounded rather than take any risky chance of going back under that merciless fire to the christian lines who still held the first lines of works. The glandelinian artillery was handled superbly during this furious and stubborn action. Major general Sangine chief of the glandelinian artillery not only cooperated with energy in strengthening the long gray lines but directed the destructive fire of all his guns with great skill and bravery during the first two hours of the bloody attack reaching not only the front of the attacking christian columns but its flank also as well as those of the supporting troops. While the eighteenth corps were now in the bloody action on the center of the general line the attacking columns a general advance of Hansonnian christian divisions was made to support Johnnie Johnsons divisions which had made these attacks so long and without comparative success, for he had seen that the result of this bloody action in the center and along the entire line of the angle works from a grand and furious attack, into a desperate and bloody struggle had led to a crushing and bloody repulse, and he was bound to force these positions at all costs.

On their right where their firing line extended toward the north east it was now broken at one point by the fury of the Glandelinian artillery fire but was at once restored by reinforcements though with heavy loss to Jimmie Vivian troops which was attacking there.

Jimmie Vivian had led twenty thousand of his men which had pressed forward upon the foe with terrible fury, and leaped the breastworks after a fierce hand to hand encounter possession themselves of the works. Though checked so many times by furious counter assault and a terrible galling fire the christian advance was now more restless and simply tremendous upon reaching the second line of works under a withering tempest of bullets and canister and which was held by a portion of James Duncans divisions and who by this time discovered the disaster to their comrades, and Hansonnian met with stern and furious resistance, his ranks fairly raked through and through by the terrific artillery and musketry fire along the entire gray line.

As Jimmie Vivian had been hurrying troops to Riddings from Jensen on the right and going on the left and in center these heavy columns were sprung upon Hansonnian forces with such impetuosity and fury as to drive the right wing hastily back toward the right of the line of works, with great loss being a big gap a road wide being torn in their lines by the enemys incessant fire. But again Hansonnian being able to advance made desperate and titanic efforts to reestablish his right wing despite the fury and destruction caused by the enemys artillery fire, and soon glandelinian forces were hastily retiring at the southern point near his left before the concentrated attack of Hansonnian red and purple columns, and these with ten thousand wounded lined the roads under a most deadly fire of the Angelinian batteries which were splitting the tops of scores of trees showering them with branches and occasionally knocking a tree down. The christian columns pressed forward and soon cleared the other trenches of this angle of works with the bayonet and reached an insufferable covered with dense high grass. It was my dear readers really a mirical how the whole christian columns survived the sharp and murderous fire, that cut the blades of grass as it swept through their ranks killing hundreds, a fire so keen and murderous that it mowed immense gaps through their entire line by the score.

All about them the shells shrieked and roared, the minnies mourned in a furious concert and the shrapnell grenades and canister picked out victims by whole platoons continually. This bloody angle along the Mc-Holleston Run was horrible to behold. But there the main angle of works were, being constructed with great skill for immediately in front of the rushing christian columns was a long line of abatis arranged and composed consisting of limbs and branches, interwoven into a mass of many times forming foot locks of the most dangerous character and over went the first forty thousand christians twenty thousand never to return.

It was awful. At this bloody moment Johnnie Johnsons strong line of battle selected for the works of retrievionville fashion appeared through the thick wreaths of smoke and as they came on five thousand were suddenly mowed down within the space of four minutes, losing nearly six hundred hundred ranks of their gallant regiment.

General Cannian saw at once that this part of the Glandelinian must be held at all hazards for more had come to the aid of Hansonnian with artillery and if Johnnie Johnson and Hansonnian with the increasing Angelinian columns should ever recover these works they would be able to sweep back their whole center right and left and at all defeat would follow.

It was now eleven o'clock in the noon time and still the great battle at the angle of works raged furiously. All the glandelinian officers ordered their men to lie down and keep on firing. The right and left of their divisions rested against the works at the command while the others were slightly refused and rested in front, and now began a desperate and most pertinacious struggle.

aided by Baldwins artillery fire began to push large bodies of troops for despite the enemys scathing fire determined at all hazards to capture the works regardless of the heavy withering fire of Baldwins artillery and the deadly musketry of Hansonnian men which were thinning the gray lines in a terrible manner the glandelinian stuck to their position stubbornly, their leaders wondering among themselves how their men holdout until the remainder of their brigades would come to their assistance. The Glandelinians retained their positions stubbornly retreating the fire a most destructive manner and soon the other brigades came to their support several troops of infantry arriving also went in on their right. Thus reinforced the Glandelinian redoubled their furious exertions and the firing became still more fearful. The smoke which had been dense before was now intensified by each and every discharge of artillery and musketry to such an extent that the accuracy of the enemys aim became very uncertain, but nevertheless they kept up destructive fire in the direction of the advancing christian columns.

Meanwhile they were crawling forward under cover of the smoke and so reaching a certain point and raising horrible blood-curdling yells, charged bravely and furiously up to the very muzzles of the Glandelinian cannon and after a bloody struggle captured another line of works.

After reaching the breastworks the Angelinians for several minutes had the advantage of the Glandelinian columns and began to make horrible use of their muskets, rifle pistols which were fired at point blank. The Glandelinians were shot down by hundreds per minute, all their artillery horses were down, the gallant general being the only mounted officer in sight. His hat was in one hand, and his in another and he bravely cheered his gray columns of glandelinians, and begged pleadingly and with tears in his eyes to hold the works.

Carnage was indeed appalling. A hundred of his five hundred staff officers had either killed wounded or dismounted, all their horses being killed. Blacknell used six horses since the engagement began on the angle of the region of Normans and the sixth besides a seventh had been killed and he was narrowly saved by a bursting shell which killed a score of men right in front of his eyes.

At this critical moment and while the open ground in the rear of the christian lines was choked with troops a large section of batteries under general Wall was quickly brought into action and increased the frightful carnage opening at short range with double charges of grape and canister. This staggered the apparently exultant Angelinian columns. These gathling guns about a hundred and in number in the maze of the critical moment was run up by hand close to the breastworks and fired again and a gain and were only abandoned when all the drivers and cannoneers had fallen.

The battle at the bloody angle was now at white heat. Baldwins artillery continued to plough the ranks of the Glandelinians and clouds of smoke hung over the scene thus shutting out the horrors of the frightful carnage. Despite all of this leeches of demons the Glandelinians stuck to the second line of works to which the Angelinians had driven them to, determined by their racking withering fire to keep the Angelinians from springing up. In a few moments seven pieces of the enemys artillery were cut and hacked by the great storm of bullets of both opposing forces and lay smothered with their muzzles protruding over the works, and their wheels half sunk in the bloody ground soaked into mud by the storm of rain which was now pouring torrents amid crashing thunder and blinding flashes of lightning.

Between the firing lines of both sides and near at hand the horses of all the pieces of artillery lay ridled and completely sliced by bullets and slashed the butchered children by the flying fragments of shells, while the many of dead and wounded were torn of pieces, or cut and sliced up like a butcher a calf by the rain of shot and shell, and bullets and canister, as it swept the ground where they had fallen. The glandelinians were now forced to retreat from the second line of body strewn works receding a few yards, abandoning while their twelve pounders and scores of a large gathling guns, but still kept up a merciless withering fire.

Then the Glandelinians soon closed up their shattered lines, and settled down to their tasks their murderous fire being now directed to the top of the breastworks mowing the christians down by the score. In the meantime as the fire increased two more of their brigades went into the fierce action on their right continually delivering a most galling and destructive and galling fire being awful gaps in the christian lines and the next approaching Glandelinian columns set hard at work bringing up more artillery and hammering away with both the cannon and firearms. Two more brigades and infantry under Bernard Sangine had now sent up to their assistance and they now reached another part of the angle of the works and theirs and Major general Majorson went deep into the bloody struggle which crossed with such terrific fury that the whole scene stretching along for the distance of forty miles, the tanks and woods the scenes before the bridge and elsewhere looking like some immense forest fire from the sauge of smoke clouds.

The roar of firearms was deafening and worse was the terrific roar of artillery. Many of the first third and second divisions of the Glandelinian columns were also ready to take part the Glandelinians having no lack of men whatever for the capture of their lost positions which ever it may be termed

The prescribed limit of the work around which they were fighting so stubbornly, was the great difficulty which also precluded or precluded the possibility of getting more than a thousand into action at once. At one time the long battle swept ranks were crowded in many parts seven feet deep by being reinforcements and the losses of the Glandelinians was frightfully heavy from the continuous and rapid withering fire which was maintained upon their ranks. But all the Glandelinians who were in the front ranks repiled with the greatest vigor increasing their furious redoubled withering fire. Major Henry Johnson commanding one of the riddled Glandelinian brigades was killed and general Charles Anders and K. Lleson who succeeded him were shot dead a moment later, while major general Carl Bladoer who had continually excited the admiration of the Glandelinians fell riddled by bullets during one of his several attempts to get his men to cross the works and drive off the stubborn Angelinian columns. What remained of the many different Glandelinian divisions who had been in the first part of the engagement and who had concentrated under a galling fire at this point had planted their tattered colors upon the line of shattered breastworks in front of those captured by the Angelinians where they stayed until shot to pieces by the storm of bullets and shot and shell, had been reduced to only regiments.

To keep up the supply of ammunition during the horrible firing which never slackened for a moment hundreds of pack mules were brought into use each animal carrying three hundred pounds. All the boxes that were unwrapped were dropped close behind the Glandelinians engaged, where they were quickly opened by the many officers who incessantly served the ammunition to the blood stained men. Bicknell himself fired four hundred rounds of ammunition and all the firing lines as many more.

Finding that the Angelinians were not to be driven back the Glandelinians began to use more discretion, seldom exposing themselves, using hundreds of the loopholes in the battered works to fire through and at times whole thousands of the Glandelinians placed the muzzles of their rifles on the top logs and earthbanks seizing the trigger and small of the stock, and elevating the breeches with one hand to reach the many Angelinians beyond.

So heavy and continuous was the withering fire on both sides that the head logs of the breastworks and thousands of trees surrounding the long battle lines were out and torn until they resembled his hickory brooms. Many large palm trees about a hundred in number which grew in the rear of the works were completely knawed off by their withering converging fire and fell among the Glandelinians with a loud crash killing hundreds and wounding ten times as much.

The trenches all along the lines seemed to fairly run with blood and had to be cleared of the dead and wounded bodies every quarter of an hour. Toward twelve o'clock after three hours of this stubborn fighting preparations were made to relieve the Glandelinians who were by this time nearly exhausted and had fired one thousand rounds of ammunition per man. The Christians had suffered horrible losses from the enemy's musketry fire the havoc being more terrible among them than among the gray lines.

The lips of thousands of the men wet were encrusted with the powder from biting carti cartridges, while their hands and shoulders were coated with blood that had adhered to the butts of their muskets and rifles. The large divisions that were to relieve them now moved up to take their position and opened a galling fire as the other columns torn tottered and bleeding fell back a short distance to rearrange their shattered lines and get their meals in which they were in sad need of.

They fell fairly dropped from exhaustion. Hundreds after hundreds of dead Glandelinians or dead wounded and dying lay piled over one another or in many ranks while many of the fallen on both sides lay five or six feet deep in many places and with but few exceptions were shot in or about the head or riddled by bullets and torn to pieces by the rian rain of shells, while thousands of arms, seven hundred countermines, countless numbers of cannon fragments, shot and shell, broken foliage and scores of shattered trees were strewn about. It was the most horrible sight Bicknell had ever witnessed in his whole life but still the fierce conflict of the angle raged incessantly, the fresh divisions of Glandelinians drawing galling fires from newly discovered batteries and setting whole series of whole lines of musketry and galling guns ablaze with the discharge.

Hunsey's divisions under a rattling fire of shrapnell moved up in long lines with skirmishers well out, while Stalley a chief general officer of an artillery division arranged four active batteries to keep the Christian columns from moving around their unprotected flank, and that the brave young officers commanding seven brigades against the storm of bullets swung their divisions around to follow the bend in the Christian lines. The very air was clouded with scorching shells and storms of bullets, coming dangerously near while columns after columns were adjusting themselves from the deadly conflict. Soon Gannon's divisions were having fearful struggles which continued steadily the loss of the enemy being seven thousand every five minutes. The others however coming to the help of the Glandelinians made an attempt to secure a part of the line of works from the Angelinians but their front was attacked furiously heavy columns surging around their left with terrible fury and so they were repulsed.

Every battery man and support supporting in fantry did well and even wonders, still if it had not been for the prompt arrival of more help Bicknell whole entire line at this whole section would have been rolled up and displaced. General Catlin who had been sent in time with ten thousand men brought up his divisions as quickly as men could run or march and though Biv Bicknell's brave artillery men and other divisions succored before being forced to yield their ground, the Angelinian columns came on nevertheless cheering loudly and confident that their superior numbers would give them success. They approached to within three yards of the Glandelinian columns and firing rapidly, when a great blinding sheet of flame seemed to leap from the enemy's lines, there was a deafening and terrific roar from all their musketry and other small arms which sounded like the uproarings in "Hell" and the countless dead and wounded Angelinians lay piled up before the works but over the works surged thousands after thousands of the survivors returning the same terrific and destructive fire point blank making greater havoc than the enemy did to them. A Glandelinian color bearer while his thousands of demoralized comrades were retreating a few yards, for better cover of the ground, was charged at the defiant yell from the Angelinian columns swarming over the works, unfurled his red yellow and blue flag and swung it to the breeze but he was instantly riddled with bullets. There were many other men to grasp the pretty Glandelinian flag however but it never came back to return and wave from the very spot where its former bearer fell.

The Christians continued to advance in many big columns of deployed brigades and other armies, and it would have been great excitement to have watched this great passage of arms.

The divisions of Angelinians had seized another part of the line of trenches by the time they were able to recommence their dare-devil advance, but one of the divisions was stopped before a sort of lunette holding a score of cannon, but after bloody resistance the Glandelinians were driven from their other section of trenches but the Angelinians meeting a continuous and deadly fire of musketry and cannon from this lunette could not for a time get the guns at all, their lines being so badly battered by the terrible Glandelinian fire that they were for a time demoralized.

But despite all this some success had been made for the left of Bicknell's water had already been driven in with frightful loss in which both sides had charged back and forth from time to time amid the most horrible carnage, but at last this grand division had failed to repulse the last charge of the Christians and were driven back themselves under a heavy infiltrating withering fire.

Journals showed columns immediately drew upon it the deadly fire of a battery of eighty nine cannon, streams of shells bursting over the heads of the advancing men with indescribable rapidity. The sound of the new cannonade speedily drew Johnnie Johnson to the point of danger and immediately led a great onslaught against these batteries but fell wounded himself.

In the meantime Peewishes divisions of Omrian curdes having passed on faced about and back, Prosen's field corps and infantry on also. They each formed parallel lines of columns and met Gannon's assault with tremendous fury. Again and again Gannon went forward through the half blazing forests under a long continuous galling fire each time to run upon log barricades within sight of the very ruined bridge, and these were so thoughtfully manured by the Glandelinian defenders that to take them under this deadly fire was impossible without flanking them. Of course this meant or seemed to Gannon a succession of crushing and bloody repulses, and the losses from these Glandelinian trenches in his front, and from withering artillery fires that raked his columns like a raking machine was very heavy and inconsiderable and two of his general officers Chamberlaine and Croscina were wounded mortally and another by the name of Pyrobarine was killed right in front of the log barricades.

The fire along the Curdean line had been terrific for Gannon's assailants, but Gannon would not give up despite his losses and repulses and went at it again, while the Glandelinian fire grew so hot and deadly, that when they gained the edge of the many felled trees the many thousands that penetrated fell close to the Omrian parapets while the rest were forced to sought shelter behind the logs and rocks in rifle pits, or depressions in the ground until they could manage to fall back, having lost another general by the name of Selanilin who had been shot dead from his horse. Harklem moving with other Christian troops to Gannon's support cheered on his men and when they were forced to stop by the heavy Glandelinian fire he rallied them again and made a second vigorous effort in which he fell mortally wounded.

Darves effort was like Harklem's he meeting the same withering fire from a storm of rifle balls and shells and was eternally wounded also. But despite the fall of the two leaders the Christians managed to make a shelter also which they kept close to the Glandelinian works, and here for a while under a destructive withering fire they stayed, when suddenly more Christian columns came surging over and from the works with great noise and fury.

As to the surprised Glandelinians, many of them were protected by high piles of rails, but others had no time to barricade. Liebigmann's masses advanced successfully and with frightful fury from his right so Glandelin was still unaided by not the former armies along, but these also and frightful was the carnage.

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His fifty thousand rifle men and fifty cannon firing with utmost steadiness and amazing fury so on stopped and badly stopped and repulsed the front attack, with their incessant fire but whole whole battalions went far east of them despite the destructive artillery fire. Thomas Nelkins a creek saw them and turned twenty thousand reserves upon those advancing Angelinians and hurled seven hundred and fifty shot and shell per minute into the christian lines with his two hundred and fifty cannon sweeping the purple columns as far as the cannon would reach producing the most horrible carnage and destruction. The hostile flankers under this hostile hostile battery fire broke back in confusion.

In quick succession grey and Nelkinne received the oncoming human waves with dreadful fury, and though their ranks were shaken badly in places and even broken at other divisions supported by Gualsoes, now came up to the aid but notwithstanding all this they could not drive back the christians suffering heavy loss to themselves and the loss of ten staff officers.

It was impossible to imagine the loud booming roar of cannon and the angry flashes of musketry as the glandelinian continued to repel the assault with titian fury and with all the courage they could assume.

The whole gray line was steadily pouring in a withering cross for fire of artillery and musketry and now Cannon tried another desperate assault which soon swept away the desperate glandelinian columns, making a furious charge in double line. But in the impulse many Angelinian divisions passed beyond disorders extreme right.

Four divisions came from Donald Aurand, while inspector general Robert Bowen, led thither the three from plaine Nightlinger, armed with repeating rifles and the chief of artillery placed several batteries so as to sweep that exposed flank.

These were brought in at the right moment and after a furious and continuous discharge, the repeating rifles being remarkable in their blood bloody execution, all the group of flankers were either cut down or had sought safety in flight, under a most galling fire of artillery and repeating rifles.

At the same time the increasing roar of musketry indicated so sharp a conflict that Lieutenant general Hardee was requested to send his two brigades to keep off the christians at Sam/lilla creek and to take command there himself. These bloody collisions soon decided the titanic contest for the angle, and was a gain and again repulsed he himself being killed by a shell. A sharp engagement was occurring at the same time on the crest of another part of this line of works where the right and center joined between eddie's brigades holding that point against the troops of Angelinians fourth corps, which were attacking so furiously that it seemed to be a hellish slaughter. It was a much larger force that assailed the Glandelinian columns at the works and with great determination and fury suffering a loss proportionate to their brilliant courage and daring. Assaults as vigorous and as blood bloody and resolute were made at the same time on Amies divisions, but the glandelinian here where he fought under cover had but trifling losses in these combats while the Angelinian troops fully exposed had lost very heavy, the more because Angelinians cannot be driven back or repulsed without severe losses. All this time spirited and bloody fighting was maintained by the Angelinians on the whole front a very vigorous and bloody attack being made by Jimmie Vivians divisions, the sharp fighting continuing steadily with so much vigor that hundreds after hundreds of the assaulting christian were mowed down though thousands of the survivors pressed up to the entrenchments with great fury, and the survivors were driven back under a severe fire of grenades.

A little before one o'clock Stalwarts divisions of christians under along the main section of the Mc-Hollester run attacked Halloo's troops and this severe and bloody action continued without an intermission for an hour when the assailants were at last driven back. But the terrific rain of shot shell and canister from the eighty Angelinian field pieces and musketry of all their front ranks at short range effected heavy loss upon Helleoies men who had advanced to make a counter charge.

At this time Shoo amann seeing that Bicknell could not make any head way against his assailants sent general Abner Mc-Hollester to engage the Angelinians along the Mc-Hollester run but through a great cannonade by all of the christian artillery under Baldwin, (his main batteries at a different section) their lines of assault moved on toward the Normas Run instead of to the bridge region where he had been sent, but seeing his mistake and that now he could do nothing to repair it, he nevertheless assailed the christian works especially in the right and center with murderous murderous fury, while the divisions of Ovarian Curdes went against the other in heavy columns drawing all the fire of the christian artillery and musketry which downed them in whole thousands in a very short time. The carnage here so sudden as it was was frightful. Although suffering losses out of all proportion to those received in other divisions along the region of the Normas bridge, or which they inflicted upon the Angelinian troops the gray lines only continued to press up to the christian entrenchments furiously in many places maintaining the unequal conflict with the persevering courage of the Angelinians themselves and the two entire hostile lines as far as they extended (probably twenty miles) kept up a furious and deadly fire of artillery and musketry a hundred thousand being engaged on both sides along this point.

all points for house the Angelinians met the Glandelinian columns with great determination and courage and in great numbers keeping up a most destructive fire but Glandelinians fought very bravely as usual a usual and many thousands rushed upon the christians breastworks and parapets but many hundreds were killed in a minute by the incessant fire of artillery and musketry. But on came the waves being still in monstrous columns advancing on steadily and as resistless as an avalanche. All the guns defending the christian works kept up a fearful fire. A tremendous fire from their musketry seemed to make the works fairly blaze with the flash of shot shell canister and bullets being sent into the Glandelinian columns without causing any delay to the approaching army of glandelinians.

A few minutes more, and with a blood curdling yell the great wave of glandelinians swept along with terrific terrific fury and seemed to engulf the Angelinian columns which had so sturdily awaited it. The first terrific shock came of course upon the firmly placed divisions of Patricklin which though they had delivered a most destructive withering fire had to retire before the human waves and not without some terrible disaster.

Before the irresistible sweep of Mc-Hollesters divisions the Angelinians under Patricklin had only to take their way as best as they could under a fire to their second line of works. In that terrible wild rush and rush and friend or foe were badly intermingled, nearly seven thousand and seven hundred of the glandelinian side were killed within half an hour and twice that number of christians dead and wounded. But worse off all for the christian side the men of the divisions though they opened a destructive fire with galling guns and musketry the enemy now more like a wild wild horde of demons than an organized army did not stop even themselves on account of the hard pressure of reinforcements from the rear and though their ranks were mowed down by the score from the christian they swept up to the very second line of works with amazing fury and desperation and hardly a check from any quarter and frightful was the struggle.

Fierce was the rush and so hot the engagement that hundreds of the fleeing Angelinian officers and men dropped exhausted into a trench and lay there while the bloody bloody contest raged with tremendous fury over their heads.

On general pioxions left to the main part of the abandoned works, was ten thousand men infantry, dragons, battalions and brigades making forty and all together, but the tremendous irresistible onset, the wild yells, the whole uproar, and deafening din of the bloody running fight was too much for surprised christian forces, and as they saw their comrades from the advanced works rushing to the rear they too after a feeble resistance turned and fled the contagion spreading, there soon was a disorderly stampede of human beings running down down toward the main line of works. All the guns were abandoned the works for a considerable space of time deserted, only to be occupied a minute later by Mc-Hollesters Glandelinians who swarmed over the works despite the destructive fire opened upon them by Vivian's batteries. But it was.

At this critical juncture General Lieble had brought up his long command near the works and seeing the fearful peril ordered forward his entire divisions which deploying as they advanced were soon involved in a fierce hand to hand fight. The divisions Noro vivian had remained steadfast despite the full fury of the tremendous assault, and also rallied to the work and now a large part of Stalwoes men who had also remained firm came in and gave the enemy the hottest action they had ever had.

Lieble's horse was shot from under him and he fought on foot at the head of his column everywhere present, encouraging and cheering his men. At the same time General Melan galloped to the front as soon as possible and did all that a brave man could do until his division of twenty thousand men was reduced to five thousand men, and had to be withdrawn with the loss of three generals, Snider Jonesboro and Walter Bainter. This carnage was dreadful far exceeding that of the fighting in the region of the bridge. Many of Mc-Hollesters men in the captured works manned the guns in the works and as the christian made a fearful charge they met with greater slaughter than ever and with the death of Lieble.

However when there was nothing to hinder the fire of the Angelinians the thousands of muskets and pistols of the entire line of positions made fearful havoc among the gray lines while the christian batteries at the head of the Angelinian railroad ploughed immense furrows through the lines of the attacking foe their whole length but again and again in vain as the foe rushed up to the very edge of the works, but the immense columns of the awful withering fire never crossed them, or who ever did only as prisoners. More than ten color bearers were shot down on the parapets and it is impossible to exaggerate the fierce energy in which the glandelinian columns threw themselves against the works fighting with what seemed the very madness of despair, madly giving up their lives for the possession of these lines of works, which if captured would enable Bicknell to advance on his assailants near the bloody Normas Bridge. There was not a single breadth of wind and the dense smoke began to settle down upon the field so that after the first of the great and bloody assault was over it was impossible to see at any distance.

Through this blinding medium the glandelinian columns made assault after assault with terrific energy on a of t he christ ian generals reporting to Hanson after ward that his lijn lines had recieved as many as twenty titian energetic assaults, in four hours and a half and that it took all the desperation and fury of his men to repulse them. Where these great assaults were made the fighting was the most fiercest and the most b/ bloody of the day, and here fell many of t he glandelinian officers who a that fateful and bloody afternoon madely gave up their lives. General Harvest, Clemente and Leonda Quarrest of Sandfords corps was killed under a terrific rian of canist- a canister. Harvest's horse rode astride of the christian works under the deadly fire of canister and shot and shell and he himself pitched headlong into the christian line the fragment of a shell tearing his heart a d intestines clean out.

General Schroeder of the same corps under Sandfords, was severely wounded by bullet bullets and canister and Sandfords also was wounded severely though with bandages around his legs head and arm still retained his cool command leading and cheering on his men despite the pain of the severe wounds. Quinnett and Aethe were killed near the Angeline railroad during one of the bloody charges, while Hoffman who was in danger of being captured fell riddled by canister inside the works at the white heat of the contest. Through all this not a christian officer had fallen. The heaviest loss in all the Glandelinian divisions engaged in this titanic conflict was in the right wing of Mc-Hollesters columns and of the long expected reinforcements stationed at the right of those columns which had forced the line of christians at that point at the loss of tenthousands in killed. At the first of this great assault and which caused the christian who were surprised and overwhelmed to break and run, and then to rapidly change front and hold against the foe with indescribable stubbornness was where the terrible losses in general officers occurred.

While this desperate battle for the possession of these works was going on General Busby had crossed over from the main line with his divisions some distance west of the works where the Christian columns were pouring in a terrific fire of artillery and gathling guns, with the evident purpose of getting Wilcox's works on the christian left, but Walsh and Zeta by general Casals directions which fell upon t he christians with such vigor and stubborness that after a merciless fight forced Wilcox's christian columns to retire were also killed. Despite all this havoc the Glandelinians kept up the fierce attack with indescribable fury and with such fury and desperation that after two hours more after bloody fighting in which both sides suffered heavy loss drove back the christians under Hanson himself, but as the main line still hi held its works Mc-Hollester crashed his main columns upon them in a more fierce and bloody attack in which seventy thousand were reduced to twenty and then all the christian line gave way but in good order. But as Mc-Hollester was also badly wounded the enemy did not at lemp to follow these successes off occuring at three thirty.

The Glandelinians armies at the Normas bridge had also been successful by this time the carnage all along the line of battle being beyond describing Hanson alone reporting a loss of One hundred thousand at the or during the assaults on the ridges and seventy thousand for the second ridge which the Angelinians under Hindernine had tired to carry. Along the chrit christian lines assaulted by the Glandelinians under Mc-Hollester over ninty thousand christians had fallen, the entire loss being two hundred and sixty thousand in killed and wounded.

It was certainly a terrible battle for such an early part of the war and showed that a titanic war had come, that if is if Glandelinian meant to really show her adversary fiercer resistance as the war progressed. Bicknell himself lost one hundred and fifty thousand in the engagement at the bloody angle ninety six thousand in holding the two ridges, and in the on onslaught made by Mc-Holleston about ninety nine thousand, making a total loss of about three hundred and forty five thousand.

Hanson was not discouraged because he had failed in his attempts, and declared that as he had strong forces yet and that as more were coming that he was bound to win this titanic struggle even if it lasted two months.

"I'm not going to let those Glandelinians capture the city of Jennie-Wren even if it cost me my own life and the annihilation of the whole army." Was what he said. "They freed themselves from the Angelinian governments many hundreds of years ago in a quarrel between the two parts over the subjects of Popes. We had our Popes and then they thought that two Popes would make the nation better, but the government knew that it was wrong and refused to have this done. Then these traitorous Angelinians rebelled."

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 rebelled got free and now think themselves the strongest of all nations because of
 their victorious wars on other nations weaker than themselves, and make us war on them
 over that old child labor question in Calverinia. And they say what have we got to
 about it? The Glandelinians have done this to show off as we can all see and besides
 look at their chief general: Cam Calmann Shoemann. He makes poor Bicknell do all the
 fighting while he himself has an easy time of it. I don't see why Bicknell fights
 fights for them anyway, as he is no Glandelinian, only a Protestantian, and is very
 foolish to fight against a nation who he knows or ought to know befriended Protestants
 so much in all her troubles."

and her sisters had done all they could for the wounded during the awful fight, not sharing in these unequal struggles as they were too horrible and anguishing; they had witnessed the whole proceeding anyway in their works of mercy to the wounded and dying, and they had declared that all the slaughters in the horrid prison of the American prisoners was only a child's play compared to this. Indeed never before they saw anything like this before, and to save their lives they could not stay in the number of dead and wounded if it took them five weeks. All the works inside and outside and also on top was fairly packed with the mangled dead and wounded, every way to down to even the Angelina and other rivers, and along the banks of the river the ground was strewn with piles of dead and wounded, the dead being all cut up beyond recognizing, and having all kinds of wounds. In some places the blood was three inches thick, and the bodies themselves were besmeared with blood. It was indeed a sad sight to even see countless numbers of guns and pistols praying for the dead, and giving the wounds to the wounded and dying. Even for some strange unknown reason children had been lying among the dead Christian soldiers, having no doubt risked their lives for their fathers, and many women knelt over their dead husbands, who had lived in the threatened city, while wail after wail went up in an incessant chorus. Every one who heard heard it. Mothers lay besides their dead children, and sons, praying and weeping bitterly.

War, wreckage caused by the awful contest was strewn about, countless numbers of the dead fallen torn down by bursting shells. Many ammunition carriages, and with many broken cannons, and innumerable bells were seen on the earth caused by bursting shells and high explosives. The smoke of the contest had closed at four o'clock sharp still hung in thick fog clouds over the city. To look upon this was enough to make any one weep for it presented a most dismal and mournful stillness and preceded the deafening din of the Titanic struggle, only broken by the groans of the wounded, and the wails of the broken hearted. The struggle I had lasted for two days and on the second day ended with a truce at half past four, and not until after did the work of mercy to the wounded and dying began, and once all the hands in the neighboring towns to reach of the enemy was killed with wounded, and even hundreds of thousands were put up were filled with them.

There were flowers, the sunlight grew,
The day of youth, the day of love,
The day of change and hope, the day of age,
The garden of earth, embellished with art,
Some of our best and noblest traditions.

Abstract

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The enemy opened upon the christians with all the artillery could bring to bear, the entire column making preparations to meet the threatening onslaught, from the divisions coming against them. The venturesome Angelinian columns had borne down all furious opposition and with closed up ranks came bounding along in a furious rush. At a point of a few yards from the advancing column the ground was cut by a ravine, and from there it rose to a very gentle grade up to the very line of breastworks. The advancing troops reserved their fire while the double rank of glandelinians boldly mounted up to the top of the breastworks, and blazed away with all their firearms. The foremost assailants scattered, the main line however came on defiantly. The stern resistance of the Angelinians or glandelinians again stirred up the tiger fierceness of the Angelinians. The glandelinian batteries opposite the works on the other line of the angle, gave the glandelinians a fierce response, and the advancing column now within easy range, sent the glandelinians a storm of minute balls. The very air between the two lines was full of shells, which on account of the long fuses did not explode in the air but fell about the works, like a hail of shot. The fuses going on in the air would be seen in the air at once with pathway directly over the angle of works, and many times they fell about like footballs, or bounced along the parapets, and landed in every distance. But it was not long when the Angelinian guns got the r engaged then their valleys became a scene of carnage.

About five glandelinians were saluting a flag on the centre of one of their breastworks, when suddenly a gun, gang, shell as big round as a small wagon wheel and three times the length of a wagon wheel there by the power of a big dynamite machine gun, exploded on the north and with a tremendous detonation burst for miles and throwing up a column of dirt, fragments of wreckage, and smoke clouds for the height of a probably even hundred feet. A score of men twenty hundred yards from the mighty explosion, were hurled headlong up into the air by the concussion, and swarms to say they were killed, but three urgent generals, and five thousand five hundred men were killed, seventy yards away from the explosion and their bodies badly mangled by the heavy fragments, and two thousand two hundred more who stood near the flag blowing away at the Angelinians were blown to earth or buried in earth, while five hundred more were mortally wounded. Because of the soldiers who saluted the flag, well--let it go at that. This was the work of one gang-gang-shell doing terrible havoc like this to eight thousand two hundred and five human beings, tearing things up in the walls of the breastworks, making a crater in the ground, and hurling the shattered fragments and the disabled flag to the distance of a thousand yards and hurling a hole in the ground two thousand feet wide, and nearly three hundred feet deep. Before the five hundred wounded men could be removed, a second shell, a bomb-shell this time exploded in their midst, wounding a score more, and killing through the charging column were now within three or ten yards from the works, and now all the cannon blazed away furiously. Each man concentrated momentary death upon those charging columns by their destructive firing was equal for the main line of christians, and only increased the fury of their artillery through the Angelinian poured in a storm of shot and shell, and had forty seven men mortally wounded sending as many back in a valley, and at that time the rebels in possession of the works received its full complement of shells. Within of picknells battery had both his arms torn off by the burst of a gun. While he was sighting a gathering general General Gannon, Johnell relieved him, and boldly mounted the gun carrying with glass in hand. A few more destructive rounds then left the piece with a lieutenant general with instructions to continue working it on the elevation just set, while he went to prepare his batteries for fierce action. The lieutenant general leaped upon the gun staging, when another another crash which resounded far and wide, blowing the gun and carriage to pieces, killing a hundred men two hundred feet away from it, wounding twice as many, ripping gaps in the works and leaving nine men out of the daring lieutenant general, whose remains with many others lay in the four hundred crater foot crater torn in the ground by the high explosive. The assaulting Angelinian column was preceded, by thousands of sharpshooters who moved down the glandelinian defenders by the severe but as the assaulting column reached the works, they broke and fell back, under the withering fire of the glandelinian cannon and musketry. The Angelinian column sought along the advanced works of the line for shelter from the terrible withering fire, and succeeding began to pour in a terrible fire of their own, plumb into the rebel column, and also gaining on their rear works. They now began to think of their bayonets. The outpost supports of the enemy had by this time been driven back, their flags had been shot away by the christian fire, and all the colors of their main positions were down, and to make matters worse a long range of christian batteries on a bluff near the Angelinian railroad began to tear a rain of shot and shell into the works. The boldest of the christians still advanced, picknells holding his fire for the last emergency. Suddenly the main column columns heavily reinforced dashed toward the glandelinians but the works seemed to suddenly blaze, and whole masses were cut down, but the survivors pressed on furiously, running a regular gauntlet of guns which had cross and inflicting range, and now the carnage was dreadful. The rebels however made a demonstration to show the christian columns that their fire was still there. The christian columns responded to the call of the rebels.

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The fear of artillery and musketry waxed louder but still on swept the daring christians the gunners on each side sighting the true situation of their positions increasing the tremendous firing and soon the discharge of artillery and musketry became terrific. It was the ground for such engagements and general carnage had witnessed hundreds of desperate christian charges but none of peculiar as these. The whole space of rolling surface before the front line attack and the second near the works was fairly raked and dominated by the glandelinian and christian guns. As the immense columns of Angelinians came on despite the havoc in their ranks all of the glandelinian guns opened on the christians with increased fury while the christian guns back of the work took part and swelled the deafening cannonade to a warfare of titans. The air was clouded with bursting shells poured also from the christian guns who opened with all of their available pieces pieces on the works and became impossible for the glandelinian defenders to move safely within the works as the shells were clashing together and bursting all about them. Early raining fragments and every man would have been ground to earth had been forced to move away from the sheltering walls of their breastworks parapets.

Open plains where the christian columns were charging offered no shelter for scores of mortar bombs came upon them almost perpendicular while their ranks were being continually swept by grape and canister. Trees swept down by the irresistible mass of shells, and gun carriages were hurled to earth. The columns of christians under Gannon at the left fared better, than did the other columns. The heaviest glandelinian guns pounded incessantly to reduce them by ploughing scores of gaps in their massive ranks, and their projectiles ploughed the embankments of the christian breastworks, tossing the logs and sandbags as though they were feathers. The glandelinians were determined to drive back the Angelinian columns at all costs, so these brave christian columns were the targets of more guns than had concentrated upon more than one point of assault during the opening of the second tremendous battle. Here for once after all the previous day of carnage was a realization of the grand and terror of the fierce war. The christians it was no longer a question of forging ahead, but of pulling back out of the bloody net into which they had plunged so recklessly. Other fortified glandelinian batteries defended all the works at this while where on picknells runs also ranks also shattered by the christian fire. As spread the glandelinian artillery reserves stationed between the line of batteries created on a perfectly unbroken chain of cannon barring christian advance toward the railroad lines. Supporting all the guns was a line of eighty thousand infantry just gathered hastily from the front and left and covering every avenue of advance.

The retreating christian lines were swept through and through by one of the most destructive withering fires. The rifle and mortar batter and sharpshooters in the massive glandelinian ranks took for a target the forward wing of the recoiling christian troops the murderous fire being poured into these columns with cruel effect, and the Angelinian troops began to scramble back to their main lines, the advance columns covering their retreat, while shells were dropping all about them and killing them by masses. Men at that time brought up all the shells and canister needed making a gauntlet in which the christian columns were retreating through a hail of bloody and merciless slaughter. Picknells mind however sickened as he witnessed it all. The poor victims were not only fighting but were struggling bravely between life and home and for the helpless woman and children the Pope in the stricken city. The christian officer Gannon himself on a horse rode out under the range of picknells guns and attempted to rally the confused masses. He soon wheeled about with fifteen thousand men. He drew entire confused division out of the range as the main columns of picknells prepared for a main and final advance, halted them, and formed for a charge to silence those fatal guns, and to capture the works. In the meantime other columns of Angelinians about fifty thousand in number arrived, and this great movement was distinctly seen by the glandelinians under picknells who continued to hammer at the christians while the christian once more formed besides the works and the battle which had slackened a little before went on with increasing fury, the cannonade sounding like a volcano in action. The large columns of the storming party moved only on the main part of the works as if determined to avoid contact with picknells destructive guns, but the glandelinian muskets were well aimed and new ranks were thinned out terribly with every murderous discharge. The assaulting column crossed the ravines under a withering fire and twenty of their officers fell while hundreds of the Angelinians near Gannon who was unhurt and the second great spasm of the christian battle ended though gradually the Angelinian masses who were still within glandelinian sight and who had not fallen back being annihilated because they would not surrender.

The Angelinians under Baldwin in the meantime had not been idle. He had brought a new battery from his left to bear upon the breastworks while he prepared to lead his own columns to a fierce assault. Special attention was given to the long line of Glandelinian artillery but for some reason or other the Glandelinian artillery and musketry could not be silenced and the terrific storm of shells canister and minnie only continued to increase. The firing on the works itself was now incessant and murderous and it was so heavy a withering fire of canister and solid shot as if continually poured upon a single objective line of works and now more divisions of men started forward to make a desperate charge moved by the right flank and soon eighteen thousand charged with the most tremendous and irresistible fury toward the works which were still in the hands of the foe, yelling like that many demons. The terrific fire along the entire line of the enemy was becoming more incessant and destructive and indescribably severe which the Christians were subjected to especially from the enemy's deadly infantry searching fire in front and partly in the whole left flank as they charged. A field officer of one of the Glandelinian divisions in the hardest of the engagement seized a stand of colors as he saw his immense gray columns falling when they met the shock of the Christian attack and mounting the very biggest portions of the breastworks waved the brilliantly colored flag defiantly and zealously amid the frightful storm of shot shell and canister but the gallant general Frander Lookvenbar by name fell riddled with bullets from the top of the works. For two hours the Glandelinians kept up the awful withering fire against the Christian columns who charged again and again in heavy masses soon driving the purple coats back with the most heaviest losses. When this second great charge of the Christians was repulsed all the Glandelinians cheered deafeningly, while the Christian generals and downcast and sullen withdrew their crippled divisions one of the generals shaking his fist at the Glandelinians as he yelled; "This is not all yet and if you do not believe it I'll make you infernal human fiends."

Hanson from his points of observation saw these Christian columns falling back and so Baldwin was preparing for a fiercer and grander attack and joined by general Underlines survivors, he himself being at their head, made a furious advance in double column and was not the enemy surprised when they saw monstrous columns of the Angelinians again advancing to make the third attack, and though they opened a more fearful fire with their cannons and small arms to hinder the charge of the purple lines, they nevertheless continued to advance extending their lines for over five miles and advancing steadily, despite the withering fire that was poured upon them. The advancing columns came on with the same tremendous fury as before and it seemed that nothing could stop them now. Their right wing was in advance of their left and center where Gonsce Picknell was in person commanding his own Glandelinian troops whom the Christians rushed toward with seeming irresistible fury but in the face of such a sudden destructive fire they met the front columns dissolved as fast as each volley was discharged. It was awful and never before had they met such a destructive fire, but though being mowed down in so many masses the survivors still came on with the same tremendous fury while the right and center was advancing toward the left and right wing of the foe holding the region of the bridges. On and on came the great number of survivors returning a resounding withering fire all along their own line of advance now. Nearer and nearer they approached while the Glandelinian batteries on the nearest ridge which had been silent before now opened simultaneously a most severe and destructive fire, causing more terrible havoc and carnage. But with formation unbroken they still came on furiously and attacked the Glandelinians defending the front line of works and after a sharper engagement drove them out, pressing on with great fury and fearful force toward the main angle of works defended by Picknell's men. The right wing which was far in advance of the left and center now reached the line of works under Picknell and threw themselves heavily against the gray lines, and fearful was the struggle and fearful was the carnage. The artilillery on the works and from several other Glandelinian batteries did their best to increase the carnage as the Christians swarmed up to the works and the Gmarians who were swarming to general Picknell's support against the Christian assaults did their best to hold the right wing of the Christians at bay but it seemed of no use at all. The more they moved down the more came on and after a furious and bloody hand to hand struggle on the works the Glandelinians were indeed driven back for nearly a mile covering the ground with their dead and wounded.

But the other wings of the enemy had held their ground against assaults that came on with the fury of angry seas on a breakwater and which caused the works and ground all along the line to be filled up with the dead and wounded of both sides. The Angelinians along this point had made a series of most frightful attacks but whole regiments were swept out of existence, and Baldwin

demonstration to show the Christian columns that their fire was still there.

himself was severely wounded, and though general Gannon was also wounded he was able to retain his command having narrowly escaped death during the frightful carnage.

Other leaders taking their places kept up the furious attacks but Germaine was badly wounded and his division badly shattered. Gannon who had fully went into this assault received a second wound, but rallying his shattered troops he so soon swept forward again and though his columns succeeded in capturing a line of works near the enemy's main line of positions near the bridge he was killed. Hanson himself was wounded as he had himself made a terrific onslaught and succeeded in driving back the center of the Glandelinians, but rallying the Glandelinians made a fearful counter charge with frightful fury, but this crushing charge was also repulsed by the Glandelinians, who fairly cut the enemy's lines to pieces, and thus enabled the Christians to capture nearly the entire angle of works. One wing of the foe still held the angle immediately in front of the bridge, making one irresistible counter charge after another only to be repulsed each time with awful loss.

Yet and her sisters had seen some of these engagements at certain periods and never had the Angelinians or Glandelinians even who charged back and forth so many times seen braver children, who would in the face of the hot fire of the enemy's fire stand boldly upon the top of the Christian works and wave the regimental flags throughout the series of engagements and without a single scratch. Their beauty and bravery had had at times and even the most human and righteous of the Glandelinians who would almost any circumstances fiercely oppose the butchering of children and these Glandelinians being enraged so fiercely that most of their fire was purposely directed at the children but they were not hit. Luck to their guardian angels who had placed protection over the little ones. Five times nearly a score of hundreds of these very good Gmarians were enraged over the bravery of the Gmian girls had charged with the masses and vehemence of the superhuman giants with the determination of twisting violet and her sisters with their colors, and only were shot to pieces by a horrible storm of grape and canister shot.

They had also ran great risks during the maddened engagements to attend the wounded and dying and once Violet was almost hit by a sniper in a tree which she happened to see in time and who she brought down dead with a good shot. This second contest for the angle of the works had been equally as bloody as the first and during the time it raged the rest of the Christian lines were getting ready for the main action of the day, for the enemy also was getting ready to make a final attack on the whole Christian line, which had decided defeat or victory of the other and for this reason the assault had been made against the works on the angle with both heavy columns of men and masses of strong batteries of cannon for Hanson Gmian knew that if he could take the angle there was no use of fighting any more for he would only lose.

THE FINAL CONTEST OF THE DAY AND HOW IT RESULTED.....

After this terrific struggle seemed to cease for a while the lull had lasted for only an hour the conflict having raged in the morning from twenty to eight till nearly eleven o'clock. By this time immense columns of nearly hundred thousand Angelinians were now formed for the fierce and final assault, general Gannon having given orders to his officers that the bridges must be carried at all costs. This whole force of Christians had made preparations since the second struggle for the angle and they were already armed which had taken all this time the conflict raged their front having extended to about four miles and as they began to move steadily forward toward a thrill of admiration passed through Violet and her sisters, and then they gave the warning that large columns of the enemy was also advancing, by means of the flag signals. The Angelinian officers saw the signals at their signal stations on the hills and ordered one of their wings to stand with might and main and not to recoil unless commanded to do so. Toward the Glandelinians had in the meantime seen the Christians advancing, and they also halted, but the main columns of the Christians continued on a perfect avalanche of rushing human beings. Picknell's lines were composed mostly of veterans, and infantry and battalion divisions who had been singled out by Calamun Shoemann to lead the van of the whole of the Glandelinian army which had now been given orders to repel this final

attack of the christians, and did not advance themselves..... As the large columns in purple advanced in splendid style and formidable array all of the guns of the christian batteries on the ridges facing the enemy suddenly opened with a deafening titanic uproar, and the glandelinian columns which had stopped advancing were grouped in the midst of the very jaws of death and seeing their men going down in thousands they made a rapid and swift recoil. The artillery fire of the christian line which supported the charging columns increased to a titanic warfare of titans but it did not in the least effect the other columns of glandelinians and though the most withering tempest of artillery storm mowed them down in very columns they would not yield their ground or give way, but just the same it was a question for general cornsack picknell the main leader whether their own immense lines of defense could resist the irresistible onslaught of those most firm and compact Angelinian forces who were now coming on more furiously as the glandelinian batteries were not as yet in action and surely it seemed as if the first heavy blow was moving toward Cannanias h one hundred thousand Omarians, while the other assaulting columns began to bend to their own left for some strange reason, and soon these came first before general Mc-Hollister one hundred and ninety thousand men. He was faced by three hundred thousand advancing christians. As the glandelinian batteries were still inactive the christians went on yelling fiercely.

The glandelinians under general Mc-Hollister had very little ammunition and so were in no haste to waste it especially in such a desperate situation and so they allowed the large christian columns to advance so near their line of works on the summit of the ridge that they were within point blank range and this indeed gave the glandelinians the chance to pour forth a well directed and destructive fire with all their musketry at once and whole divisions dissolved before it, and now these immense christian columns being already torn tottered and bleeding with masses of their dead and wounded comrades in piles and windrows where they had fallen were suddenly under a most destructive withering storming fire of ten or twelve batteries of machine guns from the long works behind and the christian line was torn in pieces completely and recoiled in wild panic.

The main columns however under Shoemann and picknell managed to hold their lines still more firmly but on and on pressed the christian columns at this section, the heaviest fire suddenly opened not being able to check them, and soon the two immense divisions began to incline more to general picknell's left and now advanced with murderous fury straight on the main line, and as these hostile columns were now within twenty yards of the glandelinian front and far overlapping their own rear the entire christian line under Hanson and the other cannon met a destructive fire of artillery and musketry which was simultaneously opened upon them, and just as simultaneously many whole regiments went down completely into dead and wounded.

The destruction of the christian columns was something terrible, but well directed the aim the response was more furious and deafening and now the battle resembled a contest between two hordes of all the nations of the world that could be engaged in a battle at once. Down went the glandelinian defenders themselves in dead and wounded by the thousand every fifteen minutes at that. A great and terrific swing was made by the other advancing christian columns which reached the glandelinian right after the terrific repulse that had the effect of flinging these four hundred and fifty thousand Angelinian troops against Calmann Shoemann's divisions and the result was with the most murderous loss for both sides. Shoemann's men opened a very severe fire on these christian lines which was also commanded by Galle and Andrew Schumann these two christian generals however going down mangled and bleeding.

All the christian batteries were now in position and while from the Glandelinian cannon on the heights a regular cannon tempest was frightful and added by the storm of bullets and canister. This horrible and unequal withering fire fell all at once upon the great columns of Hanson's main line of assault commanded by another leader called Meldonia Picknell which were badly torn and severely despatched. They for a time became terror stricken for Picknell's Angelinians broke into terrible confusion and began to also recoil in a panic but picknell soon rallied them and in spite of the dreadful artillery fire which was mowing down their thousands at every step Picknell's countless survivors encouraged by Shoemann's daring repelled the other picknell with all their strength, but the Angelinians were now close to the works and all its defenders after delivering a last deadly fire for the time being were compelled to fall back, their generals, Purfrey Sweeney and Nolen being killed as the christians came rushing up, while Donald Hanson who repelled the other christian line was severely wounded with his two aids general Dargins and Connie, while cornsack picknell who was at had

tried to rally the retreating glandelinian columns saw his best officer go down mangled and bleeding as the men were reformed and together while generals Patrick Johnston and Gustav Hendon were also killed as they mounted the breastworks to view the scene a little better and get better sight for their men. The monstrous columns of the Angelinians under general Hanson Vivian and Picknell now swarmed over the breastworks on the summit and planted their torn and tattered battle flags on parapets and now the conflict became fierce and terrible it being a hand to hand fight of scores of thousands of men on both sides facing each other and fighting with all their courage for the possession of the works and here cornsack picknell himself was wounded: All the clothes of the fiercely fighting soldiers were actually buried with the powder of so many bridges and shells exploding. Hundreds of the glandelinian cannoners stubbornly refusing to retire were assailed and slain by the furious Angelinians while the rest of the main line of christians inspired by the bravery of Shoemann and Meldonia Picknell who took cornsack's place continued to stand their ground against the christians paying no attention to the terrific fire from the christian artillery and musketry they had to endure along with repelling the desperate assault, but the Angelinians had and the right wing under general Henry Brooklington and Gunning Swearing back with the slightly wounding of these two commanders, and then the general Picknell went down mangled and bleeding. Never before did general have such a fearful time in the arts of war and he swore that he never engage in another battle for the scenes were too horrible for him to witness.

Divisions of the christians with bloodcurdling yells dashed on toward his columns bayonetting hundreds who still opposed them and advancing with the force of a great avalanche against his columns despite the desperate resistance the glandelinians kept up. As the Angelinians were pressing general James Roberts columns of glandelinians back with frightful loss Shoemann forced in despair to hurry up his main reserves, and then as general Jennings was wounded he had to place general Ballings in his place and while the conflict increased in horrible fury and while his lines still hard pressed he also fell severely wounded, regiment after regiment of his army being swept out of existence. Fiercer and fiercer became the struggle which had already raged for four hours and the most terrible slaughter and still on came the furious Angelinians, Shoemann and his ordered columns now standing their ground with such great stubbornness that more frightful was the slaughter of his columns columns and two more generals James Cannon and John Scanlon were killed while general was wounded in the head. From the right of the main woods the Angelinians were advancing with the same velocity and indeed the woods were swarming thickly with the advancing columns of purple coats already thrown forward in many huge divisions and rushing on swiftly and themselves upon Shoemann's army in the most heavy waves. The Angelinian troops under picknell were continually coming from an open glen these christian assailants pressing him harder and harder, and the foremost of the Angelinians after keeping up a persistent galling fire which dealt still awful destruction among the christian columns lost two more and they being Hanson Sniderine and Nedrick Caltonia who were instantly killed by a bursting shrapnell shell above them.

The glandelinians knowing themselves that the christians were not checked were becoming disheartened over their own frightful losses and the surviving generals and other glandelinian officers could see by the gleam of fixed bayonets through the thick sea of smoke that scores of thousands more were coming on to impale their men. The christian came on the glandelinians knowing by the reflection of their bayonets that the Angelinians were not checked in the least. Shoemann who had been in many wars and who was over eighty years old was having the worse contest he had ever engaged in in his whole life, and the many columns of Angelinians had already reached one of the ancient second line of works on one of the ridges the conflict steadily grew fiercer the advancing christians under picknell seemed to fairly increase in numbers, fairly hewing their way through great barricades of trees despite the withering fire that was poured upon them, and at this moment five great christian generals Richardson Halstedine, Bone, Ollis, Omar Vivienne, Meldon Angelinic, and Meldon Hyone going down mangled and bleeding almost at one time.

The glandelinians kept hammering away with all their firearms and cannon increasing their dreadful fire with appalling rapidity mowing the christians down in ranks at every volley, and wounding the general Picknell among them. Shoemann had now rode up to general Randsonia Picknell his general in chief amid the flying shot and shell and remarked;

"If you can only check the advance of the christians here the desperate fighting of your army would decide the contest."

"But I cannot check these furiously advancing christians at all general." He gave answer. "They have got the best of us now as I can see, and worse of all are advancing against us all in overwhelming numbers."

"Well let it be a fight to the end." Answered Shoemann slauting.

"But do not retreat unless necessary and not unless the other wings fail to hold out."

With this he galloped back to his own command while the titanic roar of the glandelinian cannon continued without intermission and regular streams of shot and canister crashed through the solid christian columns dealing the most awful havoc continually and not even a lull or intermission was in the deafening and terrific roar of musketry itself and the smoke became so thick that the Angelinians themselves could not see the effects of their own withering fire, and neither could the enemy see the effects of their fire, though they knew the Angelinians were still advancing steadily and it seemed all in vain to check them.....

No change had come whatever, the situation had only remained the same and not even a slight pause was in the tremendous onslaught, and now three more christian generals fell dead, Jos Jrensin Wesley, Hank Webster, and Frank Wiley, while ten of them George Hackers, Johnston Curry Ponder, Francis Handrop Handroe, Temiedie, Bayonnie Julio Bel penligan and Julice Bengling fell wounded. Many of the Angelinian columns had fallen already before the tremendous fire of the enemy but on came the survivors with fixed bayonets while two of their other leading generals Julio Gallio and Gammonia Franklin fell severely wounded. On and on rushed these christian columns despite the loss of their leaders and reaching the advanced works of the glandelinians they fairly hurled themselves against the massive gray columns with the most tremendous fury but were hurled back pell-mell with the loss of three other generals Alfred Nolan, Henry Cannon, and Ganley Johnson while at the same time five glandelinian officers general standard, Genene, Meldorfe, Woodroff and Carl Stallen were killed.

The Angelinians who were driven back rallied at the approach of the main columns and opened an insidious fire which mowed fearful gaps in the enemys lines and then the immense columns came on again in human waves defiant of the awful destruction among their own lines and already once again the huge purple columns swarmed toward Shoemanns main lines though masses of them were mowed down as fast as they came, with three more generals in killed, those being Calmann, Calmann George White, and Henry Reeling. The glandelinians were having a harder fight than before and steadily the christians under Leonia Calmann were advancing with yells that would beat the very shrieks of the demons themselves. Shoemann was filled with indescribable amazement as he saw how steadily the Angelinians were advancing, and though he himself was exposed to the christian fire he recklessly held his perilous position in front of his great columns and ordered them to fire away for all they were worth. The enemys fire still tore scores of horrible gaps in the lines of christians but the christians closed them as quickly as they appeared, and with fierce yells of rage, defiance, revenge, and in monstrous columns kept on advancing, angered at white heat at the stubborn resistance of the glandelinians, and were madly compelled to advance to gain the victory on the glandelinians at all costs.

The christian ranks were now dissolving like snow before the enemys fire, the carnage being horrible but again the christians as before closed up the gaps and continued the attack with still greater fury. While lawns and plains stretching for miles were already strewn with piles of dead and wounded and also two lanes of orchards and four cornfields already have been havoocked with the glandelinian fire were fairly swarming with the dead and wounded Angelinians.

Whole masses still went down by the score before that dreadful galling fire yet the woods on the slopes of Molans ridge filled with the advancing Angelinians was being swept by the terrific artillery fire which split the trees by the hundreds with the storm of bursting shells, but the christian survivors were not being checked and the glandelinians at the left of the line though giving the most stern resistance were soon being swept back the christians attacking them with the most greatest fury. Shoemanns columns were doing their utmost to mow them down but despite the fury and fierceness fierceness with which they held their works they could not seem to stop the great and onward progress of the christian columns which were already making a clean sweep of one of his main grand divisions, while the christian batteries were themselves thundering with ever increasing and more tremendous fury while scores of shells nearly every moment were bursting among the glandelinians works killing men and wounding them in the most frightful numbers.....

Shoemanns disgust and surprise he saw the awful columns of christians swarming toward his center in one whole place and those monstrous columns rushed on toward his lines to make a merciless attack the whole stretch of woods on that part of the gentle grade of the slope being fairly purple with the oncoming men in the terrific glandelinian fire extending along his whole line and yet though the fire mowed them down in very columns the many survivors rushed on bravely and this did certainly look very discouraging to the enemy for the christian survivors were or seemed to be reinforced and advancing in more heavier columns, gaining more steadily, and it seemed possible to check them even a moment and his center was now being pressed back, the Angelinians advancing with still greater vigor and speed.

In the open spaces in the woods on the summit to his main right were now swarming with the Angelinian columns who were indeed pressing forward with the irresistible force and the whole battle field seemed as if it was becoming like a blasting volcanic crater of great length but of narrow width it seemed to be filled with great moving streams in purple forcing itself against the gray masses who were trying to resist it. The monstrous columns were seemingly advancing all from one direction and to the glandelinians it seemed all the more impossible to resist them though Shoemann was throwing all the reserve reserves he could spare at this point of the line. The faces of the glandelinians were red with excitement and as his whole line was in danger of being pressed Shoemann threw his reserves upon this also and so the center held its ground more stubbornly than it had done before while seemingly from everywhere the column of Angelinians swarmed over Shoemanns line and the struggle became so fearful and the losses so awful that from that day those ridges were known as the hills of blood. The glandelinians before this horrible charge had been fully prepared for self-defense, but so steady was the pressure of the christian onslaught that his whole center yielded at last and the glandelinians fell behind their works first and then went down the slopes slowly the works fairly swarmed with the dead and wounded and seemingly barrels of blood lay over the top of the breastworks and on the battle field. The last line of the christians now emerged from the woods below which were also completely filled with the many thousands of dead and wounded which lay in many heaps and windrows, while over the works on Shoemanns center the Angelinian columns rushed, but the other wing adjoining poured in a fire that mowed them down in whole line. General Shoemanns, Cornsack Picknells, and Hanson Picknells glandelinians were suffering terribly from the heavy attacks of the christians, and were nearly played out, while the struggle between Shoemanns and his assailants was more horrible and persistent than before and whole regiments on both sides were swept into eternity, but yet the struggle raged, and it seemed to Shoemann and his officers that their own lines could not hold their ground much longer though fresh forces were already supporting them.

The Angelinians had already seized nearly all of the works on his main center, and though their ranks had been mowed down seemingly at every volley the Angelinians had indeed made unchecked advances, while the wings assailing the center and Aronburg were coming on with the same tremendous fury and soon the foremost were within three hundred yards, and though general Aronburgs glandelinians plowed the christian lines through and through with their artillery and musketry fire which filled the air with dense wreaths of shot, the Angelinians were still attacking and soon both sides closed in a terrific collision hand to hand. After a bloody hand to hand contest Shoemanns left wing was rolled up along with Aronburgs divisions with shattered lines driven back with the loss of over one quarter of this three hundred men, and for Shoemann nearly all of his staff officers had already fallen. The Angelinians assailing Shoemanns left were coming on at tremendous rush and at every deafening discharge of cannon and musketry several large gaps were seen in the christian line, the columns being torn by the awful withering fire, but every time they closed up their torn torn and bleeding line and came on with the same fury and soon the survivors were lying over the works amid the dreadful carnage.

Back and forth both the purple and gray lines surged and the fury of the fight became a regular slaughter, but the whole of the left wing mowing the works was soon rolled up with the most heavy loss and driven down the other side of the slope; the works being captured and the guns being turned upon the recoiling enemy. The heavy volleys roared incessantly, the heavy detonations of the gang-gang shells seemed to split the earth, and clouds of smoke, storms of bullets, and smaller shells, sharpshooters, canister and cannon balls fell like torrents of hail among the retreating masses, and whole

divisions seemed to dissolve before this terrible death and destruction. The immense christian columns still came on the winner. Indeed it was hearts heartrending, and Shoemann had tears in his eyes as he witnessed the retreat of his left and center, and of the dreadful scene of carnage. The landelinian glandelinians under general randonnon now steadily fell back, and just as steadily did the Angelinian columns follow despite the terrific slaughter on their own side. The landelinians indeed seemed to be getting the worse of it but nevertheless this situation reminded the foe that they must fight harder if they had any expectations of winning this bloody battle.

From the rear of Shoemanns remaining wing which still stood its ground came the tremendous roar of cannon trained upon their flank and the sudden roar of musketry at an a new and unexpected quarter. More stubbornly shoemanns men stood their ground using the dead bodies for breastworks while thousands reloading their guns within rag range of the attacking forces waited for the to come close up when they were all shot down or galled by the bayonet bayonets being exposed too much to the awful fire. As the enemy kept up the violence of their deadly fire, the Angelinians were amazed, while the poor glandelinians were themselves amazed to see a more monstrous column of Angelinians swarming forward at such a rush that their flank was fully exposed, while every abandoned line of breastworks were swarming with the Angelinian victors. Shoemanns entire line for the moment now seemed entirely hidden by a pall of smoke as the landelinians opened a general fire with all their muskets and cannon had they had brought up to use, but the Angelinians despite all this continual havoc were pushing their way stubbornly over the well defended works, while Shoemanns men were vainly striving to check them.

All of a sudden from the main line of christians, and from behind the glandelinians still holding their ground there came a terrific yell that was most earsplitting and great monstrous columns of the other Angelinians came rushing on from these points, placing this wing of the enemy between two withering fires, while the Angelinians in front now came on in a headlong rush the glandelinians under general jacob obstinate being the only ones who did not give way, and his men stood stubbornly to his works, trying to check the onward rush of the christians, but indeed it seemed of no avail for soon Shoemanns entire line was rolled up and displaced the Angelinians now being entirely in possession of the ridges along this point. The landelinian leaders thought within themselves that indeed this battle was lost for it was positive now that nothing could check the advance of the christians, not even the most stubborn resistance of the main line applied directly on the right wing. Bicknells glandelinians also could not at all check the steady attack of the large columns of christians, and though the awful withering fire did pour a tear awful gaps in their main line of assault they only closed them again, and as quickly as they appeared as before, and continued the attack with redoubled fury.

The landelinians in front of bicknells main christian columns had been the first to fall back the grand attack of bicknells Angelinians pressing the entire gray lines back and clear out of their position. They now moved furiously on Obstinites man, and these glandelinians despite the fury of the desperate christian attack retained their ground stubbornly though they were literally surrounded. Indeed moving with the most irresistible and tremendous force toward the retreating glandelinians was a line of battle more than four miles in length under the direction of Hanson Vivian, and in their most great force and fearful action hundreds of thousands of rifles and muskets, every sword, pistol and cannon, flashed fiercer and brighter, and indeed the fierce onset made by the christians had been all the time met by the most stubborn defense but in vain. Far across the works they charged, many of their columns even being riddled by bullets. Line after line of rifle pits, field fortifications, and intrenchments were captured by the Angelinians after a most fearful struggle, and now their flag waved in triumph. The thunder of the christian batteries and the still murderous discharge of firearms broke the loud deafening chorus of the victorious hosts and as they shouted their approaching victory along the entire line. In the meantime one of the generals had withdrawn about fifty thousand men before any more of the glandelinian columns were pressed back, and charged the christian batteries with bloody and murderous fury, but ran into an awful ambush, while the glandelinians amid the most dreadful carnage of the battle were for a time in the greatest confusion, while the Angelinian ambushers closed in upon their adversaries and a titanic struggle raged hand to hand with deadly fury. The main officer of the artillery men saw the critical situation of these glandelinians and opened fire with a great number of guns only to have their own shells fall among their own comrades and increase the confusion, while the landelinians tried with all their might to force their way through the ambush but was hemmed in only the closer. The glandelinians furiously resisted the attacking columns of Angelinians but were beaten back and driven upon the bayonets in their rear.

Again encouraged by the desperate commands of their officers the glandelinians fought like demons to try and get out of the ambush, and though they were successful this time the survivors could not stand before the terrific withering fire of the swiftly pursuing christians but at last with fixed bayonets and after reforming their shattered lines, they charged the yelling herds, who were driven into disorder, but they rallied, and made a sweeping counter charge, and a fiercer struggle raged, but the charge was repulsed with terrible slaughter. Two more fiercer onslaughts were made by the Angelinians and on the landelinian batteries themselves were captured and not those of the christians as had been hoped for by the landelinians, and the still resisting faithful defenders were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Then seeing that Shoemanns forces were hurled out of their position as described before, and of obstinates force still stubbornly holding their ground, obstinate having repulsed his assailants, turned his line of guns around, while all of the remaining landelinian batteries themselves were all the roaring and thundering away like blazes still, and then almost simultaneously over seven thousand cannon opened on the flankers of Shoemanns forces and all these ridges to picknells surprise seemed to be suddenly eruption, but the carnage was not hardly increased this time as one of the barrage of shells exploded too far to the rear of the christian assault and did little harm. The rest of the landelinian batteries had lulled for time to cool down resumed their own crashing thunders as more on the christians a minute later and indeed the very din sounded as if ten volcanoes were blowing to pieces, but again these shells only fell too far to the rear of the christian line and exploded with frightful sound and destruction among the woods without hardly doing any damage to the christian troops. The range of the enemy could not be effected as the christian assault was too near. But then smaller guns were replaced in position and these finally found the range and the shells now dropped with a frightful noise among the assaulting christian columns once more causing the most fearful destruction. In vain did the tens of thousands of Angelinians try to seek shelter besides the captured works under the guns, and behind them, or any kinds of objects of protection, but many thousands were badly cut up, and hundreds killed every minute.

The artillery they had captured, baggage wagons, and hundreds of ammunition wagons and gun carriages were smashed blown up and on the body strewn ridges innumerable trees were stripped of their limbs and even many trees were cut to pieces by the terrible blast from the landelinian battery batteries, that had been turned upon the surprised christians. Breastworks were fairly ripped open, and the explosions of the shells when many went off simultaneously produced a most deafening and terrifying roar. The detonation of the frightful cannonade broke thousands of windows in the city of Jennie-tren-own, while the tremor of the ground caused by the concussion of the thousands of terrific explosions made by shells, and other outbursts of power and cannon leveled few buildings at intervals.

Rows of fences numbered by the hundreds, and small stone walls were riddled by the horrible storm of bullets and cannon and even torn fragments at sections by the horrible tempest of shot and shell and other dangerous materials which came from those thundering thundering series on the ridges, and at this point hundreds upon hundreds of ranks of christian soldiers had went down before that awful fire, that had seemed to sweep upon them from two sides. Every one of the divisions under picknells opened a terrific fire with their own musketry and cannon upon the surprised Angelinians, and suddenly while the ground was trembling actually with their feet a heavy rain downpour of rain set in caused by the fearful charge of gun powder. The rain came in torrential sheets but still the carnage went on, and long lines of christians were actually swept out of existence, the storm of canister raking the demoralized torn tottered and bleeding Angelinian columns, and it seemed as if the Angelinians who were held in the captured works would be fairly buried under the falling clouds of dirt and rocks thrown up by the fearful force of the scores of bursting high explosives. The greatest cannonading of the battle was kept up for over hours and the christian lines in possession of the captured works were terribly torn and cut up by fresh forces of the christians being shot down nevertheless the survivors finally charged picknells army so furiously that they had to give way or be annihilated. The battle along Shoemanns lines ceased for his lines had been demoralized by the attack but nevertheless the battle was still raging furiously on the right under the leadership of general Aronburg.

In the height of the contest along his lines Shoemann had exposed himself so much that though he did not fall, his coat and trousers were in shreds from the bullets that tore through it. All this while Aronburge rallied divisions were assailed more vigorously and he was soon forced to give way also and the christian columns drifting to the right after moving on furiously drove in the grand guards of the foe and soon overthrew all before them. This success had occurred at two o'clock so attention was now turned on the thundering batteries and so as rapidly as he could general Hanson threw one immense division after another against the line of cannon only to have them most frightfully decimated. The batteries were impossible to be carried and when night time came on Hanson vividly abandoned the assaults intending to resume the engagement in the morning.....

But during that night under the full fury of a series of most wild and violent thunderstorms which had at times threatened to grow into hurricanes with the furious wind squalls the landelins made hasty preparations for a retreat, and by the next morning under the cover of a heavy fog mantle and a scorching steamy heat of the Angolinian tropics Shoemann disastrously beaten retreated toward the boundary lines leaving all of his artillery in the possession of the christians as there had not been time for these to be brought with the retreating army. Hanson himself had been wounded in the breast, abdomen and head slightly, but he could not get time to follow his enemy as the landelins had during the night put up all kinds of obstructions in his way. Though the wounds were relieved he had remained upon his horse all during the action and it was just as the battle storm was ending that one of his horses, though name not mentioned who had been near him as he was coming back to his headquarters, who noticed that he was wounded, and who with the help of two officers led him over to the place the little girls being fairly deafened by the noise of the conflict at then still raging along the right. The wounds were attended to by the doctors and reared cross nurses who declared that the injuries were not dangerous but somewhat painful, and that he would probably be laid up for a couple of days at least.

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PART TWO OF CHAPTER THREE.
THE SANGUINARY CONFLICT AT PULLAWAY OR JUNCTION
DIE.....

So on account of all this and of his wounds general Hanson was not able to follow general Shoemann and three days later reports came from the scouts that general picknell was in personal command and that Calmann Shoemann had resigned because he was not in favor of any war with Angelinia who he declared fight their enemies with overwhelming numbers and slaughter the landelins soldiers in most ruthless numbers. The battle of Jennie Wren town or Evangeline curren had raged for forty eight hours at least and was one of the most terrible ever seen of any wars before and surprised the world when its consequences was known. On the christian side four hundred and ninety eight thousand had fallen in killed and wounded, while twenty eight generals were killed and thirty six general officers were wounded four of these wounded being mortally. Hanson made another addition to the list of wounded. On the side of the landelins the losses were less in privates being about only four hundred thousand but their losses in general officers was terrific. There was about one hundred and fifty nine of them slain while seventeen were wounded. There were ten extra officers killed also making one hundred and seventy altogether. Hanson had threatened to see the King of landelinia as written before in the last chapter of part of this chapter I mean before the battle had started that he had would rout Shoemann before he had ever got the note and Hanson had failed to keep his threat for the fact that Shoemann was not the man to be routed as supposed, because he was an old man and had engaged in many battles during the Glandeo-Abbieannian wars and had not seen his armies routed then. It was only the stubbornness and desperation that made Hanson win as far good as he did for several times he had been threatened with disastrous defeats, and only his persistency in his great onslaughts, had enabled him to keep the enemy off his front and saved his army from being rolled from the field and probably crashed to fragments.

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The point where general picknell had carried the christian works had been recaptured by the christians during the second day of the battle along a portion of the Mc-Hollister run, but here the enemy had shown furious resistance for a whole day and had not been driven back without inflicting upon the christians intolerable and crushing losses.

A great conflict raged at Pullaway or Junction pine at the same time of the great struggle at Jennie Wren town. At midnight on April 12th 1912 general Collyer and Benjamin J.B. Evans in command of foreign forces of landelinian invaders crossing the boundary line and advancing on the Angolinian city of Pullaway had received a telegram announcing the first great christian victories at Jennie Wren town and by noon information that picknell's army was under Shoemann and other picknells was predicted, and that a great christian army under Hanson was concentration upon Shoemann alone in overwhelming numbers. This was followed by more information that general Robert Vivian was advancing with a great force of christians to make a junction with Hanson Vivian his brother. The main body given in charge of J.B. Evans by the king of landelinia was then marching with the intention of striking a blow at the town of Norma Angelinia on the northwest portion five miles above the boundary line, which christian forces under general James J. Phelan were intending to defend at all cost. The strength of Evans force was heavily added by another under general James Henryarger an Abbieannian guscaur and the whole numbered 10,000,000, which was found too heavy to attack as he had only one million men.

Think to invade a christian nation which could throw as it seemed all heaven and earth upon them. It seemed astonishing to the entire world. General Collyer's first words were;

"I must save picknell's army from being taken in flank by general Evans army and to do this I must strike general Vivian's army a blow to prevent his junction with his brother general Hanson although a long time friend of mine, and even though it hurts me clean to the heart to do it. If I had known who was to command the christian army I would not have taken command of the army I'm leading now. But it is the will of God that it should be but if I am once engaged it will be the last battle I'll fight in this war. I'm way too old for to lead armies of savages who fight with the lust to kill innocent children. Though I'm a landelinian I do not approve of my country people favoring such deeds and would hope with my heart to see landelinia punished if she does not desist, and immediately make settlement with the governments of Abbieannia."

He at once determined to abandon the line at the city of Pullaway which was besieged, and concentrate his forces along the Pullaway run River, and if possible give him fierce resistance. He ordered Evans to move away from Norma Angelinia and not engage the overwhelming force there until reinforcements. After a hurried march that followed the battle of Evanstown he moved his men over the muddy roads, and fallen trees, and wreckage strewn by christian soldiers who were then retreating and moved to the Pullaway river during a wet and stormy day. Nevertheless he assembled his army of one million one hundred fifty thousand men there on the third day after the news of the approach of the Vivian general, full of enthusiasm and with the spirit of combat prepared for battle.

In the meantime another great landelinian army under supretendant general Calmannia Shoemannia having arrived lent Collyer and Evans all the aid in his power with all his men of two million nine hundred eighty thousand. At the capture of Calman city which happened at the same time spang operated the country in later times into such a way that enable the christian armies and powers to prevent all invasions further into Angelinia and enabled the christians to both invade landelinia and Calverinia and made these countries into two distinct theaters of terrible way for over four bloody and horrible years. Calmannia Shoemannia assigned the districts west of Pullaway river to general Collyer. This great general officer had suddenly acquired a high reputation later in the bloody battle of Angeline Run and Shoemannia naturally intrusted him with a large discretion. He sent his instructions to concentrate all available forces near the Pullaway river a movement previously begun, and ordered him not to engage the christian army in general but in a desultory fashion as he knew full well the size of general Vivian's army alone. Besides the reinforcements brought up by general Cam Calmannia Shoemannia, another general called Leonia Heldonia picknell also came advancing into the western districts with 5,445,478 men and under general Whilliam Hanksin and at or near the city of Pullaway between Junction pine three hundred thousand landelinsians under general Glent Walkingstick, and Spider Lenseon also was concentrating, and fifty thousand more under Roy Pagar, sent from landelinia by their wicked king was concentrated at all the fords and passes to prevent the christian advance. If possible should general Vivian's army arrive too soon.....

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Knowing that the Angelinians under general Vivian would arrive in another day Calmannia Shoemanna hearing that Phelan and Parger were coming to reinforce general Vivian, made eloquent appeals, which brought him quickly nine more divisions, and this kept on until he had over four million men, then came six hundred and ten thousand seventy seven hundred and fifty more men, which were also concentrated toward Junction Pine, and then another five hundred and fifty thousand arrived which he disposed in defending the bridges of the river, and then as another division came this was put in to protect the rail roads from capture by the advancing christian forces under general Vivian fresh from its inactivity so far during the outbreak of the war, and which had soon ceased advancing as he learned and was concentrating on the other banks of the same river. General Vivian Shoemanna learned had 18,000,000 men and what would be the total if Parger and Phelan joined him. Think of what Shoemanna and the other Glandelinian commanders only had.

General Calmannia Shoemanna's plans of campaign against general Vivian may be summed up on a phrase. It was to concentrate at Pullaway Run, to throw up an unassailable position, and interpose his whole force in front of the great bend of the Pullaway river called Jehovah's Bend, the natural base of the christian forces, and thus to effect the crushing of the christian armies under general Vivian before the arrival of Corinth's, Pargers, and Phelans forces which were now advancing from the direction of the city of Corinth which had been guarded with strong defenses since the Crowley and Jennie Wren-town had occurred. This meant immediate and decisive action which would defeat even the biggest christian armies. The army of Calmannia Shoemanna was now ready for the bloody contest but general Meltonia Picknell who had arrived from Glandelinia and concentrated on the western outskirts of Pullaway, and even Collyet and Evans represented him to him that the troops collected by the king was unable to move without thorough organization and that it was best to flank general Vivian rather than engage him openly when the christians were so overwhelming strong in force and so ten or twelve days were consumed in this work of reorganization. But Corinth's movements were closely watched and hearing of his approach on the twenty third of April, Shoemanna resolved to delay no longer but to strike at once a decisive blow. In the reorganization of the army he assigned general Collyer as chief of staff with commands of a corps. To Leonia Melod Meldonia Picknell he tendered the immediate command of the army in impending battle. Coming into this district which he had assigned to Picknell Calmannia Shoemanna felt disinclined to deprive him of any reputation he might acquire from a victory. He had not the slightest idea however of abdicating the supreme command and said to friends who remonstrated to him:

"I will be there to see that all goes as I right."

Governor general Vivian's armies had been moved up the same river also and had taken position on the left bank also at Junction Pine ten miles from the great Bend. General Vivian's first object was to destroy all the railroads which centered at Pullaway to Pandora twenty miles to the northwest, and indeed to recapture that place from the enemy at any time as he felt sure he could even capture the whole of Shoemanna's army without even a battle once he got it seriously handicapped. But his advance was only part of a great plan for a combined movement of his own, and Corinth's armies. With Junction Pine as a base the christian army was to occupy the north of the Pullaway river, command the entire railroad system in that section, while Clarence began forced his way down the river and take general Picknell's forces by the rear at Pullaway and try as if possible to surround the whole of the Glandelinian army. Nevertheless general Shoemanna devined the movement before it was begun and was there to frustrate it. Indeed the whole of general Vivian's army was assembled at Junction Pine only a few days before Shoemanna completed the concentration. For a time after this general Vivian had been severely criticized by Calmannia Shoemanna for placing his big overwhelming christian army with the wide river in his way. But the governor general was there to take the initiative. He had the first larger army under cover of the frigates, he was expecting Corinth, Parger and Phelan pally, and the ground was admirable for defense. Shoemanna decided to work a secret scheme to prevent the advance of at least one or two of the other christian armies.

Indeed the christian position was a natural stronghold. Flanked by the Norma and Catherine and pondonia railroad line, and by the Pullaway river, with their marshy margins, and with his front protected by swampy valleys he occupied a quadrilateral of great strength. His many immense divisions were stationed on many heights which were wooded and generally screened by heavy undergrowth and approached across by great ravines, gulfs, precipices and open fields all exposed to his batteries.

Each camp was a fortress in itself and the line of retreat afforded at every step some like point to rally on. Governor general Vivian did not fortify his camps, his men did it, but he was there for either defense or offense, and also for attack if possible. Such was the position of April the 23th when Calmannia Shoemanna learning that Corinth was rapidly approaching resolved to advance that very day, and attack general Vivian before the arrival of reinforcements. His general plan was very simple in outline. It was to march out and attack the christian lines by columns and divisions at scattered portions, to make the battle a decisive test, and to crush general Vivian utterly by confusing his army incessantly by striking repeatedly here and there and at unexpected places, or lose all in the attempt. This effected to content with Corinth, for the possession of the river and the west.

General Leonia Meldonia Picknell had been on the field of war during the great struggles outbreak and his ability of arriving so quick with his armies to his support warranted general Shoemanna in committing to him the elaboration of the details of the march and order of the battle. Unfortunately general Evans changed what seemed originally general Picknell's purpose of an assault by columns of infantry, into an array of many parallel lines of battle which after a full day of frightful struggle at scattered points just as Shoemanna had planned in which one hundred thousand fell on the enemy's side and only a few thousand on that of the christians soon produced extreme confusion among the Glandelinians, when the second and third lines advanced under a storming artillery fire to support the first, and intermingled with it. General Calmannia Shoemanna during the height of the conflict gave orders about three o'clock for the advance of the main columns to the attack, but the other troops did not receive the orders, the first attacking parallel columns had been crushed to fragments and rolled up, and driven extremely from the field with intolerable loss. When the other columns of Glandelinians learned they were going out to fight, their long restrained ardor burst into a blaze of joy and enthusiasm. With hasty preparations the movements of the Glandelinians began, and Picknell's corps was twelve miles south from the city of Pullaway, but his troops could not move very fast, being impeded by the heavy conditions of the roads, through a dense forest, and across many quick sands, sloughs, and marshes. They had been ordered to attack as soon as possible to restore the broken and shattered lines already rolled up, but the troops were not in possible position until late afternoon. All this time while the battle was going on with the other lines, the advancing Glandelinian armies had pushed over the tangled and rocky roads, hindered and embarrassed by a pelting rain and the full fury of increasing tempest, and in the pitchy darkness of the storm, with no shelter but the trees, which were being rapidly soaked through with rain. From detention from the hurricane and the rain, ignorance of the roads and confusion produced by the order of march, some of the Glandelinian divisions failed to get into line, and the day was wasted, and when he managed to last engage the attacking Angelinians, he himself got into a tight fix and to prevent his armies from annihilation, had to withdraw through the woods having suffered a complete and bloody repulse.

As this action was going on and while they were waiting the disposition of the troops a council of war occurred, in which Calmannia Shoemanna, Leonia Meldonia Picknell, Aronburg Federal, Jesipine Jensen, who was nicknamed Mash-In-The-Head, and Thomas Cleveland, who was nicknamed Break-In-The-Neck took part. The Glandelinian army was in full battle array within one mile of the city of Pullaway and Vivian's christian lines. Calmannia Shoemanna was now within face to face with his foe and that foe really unaware of his intentions. His front line under Picknell being forced to change his position during the night now extended from the Mc-Hollester and Pandora railroad to the Pullaway river and was about four miles long. Aronburg Federal's divisions of eight brigades, and the seventh corps occupied the center of the gray lines, and Break-In-The-Neck and the left and Mash-In-The-Head the right wing a effective total now of eight million two hundred and fifty thousand men. The second line commanded by general Frank Danodest was three hundred and seventy thousand strong. The third line of reserves was composed of nine strong cavalry divisions, the sixth corps and battalions under general Hinnie Shiloh and a number of brigade divisions under general Johnston Francis generally called Hard-In-The-Neck. Shiloh's divisions 110,000 strong in infantry and 234 in artillery followed Danodest's lines, at a distance of about eight hundred yards.

The full strength of the christian division that was engaged the first day of the battle Shoemanna could not find out but it was nearly one million four hundred and ninety nine thousand, and on the first day for the enemy there had been 110,567 Glandelinians killed during the battle with Picknell and only 2,345 christians killed or wounded.

But at Norman Landing six or seven miles distant was general Clarence Logan's division with 9,888,822 present, and 6,877,771 approaching. General Corinth's divisions had already passed the Norman Railroad line, and was about seven miles distant. General Robert Campos' divisions had also arrived. Governor general Vivians army in total really engaged with a part of Shoemanna's army and Picknells as he really found out had been about four million four hundred and ninety nine thousand, and had been added by greater numbers just before the Picknellian engagement was completed. On that first day Shoemanna had with only nine hundred thousand men struck a blow at an overwhelming force and had been beaten. Some skirmishing on the twenty sixth of April between the glandelinian cavalry and the Angelinian outpost in which a few men were killed and wounded aroused the villian vigilance of the Angelinian commanders to some extent, and some apprehension was felt among all the officers and many of the men among the christian army, and general Century had thrown forward forward general Dr David Porter with eight divisions on the Pullaway junction roads. Dave David Porter felling his way cautiously encountered general Shiloh's skirmish lines under general Hard, Heartedem, and thinking it an outpost assailed it vigorously. Thus the Angelinians really began the second days battle. This first of the struggle was brief but spirited and bloody. Two more glandelinian divisions came up and the contest increased in a partial fury, and David Porter fell wounded.

The Angelinian assailants gave way and general Whilliam Gut-throats brigades pursued them furiously. General Hankerton Hardhearted while his divisions moved on furiously in the face of a hurricane storm of bullets and along a line of wood and drifting to the right drove in the grand guards, and also the outpost after considerable fighting, untill they struck Century's camps.

This camp was considered unassailable, a fortress stronger than any formed by nature and guarded by eight hundred thousand men. Into this burst the two hundred thousand glandelinians with the fury of demons, and so vigorous was their attack and so wild, that despite the overwhelming numbers confronting them, they nevertheless overthrew all before them.

The essential de fearful features of general Calbanna Shoemanna's strategy had been to get at the poor Angelinians as quickly as possible and in good order. In this he had succeeded. His plan of battle was a simple as his strategy. It had been made known in his order of battle, and was thoroughly understood by every commander of the glandelinian armies. The order on this day was that every effort should be made to turn the left flank of the Angelinians so as to cut off their line of retreat to the Norman railroad and to throw the whole christian line back on Pullaway where they would be obliged to surrender. Well my dear readers you have seen for the first that these orders had been carried out and that the battle was fought as precisely as it was planned..... With Break-In-The-neck holding the center of the front line of battles as a pivot, the turning movement began from the moment of the overthrow of Century's camps. While this fierce and frontal attack was made all along the line with desperate courage, which would have swept away any ordinary resistance from the field, and with losses that told fearfully on the assailants, they were seconded by assaults in flank which invariably resulted in crushing the christian lines, with the most destructive force, and strewing the fields for miles with the dead and wounded. The christians though opposing the glandelinians in overwhelming numbers were flanked, the glandelinians though fewer seemed stronger at every given point throughout the day, except at the center called "The Devils Pits" where the christians eventually massed ten divisions.

The iron flail of war beat upon the front and flank of the christian line with the regular and ponderous pulsations of some great and mighty avalanche or engine, and these furious assaults resulted in the crushing crushing process, which was continually but slowly going on, as the brigades and divisions of the christians yielded to the continuous and successive attacks..... When this terrible battle of Pullaway began Break-In-The-neck

following the ridges had easy ground to traverse, but Aronburg's federal's large divisions and brigades on his left center and main center with its supports moving over a more difficult country was slower in getting upon general Clarence Hogans front, consisting of the christian right.

Clarence Logan himself another commander and his army was aroused by the long deafening roll of advancing musketry, and the rush of troops to his right, and he got his division into line of battle, and was ready for the assault of Federal's columns which was made desperately at exactly eleven o'clock. General Picknell who had followed close after general Break-In-The-neck urging on his attack, saw Federal's columns begin its attack or advance, and then turned where Break-In-The-neck was gathering his forces for another assault, having been repulsed, in his first assault by Angelinian reinforcements from an unexpected quarter.... Federal moved quickly through the fields and though far outflanked by the Angelinians on their left, the gray column columns rushed forward under a most terrific fire

from the serried lines drawn up in front of the camp..... A large morass traversed Federal's front, and being difficult to pass, caused a break in large part of this gray line, while deadly and most destructive volleys were poured upon them, from bales of hay and cotton and other defenses, as they advanced, and after a series of desperate charges the Angelinians, the Angelinians were compelled to fall back but had heaped up mountains of dead soldiers in gray with their annihilating fire.

While Logan's men were repelling Federal's assault, general Robert Sidney on Logan's left sent up five brigades to reinforce his right, but general Frank Demodest, led forward Shiloh's grand divisions against general Logan's right, while general Picknell himself put Herdrude's hardheaded brigades in position on their left. Supported by a part of general Federal's as they attacked general Logan's forces furiously and the resistance at this point was as stubborn as at any other point of the field, and the gray soldiers had to use every kind of shelter as they advanced to prevent themselves from being annihilated by the withering fire of the whole christian line which fairly tore the bark of the trees with the hurricane of bullets, including shrapnell and canister. Generals Demodest and Shiloh fell, and their divisions were torn to pieces, while nevertheless general Robert Sidney's christian divisions were swept from the field by the fury of onslaught but suffering only considerable loss, while in that one assault this portion the glandelinians lost 30,000 killed, and 50,000 wounded, and 10,000 captured or missing. This is what comes of attacking a force too weak to test their own little strength and it was only a miracle that they were able to worse such an overwhelming force at that. General Childhead's goddams immense brigades of Break-In-The-Necks divisions joined in this furious charge on the right. As they hesitated on the crest of a hill where the christian fire seemed to threaten the annihilation of nature he himself, general Calbanna Shoemanna came to the front and urged them to attack. They then rushed forward with inspiring yells and with their Calbanna's brigades tried to envelop the Angelinian troops immediately in their front. In ten minutes the latter completely melted away under the christian fire, but nevertheless the second wave coming up hurled themselves forward, and though it was torn to fragments and widely scattered by their losses, they managed to drive the christians from the field after that superhuman desperate hand to hand fight in which the slaughter this day on both sides was something terrible.

The whole christian front had not been broken here and there from the enemy's furious assault was getting ragged, and gave way under this hammer process but made the battle field at this point look like a forest fire under their furious musketry storm. On front and flank they fell back as a ravine firing all the way, and retreated to another strong position behind the Pullaway and Angeline Railroad, and general Clarence Logan's line of retreat was marked by the thickly strewn corpses of his own soldiers.

At last pressed back toward both the Norman and Pullaway roads with heavy loss general Logan and Sidney found safety by the intervention on their left flank of general Vivians fresh divisions, led by general Water Waltering Jennings who had advanced about eight o'clock so that Century's command found a refuge in the intervals of the new and formidable christian armies with general Calson on the left, and Kinders and Logan's shattered divisions on the right. Clarence Logan himself had been attacked early also but had held to the last. General Shoemanna had pushed general Break-In-The-neck and another leader called general Francis Break-In-The-Head, to the right and the front, sweeping down the left and right banks of the Pullaway river driving it in the pickets of the other line, until they countered Calson's christian divisions on the Angeline railroad. Calson was strongly posted on a steep hill near the river covered with thick undergrowth, and with an open field in front. Archie Pence was on his right and rear in the woods. General Break-In-The-neck attacked general Pence who had pressed fell back after a fearful struggle, and general Archie Break-In-The-neck went at Calson's divisions with the utmost fury. His command reserved its fire until Break-In-The-neck's men were within forty yards and then delivered a heavy and destructive withering fire, of one million one hundred thousand firearms, but after a bloody contest they were driven back, but it was the enemy who again retrieved the heavier loss.... This closed the contest of the second day.....

On the third day general Break-In-The-neck right rested on the Pullaway and he then fought down the banks toward Junction Pine with merciless fury. The left of the overwhelming christian line was completely turned, and the christian line was now crowded on shorter lines a mile or more to the rear of their first position with many of their gr regiments hors-de-combat.

The new line of battle that morning of the third day was established before nine o'clock all the Glandelinian troops being then in the front line except Break-In-The-Necks divisions which were moving to the right of the Glandelinian army and soon occupied the intervals to the right of the Glandelinian army and also soon occupied the intervals to the left of Picknell and Break-In-The-Necks. Break-In-The-Necks, Shoemanna, and Hard-In-The-Eyes was pressing general Logan steadily back. Smash-In-The-Head and Federal met about nine o'clock and by agreement general Smash-In-The-Head led his troops against general Sidney, while Federal directed his operations against the Christian center. There now began a gigantic contest which lasted more than five hours. In the impetuous rush forward of divisions to fill the gap in the front line (even the disorganization was broken, but though there was dislocation of commands there was little loss of effective force. The assaults of the Glandelinians were made by rapid advances and in many times connected, and unconnected charges along the entire line and never before in any war at all seen at Jennie Wren town was there ever such carnage on the grounds or fields of Pullaway. They were repeatedly checked and repulsed with bloody loss to the Glandelinians and sometimes frightful counter charges drove them back for short or long distances, but whether in assault or recoil both sides saw their bravest soldiers fall in the most frightful and stupendous numbers.

On the Christian left center Walter Jennings and Robert Vivians immense divisions were massed with Centurys fragmented divisions in a position so impregnable and thronged with such fierce defenders that it won from the Glandelinians the men's memorable title of the Hell's hornets nest.

Here behind a dense thicket on the crest of the ridge was posted a strong force of as hardy troops as ever fought, almost perfectly protected by the conformation of the ground and by logs and other rudely and hastily prepared defenses. To assail it in an open field it had to be passed infiltrated by the fire of its batteries. No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of assault upon this natural fortress. For five hours brigade after brigade was led against it but almost dissolved by the awful Christian fire. Break-In-The-Necks divisions which earlier in the second day's battle had swept everything before them were reduced to fragments within an hour and paralyzed for the remainder of the battle, with their leader severely wounded in the arm by a bullet. Break-In-The-Necks divisions also made fruitless assaults with greater loss and he himself was wounded. Then Picknell ordered up general H. Hardise and other leaders with their divisions of seven brigades. The seven brigades made a most gallant charge but like the others recoiled from the withering fire they encountered. Under a cross fire of artillery and musketry the seven brigades at last fell back with very heavy loss and with Alfred Lotze wounded. Hardise asked that artillery should be sent to him, but it was not at hand and Picknell sent orders to charge again. Hardise thought it hopeless, but nevertheless led them again to the charge, and again they suffered a bloody and crushing repulse and with general W. Waterbury wounded. The seven brigades were seven times repulsed with frightful loss, but maintained its ground steadily until general Jennings position was turned, when renewing its forward movements in conjunction with Cheatingmoneys command it helped to drive back their stout opponents, but Hardise received a dislocated hip from the fragment of a bursting shell. Cheatingmoneys charging across an open field with Hardise's brigades on Picknell's left had been caught under a murderous cross fire, but fell back in good order and later in the day came on in Break-In-The-Necks left in the last assault, when the Christian general Century was killed. This bloody fray lasted till nearly four o'clock without making any visible impression on the Christian center. But when its flanks were turned these assaulting columns crowded on its front aided in its capture. General Picknell was with the right of Hard-In-The-Eyes divisions confronting the left of Hardise's divisions of seven brigades which was now behind the crest of the hill with a depression filled with chapparal in its front. Swoops divisions was further to the right of the line, being in line with Hard-In-The-Eyes, which touched it near this point. The Glandelinians held the parallel ridges in easy musket range, and as heavy a fire as seen during the day was kept up on both sides for an hour or so. It was necessary to cross the valley raked by this deadly ambuscade and assail the second opposing ridge opposite the one captured in order to drive the Angelinians from their strongholds entirely. When general Shoemanna came up and saw the situation and the stubborn resistance of the Christians he decided to put the bayonet to them. It was the crisis of the third day's conflict. The Christian key was in his front. If his assault would be successful successful their left would be completely turned and the victory won. He determined to charge. He sent general Picknell to lead all his divisions not in the action yet, and after a brief conference with Federal, that officer followed by his staff appealed to the soldiers as he encountered them, with

his fine voice and manly bearing. General Shoemanna himself rode out in front and slowly down the line. His hat was off, his sabre rested in its scabbard, and his presence was full of inspiration. He sat on his horse with easy command, his voice was persuasive, encouraging, and compelling. His words were few.

Then those Angelinians are stubborn, and we must use the bayonet. He cried. Then he reached the center of the line he turned and cried as he moved toward the Christians:

I will lead you....

The voice of Glandelinians was already thrilling and trembling with irresistible ardor, which in battle decides the day. With a mighty shout the Glandelinians moved forward in double column in a furious charge. An immense sheet of flame ten miles long, and a stupendous and earsplitting roar burst again and again from the Christian stronghold. The gray lines shivered before that awful raking fire but there was not an instant pause among the survivors. On and up the ridge they pressed, and the crest was gained amid the frightful carnage and soon the Angelinians were in flight. The battle was well fought by the Christians under general Vivian but in calling his troops from the high heights before the enemy's flanks which commanded the enemy's landing he gave way the strongest position which was quickly occupied by Shoemanna and his charging divisions thus gaining the high grounds which had been defended at such a cost. General Shoemanna had passed through the ordeal unhurt, yet his horse was shot in ten places not fatally, his uniform was fairly torn to shreds by bullets, and his boot sole was cut and torn by a mine.

Knots and groups of Christian soldiers kept up a desultory fire as they retreated upon their supports, and their last line now yielding delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired.

At this final moment there was the most perfect regulatory in the development of the plans of battle. In all the seemingly confusion there was the predominance of the intelligent design, as a master mind appearing in clear view its purpose, sought the weaker point of defense, and by passing troops upon the flank of the Christians, and kept turning their flank, making one of the greatest turning movements ever seen in actual warfare against the biggest array of Christians ever mustered before in any war. Now was the time for the Glandelinians to push their advantage, and closing in on the rear of Centurys and Jennings, to finish the third day's battle. The Angelinians under these two leaders showed greater resistance than the other columns did, mowing down thousands upon thousands of Glandelinians within half an hour with a terrific annihilating fire, but Shoemanna threw forward division after division, and ten to twenty times as many cavalry forces of Continentals were hurled upon the Glandelinian flanks, which were met by the Ho-Hollatinians and Gargolian cavalry. The fray of the men and horses was terrific to behold and the thunder of their hoofs fairly shook the earth, but finally after a hellstorm of slaughter the Christians fell back and left the field making some desultory but desperate resistance, and the Glandelinians soon went forward deliberately making some desultory resistance and attacks themselves occupying the captured positions, and thus helping to envelope what Christian forces they held in the center. Break-In-The-Necks brigades and other forces on account of being crushed to fragments and with their leader wounded did not make any further charges, and there was no further general direction or concentrated movements. The determined purpose to strike down general Vivians army that they had failed on account of the furious and most obstinate resistance of Jennings, Sidney, Sedney, and Centurys divisions, which had been holding against series upon series of frightful headlong onslaughts, the Glandelinian columns before their slight success being only as waves of the sea going against a strong breakwater water only to be cut to pieces by its unaccountable resistance. So through this strong prize fighter arm of the immense Christian line had only been withdrawn and not beaten or through with the fighting yet, and the immense bow remained unvent unbent elsewhere, where also bloody and desperate struggles occurred, but they tended to nothing for the frantic Glandelinian assailants but only crushing and bloody repulses.

Thus ended the third day's contest with the three other Christian armies victorious. At half past ten on the morning of the fourth day the contest which had trodden with fitful violence for three days already was renewed with utmost fury and while an ineffectual struggle was going on along the extreme right of general Vivians new line a number of the enemy's batteries opened upon the right flank of the Christian force formerly under Century or what remained of his center of the Christian line. The opening of so heavy a fire and the simultaneous though concerted advance of the whole gray line resulted at first in the confusion of the Angelinians, and then in the death of Robert Sedney and Century. General Break-In-The-Head's command closed in on the Christian left and rear, general Picknell the right and left center, and

and crushed these wings by the violence of their assaults, and many troops on both sides had been strewn into dead and wounded. Calamania Shoemannias troops wrestling with the Angelinians remaining at the position overpowered overpowered them by sheer force of bravery and poured in over the devil pits and shared in the triumph. General Picknell ordered his divisions to charge the fleeing Angelinians and general Hervert Poist Position captured a six gun battery though at the risk of his own life, the general being killed almost instantly. All felt now that the victory was won. Calamania Shoemannias, Break-In-the-Neck though wounded, and Smash-In-The-Head were at the front and in communication. Their generals were around them, another new line of battle was formed and all was ready for the last fell swoop to compel general Robert Vivian to retreat. The only position of the christian line on the center left to the Angelinians was held by general Amiel Stacy of Vivian's staff who had who had collected some three hundred forty five guns all gathling and machia and manned them with volunteers. Soon after eleven o'clock Break-In-The-Neck and the others proceeded down the slopes of the Pullaway river, while Centurys death occurred and came upon this position. The approaches were bad from that direction, nevertheless they attacked resolutely, and though they were repeatedly repulsed by the Angelinians, and with frightful loss at that they kept up their furious assaults until night fall, but failed to carry the entire position, though at one time they drove some of the gunners from their guns. General Vivian attributed his salvation and that of his army to these repulses of the glandelinian assailants, and the honor was claimed respectively to Stacy's artillery, and for Corinth's army which came up at the last moment. But neither they or all what was left of the christian lines though still overwhelming the enemy as they were could have withstood five minutes more the united advance of the the enemys lines, which was at hand and death the death blow or stroke, had it not been for their salvation from heavy reinforcements under general Robert Feature, which suddenly arrived, while general Frank Wallace, had also come up 100,000 strong. At this crisis came from general Vivian an order for the withdrawal of the still active troops to prepare for Picknell's final attack which would be made the next day. In the meantime Shoemannias observed the exhausted, wildly scattered conditions of his own army, and directed it to be recalled recollected recollected and restored to order as far as possible and practicable, and not to only occupy the captured works and encampments of the Angelinians, but to renew the attack next day. For a time all and array in the christian lines was lost, and in the next morning at half past five, they met the furious attack of nearly five hundred thousand glandelinians who assaulted their overwhelming enemies with no hope of success, except from their native valor and the resolute purpose aroused by their recent triumph. Their fortune, their courage and the free offering of their lives were equal of the previous hours of the recent third days, but now it was fruitless and useless useless to continue the assaults, and they retired slowly and sullenly and shattered but not overthrown back to the positions they had captured and occupied them. Those hours of lull in the battle was a period of great confusion, doubt and ignorance among the immense christian lines. No one seemed to have any idea of what will actually result in the renewed contest. At eight o'clock that morning general Vivian telegraphed to general Landisco at Angelinia Agathia for information as to general Parsons whereabouts, and how the march toward Jennie-Wren-own was getting on.

"I do not know" was the reply. "And look out for a glandelinian army under general Pubem Johnston Hanley. It is advancing along the boundary line toward the Pullaway run to Shoemannias support. They are planning to lay siege to your armies."

Two hours later when the engagement was on again Landisco telegraphed that he had reason to believe that the glandelinians were moving into the Pullaway Run valley with a larger force.

"Don't draw down any troops down Canl cans valley at present." General Vivian ordered. "Wesha" shall probably want them all in the direction of the Pullaway Run Valley."

All this while governor general Vivian heard heavy firing which had been going on along general Double Day Federals center, and sent his word there that the work should be made perfectly safe. At the same time the governor general sent a telegram to the fortified city of Angelinia Agathia near the boundary line of Calvinia Calvernia itself for reinforcements, and still advised Doubleday Federal to hold all the troops he could get for the defense of his lines.

FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE ALONG GENERAL DOUBLEDAY
FEDERALS LINES. AND THE RESULTS FROM THE ENEMY'S
HARASSING ONSLAUGHTS.....

He pay Federal ordered general Handon butterflys corps to defend all the series on his own left and particularly at the Jennie's Bridges. The main thing to be feared was a strong cavalry charge made by the enemy upon their lines during a critical moment of the action. The glandelinian leaders took good care that general Corinth and even Landisco should have plenty of reports. When what purported to be an official report from the city of Annis Aronburg (Angelinia) assured governor general Vivian that the enemy was moving toward Doubleday's lines in spite of facing the most overwhelming numbers of Angelinians, and would attempt to cross the river was actually true, however, and though he was holding his ground stubbornly against the assaults that told more fearfully on the glandelinian army other leaders did not hear of the bloody battle he was waging until the results were known by general Vivian.

To relieve the frightful pressure on Doubleday's right and center general Julio Beppo J. Jennings opened a frightful counter onslaught upon the left of the glandelinian columns. The glandelinians charged fiercely at him in turn, but his forces lay on top of an abandoned out, and after terrific combat with the combined forces of the christians which lasted with furious fury for two hours a part of the assaulting line was driven back with appalling loss.

Double day was holding his position until more men and artillery should arrive and did not care to pursue his advantage after the relief from the back caused by the bloody action of Jennings men. His men did not give an inch of ground all those two hours of deadly conflict, and yet knew nothing of the sharp fighting which was to occur that bloody day. At one time the christian forces delivered their awful volley volleys at each other at the distance of ten paces, and hand to hand fights with bayonets and clubbed fists were many. On the extreme right of Double Day Federals christian line, which advanced most furiously with his glandelinians and swept the first christian line with a headlong rush, but yet the Angelinians brought up rapidly heavy reserves, so that further progress of the glandelinians was checked.

The whole christian line had not been driven as yet permanently a rod from position they wished to hold during this day. After some minutes of sharp combat by the glandelinian artillery Picknell was ordered to move his main main forces against the christians again, who were still in the embankments. It was gallantly and heroically made but for a while a terrible storm of carnage it was failing, for sheltered behind the embankments a embankment embankment Doubleday was a secure as earth he could make him and his forces and his guns poured a furious fire of shot and shell as the glandelinians began to charge up the long-slopes. In addition to this murderous fire the Angelinians under general butterfly had seven batteries from an eminence near his position, and after to hours of fruitless charging the glandelinians under Richardson were broken and cut to pieces and put to flight, but the main columns the glandelinians went charging on. As butterfly's divisions with his aid and butterfly stood their ground the glandelinian infantry along this part of the line was invisible on account of the thick smoke, but in the end when the smoke grew thinner there seemed to be a great commotion among the enemy and soon the whole side of the wide ridge and the woods especially the edge of the woods swarmed with a perfect wave of graycoats who had not been seen before. The effect of this ambushade was not unlike flushing a covey of quail. General Jensine who commanded two strong brigades and his infantry divisions seized a good part of their own divisions or positions back again and held it furiously, and throughout all the hellstorm of carnage still he was fairly enveloped by the glandelinians whose line was fairly burning with fire.

He retreated only when the rest of general butterfly's divisions had been driven back, compelled to bear the whole onset of Picknell's desperate advance. Though outnumbering the glandelinian assailants three to one butterfly's divisions retreated first down the hill, and then to the main line of Doubleday's lines, the immense columns of glandelinians coming on furiously. This great

defeat of a good part of the doubledays christian army gave great encouragement to the main army of glandelinians who regarded their charge as the fiercest of the battle, and were beginning to believe that they could overthrow the whole of the christian line strong as it was. They had watched the this former assault of their comrades with grave anxiety of its outcome but now it seemed that they could breathe more freely. They had been in doubt as to the power of general poubleday federal to cause them much trouble. But this assault had only demolished the works held by pouterfly and pouterfield, which had been regarded as impossible to carry and extremely impregnable, and they had trembled for the fate of this onslaught in its results, but now that the christian positions under pouterfly and pouterfield had failed to remain firm, and were now only breastworks of human bodies from those fallen on the glandelinian side along the main glandelinian generals and the men were again hopeful. General poubleday federal however had not the slightest intention of abandoning his own works, and did not purpose to do so for the very devil himself and all hell to back him, and when he met picknells columns he gave them such a hot receipt reception that their right wing was demolished, and their entire line driven back shattered to fragments, and with general sm mad mash-in-the-head wound wounded and general toney charters killed. To meet the sonti gongoy brought on by their recent failure to hold their positions Jennings and pouterfly, and pouterfield decided to attempt the demolition of the glandelinian center consisting of heavy centermeters and gun rifles and howitzers at a distance of two miles by firing up upon the assailants in rapid succession most incessant volleys. The nearest approach to it was between two valleys and the fact that it was impossible to throw heavier metal and do heavier work now than could have been done the day before, showed that the placing of guns against the center which was begun promptly, drew the heaviest fire from the enemys batteries on the left consisting of two thousand cannon, and two christian generals Henry Gamble and his brother gendon were killed. On the left two hundred and eighty parrot guns or rifles and ten howitzers were placed in batteries at a distance from the enemys center ranging from 5,678, to 6,428 yards.

The slow and very hazardous work of heavy guns placing into position and mounting them was done under a constant and a galling fire from the enemys cannon. The fire from the enemys batteries now became so severe, that it was determined to operate against the enemys center before trying to make their final charges. In two hours twelve breech batteries were ready for operation mounting four hundred and ninety eight guns, and twelve mortars and other howitzers. All the time this had been going on general poubleday federal was resisting another heavy onslaught. Soon two of these batteries opened fire, and one half a hour later all were in fearful operation. The result was even more destructive than anticipated. About four hundred and ninety eight projectiles fell among the center of the enemys lines every minute, every one of which inflicted incurable wounds among their monstrous waves of men. Large masses or columns of the enemy were rapidly reduced to fragments or completely cut down by the score. Bernard pindernines troops were surprised by general smash-in-the-head an hour before this cannonade opened and almost before poubledays divisions were repelling with success the heavy onslaught made on his forces. The heavy conflict had been going on for about an hour. Smash-in-the-head having the advantage in every respect, before he was wounded, and then he retained his command.

Denderine sent one of his staff officers to general vivian to ask for assistance. Although he failed to impress on general vivian the seriousness of the situation, it was a fact that two of George Killarns divisions had been routed leaving their batteries in the possession of the glandelinians. General David Marklin also had been driven back after a long and furious engagement. R General robert vivian directed the officer to return and tell general Denderine to hold on like grim death. It was not long before a second officer came to general vivian with the news that the right of the christian line was being driven in with frightful loss. Obstinat had also been driven back and also Valiant for truth, with David Marklins and Denderines forces which were in peril. Shoemauckers divisions was sent into the palm woods to support Obstinat. The scene that met governor general vivians eyes as he hurried to the right would have unerved a man less of less military adaptability and resource.

Hundreds of thousands of stragglers from pindernines routed command were swarming to the rear, through a field of sugar cane. The glandelinians in breaking up governor general vivians plans for defense or siege had succeeded now in carrying his first position and the fearful carnage. Even general fredrick pance in the center had given way. The only divisions that still held its original position was that commanded by poubleday federal, and it was certain for any or without any disputes that the enemy could not force his strong and impregnable position. It was the most important

the fourth brigade of these forces commanded by poubleday federal should stand, and in firm order to cover the formation of the new line at general vivian was forming. Fortunately these troops were well seasoned veterans and although they were attacked in great force and fury, all attempts to drive poubleday from his strong position met with bloody failure. During the entire battle without reinforcements, without newly arriving artillery, or reports he held his position with the tenacity of a million bulldogs, and he reported to general vivian afterwards that he had never seen such frightful carnage. With the exception of general smash-in-the-heads brigades, all Break-In-The-Necks commands were engaged before noon. When Denderines mobilized divisions and battalions fell back on general pind nine and paves flank, the latter found it impossible to get his lines into position on account of the horrible carnage, and he was obliged to fall back. Galloping hurriedly to general vivian he explained the situation. Five miles from their former position the Angelinians at the end on and along railroads which ran side by side through a deep cut formed a deadly pit. Further back there was a gentle but high swell of ground stretching for the length of a mile which once gained and held would prove an impregnable position. With general vivians permission general pindernine withdrew his men to this point. Henry goy, and Meldorf, modestys batteries were posted on the left, with general guardians gathling gun batteries, and were strongly supported by many brigades. 2 Stone scribners brigades took possession of the railroad cut, and garney growleys divisions held the crest on the right which stretched away to the edge of a grove of orange trees. Scarcely had the new christian line been formed when a gray clad line of smash-in-the-heads columns was seen emerging from the palm woods. The hill on the left which the battery of gathling and the others had been placed commanded the space in front of these hills, and as the glandelinian columns came out into the open, their ranks were mowed down like grass before the scythe by the terrible withering fire of artillery. It was impossible for general smash-in-the-head to crush or to pindernine from this strong position, and every attempt to advance annihilated his divisions, and even mowed down columns and scores of fragments of his men. Obstinates desperate stand, and prompt reformation of the christian line had transformed impending disaster into temporary complete victory for the day at least. The contest was renewed with considerable vigor on the part of the glandelinian s. Picknell directed a heavy cannonade against the christian center from seven strong batteries and followed it with severe and fitting demonstrations against the christian right. This was not continued however for it was intended to make it clear whether general vivian still kept his same position in great force. His cavalry scouts had reported to Galamnia Shoemanna that the christian commanders had showed some signs of retrograde movement. While the glandelinian leader was speculating as to the intentions of his enemy and before Shoemanna was aware of the right, general pindernine quietly recrossed the Pullaway River on rafts with a large division and gained a position on a hill that commanded general smells lines, inflaming it and making it necessary for smash-in-the-head and picknell to withdraw.

Galamnia Shoemanna then massed the whole of picknells divisions in front of the threatening position heavily supported by artillery and cavalry. Then they opened a fearful fire by one o'clock and his fierce assault which followed was so well directed that pindernines forces retired in utmost confusion to the other side of the river. Soon however the situation of the retiring christian forces was exactly reversed and the pursued became the pursuers. Just across the river from Breaknines position was the spot from which the battery of gathling-guns and the others had poured such murderous fire into the ranks of the glandelinians. General Paine who commanded on this point of the field now ordered his batteries to open on general Breaknines charging glandelinians, who was trying to push the advantage they had gained upon pindernine.

The firing was terrific and the havoc terrible, and after an hour of it the glandelinians retreated more quickly than they had advanced. In forty minutes Breaknines had lost 25,678 in killed wounded and captured, while the christian losses in this part of the struggle within the same forty mile minutes had indeed been less heavy for they lost 5,555 men and 7,000 wounded, and had captured from the enemy 10,000 thousand prisoners. This made the christian losses in this engagement in total of the one hour of fighting about one fourth of the immense columns engaged.

Nevertheless both sides lost the services of important general officers by death or by wounds. Brigadier general Joshua of pindernines divisions was killed on the field. On the side of the glandelinians general James C. Hener, Hener, Johnson, and Meldon Hanson were killed. At least only twenty five pieces of artillery had fallen in possession of the enemy and only a small number of prisoners had been captured by the forces of Meldon Hanson before he was killed. During the same time the battle had raged so furiously general Joseph wheels-In-The-Head, had succeeded in gaining the christian rear, and had captured a large supply of wagons loaded with supplies that general Vivian could not afford to lose. So large was the christian cavalry that general wheels-In-The-Head was able to make an entire circuit of it joining Meldon Hanson on the left and was surprised at his own feat. This terrific fighting with general Vivian and pindernines ended with the complete repulse of general smash-In-The-Head, Break-In-The-Neck, Break-In-The-Head, and Break-In-The-Head on the right, and Icknell on the center. For a time during the evening of the fourth day of the engagement there was a complete lull in the contest as Icknell only made a few cavalry raids, and fought shy of a general engagement.

General Robert Vivian made no attempt to force matters for he needed fresh supplies of food and ammunition before resuming the offense. All he did was to occupy the works he had been driven from except pindernine who remained intrenched among the two line of railroads and to guard against surprise, general Vivian resorted to strategy by a wide disposition of campfires and by this he succeeded in impressing Calamnia Shoemanna with his strength on the right and for all that night no further effort was made against him.

This important military event known both as the series of battles of Norma Railroad junction, and as the battle of Pullaway Run or Junction Dine was fought for five days entirely already, but the main actions that were decisive, or those that were not decisive, as to its character and result took place at ten after eight the next morning along the Pullaway River. The principal part of this bloody battle was done on the banks of the Pullaway River which partly ran through the glandelinian army. Both pindernine and Robert Vivian made arrangements during the night to begin the final action.

On each side of the bulk of the fighting armies was massed the left wing.

Bicknell expected to force pindernine and drive general Vivian off the road connecting him with Junction Dine. General Vivian intended to crush general Calamnia Shoemanna, and get in between the enemy and Pullaway and besiege both. Since the christian left wing had to be brought across the river in order to carry out general Robert Vivian's plans the latter's movements were subjected to considerable delay so that he was anticipated by the glandelinian leaders. Robert Vivian had instructed pindernine to hold out stubbornly should he be attacked by Icknell, thus insuring the success of the attack on smash-In-The-Head and Break-In-The-Head which again would become a repulse. At the same time arrangements were fairly under way for pressing the glandelinian columns under general Callie. The latter was nearest by regular approaches. Immediately after the frightful repulses of on smash-In-The-Head and Break-In-The-Head columns a large parallel line of graycoats stretching as far as eye could reach, and seven deep, and followed by a second swept on toward different sections of the christian line, and though their men were mowed down by six hundred at every volley the survivors continued to advance in a line running diagonally on the side of the hills northwest and southeast. The ridges were now again strewn with the dead, dying and wounded, but on the rest of the sections of the fields of carnage, two more parallel lines advanced stretching across the scene, and came sprawling up, and it indeed seemed perilous to resist the approach of the hostile glandelinian columns though inferior in numbers as they were to those of the christians. Five more parallel lines came marching up the hills and though all of these parallel lines were literally torn out of shape and fairly shot to pieces, and disintegrated, and almost enveloped in the smoke of thundering shells, and showers of grape and canister, and facing perfect walls of rifle blasts the survivors moved on steadily.

Indeed the frightful volleys breached the assaulting lines fearfully. This assault though successful only involved into fearful loss of life and not only that but many christian forces even made fearful counter charges, and drove the glandelinians back again and again and hours of this frightful carnage. The desperate stand that the Angelinians made had not been without bad results and so vigorous was the assault that it saved the glandelinians from a complete disastrous defeat at once, for the assailants carried the position and stood their ground against counter charges behind a mountain of dead. Out of 1,170,000 men pindernine had on the first and second days of his activities had lost more than 60,000 men in killed and wounded while the enemy lost over 600,000 in killed wounded and captured entirely. The stress of the severe conflict had fallen upon the center of both armies.

600-600
 When the main attack had slightly succeeded and the christian resistance in this new position had been a failure the whole christian force was again ordered to fall back, and the armies once fell back in good order. It had not been wholly beaten as yet for the battle was not entirely over. In the terrible fourth days engagements the entire loss of the glandelinian armies was about 438,400 of Bicknells alone, of Shoemanna's losses was much heavier being 567,789, in killed wounded and prisoners. Calamnia ascertained that the number of prisoners captured by the Angelinians numbered more than 100,000, besides 11,673 wounded left on the field.

In the meantime there had been attempts made to gain possession of Junction Dine. For four hours operations had went on amid the ear-splitting roar of battle, while at the same time a fleet of twenty Angelinian ships heavily laden with high explosives were sunk on a bar on in the Pullaway Run River with the purpose of obstructing the river and causing the necessities of a blockade the explosives having been removed removed before the sinking process commenced.

For four hours of horrible carnage and a drama of slaughter by the whole christian line at Junction Dine, and then all the advanced works along the river banks filled to overflowing with dead and wounded was abandoned. Five minutes the christian recovered and the enemy were driven back with the loss of ten thousand in thirty minutes. But this did not discourage Shoemanna. He had gained other advantages so he was decided or confident that if all his forces were brought into action at once he could sweep away the christian lines, prevent a siege of Pullaway and Junction Dine, while a military force about 1,100,000 strong could occupy and hold Junction Dine under cover of the guns of the glandelinian batteries.

The preparation for the attack on the christian lines was a completed within an hour and at noon of that day 400,000 men moved slowly down the ridges and proceeded to the attack. The attacking force was composed of nine or ten large columns, while the rest were under Icknell held under reserve. The orders issued by Shoemanna were that the columns should pass the main line and toward the christian center, and open open furious fire upon within range of the purple lines, disorganizing the christian batteries on the ridge, advance to a position northwest of the christian wing in order to attack the weakest front, and fire into air lines with precision rather than rapidity, and having reduced their front front turn their flank. The advance had been delayed for an hour over. These columns of fierce looking glandelinians followed by their two divisions was bearing down upon the Angelinians under general Julian who was armed with three hundred guns. These Angelinian forces knew nothing of the real power and fury of the advancing glandelinians by which they were threatened, but they stood defiant. Calamnia Shoemanna's guards the lead and for a time they were checked by the most deadly fire, and account of the frightful carnage and confusion they became mixed and minutes delay occurred. When this movement was resumed the entire advanced pressed in on in silence despite the galling fire that cut their ranks rapidly. At length the advanced line of graycoats came within full range of battery number nine, and the main batteries under general Julian. The effect of the terrific fire delivered upon them was frightful. Their lines withered under this deadly fire and were also halted between the field and the christian lines by an unseen obstacle a stout hauser stretched across the fields strung with dangerous and sharp pieces, and dangerous T.N.T shells. Thus balked in their passage the glandelinian columns suffered terribly from the christian fire and were obliged to change their course and also to take the left ridge between the river and the christian lines.

Beyond this was seen another row extending for a longer distance and a further scrutiny disclosed a third row, beyond which lay seven hundred and seventy centermeters and Krupp guns and almost eight hundred shilling guns and other cannons. Thus the original designs of reaching the Benligans weakest point was frustrated at the outset, and there was help for it.

To make the situation still more unsatisfactorily the largest columns of the glandelinians caught by a deadly withering fire were cut and torn to fragments and the panic among these became unmanageable. The right wing of the glandelinians and two infantry divisions divisions suffered from a terrible inflame and driven into confusion, and a valuable quarter of an hour was lost over a hundred thousand glandelinians having fallen here. All the time and in the thick of such difficulties and carnage the glandelinian columns were simultaneously in an angle of most deadly fire which concentrated upon them from all the christian batteries along the entire line.

The range was less than nine hundred yards and the terrific fire from guns of heavy calibre was indeed horrible. For more than two hours and a half this terrific fire poured out upon the demoralized glandelinian columns in its most fiercest volleys at the rate of one thousand six hundred and sixty shots a minute. With continuous fury they tore among the biggest glandelinian columns in unbroken succession. From all the christian batteries in this terrific engagement not less than 77,567 rounds were fired by the Angelinians to no response from the foe who were too panic stricken to return the fire. Before this the first or advanced line of the foe which had advanced to within three thousand yards of the christian line had retired crushed to fragments without striking a single blow, having been completely riddled with shot. Calmannia Shoemannias advanced guard had lost nearly half of their own two thousand men and their lines had been badly and completely penetrated by red hot shot, storms of canister, shrapnell, and even high explosives, having received thirty large gaps in their columns and the flying shells as the men were jammed together killed scores and wounded hundreds of per second, and the few surviving lines were in such a rickety condition that every solid shot crashing through also killed and wounded many.

The other lines were also broken and their panic for a time unmanageable while the rest of the large columns had received so many huge gaps that they could not be closed as long as the frightful artillery fire and carnage continued.

Calmannia Shoemannia hastily withdrew his columns and reformed them when out of range of the christian guns. To follow up their advantage the christians now made a furious assault and assailed the enemys lines in heavy numbers but were repulsed and driven back to their main line. Julo Benligan now swept forward with his men and fearful was the struggle that raged between the two fierce enemies. The fighting was insidious and vehement, and during the time the glandelinian works were strewn with dead and dying glandelinians and christians combined other christian columns came to the support of Julo Benligan in heavy numbers and the fighting along a battle line of twelve miles grew so fiercer so fierce and deadly that Shoemannia became horrified at the slaughter and wished to cease it but Picknell told him that he was bound to see it through and would not give up now for anything.

Simultaneously general Walter Jennings came on with heavy forces to add to those already attacking but now the enemys batteries having in the meantime arrived opened fire upon the christian divisions with frightful fury and Walter Jennings army being threatened with annihilation withdrew. General Modestine was also in this great struggle which raged along his lines for two hours and his assaulting columns were only driven back when he himself fell mortally wounded. Two more times his men made a charge but those two times amid the dreadful carnage they were driven back again with three generals James Benedict, Frank Illion, and Hanser Werner severely wounded. The glandelinian works seemed to blaze, but despite their deadly fire Julo's men themselves swarmed over the enemys works in frightful overwhelming numbers driving back the glandelinian columns, and though they tried to retake their works the glandelinians were driven back with the most heavy loss. Though the glandelinians were exposed to a most destructive withering fire they charged again and again with frightful fury, the roar and din of the conflict keeping up as steadily at this point as at any other.

These charges were also repulsed with the most dreadful losses but the glandelinians troops returned again to the heavy assault against the overwhelming numbers concentrated, against them, and despite the continuous and dreadful fury of the howling and insidious christian fire, and endeavored with all their fury to recapture the works, and though they were beaten back with torn and tottered lines, they continued the attack with utmost and mazing fury, surged up and over the works, with the ferocity of demons, but 1,100,000 Angelinians Angelinians opposed them and amid the dreadful carnage and dreadful losses the christians surprising and sad to say were last driven back from the works, the enemy having charged again and again with titanic ferocity driving them back, and then recaptured all the works along junctine pine driving the christians away with the loss of 11,100,567 in killed and wounded along this point, along with the others. The glandelinians had slightly won the five days battle of Pullaway but at a terrible cost having lost over 800,000 in killed and wounded while the christian losses were less than that in proportionate even of those captured but something like 234,685 in killed wounded and prisoners. The christian losses had been at first stated to be about 987,566 of which 789,000 had fallen in killed and wounded but these losses had been completely exaggerated and were not so at all. The only success the enemy had accomplished was prevent preventing general Vivian from at once laying siege to Pullaway.

Pullaway but had at least prevented him from concentrating upon their lines in any way that would have caused the immediate capture or destruction of the glandelinian army. Nevertheless general Vivian suffered a severe defeat and did not think it wise to remain at that point long and made preparations to retreat northward.

AFTER TWENTY ONE.

ANGELINIA AGATHIS THREATENED.

At the beginning of this gigantic war between Angelinia and Glandelinia the fortifications of Angelinia Agathis, and Beppo Hansin the main capitals of the christian world in Calverinia were only designed to resist attacks of fiends from hell maybe. After the terrible outbreak of hostilities at Crowley Run and Jennie Wren town other works were added in rapid succession. In addition to the works, Fort Angelinia, Fort Jennie Vivian in honour of that brave little vivian girl, and Fort Calverine, and several parks of large batteries were well erected. On the beautiful hills seven other batteries were constructed and a mile further south a long line of earthworks. The old forts chairty and modest were strengthened, and their cannon and other arms were increased as much as possible. Old fort Kindernine and beside Angeline a newly erected fort which were blown up by fire during the outbreak of the war by glandelinian incendiaries and government agents had been rebuilt and armed with heavy guns and made of solid iron and concrete, and besides fort Golden Hair and fort Jennie Turner and Francis Smith were constructed. Besides the battery formations and fortifications a long line of works was built on both sides of the Angeline river for sixty miles, with fort Offensive, Fort Thunder, and hundreds of heavily armed stockade stockades near its northern extremity. An inclosed works of iron on Wagners hill, and three hundred thousand heavy guns were mounted at the intrenchment along the river banks these defenses being constructed in the direction of general Leona James Picknellian one of the most able of military engineers of Angelinia and who showed great courage in his commands in the progress of the war up to where the campaigns into Calverinia started. Two days later general Leona Picknell with a force of about sixteen million six hundred thousand Angelinians came to relieve general who retired alone to Angelinia Agathis leaving the two combined armies to lay siege to Pullaway. From Angelinia Agathis he telegraphed to Jennie Wren town asking how Baldwin, Hanson, and Gannon were getting along, and received word that a battle had raged there with a complete christian victory, that their injuries received were slight, but that thousands upon thousands of the Angelinians were just recovering from a raging plague called Fabriara. In the meantime general Concontinian Aronburg had taken command of large christian forces formerly under general Jero Vivian and Leona, and Nero, and gradually receiving many other commands, and hearing general Vivians threat of having gone Glandelinia invaded decided to attack themselves, not as a general invasion but a show of demonstration so to prevent the enemy from invading Angelinia while Hanson and the others held Calverinia and overthrew the glandelinians there. While he was giving orders to general Hanson, Picknell to concentrate near the Crowley Run and keep a firm hold on Pandora as well general Vivian received word that general Aronburg had purposes of making a furious invasion into the enemys country. As he was then advancing to lay siege to Pullaway and to force Shoemannia he gave the permit, but told his boyhood friend Aronburg not to start anything he could not finish, not to penetrate so far, as the enemys country was very treacherous, and that the king would mobilize armies that will crush him if he gets careless and to abandon the invasion as soon as it is correct to do so and not to make it at all general.

Aronburg gave statement that his force was 10,000,000 strong and well able to make the invasion without danger, and as he started out he never dreamed what a war he was going to make on himself in the Glandelinian country or what serious resistance he would meet with. He had abandoned the small town of Crowley Run long before this after burning her to the ground so that the foe could not possess her and on March the tenth set off on the march and after two days traveling reached the main objective point of the enemys country and laid siege to the first city he came to called Titanic Fair. From the impregnable positions that surrounded it.

Immediately a demand on general Pyhiscian for the surrender of the city with the assurance that if the reply were not satisfactorily fire would be opened on Titanic Fair from batteries already established within the city, Py Pyhiscian returned the note unopened. As soon as he had arrived with a second army of 23,678,888 men general Kindernine had been constructing batteries around the city, as most of the inhabitants had been reported to be fleeing. General Pyhiscian resigned his command when received the note which he returned to general Aronburg unopened, stating to the king that he would not serve in the war any longer for it would only ruin his ruin, so general Aronburg Py Pyhiscian was put in his place, and this leader even made to reply to Aronburg's second demand to surrender, and which had been refused by the other leader who had become so scared as believed, and after waiting ten hours beyond the time specified in his second notice to the second glandelinian commander, Kindernine's batteries of three hundred thousand cannon opened a withering fire on the city with such destructive effect that buildings by the hundreds of thousands per hour were destroyed, and hundreds of thousands of others razed, splintered and blown down and also set on fire. Ten desperate and bloody attacks which shook the earth with the roar of battle was also made and repulsed by the two sides and this all occurred on March 12th. This desperate and bloody action on the part of the christian commander brought a speedy and vigorous protest from general Pyhiscian who accused general Aronburg of barbarity disregard of the customary usage in giving very insufficient time for the removal of noncombatants, and of failure to attach his signature to the letter demanding surrender which he had not received till that day, as the scout had been captured and had not been searched quick enough before he was hanged as a spy. In reply general Aronburg admitted that he had omitted his signature, that he would not give his signature to glandelinian leaders, and also declared that the glandelinians at Crowley and Jennie Wren town did not give the inhabitants time to get away before the massacre occurred and refused to call off the bombardment for another day though it was partially slackened however, and Aronburg felt confident that there were few noncombatants remaining in the already burning city.

CHAPTER I WENT Y TWO.

THE PROGRESS OF THE GREAT INVASION INTO THE COUNTRY OF GLANDELINIA, AND THE SERIES OF EVERY DAY BATTLES AND CONCLUSIONS. THE GREAT BATTLE OF BRISTLETON STATION.....

Aronburg continued his parallel approaches to within two miles of the city and on the next day recommenced the terrific and tremendous bombardment which was continued for hours, and though the garrison convinced of its inability to maintain its positions slipped away from the northern walls, and all but five hundred made to their escape. This ended all the aggressive operations against this point of the defense of the city of Titanic Fair, but from Beldons point a steady and destructive bombardment upon the interior of the city itself was continued, until the whole city was battered badly out of shape. Aronburg then attempted an entrance into the city but a great force of the enemy had hid behind the long line of breastworks, and as an open assault was made, fearful loss in life involved, and though Aronburg made this sacrifice he could not capture the formidable works, which bore upon its weakest point many deadly cannon. Three serious and violent attacks were made on the defenses of the city simultaneously, at three different points, which were repulsed with the most frightful slaughter, new fortifications having been built here called the Callion trenches. The following assault the next few hours was made by the christians in overwhelming force, who by this time carried all before them, and after all the labor and cost involved in the defense of Titanic Fair, and in offensive operations against the city, it was captured by the Angelinians after a sea severe but not decisive battle. As soon as general Abandonia with a fragment of his great host reached Wagnersville in his own invasion through the northern part of glandelinia, and had left general Had, Hildelee only a single line of retreat, the latter under Pyhiscian decided to evacuate Titanic Fair.

At this time general Pickerniny who was in command of a force of glandelinians at Jamestown was on the northern border of glandelinia collecting forces, and awaiting Wagners troops from the south, and the large divisions under Bedeldia Lenses command from the city of glandelinia and from general James Body lace, and Cootie as well.

Pyhiscian evacuated Titanic Fair on the night of March the Twentieth, and moved southward so rapidly that he managed to join general Abandonia Carolina's forces in the south twelve miles away from Titanic Fair before he could be intercepted by general Abandonia. Simultaneously general Aronburg's army entered the city of Titanic Fair and raised the national flag over the fortifications. The five hundred and forty thousand guns captured at Titanic Fair were about the only consideration which made its possession of value to its captors. After this battle and capture of Titanic Fair, when general Pyhiscian had managed to succeed in making his escape across the Titan River he took the same positions on the banks of the Titan River where the battle by that name occurred with the glandelinians and Abandonians, and which was a victory as soon as the Angelinians turned upon the enemy's rear and increased the battle, and then crushed the whole line of the enemy. He seemed now to have in contemplation some other offensive movement but owing to the swollen conditions of the Titan River caused by the Angelinians damming up a large portion of it the plans of operations which had been contemplated when they retreated across the Titan River could not be put into execution, and before the waters had subsided the desperate and menacing movements of the Angelinians induced Pyhiscian's glandelinians to cross the Red Ridge Run at its lower fords, south of the Titan and glandelinian rivers. Aronburg's plan of march down the south side of the glandelinian river was not well adopted though he had intended to strike the glandelinian army a general blow as soon as possible.

As for Pyhiscian it was necessary for him to decide in what manner his inferior force could assail the christian enemy, which had so ruthlessly driven his forces out of Titanic Fair. Aronburg himself decided to threaten the flank of the glandelinians and menace Pyhiscian's communications by advancing a force along the east side of the Red Ridge Run, being led to his decision by the fact that the glandelinian railroad which traversed the valley of the Titan River was insufficient to supply his great army. Since Pyhiscian would be compelled to retreat up this great red valley Aronburg hoped as he had the shorter line to be able to throw a large force through some large gap in these wooded regions, and attack the flank of the glandelinian army as it passed in its retreat.....

As quickly as an army as large as it was could move, the christians crossed the Titan River in hot pursuit of the retreating glandelinian forces, and as soon as he discovered that general Aronburg was on his tracks, Py Pyhiscian took up his temporary quarters along the river banks and began a rapid march up the banks and the valley of the Titan River once more hoping to reach the railroad leading to the Bristleton Run before Whilliamsburg or Zimmermann who was in the lead of another christian force caught up with him. Thus it happened that the two armies were moving rapidly in parallel lines with the Red Ridge Run between. In this peculiar march each was shut out from knowledge of the movements and positions of the other, except as such as could be obtained from spies, and boy scouts who scouted ahead and then. The next morning when he reached Snowflake Gap Zimmermann learned from scouts that the glandelinian armies were exactly opposite his supply lines. Instantly it occurred to Zimmermann that his opportunity to throw strong forces through the gap and attack Pyhiscian's center was now at hand.

He ordered general Constantine Campaigns troops to make the attack and this battle began on March 30th. After several severe charges in which he suffered terrible loss general Campaigns Angelinians pushed through the gap with considerable opposition and after two whole days of fearful conflict as of the most stubborn and bloody battles ever noted raging with unceasing fury and with the losses on both sides dreadful the Angelinians after a lull and on the following day discovered that the glandelinians were drawn up in what seemed to be a still stronger line of battle. Aronburg made all the necessary preparations for the resumption of the battle and was of the opinion that the glandelinian general would be compelled to fight for the reason that he had halted his retreating army, so to save his trains and had engaged Zimmermann's army for two days already.

But again the keen witted glandelinian general had deceived his antagonists, for several hours later after the battle had been resumed and raged for eight hours with fitful violence, it was discovered that after the closing of the bloody contest that the whole glandelinian army had vanished. The remainder of what had appeared to be a stronger line of battle was only a long string of rear guard of hundreds of thousands of big mummies and clothing tail, or shop dolls, with guns fixed in their wooden arms.

All the time the main army of glandelinians had been retreating swiftly by roads further to the east. Having thus eluded his pursuer general Pyhiscian passed on to the valley of the glandelinian river and halted at Beppo Necklace where he had a considerable battle and slightly checked a christian force for a few days. Having failed to strike

his intended blow-Aronburg withdrew from snowflake Gap, and marched on slowly, slowly toward the Glandelinian river. At that time the Angelinian army numbered at least 29,876,345 men, and the Glandelinian force only about 18,987,666, but had more cannon than the Christians did. Knowing that he was greatly superior Aronburg decided to advance on Pyhiscian and force him to a meeting. During this time a great effort was being made by the king of Glandelinia to strengthen Pyhiscian's command. And in a few days more it was increased by five hundred and sixty thousand more, while, as also an increase of the Christian army had taken place by the arrival of Zimmerman. Now Pyhiscian's army was still inferior than Aronburg's, and soon however the general Glappe and his divisions were sent to the aid of Callet hard pressed by the Angelinians along the boundary line. Aronburg then crossed the boundary of the Glandelinian River and established himself at Pepper-Necklace, while Pyhiscian after giving vent to resistance more furious than any he had given before and wiping out 100,000 Christian soldiers in a day and wounding a million, fell back beyond the town and fixed himself in a position naturally strong, and soon made stronger for fortifications of works and parapets. During the second day's battle of Pepper Necklace in which two hundred thousand Glandelinians were fairly slain, and two million wounded, and in which a hundred of their nobles and generals fell also slain, a large force of Glandelinian infantry and cavalry were observed moving on Kindernine's right flank, and the Christian commander who had all he could do to hold his position as his whole line was shattered by the violent Glandelinian onslaughts, was puzzled to know what the meaning was.

These movements were really susceptible of two interpretations. At first Kindernine was of the opinion that general Pyhiscian was falling back still further before the thundering onslaughts of Zimmermann's Abbeinians far to the main Christian right, and that his bloody demonstration on the Christian left was intended to throw his enemy off the track, while the Glandelinian army badly torn, mangled, and widely scattered by the vigor of the Christian advance under Zimmerman was withdrawing from the victorious advance of Zimmermann's advancing main line, and were moving southward. Later while his forces were moving forward after charging in the face of an annihilating fire ten times across a corpse strewn field, and advanced again against the now receding Glandelinian armies, the Christian general was convinced that Pyhiscian was attempting to gain the rear of the main Christian line, and to fall upon its communications, which depended upon a single line of railroads, from Pepper-Necklace to northward. Before the battle had begun it did not seem likely that Pyhiscian would assail him at Pepper-Necklace with his much inferior force, and he had been satisfied that the plan of the Glandelinian general must be to turn his right flank and assure a position in the rear, which would compel him to fight at a disadvantage. So while his forces were now pressing forward, Kindernine ordered Nero to withdraw his forces across the river, and hardly had these or Christian forces landed on the other side of the Glandelinian river, when scouts out spying reported that immense Glandelinian forces had moved on Pepper-Necklace apparently with the intention to crush Vivian's right wing, and offer him battle on the very ground which Vivian had selected. Aronburg had no wish to avoid a meeting under such circumstances, and he sent over the other divisions he could spare, and moved these forward toward Pepper-Necklace and here the battle raged furiously. While this order had been carried out and while the battle was now raging with all its violence, the Christian cavalry which had been thrown out to the right, returned with the information that the divisions which had recrossed the river, had been attacked so furiously by the Glandelinians that two of them had been reduced to fragments, the main line was torn to pieces, Zimmermann's main army was shot to pieces in standing his ground against desperate assaults of the foe, and that all of two other divisions were driven back frightfully shattered with the loss of 189,000 in killed and wounded, and that a portion of the whole Glandelinian army was on the march to gain the Christian rear.

This information proved to be too true. Knowing how the first line of the Christian forces had been severely depleted during the first day of battle, and not aware of the strong accessions it had received at this period, Pyhiscian had in mind a repetition of the movement by which his Glandelinians had worsted the Christians on the bloody day before. This time however instead of Arob Aronburg supposed of marching west of the Red Ridge run and cross the fords, and carefree Gap he intended to skirt the southern extremity of this region and gain exposition in the Christian rear on the railroad. Having thus cut off Arob Aronburg's communications the latter would be compelled to resume his attack on ground selected by Pyhiscian. Arob Aronburg supposed that general Pyhiscian would try to occupy the strong position at Glaterville where he had attacked the Christian line with the fiercest fury, and this plan was so

well carried out by the Glandelinian commander that Aronburg knew of no other plan than to abandon the battle in which he had lost altogether 2,400,000 killed and wounded and retreat with all speed to the north of the Titanic river hoping to reach it in advance of Pyhiscian. So the retreat was commenced but Pyhiscian's did not follow having lost over 5,500,000 in killed and wounded and did not care for further engagements with Aronburg until he could be heavily reinforced as he feared that if he engaged further, the other Christian armies would come up and destroy his army entirely. As it happened Arob Aronburg retreated up the region toward the direction of the railroad leading to a railroad station called the Bristle-oe, but in his retreat retreat he moved so slowly that when the head of his column reached it three days later his whole army with the exception of Kindernine's had passed that region only to sight a large force of a new foe, which was found to be under the command of general Mc-Holleston Francis Johnston one of the highest of all the Glandelinian generals, and one of the world's greatest warriors.

Day after Kindernine's army had been delayed by a sharp skirmish at Glaterville with the Glandelinian forces under general Henry Runway, and when they resumed the march there was a considerable interval to cover. Later when Kindernine was nearing Henrietta from which the Christian rear had recently departed, he found himself confronted by Copyright's Glandelinian army, and behind the latter the whole Glandelinian army. It was a perilous position and nothing but the quick wit of the Christian commander saved his divisions from instant destruction. With instant decision Kindernine sent two of his divisions to seize upon a deep cutting in the railroad. These rushed forward at a swiftest race like run and were just in time to secure the position when Copyright's advancing forces came up. The Glandelinians were receding with a withering fire so severe and destructive that they fell back for making three of the most frightful onslaughts in which their three main lines of attacks were blown and torn to fragments by the Christian cannon, and in which terrible slaughter occurred on both the Christian side.

At the time the frightful battle was raging the roar of many thousands of cannon was heard all along the line on both sides with the most fearful violence and volcano of flames and din. General St. Justice threw himself with his fourteen squadron squadrons of concentric cavalry against the Glandelinian army which the Grand Duke of Constance's Glandelinian army had sent against Kindernine's main line of infantry. The ground trembled like an earthquake under the hoofs of the horses, every time the cavalry forces charged each other, and were crushed and tore one another in tangled pieces, and the sky was obscured by the smoke bet caused by the full blinding firing of musketry of both infantry sides. Twenty eight fierce and sanguinary and bloody duels raged between the Angelinian and Glandelinian cavalry before the Glandelinian cavalry was finally shattered and routed back to their lines. The ground was reddened by the blood of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers on both sides. Seven times the Glandelinian infantry charged against the Christians, and seven times the Glandelinian waves were shot and torn to pieces and routed to their main lines. General Drouot Anderson of the foe and Rapperson were wounded. The Glandelinians gave way, and gather again, and made the charge with redoubled violence, recede and gather once more while the earth seemed to rise into the sky from the series of frightful explosions of shells that tear and gap the main line of the enemy. The Angelinians finally after pushing forward with might and main and by changing the region to a seething inferno of bloodcurdling slaughter gain ground. The enemy are now entrenched behind immense mountains of corpses. At last the bloody battle of Henrietta had been decided. The sacred Heart of Jesus had won once more. In all these Christian divisions which kept up the extremely steady fight for twelve hours the Christians lost 3,430,000 in killed and wounded and yet captured 177,000 prisoners.

The Glandelinian loss was 9,876,000 in killed and wounded. Indeed Copyright had received a most severe shock, but nevertheless general Kindernine was still in great peril. The remainder of the Glandelinian army under general Mc-Holleston Francis Johnston was coming up and the Christian troops under Aronburg were moving farther and farther away every moment apparently in ignorance of Kindernine's plight and danger. Kindernine could not hope to battle successfully with the whole entire Glandelinian army, nor could he abandon his strong position, and continue his march.

Fortunately the main Glandelinian armies were slow in making their dispositions to attack him, so slow that darkness and a heavy rain and thunderstorm closed in, and under its cover general Hindernine and his army stole away and finally rejoined the main army on its march taking with it all the wounded but leaving behind their dead. Though the invasion has only started the Glandelinian army really seemed poor practically destitute of great forces just now, but nevertheless most of the chief cities and towns along the northern portion of Glandelinia were considered unassailable by the Christian armies. The operation of the Christian leaders concentrated in Aronburg, and Zimmerman in the meantime had been to make a strike and strong seige of the city of Neptune of a fouling a foul smelling river which received the name of Onion River as the odor was much like onions.

They also planned to make expeditions up the Glandelinian river seize Bristol station, crush the Glandelinian army there and then move northward to Angelina again and abandon the feint invasion as planned though it did seem indeed to be a real one at that. Although most of these offensive land operations were on a small scale comparatively speaking, they were marked by great skill and boldness, and were very interesting and intensely thrilling. One by one the minor cities along the Onion River were seized without any resistance, as there were no armies to defend them, leaving only Neptune, Lader, Cavanaugh, and Ohmyville which could not be taken without bloody battles, and which were probably not captured for a long time. One of the first importance of this minor expedition was the one that resulted in the capture of Fort Manley, and the fortifications of Malnyey situated on a high bank of the dirty Onion River and commanding the approaches to the city of Oh-my-Bile. After a series of laborious approaches approaches begun by Zimmerman, continued by Aronburg, and brought to a successful termination by general Frank Goodnows batteries bearing on the forts were placed at a distance greater than that from which a serious bombardment of a fortification had been attempted. After Goodnow had got his batteries into position there were seven hundred batteries in all each mounting a thousand guns, all mortars, and other kind of heavy guns. Hindernine made on general Nemo Johnson for the surrender of the fort, and fortifications but Nemo replied that he had been put there to defend the fort and the fortifications at all costs, not to surrender it and that even he could not surrender it as it was not his to do so.

Then a most tremendous fire equal to that of the bombardment of Titanic Fair was opened and for twelve hours the Angelinians gunners rained a tornado storm of shot shell, and high explosives upon the fort and fortifications which replied more vigorously with twice as many guns of artillery and after an entire bombardment of forty eight hours which shook the ground for eight hundred miles and broke windows in all the towns around from the concussion and made all furniture dance the tango, and caused a loss of millions of dollars in dishes and other earthenware and window panes, the fort and fortifications were reduced to ruins. Hindernine came into possession of a very large store of ammunition and had captured one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners.

Though his force was large, now an attempt was made to carry the city but after all day fighting most savagely the Christian forces met a bloody failure. He had however barred all access to Oh-my-Bile by river, and made it useless to the Glandelinians as a port of entry. Not long after Goodnows forces appeared off Onion city and demanded its surrender, but no measures were taken for a while to force the demand. It was not until later under a similar storm of high explosives as at Titanic Fair, or at Oh-my-Bile that this city was reduced to ruins, but it took a four days bloody resistance of the enemy under Failen before the city was surrendered and the whole Glandelinian army of 5,678,838 with it. Kindernine ordered Goodnow to hold Onion city, but a portion of Mc-Hollester Johnsons army had arrived, and the next day when the battle was resumed furiously and raged for thirteen hours the Glandelinians making a series of sweeping charges drove the Christians out, but not without most frightful loss and soon recaptured the city.

But Hindernine decided to again take the city and with his own forces. The city was now again garrisoned by less than 11,500,000 Glandelinians since they were expected to hold it against the attacks that were sure to come. This consisted of many divisions all of which were in serviceable condition. Hindernine had a land force of four divisions of cavalry, and sixth corps all being sharpshooters, and these desperately assailed the Glandelinian forces on the outskirts, and for a whole day the advanced forces of Glandelinians held their own against the furious attacks. But on the other day most terrific onsets were made in endless succession each charge this time being made simultaneously along the entire line, and soon the center of the Glandelinian army was disabled by the desperate onsets, and this banded the entire line so badly, that when on the following day the Christians again attacked and grappled with them, the unfortunate Glandelinians

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Glandelinians were hurled back with heavy loss to their main line close to the front of the city. Then a sharp fire was poured into the main Glandelinian columns from Hindernines entire line throughoutly protected by barricades of stonewalls, barbed wire fences, stone walls, hillocks, haystacks, trees, and rocky ravines, and then finally on the last day of the conflict the whole force of Glandelinians charged again and again and after a furious engagement the Christians were finally driven from their seemingly impregnable position, and their own personal works carried by storm. Two of Hindernines staff officers generals Whilliam Knowland, and Patrick Gandmann were killed in the hand-to-hand fight. Thus this fine position fell into the possession of the Glandelinians with inconceivable loss to them however, and seventy thousand Glandelinians had been made prisoners during this part of the fray. As knowledge was rushing up to the scene of bloody conflict his forces were full within full range of batteries at the Glandelinians had established on a ridge, which opened a hot fire on them. A hundred and fifty Christian cannon got stuck in the mud and bog, and though the men after firing them again and again until a thousand lay dead besides the guns, tried to finally drag them out, they did not budge them. Seeing that it was impossible to save the cannon they resolved to let them go and escape the deadly infilade into which they had run, and which were destroying human beings by man hundreds per minute. A hundred thousand barrels of turpentine and gasoline were unheeded, ready to set ablaze as soon as the troops were out of range of the deadly artillery fire. After a nearly all of the men had retreated a half a rod the turpentine and gasoline was fired prematurely by a score of hot shots. The barrels blew up with a deafening roar one after another making a lake of liquid for a distance of nearly a mile burning furiously, making a perfect sea of clouds of smoke and setting fire to nearly whole forests of trees near by. The indirect result of this daring exploit was of greater importance than were the immediate results of the second capture of Onion city. The whole city came into possession of the Angelinians, and the successive captures of Alhambra, Career, Foamous, famous, Fort Galson, and Beehive after desperate battles gave the Christian forces command of the greater part of the great river for the time the invasion was to last. All this happened between the first, to the eighteenth, 1912.....

Chapter 23

Prediction and Events.

At the time that the invasion started it was feared by the Glandelinian authorities at their main capitol that if the Christians succeeded in winning series of victories they would make an attempt to march along the river bank into the far interior of the country, to seize the line of railroads connecting Glandelinia and the far south of the country. While general Hindernine held the command at Onion city he did not regard his forces of 6,000,000 men as sufficient for such an enterprise and the exigencies of the case; campaign then going in in the city of Glandelinia. He made any reinforcements for him out of the city. The most that he could do was to hold the point on or along the river bank that he had correspondence between general Pyhiscian and general Aronburg..... The practice of slaying women and children as an act of great retaliation wrote general Aronburg. Had happily fallen into disuse, with repentance of some other Glandelinians or officers of the wicked Glandelinian nation but that the terrible demilitation and pillage of the little unoffending little villages and towns may be permitted to stand and without parallel upon record. Answered general Pyhiscian. "You choose your tie and place for an attack upon our defenseless cities and people, and should therefore see that the defenses or defenses and the innocent of your own nation are out of the way of pullaway, Christian hellhound. For rest assured that the fire will be returned and you will hold yourselves answerable for the deaths of the innocent."

This was true in fact for in the bombarded cities 100,000 women and children had been either killed injured or died from sheer fright. General Aronburg answered back that he must either surrender the positions at Vanity Fair or retreat, but he received a defiant refusal, and a fierce and desperate assault as well. Pyhiscian scorned the proposition from the Christian general general to yield to superior forces and had directed the desperate assault himself, however to be repulsed with mangled and shattered armies. In the four hours of the terrific slaughter.

"Glandelinians don't know and refuse to learn how to surrender to an enemy of saten, and if Aronburg Aronburg or that old Zimmerman can teach me let them come on and try and see the reception they would get, one worse than they ever gave me." Is what he said after the bloody repulse which he lost over three hundred hundred thousand killed and wounded during those four hours.

"I have been ordered to hold my defenses at all costs and it is my purpose to do so as long as it should be in my power. The authorities in the near by towns also refuse to surrender." Indeed the authorities in the near by towns did add to his fierce refusal and one of the fiercest battles of this campaign and probably one of the first of the bloodiest of the war took place especially at that time at Vainy Fair.

"So far as the municipal authorities are concerned," said the Glandelinian general before the outbreak of the terrible battle which he won too;

"We have had nothing to do with the construction of the defenses here, and we certainly have no right to surrender to the christian child butchers, which does not belong to us. And furthermore if they try anything, we will show those blasted christian dogs that they have made a war on a nation, that is well prepared and can lick them at any time....."

After the first of the engagement in which over three hundred thousand glandelinians and 234,567 christians had fallen within those four hours the Angelinians raised their flags on arsenals and other public buildings along the river they had captured and leaving the conduct of the municipal authorities and forces that still retained their position to do as it liked. Aronburg supported by a new coming force of Abyssinkilians went back to their old positions at Gappalnitia. The enemy's position was at once the most important, and the most defensible position on the banks of the glandelinia river. So little idea we was there of any general and serious struggle for the possession of either position that the christian officers felt the least anxiety. The enemy just now after their crushing repulse showed little signs of activity as they believed that the christian besiegers would never occupy it, and if they did the christian armies would not gain anything by marching into the country, and so the Angelinian soldiers would be afraid to go so far into the interior, where fevers of all kinds occur, and were they were in danger of the outbreak of the most frightful battles that on would appall the world. During the same time the glandelinians had been making the frightful onslaught a large force of Abyssinkilians reached a position on a peninsula opposite the enemy's position, who opened a desultory fire with their batteries. At that time the glandelinian force defending the batteries and strong positions, numbered about 30,000,000 and general Frander Marieter had only twenty regiments and four fields pieces but he set to work immediately to dig a canal across the peninsula, which if successful would throw the enemy's position and its defenses six miles inland. The proposition was now made and agreed upon the junction between Aronburg's forces, then south of the enemy's position, and that of Hindernine and Gindernine also north of the enemy's position. Running the gauntlet of glandelinian batteries was now a dangerous thing and Aronburg did not regard it as a matter of special magnitude or peril to move across this cold river to attack the glandelinian defenses. Anyway Aronburg decided to make a heavy demonstration against the enemy's position, and naturally he was disposed to strike the heaviest blow possible with the force he had in hand. That night he had everything in readiness, to open an artillery duel, or make a demonstration, and an order was given to advance in the early morning of the rising sun..... According to a plan agreed upon general Foltillia villia, who had his position in excellent condition, was to cross pontoon bridges, and open assaults upon the glandelinian batteries at seven o'clock. His part of the movement was to be similar to which he had so successfully carried out in the counter charge against the glandelinian glandelinian hordes in the first days engagements, which had lasted four hours, sit to stand still and let his artillery engage the enemy's batteries, while the other divisions should cross the river by means of pontoons and assail the enemy's position. The assaulting force was to be under general Ned Van pourner, and consisted of three divisions of battalions, and mounted infantry and lancers, and pikemen. These divisions were to form double lines of advance, of cavalry, corps, dragoons, veterans and long infantry ranks, while the christian batteries were to open fire the same time they assaulted..... At two o'clock on the morning the order to advance was given, and as the columns advanced in the darkness, they saw seemingly thousands of strangely colored lights, which was observed among the hostile lines in the advanced distance, and which seemed to be moving in all directions, while there came a strange noise, which was enough to make any one feel creepy and suspicious..... This display kept on until daylight shut it out of sight, and all of a sudden

they found that a tremendous artillery fire was opening on them so vigor-ly that the rousing echoes reverberated throughout the rivers river for miles startling all the near by towns with the deafening uproar..... The enemy's army still kept on advancing until he soon saw great columns in gray come issuing out of the wooded districts, and soon though his forces overwhelmed the enemy's ten to one he was doing his best to repel a series of bloody assaults, which continued with such unabated fury that he was compelled to send a hasty appeal for aid, stating that all his batteries had been silenced and captured. An order was sent to him to withdraw, and he did so, the enemy coming on and engaging Hansonias center with the most frightful fury imaginable. The assailants who had succeeded in silencing the enemy's batteries, received some injury from the upper christian batteries, and suffered the loss of fifty thousand killed and wounded within fifteen minutes. The Abyssinkilian batteries along general Hansonias center were also in the fiercest operation, which works horrible slaughter among the glandelinian columns warring and shattering them frightfully. Millions of glandelinians saw swarmed forward in onslaught after onslaught only to be crushed to fragments, and driven back. Mc-Hollester Johnston came up and he supported the assaulting columns with nine batteries and the heaviest columns demonstrating its feasibility in the most possible manner.

To have on won on the once and we can do so again, and as often as it may be required." The Glandelinian general had said. "We can do more than to silence the christian batteries, and carry their positions on the hillside behind." Was what general Pyhiscian had said, also a combined attack was moving on toward Bristol-Town station and consisting of 3,300,000 men which was made against the strong position of Hansonias center, and such an attacking raging for four hours in the fury the most frightful of description accomplished and resulted in the capture of a part of the position. But no mortar batteries was in full possession of the river and places near the waters edge, and though the glandelinians had a thing to be done during the war, they were forced to recoil before the batteries on the river which stretching for miles opened a dangerous fire destroying fire upon them, which in the fury of the shell and explosion burst almost changed the shape of the land landscapes, and blew thousands upon thousands of trees to splinters and obliterated many divisions of the glandelinian soldiery. The terrible assault ended with such little precision on the position of the christian line that the Angelinians came to the conclusion that they had nothing to fear from the glandelinian engraving positions, and that they were able to furnish a strong contrast to the fortunate divisions which had suffered such crippling losses during the morning's bloody engagement. But the glandelinian divisions had been reinforcements from the heavy troops from Mc-Hollester Johnston, and more troops were arriving while Pyhiscian was himself waiting for more reinforcements, and so again an hour after during a persisting and ear-splitting bombardment from one hundred thousand cannon, another assault of redoubled force was made to assist in the capture of the position, the batteries above and below, and the frightful line of battle and slaughter rolled on for miles and miles, across plains shelled by high explosives, and over meadows strewn with hundreds of thousands of dead and wounded, but back it rolled again crushed to fragments with their glandelinian leaders, generals about Sanctuary, Pascals, Fri Franklin, Tabernacle, Fidelis Agathia, Gray killed, while generals Pontific, Hilliary, Doyle, Ellemann, Fielder, Obstacles, Sullivan, Revera, and Anthony were wounded. Despite the two crushing repulses the glandelinian commander decided to make a decisive action. He had during the assaults crossed 11,000,000 troops of finding overwhelming christian forces on his right, Mc-Hollester Johnston made a storming assault in full force, but finding the position untenable and finding it impossible to supply the troops with enough ammunition, the christian commanders after many hours of most frightful carnage, especially with clubbed muskets and bayonets, and their losses unaccountable, withdrew their troops from the glandelinian front and these hard pressed retreated in the greatest confusion. At another point the christian position held by Gindernine, Hindernine being wounded, was too strong to be carried and in no instance could they be driven from their guns, who fired for hours upon the swiftly assaulting columns and deliberately but with well aim, 1,111,999 shot per hour, and also there was on the river front eight hundred guns in position, and palisades which had been erected, and which were in perfect order, and that while it was possible that one hundred thousand men might have carried it by assault, they could not have held it long, so no attacks were made along these points. The main line of christian works were very strong, and the christian forces were in good spirits and ready, and when more assaults were attempted later in the afternoon,

the fire on the glandelinian columns was extraordinary heavy. In these series of engagements which had lulled us for an hour between times, the losses on both sides had been terribly heavy, although upward of forty five or fifty casualties occurred among the christian lines from the bursting on of one ton gathling guns on several of the Angelinian batteries. The loss thus caused was greater than that inflicted by the assu assaulted force assaulting-forces of glandelinians, greater this time intensely than even the total glandelinian losses in the two main heavy onslaughts alone. All that afternoon during the twenty assaults that were made in quick and endless succession all of them being general and with herculean violence, and which caused the most inconceivable losses to both sides, the batteries kept up a frightful hellstorm of projectiles upon the christian lines, but the following attacks made by the glandelinians was vastly precise and effective than the former onslaughts, but the losses was more terrific in men, and general Pyhiscian himself was borne from the field seriously wounded, with two other generals Gustav Johnson, and Henry Secilia, while general Shellenia Sheldie was killed.

The whole line of christians who were attacked fought nobly, but during the assaults which were like the hammering of tidal waves against a storm torn city, the Angelinians were driven from their guns, all of which were sped speedily silenced and two disabled before the christian columns came back in roaring counter charges, and by wildling attacking and crippling the gray lines completely and drove them back once more. The fearful firing of the glandelinian batteries kept on incessantly giving the christians no time to repair injuries and making special efforts to dismount the guns of the main christian batteries. During the battle christian generals also had fallen nearly twenty of them being killed, those named being as followed; James Angell, Johnson, Anthony Red Reed, Frank Reed, Mulvey, Bobby, Mevior, Reverend-Franklin, James Sullivan, Henry, Paigumie, Frank Quicksilver, Tom Soleann, George Percy, Gobbibbons, Jim Aronburg, Tim Jibyanina, Santa Anna Marten, Frank Brookfield, Brookland Hayward, and Latenia Salutaris.

Everette True Brookfield was severely wounded with three generals by the name of James Hoyne, Donohue, his brother, Pennellianand, Obis, while five others, Melter Ponetia, Jamie Terminus, Partia Parria, Frank Vittiam, and Whilliam Crowley were all mortally wounded....

Losses in officers was indeed frightful. All the while of the raging assaults were going on active preparations were also going on for assaults upon other portions of Aronburg's lines. While all the time-shot and shell from six hundred christian guns, were beating up the wicked glandelinian breastworks doing the work itself a little more damage than the main assaulting columns, but nevertheless time and again breaking up the assaulting glandelinian columns. Chris Christian divisions under general Pemberton chair Charity were also defending their positions along the river face and general gamulala divisions were also storming with fire against the onrushing glandelinian columns who were trying to carry their works on the land front. However these two christian generals were also wounded amid the dreadful carnage, and five generals on the side of the Glandelinians by the name of George Hamilton, Harry Rehosean, George Heenohan, James Steevens, and pennis caslmann were killed, while Patrick Fullamann, general Frank Gallagher, Nelson Kissane, Meltormonia Hennessy, Patrick Howard, Hank Lorean, Edward J. Carr, Patrick Joice Hickey, Frank J. Scoot, and Hanson Colangelo were wounded, and four others Frank Wolfe, general Early Page, P.J. Bushamun, and Charles McGinney were mortally wounded.

Despite their terrible loss in general officers the glandelinians supported by the vigorous bombardment of their own batteries continued the assault making an almost simultaneous advance along the whole line and the christian lines were badly rolled up with the loss of six more brave generals by names, Amiel Meacob Meconbs, Frank Hagel, Herman Judge, Gormann Crowley, Gennings Oberlie, and Jerry Barry, who were killed, and generals Frankier Durkin and Loren Reddy Reidy were wounded. The main glandelinian batteries could not be silenced by the christian artillery even at the conclusion of the battle, and the glandelinians pressed on despite the frightful carnage, fought their way from works to works, and traverse to traverse, overpowering the Angelinians entirely and driving the remainder back with the loss of fifty thousand arms, and four hundred and forty cannon, and 100,000 in killed alone. The battle had been desperate and lasted during that day only eight hours the christian losses in Chairtye command being 10,110 in killed, and 30,789 in wounded. Among the latter there were other fourteen brigade commanders wounded in the conclusion of the fight being generals F.X. Wenz, C.M. Powers, John Fritze Patrick, Handerson Godfrey, Hanson Teresitia, Whilliam O'Neil, Michael Early, Herbert Winters, Roy Bauer, Michael Boer, Georgianna Mc-Loughlin, Leslie Bily, Handgdon, E.J. Meagher, Hansonia Mc-Jahone, while Whilliams Fordes, S.H.C. 11, Duggan O'Conner and Frank Donohue were killed.

During the time of the main assault which had carried the christian works under Chairtye an event occurred that in a moment turned the victory and joy of victory into moan mourning for the glandelinians. By some culpable negligence a large division of glandelinian troops were allowed to approach the banks, when a storm of gang-gang-shells exploded in their midst killing and wounding 10,000 and among the severely wounded was major general Mc-Hollester Adden. As a result of the forcing of the christian works the glandelinian fortifications once captured were again in possession of the graycoats. Pyhiscian held a strong position also across the great Peninsula, and his flanks were secure having thrown up more and more works their trenches indeed being impregnable against four concluding attacks of mighty vehemence in which four other christian generals were killed they being generals Clocklin Wrigley, Pennie Spearminnt, Flavor Hanson, and Addennia, while one by the name of Clintomina was wounded. Pyhiscian himself as he was decided that to win, the christian line must be turned either on its left by the batteries, or by a march of the glandelinian army around a swamp covered ground on its right. This movement was adopted, and the result was successful without much loss at this point, but the christians abandoned the position who alone had suffered heavily from the attack. At the same time another force of glandelinians gained the left of the christians on this part of the line, but was routed after a titanic struggle of an hours duration, the christians at this point countering charging with 100 guns and 35,678 prisoners. In the whole battle the glandelinians had lost over 867,889 in killed and over 1,789,000 were wounded and 100,000 captured prisoners, and including this were thirteen glandelinian generals killed and twenty seven wounded, five mortally. The total loss in generals was considered forty altogether. The christians at 700,000 in killed, and over 1,888,999 in wounded, and over 900,000 prisoners were taken, making a total of 3,488,999. Thirty four christian generals had been killed, and twenty seven wounded, five of which were mortally wounded. This made a total of sixty general officers altogether.

The bloody battle of bristle-toe-station starting after general Aronburgs insulting answer to general Pyhiscians protest at Vanity was one of the bloodiest seen in the war up to this time, and so called were the two main glandelinian leaders on account of the losses which crippled their armies, they did not follow up the crushing advantage they had won, and had they done so they would have completely crushed the charges still overwhelming army and routed him out of the country instead of only breaking up the invasion. But yet the main dangerous adversaries to yet were Kindernine and Whilliamsburger Zimmermann, and to make their assaults upon Aronburgs christian army while these two were still in way was out of the question so general Mc-Hollester Francis Johnston the wisest thing himself, and this was to retire southward, but still waiting fight in case general Aronburg would follow immediately.

Other glandelinian armies under Maldeonia then continued advance with the intention of driving out the invaders entirely, threatening the Tappo River above the town of Clareington Run and general Pemberton flanked after his men who had given stern resistance for four days were in danger of annihilation from the concerted attacks, set fire to his headquarters and stores of ammunition and gave up the struggle, after making still another stand abandoned Claretton and Clarington.

Simultaneously another glandelinian army in the west occupied the town of Schofield after two days sanguinary fighting. All this while general Meis Hanson's main line in this battle was assailed furiously by the foe and general Mellenwillow Chiokechaw and though these glandelinians were pained with the loss of sixty five thousand in killed and 170,000 in wounded and 78,000 missing, they only returned to the assault again and again and still again with fearful violence, and in increased numbers tearing and mauling the christian line with their fury, and soon toward evening general Maldeonia unfortunately was severely wounded, and without a leader the army became disconcerted, and failing to stand their ground against further assault of the enemy was rolled up from the field with the same thing happening to the crushed and mangled Abbieannian armies under general Aronburg Zimmermann. And the most frightful onslaughts however which continued without abatement for many hours in the night Aronburg Zimmermann held their own ground to the last by throwing forward heavy reinforcements and thus saved the christian army from a frightful disaster, though the battle ending late in the evening of the next day terminated into something of a glandelinian victory.

It had been the purpose of the christian generals to attack the invasion of their own accord and instead they were being forced out completely by the enemy and could not help retreating before the wild hordes of glandelinian savages.....

The battle of pristletoe station broke up the invasion of the christians intirely. It was feared by many that the war was now lost but nevertheless there was no signs of it as yet. The glandelinians at the victory of pristletoe Station decided at once to make an immediate invasion of Angolinia from both the north and south, and to do all in their power to crush the christian armies as well. So immense armies started to move forward. Strange to say in this attempt there was not very many great battle fought but nevertheless the glandelinians failed to move completely. They could not succeed in getting across the boundary line at all.

Great actions however happened at Jennietonia and at Spencerston but the glandelinians were crushed and thrown back across the boundary line with the greatest disasters staring them in the face. Reports came at this critical time that the Calverinians failing to take the advice of general Hanson in guarding the fortifications had lost them with the cities of Aronburg and Federal and wickay to the enemy who had seized the Mc-Whirtherian fortifications as well as all the navies of the Calverinians and were fortifying all the places along the Mc-Hollester run, and thus great Glandelinian armies were invading Calverinia from the sea. Along the Calverinian boundary line in the north a score of unknown battles had occurred and which had for the christian lines who resisted the enemy to pieces, but the enemy met disaster upon disaster nevertheless and it was found completely impossible to invade the Angolinian country from the northern states and neither could they get as far as evangeline junction Angolinia where the mightiest conflict of this section and months of the war occurred where the enemy lost millions and the christians less in killed and wounded. Along the southern boundary line all was now quiet excepting in the location of Crowley and Jennie Wren town where some activity was still continuing as here the enemy were still trying to invade Angolinia from the south.

Melt Melitoria and Sacklen were the scenes of some severe battles and disasters to the enemy, and just now the war was raging with a most lively gate in Angolinia in the northern section. At Crowley section, Angeline Run Angolinia, and again at Jennie Wren town, junction pine and Pull away all in Angolinia in the north the enemy fought fiercely in striving to crush the christians and invade northern Angolinia. Some battles were won by the enemy but no success was obtained. The enemy made a drive on Norma Angolinia, and also against Tamerline but met disaster and were compelled to fall back. Great campaigns were also going on elsewhere along the northern boundary, and at other points the christians made the fiercest attacks but were meeting serious resistance in every battle and the campaigns were broken to pieces, but nevertheless the enemy crossed only a portion of the northern boundary only to be swept back and disillusioned.

The war progressed northward at the western Angolinian boundary line as with the christian foe the invader. A great defeat at Grahams Lanes occurred in which the foe were disastrously cut up and thrown into great confusion, and for a month hundreds of millions of guns along the boundary line and elsewhere were in an unceasing uproar.

A big slaughter of glandelinians occurred at the battle of Violet Lamsin, and another at Violet Paul all in Angolinia, but the enemy were worsted again and had to fall back with the loss of provisions and generals. The christians carried all before them in northern Angolinia at the big battle of Calmaurinia Junction fought a drawn battle at Apple Orchid though no advantage was reported on either side, and though just now the christian are crushing back the enemy and preventing them from invading Angolinia nevertheless it seems impossible for the Angolinian armies to invade Calverinia as yet. All this was occurring between the months of March and June 1912 in which some conflicts at Angolinia Agathia were also reported raging in Calverinia in which the enemy were meeting utter failures and in the east were fired on at Lady peoie and were starting a great campaign which was called the Kintergarden massacre.

Simultaneously Hanson vivian had been moving northward with his armies and was stemming the enemys intention to invade Angolinia from the northeast striking the enemy a terrible blow at Big pushy Run (Angolinia) thus enabling his brothers shattered armies to recover from the dreadful shocks received during recent median battles and winning a great and brilliant christian victory as well. Losses were too severe on both sides to be reported, and also the loss of general ar f officers were great on both sides.

killed.

The war at times along the northern boundary was progressing with varying fortunes on both sides, but at the western section of Angolinia the boundary line the enemy were now almost invading the great reign of the christians being entirely broken to pieces, the christian sides receiving blows after blows. A great Angolinia Agathia drive was also going on, and at Belmont the foe was sweeping all before them, and in Calverinia in the east it was also reported that frightful massacres of Calverinian children was going on added with wide spread desolation.

At one section the enemy were also reported slightly victorious at Angolinia Agathia, were victorious against the christian armies operating in the east laying waste to everything, and causing hellish devastation for scores of hundreds of miles, while terrific battles which were not named were raging in Calverinia. Hanson vivian was apprehensive of the situation, but he felt more relieved when he learned that general vivian reversed the enemy at gretchen in a bloodcurdling battle going there for three days, completely breaking up a portion of the enemys invasion in southeastern Calverinia, but also received the news that general vivian could not advance any further and follow up the victory, for need of money and bigger armies. A battle also raged at Calverine along the boundary line, another along the Mc-Hollester or Aronburgs Run and also along the Gederline all in Angolinia, then following with titanic battles at Big Beppo, Angolinia Agathia again which were the first of the bloodiest battles of the first part of the war in those few months.

But though victories were christian, the same situation still prevailed, and big forest fires which had been started by the enemy or by battles were continuing to burn everything for months, consuming hundreds of miles of forests, and scores of cities. Federal and Hanley fought general battle at Jennie Francis Turner Angolinia, or first battle of kittens, each where the world was horrified with the fury of this titanic struggle. It was reported that in ten days over ten million glandelinians were decimated during worse onsets upon the christian line under general Williamsburger Zimmermann. Greatest slaughter it indeed was ever seen in Angolinia, and was one of the worse battles of all so far. General Francis wonia was killed on the foe side, his last name being Mc-Whirther?

Hanley had strove in vain to stand before the great charges by the christian armies but of no avail.

The war along the boundary line was now at its first highest stage, and had only raged about three months. Despite two other great christian victories the situation was still very critical, and the fury of the war was becoming very inconceivable. The enemy being so fiercely suppressed invading northern Angolinia was mobilizing new and fresh armies throughout Angolinia to be sent to Calverinia to suppress a threatened invasion of Calverinia. Simultaneously it was reported that general vivians traitorous son General Germania vivian had been victorious at one great battle raging along the Erminia run in Angolinia Angolinia called Sacklenia. The christian army was reduced to one eight of its number but were safe nevertheless because the enemy feared to follow up their advantage because the christian army was still very powerful. The combined loss was terrible in the extreme, and it was reported that general Vivian and Hanson his brother were wounded but the news cannot be confirmed though a little girl called Gertrude Angeline had been killed in running through the shell swept regions.

At another point a great enemy victory happened along the Erminia called the battle of Evanville. There was a heavy cannonading report all along the line, and that millions of guns were fired, and that the enemy made the most frightful onslaughts which tore up the whole christian line but that nevertheless the christian tide was only slightly checked and not entirely halted.

Now the war along the northern boundary line was assuming a most frightful fury. Radcliffe Angolinia was a scene of great fighting, the enemy attacking with great violence, and also the enemy won a great battle at Big Girlmoool, but did not carry much important points. More forest fires were raging, and it was reported that the whole half of eastern Calverinia was being laid in waste. Mc-Whirther Run (Angolinia) was torn by a great battle, and also a severe engagement occurred at Mc-garran when a large Glandelinian army pouring down from the north attacked General Grantline army of Angolinians. In this battle it was reported that general Grantline was severely wounded. There were so many armies now that hundreds of small battles were reported raging simultaneously throughout the whole length of the Angolinian boundary line.

Destruction of Angelinian towns and villages along the boundary line was occurring and still more massacres of children in Calverinia was progressing. While he was learning that the christians were beaten at Marcolcolio twice, and again at Erminio Run with the main commander wounded, Hanson was planning to move his refreshed armies upon the Glandelinians in the west by forcing his way northward across the Angelinian boundary line and crush the enemy out of the extreme West of Calverinia and put down at all hazards the great Kintergarden massacre going on.

So ordering his two nephews to push on with their armies he started the regorous camp campaign struck at Vivian Wickey, and smashed a Glandelinian army who opposed him along the Sunbr gunbeam creek or near Jennio Vivian. His first section of the army was severely handled and repulsed at the battle of Vivian Wickey, but won the battle of Sunbeam creek.

A lull in the conflict in the meanwhile prevailed along the eastern boundary line of Angelinia. Federal was now acting under Manleys orders in Western Calverinia in the final invasion and preparing to push with all the strength possible and throw Hanson and his armies out of southern Calverinia. It was sure evident now if Federal would be successful it would indeed place the country of Angelinia into a grave danger of being invaded and desolated like the Eastern Eastern Portion of Calverinia.

Federal and his aids moved forward as swiftly as an army could advance and after a weeks marching fought the battles of Sidelights Run, and concentrated other armies on Vandalla, and smashed at the christian lines again and again at Zoe due, Rae Beejh, and Evangeline St clare but did not succeed in crushing Hansons armies or beat them back, and were compelled to recoil and move northward.

General Vivian in the meantime was reinforcing general plain Nightlingers christian armies in force. Nannando Anna Glandeo was now commanding the foe armies in the east, the Glandelinian general Nannon having taken up the command of armies in the middle west of Calverinia and preparing to move on Angeline Run. Hanson had taken personal command of the christian armies now moving through the southern parts of Western Calverinia and was watching the movements of general Ambrose Edwin Fuller, while general Kindernine being laced in general Vivians place was watching Federals operation in the north, and operating against him at Vandalla, while genr general Vivian took a trail train and placed himself in command of the christian armies at Mc-Hollester Run. Calander took command of the christian armies in Central Calverinia, and was reinforced with the christian armies under Bernard, and nowell all watching the movements of the sixteen Tamerlines with their Glandelinian armies.

General Tribune of the christians was placed in command of the Angelinians in the east watching the movements of the enemy under the Shoeman, poemann and three Bicknells, and though in series of bloody conflicts at Sidelights Run it was reported that the christians were beaten it was evident however now that the foe were greatly outnumbered and that soon their armies if attacked properly would in no time be completely overthrown. The enemy was still advancing in the east, but nevertheless there was evidence of the enemy soon meeting great resistance.

Hanson had with his own w armies already pressed northward, to quite a distance until he reached the northeastern branch of the great Mc-Hollester Run river called little Mc-Hollester run. The battle came with the Glandelinians who met him under generals shoeman and Leonard Franklin. The struggle was frightful and raged for over six days with varying fortunes on both sides, but nevertheless general Hanson was at first victorious and then thrashed, but nevertheless he recovered, when fresh armies reinforced him, he resumed his advance for thirty miles, and then engaged the enemy at Costellio run. In the east it was reported that one christian army was left to oppose Glandelinia, that the Glandelinians were again striving to cross the boundary line into Angelinia, and that the situation of Calverinia was growing at its worse. Five christian armies were reported disabled in their drives through the mountain region of eastern Calverinia and that the war was drawing to a close in that section with the enemy victorious. It was also warned to Hanson that an overwhelming force of Glandelinians were again menacing val Vandalla, and so he pushed forward with his armies and struck again as hard as he could. But the enemy failed here completely, new christian armies were forming, and the war along the boundary line was on again with redoubled fury. A great massacre of children also occurred along the boundary line, and general Vivian in trying to force the enemy to leave the location of Vivian along the boundary line was slightly repulsed.

Hanson in the meantime was pushing on toward the city of Angolia Angelinia Agathis and prepared to engage the enemy along the stream called the Little Aronburgs run. Callahan was ordered to crush the enemys lines between the towns of Ophelia and Chamberlane. He moved forward with his forces

after terrific fighting for twenty four hours finally cut finally the enemys lines to pieces, but he did not follow up the great advantage he had gained, and was attacked by reinforcements coming up to the aid of the enemy, and he was killed, amid the frightful carnage, and the remainder of his army driven back mangled and in confusion.

General Hanson ordered general Vivian to hold his ground at the foot of the Carnation, Stanok, Mc-Hollester and Mc-Whirther ridges, which the enemy was occupying, but though he did obey, he blundered. He was exceedingly victorious in crushing all the assaults of the enemy attacking him, but he foolishly and rashly drove titanic assaults upon these great ridges, and though he won them after dreadful fighting his losses were so severe that they could not be replaced, and ten hours later the enemy renewed the struggle, and recaptured the ridges, driving the Angelinians back with the most terrible losses.

On the second day the christians renewed the bloody battle, but Vivian did not wish to obey Hansons advise of turning Manleys extreme right, fearing that it would end in disaster, and so he stood his ground until his lines were overlapped, and then he was compelled to fall back or be threatened with annihilation. In the meantime the other portions of the Glandelinian armies occupied the Little and Big Catherine hills, these Glandelinians being mostly Mc-Hollesterians. They were commanded by generals Wral Leonia Meldonia picknell, and Calmanrinia shoemannia.

Roswell puster Johnston went forward to take these hills, but he was severely wounded in the titanic struggle, and his army practically annihilated. Kindernine strove to hold his ground along the Mc-Whirther Mc-Hollester Run, but he failed to receive any aid from the main christian army, his force was annihilated, and he barely escaped being a prisoner as he fled through the storm and strife.

General Vivian's right wing was annihilated as he successfully held his ground against the attack of the foe, and scores of divisions of christians made forty charges with the efforts to take the enemys lines at Ophelia and Chamberlane but were dissillusioned, and thus general Vivian was compelled to withdraw his western wing which caused a serious disaster, and only the prompt arrival of general Vivians and Hansons forces stopped the tidal waves of Glandelinian assaults and saved the day for the christians. At this time the christian armies under other commanders had been besieging Norma Julie Callio, and Vivian Wickey and the reason that general Manley strove to take Angelinia Agathia and when Hanson came up engaged him at Annis Aronburgs run. It had been that for an hour or more since the christian center had been held that victory for the christians seemed to tremble in the balance, Manleys armies were cut to pieces and finally defeated after the most terrible slaughter and so impaired in strength that general Vivian was soon able to maneuver his main left grand division from the Mc-Hollester without another resumption of the great battle along this part of the line. The first part of the last day of the battle had been appalling, and almost resulted in an appalling appalling disaster to the christians. Six army corps embracing probably one fifth of general Vivians force that early morning were not only defeated, but cut to pieces. In that engagement, the commanding officer killed, and the civilized christian forces driven through the Mc-Whirther and Mc-Hollester where they were rescued and rallied by Kindernine, and Mc-Hollester. The second part of the second day of the battle had been fearful. Hanson's steady but unsuccessful stand along the Evangeline St clare railroad cut off way, and Ophelia saved the christian army from danger of defeat, the Vivian's western wing was being rolled from the field for twenty days in the greatest confusion.

This was one of the fiercest conflicts the world had ever seen. The battlefield afterwards, being a regular sea of dead. The towns of Chamberlane, and Ophelia and Evangeline St clare were burning, and the Little and Catherine hills were captured and retaken over and over again. The third and last part of the battle had a fury that was inconceivable. The losses appalling on both sides. The christian and enemy columns amid a volcano of flame and din surged back and forth in the mightiest wars ever seen in warfare. The christian forces were rolled up time and again with one fourth their numbers killed or wounded, only to be rallied, and the attack with redoubled fury, and crush their assailants. The peculiar part of the battle was the titanic artillery duels, in which thousands of cannons roared incessantly throughout that fearful day. The very heavens seemed in tumult from the din, and when the christian center had been crushed in the situation had seemed to be very critical until Hanson threw upon his enemies his great reserve forces and changed the tide of battle.

completely completely. The battle however was entirely won by the christians for during a driving counter charge Hanson succeeded in crushing federal and then Man Hanley was expelled to withdraw his armies from the vicinity of Angelinia Agathia and retreat to save his armies from total destruction. It was the end of the second mightiest battle on the Calverinian soil near the Angelinian boundary line, and the results of the battle sent a thrill of joy thru throughout the world.

At the same time the movements of other christian armies was causing a battle to threaten along a stream where long lines of weeping willow trees were growing on both sides, the christian who were concentrating here being under general Hanson, while another general Federal with a big Glandelinian army confronted him. It was at this time of the war the biggest assemblance of armies ever seen in the southern theatre of the Glandeo-Angelinian war, and now for the enemy itself the situation seemed very dangerous. A battle had raged at hambers orphan asylum resulting in the annihilation of a christian army, and simultaneously a large force of glandelinians marching down on the town of Glocklin with the intention of massacring children there were captured by a large body of Abyssinians.

Later federals glandelinians attacked Hanson at Weeping Willow Run with the intention of forcing his way through and make an effort to cross the Angelinian boundary line but the christians were victorious. Jimmie Vivian also advancing northward had halted at Kauffmann, then thrashed the enemy there, moved on vigorously toward Aronburg captured the enemy and city forces there after terrific fighting, and also captured the well garrisoned fortress called Protestia after a gallant battle. His brother general Germaine Vivian was worsted at the battle of Verdorf but with this exception the christian advance was not hardly checked.

Later on the cities of Julo Callio, Norma Catherine, and the McWhirtherian fortifications, and the small town of Growley in Calverinia were taken from the christians by the christian besiegers, though at fearful losses, but in the great battles at Anna Maria, and Francis Atlanta, and another at Glorinia, and a second at Francis Atlanta, in which the enemy were victorious the glandelinians by main superhuman efforts retook the fortifications of McWhirther but the other places for a time however were safe.

Glorinia was reported to be still raging, but the decision though known was withheld. Great destruction of towns and cities, and villages were occurring in the south western parts of Calverinia, and extensive forest fires were reported to be raging. Along this section now the war was raging at its highest fury, and small engagements such as McHollester Run junction, McWhirther Run, Honerietta, Chamberlaine, Aronburgs Run, J Kittens piecherts, Beldon junction, were raging along the boundary line where the enemy here and there were making still more fierce efforts to cross the Calverinian boundary line with the intention of invading Angelinia but the conflicts were all christian invaders and their endeavors were in vain. The christians in Calverinia in the west also worsted the enemy under Baldelinia at Terwilliger or Marie Osborne, but the christian generals, Winstien, Viviana, Evans and Verdorf were wounded and the army unable to move forward for several days. The foe was commanded by general John Manley, his father Johnston Jacken Manley, and his brother Huebaum Manley. Germaine Vivian the second chief commander was wounded in the engagement.

This battle raged in July.

A battle also raged at Brigano and two of the Vivian girls were almost mortally wounded at that battle. A similar occurrence occurred in the third year of the war when all of the Vivian girls were wounded by the explosion of one of a great series of Glandelinian mines.

In the meantime the intergarden massacre and horrib horror was increasing, and general Hanson made decisions to stop it at all hazards and to strike everywhere possible as hard as he could. Violet and her sisters had been with Hanson's armies during these great occasions in which the war seemed just now in favor of the christian cause, and day after day they had seen without a pause all the prisoners that were captured, come in, and then be entrained for the prison camps in Angelinia and elsewhere. Many of the Glandelinian prisoners were officers of high and low rank, and few of them ever appeared to be generals. All prisoners that were taken were searched and examined and everything suspicious taken away from them. Their own private belongings, such as money, and other little trinkets the Angelinians allowed their prisoners to take or keep, but everything else which was suspicious looking the Angelinians kept for investigation. If any of the prisoners ever proved to be spies it certainly would go hard with them, as now in their rage the Angelinians had no use for spies, and would shoot them on shot notice.

608-607
Violet and her sisters were investigating more on the subject of the Aronburg mystery, they found in the possession of some Glandelinian prisoner who had been searched on evidence of being a spy a certain large package, and opening them found them to be letters written to some body which were many and most interesting and which ran as follows:!!!!

June 1912.....Prediction.

Retention of the Aronburg photograph causing great progress of christian armies at the battles of Crowley, Angelino Run, Jennie-Run, Junction Dine, and Pullaway. Many the christians entirely win the bloodiest of wars.

Prediction and threat.....July 1912.

Picture of Annie Aronburg gone. Mysteriously missing. Aronburg child reported slain by Federal Tamerline but was really murdered by Raymond Richardson. Great campaigns in Glandelinia going on. Christians meet serious resistance in every battle, and invasion is broken to pieces. War after expected invasion of Angelinia progressing northward in Calverinia with victorious foe the invader. Defeat at Graham's Lane and other battles. Hundreds of millions of guns in unceasing roar. Big slaughters at Violet Run and Mt Paul. Great christian victories at Calmanrinia and many other places. Drawn battle at Apple Orchid with no advantage reported for either side. War seems in favor of enemy. Recovery of picture and the destruction of the murderers reported to be the only thing or chance for christian success now.....

Prediction and threat.....
August 1912.

Main and terrible ferocity of the Glandeo-Angelinian war started June 12th 1912 and is fearful in the unceasing battles. War progressed up to January 1913 without any change, and it is blamed on account of the loss of the picture of little Annie Aronburg taken from "The Daily Noise Paper of May, June, or July 1911.

It is reported that in case of no return to owner, March 1916 the wicked Glandelinians will not be forced into submission, shall progress better than before, whipping the poor christians to the end. Petitions for the return of same said picture was requested some in March 1915 and it is reported that a year from then only can give hope for christian success.....

Prediction.
September 1912.

War originated in March 1912 progressing up to January 1913 with varying fortunes on both sides, but with greater number of successes for the foe, especially at the seas of blood during the series of horrible battles of Junction at Angelinia Agathia, which occurred during the whole month of November and December 1912, and September 1913.

August 15th. 1912.....

Hanson Vivian stems the foes cyclonic like advance at the battle of pig Bushy Run thus enabling his brothers shattered armies to recover from the dreadful shocks received during recent and median battles, and winning a great christian victory as well. Losses too severe on both sides to be reported. Losses in general officers great on both sides.....

Prediction and threat.
October 1912.

Despite the new situation in the war, petition must be granted within March 21th or cyange will come in favor of the enemy.

H.J.D.....

Great cap campaign of the christians being brot broken to pieces. Christian armies receiving blows upon blows. Great Angelinia Agathia drive going on. Foe sweeping all before them. Frightful massacres of children and wide spread desolation.

Prediction.
November 1912 to 1913.

Enemy victorious at Angelinia Agathia. Also victorious in east though worsted disastrously in west and south. In east laying waste to everything and causing hellish devastations for scores of hundreds of miles. Terrific battles in Eastern Calverinia. Whole of Calverinia devastated. Apprehension of the neutral nations.....

Prediction.
December 1912.

Fierce war two years duration. Author Henry Joseph Aronburg parger war correspondent taking in scenes of glandeo- Angelinian war made discoveries that that great war is more terrific than it was ever expected to be. Will have to look into matter..

Great christian reverse at gretchen or gretia. General Vivian defeats Hanley in a bloodcurdling battle there completely breaking up the enemys invasion in eastern part of Calverinia. Cannot advance and follow up victory for want of money and bigger armies. Fault of Aronburg mysteries?
Yours truly.

The Author.

Prediction.
January 1913.

Have looked into the matter finding the battles of Calverine, Mc- Hollester or Aronburgs Run, Cedernine, Big Beppo, and Angelinia Agathia to be the first of the bloodiest battles of the war. When will the battle be fought that will far surpass these.....?

Prediction.
January 1913.

New situation in the war as previously written. Big forest fires continuing for months consumes hundreds of miles of forests, and scores of cities. Fires caused by enemy and battles.

Federal and Hanley almost crushed to pieces at Jennie Francis or Hodge Evans or first bloodiest battle of Pittens Ischerts.

10,000,000 Glandelinians decimated in thirty minutes during worse onsets upon Zimmermanns center. Greatest slaughter in the Angelinian drama or war of war. One of the worse battles of all. 11,000,000 Angelinians making fields and plains for scores of miles a vast morgue. Millions wounded. 10,000 Glandelinian onslaughts. Death of general Hunsdon Mc-Whirther foe leader. Defeat of Glandelinian armies under Hunsdon who tried in vain to stand before the christian counter charge. A worse disaster to the enemy in the east.

Prediction and threat.
March 1913.

At highest stage of terrific war. Despite two recent victories, christian situation very critical. Fury of the war becoming very inconceivable. Last of success. No further as enemy is mobilizing new and more powerful armies to suppress a threatened invasion. No time for success on April. Great destruction will follow.....

Prediction.
1913.

Hanson Vivian of Glandelinians victorious at the battle of Erminie or sackletonia junction. Christian army reduced to one eighth of its strength but are safe nevertheless and are able to still advance, because the christian army are still more powerful refuse to press their advantage gained. Combined losses terrible in the extreme. Hanson and general Vivian wounded. Child called Gertrude Angeline slain.

Prediction.
April 1913.

Praying heaven for the petition. Though rightly belonging to me as saving books and magazines for sister Mary Rose. Asking the religious somewhere to pray daily for granting of petition. Creating altar to pray in order to obtain petition before the destruction of the christian army. Altars will also be made for the granting of the petition. Making the altar neat and clean no matter how much work. Buying materials of all sorts. Primes. Read Bible every evening, say Seven rosaries, every day, three times per day, offer novena prayers every day and Receive Holy Communion every Sunday.

Yours truly.
M. DARGER.

Prediction and threat.
April 1913.

Another report of the great battle of Erminie Run. Heavy cannonading all along the line. Millions of guns fired every minute. Frightful onslaughts of the enemy tear up whole christian line. Terrible are the losses. Only ten more days for the petition must come by end of month to save christians.

Prediction and Threat. March 10th 1913.

Nine more days for chance of christian success. No granting of petition yet. Fatal times coming. War assuming frightful fury. Glandelinians attacking christians at the battle of Radcliffe. Great glandelinian victory at Big Girl Knoll. More forest fires raging. Petition will be redoubled. War lasting nearly two years. The whole half of Calverinia laid in waste. Great bloody scenes of horror at Mc-Whirther Run and Mc-Farran. Hansonia reported severely wounded. Glandelinian cause almost wrecked. Results of battles doubted though.

BATTLES WITH NAMES OF CHILDREN.

Easter Starring.
Jennie Richee.
Catherine C. Debie.
Anna Aronburg.
Evangeline St. Clare.
Jennie Turner.
Zoe Dup. Rae. Bech.
Annie J. Swell.
Madge Evans.
Babaria Francis.
Angeline Richee.
Mildred Greenburg.
Vivian Wickey.
Angeline Francis.
Vivian Francis.
Mildred Maxwell.
Mildred St. Clair.
Joy St. Clare.
Josephine Schmitt.

PREDICTION.

CAUSE OF PETITION, OR DEMAND FOR PETITION.....
March 11th. 1911....

When first arrived sometime in 1910, general Thomas Phelan Tamerline, a make of pious, but secret and treacherous enemy of god and all his creatures, a treacherous sneaky glandelinian sly in the disguise of a priest, a murderer of 11,000 children, and the worse of criminals caused loss of man uscript, either by stealing it, or destroying it, because he declared it thrash and refused to own up what happened to it when asked.

At this time the child slave rebellion was raging at its worse. War with glandelinia threatening. A few days later started new manuscript, only to rescue it from destruction, the next day. Phelan suspected. A feeling of enmity arises against him. First quarrel. Then enemies. Twice destroyed pictures along with Annie Aronburgs. War on fiercely. Christians meeting disasters upon disasters, and fierce defeats. Two of Phelan's slanders which are resented to the bitter end. Clash in death struggle. Phelan is shot. In the meantime war progressed for two years. Terrible battles by hundreds. Destruction of cities and towns and massacres of children.

Glandelinians quite successful at Annie Aronburgs Run then worsted. More successes for foe and thrashing at series of battles for possession of Angeline Agathia. Hundreds of thousands of acres of forests wiped out by seas of fire. Christians beaten at Marocollic twice. Main commanders wounded at graminie Run. Glandelinian commander reported killed. At the same time fierce battles at Jennie Vivian or Sunbeam creek and Vivian Wickey. Christians repulsed and roughly handled at Vivian Wickey, but victorious at Sunbeam Creek. Lull in war does not help christian nations. Zronburg picture must be found before the end of March or all will be lost. Federal acting under Manleys orders making final invasion of Western Calverinia. Nation of Calverinia in general danger. Frightful battle at Gidelights Run raging. V Concentration at Vandalla. Battles raging at Soe-pu. Rae. Bech. and Evangeline St. Clare.....

Prediction of situation of general armies..... March 12th. 1913.

Main fighting christians in full force. Yammendo Anna Glandeo commanding main foe armies in east. Hanson and general Vivian in command of west christian armies who are driving all before them at every point a regular cleave of flame and din in every battle. Hanson in person operating against Edwin Fuller. Kindermine in general Vivians place now operating in Northern Calverinia against Federal at Vandalla. Calander in Central Calverinia with the christian armies under Bernard punner and Howell watching the movements of the Gmorian armies under the seventeen Tamerlines. Christian general Tribune in east watching picknells and Shoemans glandelinian armies and other forces of the foe. Battle of Gidelights lost. Christians in east taken in many most series of bloody conflicts. Enemy in east still advancing. Danger more grave.....

Prediction..... April 12th 1913.

Great victory at the battles of the planets at Vandalla. New christian armies coming. General Vivian rushing heavy reinforcements toward Eastern Calverinia and smashing foe at Mc-Whirther Run. Fearful stage of the war along the Northern Calverinian Boundary line and along the Abyssinilian Frontier. All the christians surely meet their downfall? Petition is too late? Zoe of Annie Aronburg captured and shot down like he assassinated children. Big battles without names reported raging with frightful fury along Abyssinilian boundary line with the glandelinians victorious. Abbeanna sending hell upon Mc-Whirther and the Calverinian shoreline. A storm of seething war along the whole Calverinian coast east and west. Great numbers of innocent children. General Vivian repulsed at Vandalla. Thousands of great explosions. Great engagements at children Greenburg, Francis, and Logan Zoe Rae Run. Dreadful battle of the worlds raging at Virginia Run, B Virginis Corbin and Francis Atlanta. War a seething

Prediction. March 12th. 1913.

cause of general Zimmermann almost losing the battle of Annie Aronburg. First battle of Gloria is as follows;

Phelan refusing to follow up his advantage at the towns of Phelia and Amberlane where he had crushed twenty large glandelinian forces of Christians, wiped out ten cowardly divisions and captured tens of thousands of glandelinian artillery. General Vivian's rash onslaughts in the attempt to capture from the foe the G'carnation, Stanok, Mc-Whirther and the Hollister ridges, and refusal of Hansonias advise of turning Hanleys ex right on the Mc-Hollister and Mc-Whirther plains, and saving his own from threatened destruction.

Results of Hanson Vivians disastrous onslaughts against the free and Mc-Hollistian lines under Federal, picknell, and Shoemanna. Loss of the little and big Catherine hills and the terrible destruction of general Roswell Buster Johnstons and K underlines army and also Hanson's wing along the Mc-Whirther and the Mc-Hollister plains. The annihilation of Vivian's right grand divisions and the disillusionment of scores of christian divisions during the Ophelia and Amberlane engagements and the main withdrawal of Vivian's western wings by mistake. Only the prompt restoration of the broken and torn christian lines stopped the final wave of assaults, made by the foe and hurled them back crushed and

Prediction.
April 26th 1913.

Battle of Weeping Willow run threatening between general Hanson, Vivian, and general Federal. Biggest assemblance of armies ever seen in southern theatre of great Glandoo-Angelinian war. Situation over Aronburg mysteries dangerous. No hope for christian victory unless Abbieanna helps Angolinia, in full force. Battle of Chambers Orphan-asylum with the annihilation of christian divisions besides capture of glandelinians on way to murder children.

Prediction.
May 8th 1913.

Battle of Weeping Willow run. A shocking horror between hda heaven and earth. Won by christians. Also great victory at Kauffmann, Aronburg, Viviania, and Protestia. Great titanic battle or of yorndorf lost, but the christian advance is not checked.

Prediction and threat.
May 15th 1913.

The only success is this. The battles must be increased but won by Angolinians at the cost of the lives of their main commanders generals Hanson and his brother Robert Vivian, and general Jack Evans to be placed in main supreme command. Aronburg mysteries making the situation so. Another picture has not been recovered by March 1913. It is already May.

Prediction.
May 15th 1913.

Another report on glorinia the 1th or Annie Aronburgs run.: Bloodiest battle of the two or three years of war. Hanley having attempted to raise the sieges of Norma, Julo Callio, Lucille Jordan, Francis Atlanta, and Vivian Wickey, makes a storm of assaults upon the christian lines and for an hour or more since the christian center was crushed victory for the christians seemed to tremble in the balance, but Hanleys armies were finally defeated after the most terrible slaughter, and so impaired in strength that general Vivian was soon able to manoeuvre his main left grand divisions from the Mc-Hollester Run without another resumption of the four days bloodiest of battles along that part of the line.

The first part of that conflict had almost been an appalling disaster to the christian armies. Six army corps embracing probably one fifth of general Vivians entire force that early morning were not only defeated but routed with terrible loss in that engagement, the commanding officer killed, and the demoralized christian forces driven through the Mc-Hollester and Mc-Whirther run where they were rescued and rallied by Kindernine and Mc-Hollester Henryson.

The fourth part of the battle had been fearful. Hansonias bloody but unseccu secu successful stand along the pyangelina St Clare and phelia saved the christian armies from the dangers of defeat.

Fiercest conflict the world had ever seen, the battle field being a regular sea of dead. Ophelia, Chamberlaine and pyanfelina St Clare in flames. Big and little Catherine hills captured. But retaken. The 1st part of the fourth days battle had a fury that was indescribable, with losses that was appalling. Christian columns surging back and forth in the mightiest threes ever seen in warfare. Christian wings rolled up time and again.

With one fourth their number killed or wounded only to rally and crush their opponents. Loud thunder of hundreds of thousands of guns. Heavens in tumult and din. Condition of christian lines very serious. Christian center crushed and driven in. But big battle is won. Christians victorious. Hanson crushes federal army by a furious headlong drive. Hanley after three days defiantly confronting christian army retreats. End of first mightiest battle. Throughout world over this great christian victory.

Prediction.
May 13th 1913.

Account of the loss of the manuscript in September 1910. It is found impossible to capture the capt. capitol of glandelinia or Angolinia by sea. The accounts of these wonderful feats was in that manuscript alone and only the return of that manuscript alone can make these wonderful adventures to happen. Otherwise these wonderful feats will be willfully be held back come what may. Its loss shall be avenged to the uttermost limit.

Prediction.
May 14th 1913.

Account of said articles being lost, Hanson will not be placed in chief command of christian armies. One thing that is true is that both the Vivian and Hanson should be forced to retire from the great war befor it is too late. By themselves will never win it.

Prediction.
May 19th 1913.

General Vivian fails to capture Julo Callio the responsibility will be on him. His own death and the destruction of his armies. Transportation of the Vivian girls his daughters into Julo Callio and causes its fall. Julo Callio and causes its fall.

Prediction.
May 19th 1913.

Thurs bank went to smash. Great sum of saving lost or threatening to be lost. Losses irreparable, inexcusable. Either Vivian girls, or christian nations shall suffer if money is not recovered within January 1.

May will be shown. An enemy against the christian cause, and desire will all my heart to see to it that their armies are crushed, and that will see to the winning of the war for the glandelinians. Results of too many unjust trials. Will not bear them under any conditions even at the risk of losing my soul or causing the loss of many lives and vengeance will be shown if further trials continue. God is so hard to me. I will not bear it any longer for no one.

Prediction.
May 19th 1913.

Julo Callio, Norma Crowley, and the Mc-Whirtherian fortifications taken by

the christian besiegers. though at most fearful losses. Great intolerable battles at Anna-Maria and Francis Atlanta. Another at Glorinda Francoanna. All christian victories. Glorinda Francoanna still raging. Decision known but is withheld. Great destruction of towns and cities. And extensive forest fires are raging. War seems to be at its height. Battle of Glorinda Francoanna have many names the chief ones second battle of Mc-Hollester Run or Calverine, or Mc-Whirther Run, Penricattia, Chamberlane, Annie Aronburgs Run II. or Kittens Reicherts Junction. Raging for seventeen hours. Fiercest battle in the extreme northern part of Calverinia. Christians severely worsted. Losses unknown or not given. Devastation of christian lines.

Prediction.

In the whole two years of war christians have as reported won 112 battles while the glandelinians won one hundred and two battles.....

rediction.
August III.... 1913.

On August 1916 Club through reasons not stated, here, was broken up? Great loss in pictures on account of it. Makes situation for the christian cause worse and worse. Alter pulled down. Gain to be paid to the christian armies, and nations in particular.

Christians to be saved now if God permits me to gain the means quickly of owning a property so that I can adopt children without suffering them or myself the dangers of privations and unsupport. Only chance now left. There will be no other under any conditions so serious that progress in manuscript is delayed.

rediction.
December 1913.

Enlisted into the glandelinian army September 20th 1913. In expectation of having chance to see the great war. Reduced in health at the most critical time. Failure of limbs, and sight, and shoulder to support me in to make success in drilling.

Eyes go on the bum. Rejected from the military service of glandelinia December 6th 1913. Sent home. Another cause why christian defeat is impending. Most serious break of all. Will not relent in threatening safety of the christians.....

Prediction.
Date withheld.

Battles at Terwilliger or Marie Osborne will rage between christian armies and the foes under the leadership of the Wienstines, Viviana nna, and Evans, (Christians) and for the foe Germania Vivian and the three Hanleys. Battles if raging will be written October 24th no other time. Results is not yet known.

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR.

A GRIM AND FINAL WARNING.....

It is to be recorded that the great glandoo-Angolinian war raged for nearly three years and that already a fearful battle occurred and is still raging at or near Glorinda Zoe Run called the battle of of punna yistia. Its outcome is not yet known though should the foe win the nations cause would be ruined as its safety is now trembling in the balance. Since September 1910. A manuscript containing the Abyssinkilian Abbieannian and Tri Angonlian war had disappeared most mysteriously, and as long as they all to be red covered, the christian nations now allied against wicked glandelinia will have very little chance of winning the great war, and all will be lost.

The frightful situation at punna yistia and the disastrous catastrophe along the Aronburgs Run at Evangeline St glare gives evident proof of this.

Calverinia is desolated, its inhabitants almost annihilated, Glorinda is fully invaded as the frightful carnage at Francis Atlanta fully evidenced.

It is good to report that the Mc-Whirtherian cities and fortifications which held out so long against the poor christians finally fell, including Jule Alie, Jennie Riches, Norma, and Crowley, but ain't there danger of these being retaken????

The warning also concerns the Aronburg situation, the red covery of Stantonburg, Big Girlmool, and Corinthia, and the red recovery of the pictures of the children. To avoid these tragedies the prayers and petitions for the return of said articles must start before the wicked glandelinians overrun all during their invasion.

On 16th 1916 passed. Little hope of christian success now. War may really be lost. Year already close to end it being near November. And what still worse the plans N. Ten and Eleven have not been carried out yet and seems an impossibility of carrying them out. Tragedy at Brigano. The of Aronburg mystery. Vivian girls almost fatally injured. Their lives already be lost on July 4th Nineteen fourteen if lost manuscript is not returned by that time.

Either they will be lost, or their parent general Vivian pay the cost with the destruction of the christian armies under his commands. In this case under this serious situation there will be no way shown whatever. The loss of pictures of children, manuscript, and relics from glandelinian army shall be avenged...!

rediction.
1912....

Attack on the forts.
Frightful carnage at Gn Confection.....
Battle of Angeline Run.
Battle of Bondinia.
The battle at Maroccoceellio.
Battle of Jennie Town or Gertrude Beverderline.
Several battles of Bondinia.
Battle of Esidinia.
Scene of frightful horror at Jennie Francis Turner.....
Carnage at Jennie Tery.
Further bloody fight at Confection.....
Glandelin witnesses still another great battle.
Battle once again at Jennie Tery.
Battle of Pullaway.....

Violet and her sisters felt sure indeed, that each of these notes were or had been written by each a different man though many stated about the lost articles pictures, and manuscript. Violet and her sisters did not know what to make of it indeed, and decided to show it to one of the main christian general commanders as soon as they could reach his headquarters. One of the queerest notes they lo looked through ran as follows:|||||

Prediction.

Losses in christian generals at the battle of Mildred greenburg.

Roswell Master Johnston	Three hours	397	1279.
Kindernine	Four hours	97	1264.
Costello	Six hours	72	1555.
Baldwin	Two hours	379	1699.
Mc-Hollester	One hour	1,977	1277.
Hanson Vivian	Five hours	3199	12197
Robert Vivian	Six hours	9171	12197
Gannon Six hours		3199	12121.
Jennings	Seven hours	10000	21711.
Jack Evans	Two and three hours	1999	106967.

Total40,887...

All of these notes were inded peculiar to violet and her sisters. The little girls looked them over closely and seeing the last one studied it. It ran as follows:

Federal Johnston	22.
Thomas Federal	44.
Cannon Cannonia	21.
Ambrose Edwin Fuller	2.
Break-in-the-neck	91.
Smashinthehead	36.
McHollester jordania	1.
Francis Henry Nannon	12.
Godfrey Baloon	14.
Huebaum Francis Mc-Whirther	127.
Huebaum Manley	2.
Shroederinia	3.
Caltonian	9.
Mc-Ferness	21.
Dargin	9.
Tamerline	19.
Shoemann	25.
Bicknell	1297.
Cornsoe Bicknell	19.
Blain Nightlinger	12.
Callehan	136.
Henry Johnson	9.
John Johnson	22.
Johnnie Johnson	9.
Tamerline	47.
Gingersnape	794.
Hennie Shoemannia	432.
Adele-de-garbe	2.
Black Brooks	13.
Francis Snieder	14.
John Jacken Manley	3433.

Violet and her sisters were inded surprised and decided im edately to take all of these before general Evans at once. These were important papers and so obeying the instinct they at once gave them into his hands. They were very important to him and after examining them he deiced to seef he could not trace the writers and see what they meant by all these predictions.....

EA CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE.

WAS GENERAL V VIAN AND HIS BROTHER INACTIVE IN THE WEST, WHILE THE KINTERGARDEN MASSACRE AND REIGN OF TERROR WAS GOING ON? |||||||

ring the frightful scenes of the war in eastern calverinia, in which Vivian Girls were protected by the christian armies under Francis Evans, Mr Starring, viviania, viviananna, wienstien, picknell, the two great ponias, and Noro viviananna, little is mentioned of these chape tters of the operations of the christian armies in the west and along Calverinian coast. But these christian generals with their mightiest es were perfect avalanches of human tornadoes and cyclones. The war ing in the west was the greatest upheaval that world ever experienced. ms for the infuriated, wildly enraged Angelinians the most complete ethrow of Glandelinian armies of all the wars that tore the lands. as the horrible war storm of the Angelinian soldiery who swept away lposition in the extreme west. This section of the bloody war was a ver ble reign of terror for the wicked Glandelinians when the christian es bathed the country in the blood of the glandelinians sparing not even highest generals, while other armies strove to main tain and obtain ession of all fortified towns in the hands of the enemy along the coast. he battle of Ribospierre-pantonia the death of general Louis Tam ar sent a thrill of horror throughout Glandelinia, and ten new armies hurled upon Angelinia but met too strong opposition to benefit any s of crushing the christian tidal wave in Calverinia. General Hanson Robert Vivian the two man main christian commanders proved to be two i terrors. Crossing the Mc-Hollester Run with their mighty armies they iciously struck here and there as repeatedly as a series of dreadful s and soon had brought the greater part of western Calverinia outside ho Callio, norma and vivian wickey under his control, and were able ant new armies es east eastward to crush the Kintergarden horror.

The eastern reign of terror, with its horrors, es exceeding dingly great battles, destruction of property property and children here the greatest numbers of the whole wars battles raged was such and indiscriminate slaughter of soldiers of both sides, and of es of all kinds that Angelinia mad for revenge and frantic with fear the people of Calverinia, the nations property, immense forest s, christian armies fighting there would be totally wiped out raved like lions of demons and hells over the depravation of the lost with the ef the gigantic war, and made such attempts to crush the foe that the Angelinian forces fell upon scores of glandelinian armies at once e same number of battles, the foe forces either crumbled down into e shameful ruin or entirely melted away like snow before the heat of

Glandelinian soldiers in the east fought with the most extreme bravery at the overhem overwhelming christian tide coming in from the west the plans of the Angelinians worked perfectly and grad grandfully armies moved as steadily and as remorselessly as a machine or steam r and disaster smoth the glandelinians at every point. The battles pincer, Evansville, Lucille, Lotte, gravewhite, Cedanna, and Jommie isanna all spelled terrible disaster to the glandelinian armies, a many other battles ruin and terror. The main glandelinian genpral at location taken, the c vict orious christians marched to umer unction though the armies resisting defendi defended the city as tennaciously eple resistance was in vain, and the glandelinian armies fled panic tion.

The struggle in the west was an imitation war of the worlds ery section of Western Calverinia. The resistance and offensive of e was redoubled, but in vain. The glandelinians humiliated, and stri el enormous an amounts of territory once in their possession and e they had sacrificed so many lives to obtain, were cut off from the e shut from the Confederation of the South, and with the bitter defeat reuber River called Logan zoe Rae Run struggled in vain to regain lost terro territory. This was called the battle of the worlds. Four mill our hundred thousand Glandelinians were buried by the victors after the ays hellish contest. Millions upon millions of glandelinians had invaded eastern part of Angelinia at this section and barely less than a hundred and escaped in that dreadful overthrow of glandelinia at November or Logan Zoe Rae Run. The situation of this great war was verypeculiar.

The enemy after many varying fortunes had succeeded in smashing down the second christian attack at Crowley but the second battle of Jennie Wren town had resulted very disastrously for the enemy, and even so the first battle of Jennie Wren town had made the enemy unable to prevent the great Angelinian armies from crossing the Angelinian boundary. It is true that during the great invasion which costs both sides oceans of blood and disaster, the Glandelinians after their crushing disasters at Vanity Fair, and other places which were well defended, tore the christian armies to pieces at Gandandon, Apple Orchard, and pristle Joe Station, and practically destroyed a christian army at Easter Starring, and by this means did finally crush back the christian invaders, but to invade the Angelinian soil was out of the question from the south. The enemy did attempt it, and strove with the fury of St Michael and his angels to do so, but only got as far as Jennietonia, and Angeline junction southern Angelinia after a storm of horrible slaughter the west boundary, and then were hurled back again in the greatest confusion. From the north from out of Calverinia they did succeed in invading by pouring across the Calverinia boundary like a human flood but got no further than the city of Angelinia twenty miles north of Mt Vivian the Helian volcano. Here at this battle thirteen Glandelinian armies or divisional parts of armies were torn in pieces the main line and army shot to pieces and scattered, and in which battle the invasion was not only disastrously wrecked, but smashed down for all the war. Glandelinia never did try once to invade Angelinia after that. It could not be done and it was best for the term to be put in for somebody else as already known; "LET GEORGE DO IT."

The result was a foe of dejected beaten and torn foe armies toward Calverinia pressed on all sides not what appeared to be Angelinians to the Glandelinians but wild hordes of Angelinian demons tearing up every Glandelinian army that opposed them in the terriblest battles the world ever seen. A most desperate attempt of the foe to check the rushing christian tidal wave was made first at Erminie creek, then at Grainio run and the frightful battle of Saxon run, Calverine or Mc-Hollester run II. and also at Snyder Barn or Gan Grand Forks as many called the battle of Pine Pines and Zoe Callens run. These battles at most favored as enemy victories, and caused the christians several dreadful disasters that shocked the world at hearing of it, but only saved their sadly depleted armies from utter ruin, and did not check the christian tide any better than a low sandy beach checks a great tidal wave rushing full speed in from the sea. Osmondson, Cedernine, and many other great earth tearing battles though mostly christian successes finally with the capture of Norma, and Julo Callio which the enemy succeeded in capturing managed to stem the christian advance toward the north for only at some points but losses of the foe in these severe and staggering battles was intolerable, a shocking horror before even God and the angels of heaven and very little success was obtained in the west even then as the christian armies acted like a great flywheel and suddenly came crashing down upon the unfortunate Glandelinian armies from the north from unexpected quarters with the suddenness of devastating tornadoes, and the armies of the foe were like fields of corn in the path of these dreadful christian storms. Then when the kintergarten massacres in the east was at its height that most of the foe invasion in the west with the fall of Julo Callio, Norma, Crowley, and Vivian Wlekey, and the capture of all the Glandelinian navies went down into a bloody wreck forever..... In the west the terrible scourges of god, the christian armies were called Angelinians but were mostly Abyssinians, Conscientians, and Tripolygonians the worse of all the soldiers of the christian side. Of all, these proved to the enemy a dreadful christian foe, and led by generals such as the two dreadful cyclone Vivians and others whose names have been frequently mentioned in the chapters, fought like demons against demons, and though worsted in a few battles, however won the next number, kept the enemy at bay at all points, crushed every attempt to invade northern Calverinia, and made it impossible for the Glandelinians despite the fact that they won the first four battles to set a foothold on the important Stronghold of Dolores Mc-Hollester or Angelinia Agathia, where scores of mighty armies of the foe met destruction in the series of great battles for the possession of the city. If the foe had won completely here, the christian cause would have been disillusioned. The foe won the first three or four battles, but met disaster upon disaster in the others, disillusionments of many large armies, were cut off from aid from the other main Glandelinian armies, cut off from all communications and provisions and suffered losses so heavy that they were never correctly estimated. The war of the very worlds was bloodied out

entirely by the fury of these ravaging titanic thundering conflicts at Dolores Mc-Hollester or Angelinia Agathia. The regions for hundreds of miles had been scathed by the terrific shell fire of both sides, extensive woods had been ripped and torn apart, forest fires were started, and for every mile became a vast morgue. All the horrors of the war in Europe could not equal this or equal it. Here the great war reached its highest tide, Angelinia Agathia being regular waterloos and Moscow to the Glandelinians, battles that never was seen in any battle in Europe or the great civil war in the United States. Dolores Mc-Hollester was a veritable Verdun of Hell to the foe, who suffered exorciating losses in men provisions, ammunition, and generals in the scenes around here. This centre of the struggle the nations of the outside world watched with expectation and apprehension. Should the enemy win, then Christianity would fall into utter ruin with cause and all that goes with it. But the enemy did not win, and even the losses in the other three battles was so costly, and so slight for the enemy that the struggles were called drawn battles, and that the situation of the Glandelinian armies became so exorciatingly critical and dire, and their losses so dreadfully heavy that the enemy under leaders thought it suicide to make any further serious attempts in this gigantic mass of Angelinia a veritable thousand Gilbraters of Heaven as general Hanson called it. The losses of the enemy was so indiscriminate that Hanley was storming the christian armies at other sections with similar disasters. General Mc-Hirther Francis Corbin and Jorden Mc-Hollester, to abandon their attempts on the capture of Angelinia Agathia and get away before General Hanson's advancing armies trapped them and cut off his retreat.....

Angelinia Agathia is about sixteen miles southeast of Gloria. It was run and also the scene of the wars mightiest of battles that raged all St. Saints Day from November 1th to December 9th. If the dread battles of Annie Aronburgs run as the struggles at Angelinia Agathia were called had ever turned out as a victory for the enemy, the Glandelinian armies would have struck a stroke struck Angelinia and Norma also the most crushing blow, but the crushing blow came to the enemy instead, which not only broke the full invasion of eastern Calverinia but caused the foe armies to flee southward through Eastern Calverinia not as an invader, but as a fugitive beset on all sides by Angelinian and Abbeccannian armies, until compelled to fight fiercely to break their way through and check the christians at Madge Evans or Jennie Turner enough to draw away their badly shredded armies from total destruction. This battle depleted the enemy armies into fragments at this locality of Angelinia and Hanley by a mountainous rout was compelled to get to Western Calverinia again to escape out of the hornets nest as he called the country of Angelinia where he never won a single battle and was placed with horrible disaster as every step. The enemy did not win the famous battle of Jennie Turner but nevertheless held the christians back until the escape out of frightful Angelinia of the Glandelinian armies of which fragments were only left, and beset on all sides by overwhelming great numbers of Angelinians.

General Hanson Vivian was the supereendant general of christian armies and worked so frenziedly, frantically, wildly, and madly, that he made himself six hundred Napoleons in one and his historic and roaring tornado like career was to inconceivably terrorize that he was a person much dreaded by all of the foe generals, and feared by all the nations of the world, and by his own wife, and brother sister as well.

His brother general Robert Vivian the father of the little Vivian girls called Violet and her sisters was equal to General Hanson in his career, but got wounded more often in battles of daman, and thus the foe had two desperate and dreadful enemies, that were to be daunted by anything whatever. They were two Gabriels and St Michaels. It was these two great christian leaders that with their armies not checked the enemy at Angelinia Agathia, and crushed them, but also by vigorous cyclonic advances forced the puebaum Hanley to flee from without offering a battle, and then throwing him with his armies against William Zimmermann who crushed the first mightiest Glandelinian army at Jennie Turner and compelled the fugitives to seek the Angelinian Christians as their only escape from the effects of the inconceivable disaster.

General Hanson Vivian who stayed the foe at Lucille Jorden, Madge Evans, Sunbeam Creek, and crushed the enemy beyond recovery during the battle of Angeline junction. He stayed Hanleys army from advancing to the besieged of Julo Callio though he was whipped at the battle near the city with Hanley, he took Jennie Wren town from over-whelming numbers, saved general Picknells army at Easter Starring destroyed all desperate attempts of the enemy in the battles of Norma and Normas run, and held the invaders out entirely from crossing either border of Angelinia

AND made the enemy move time and again from the vicinity of besieged galverina and Pullaway without fighting a battle. Both he and his brother captured Pullaway when the other christian armies could not even get near the city on account of the enemy's pugnacious resistance, and also made a deadly barrier for a vast army of the enemy at cedernine or stanok, almost annihilated a greater army of glandelinians at Evangelina St. glare, and Marsoellio, and put out of commission a glandelinian army at the second battle of Hodge Evans, and also captured many foe forces, besides completely destroying a large force of glandelinians at the battle of Pine Pines.

All this happened in the shortest time possible and before the war appeared to be a year old. After all of Hanson's successes, it yet appeared that things were about to go wrong. Only a small christian army was left to defend the city of Angeline near the river of Angeline pun in Calverinia and a large force of glandelinians under general Mc-Hollester Lenord was advancing fast to obtain the stronghold. Aronburg a christian general was also making flying campaigns in an endeavor to give Hanson time to throw a large army in the way of general Lenord or Lenord. He moved here and there with the rapidity of lightning, and struck repeated blows here and there but it did not avail anything, for general Mc-Hollester was fast gaining upon the town of Angeline, and the small armies of Angelinians were quickly gathering to repel the glandelinian invaders. General Hanson Vivian realized that he was too far away to reach the town in time, and learning that general Vivian with his army was only twenty miles south of the city asked him to take the situation in hand. He received Hanson's message and promptly advanced northward, and reinforced the smaller armies, taking personal command and strengthening the works so that the enemy could be repelled successfully.

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX.

THE ANGELINE RUN SERIES.
THE BRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF ANGELINE RUN
AND ANOTHER BATTLE DURING THE SIEGE OF PULLAWAY.
IT RESULTS IN ANOTHER ANOTHER GREAT GLANDELINIAN VICTORY.

Indeed everything of the war at this section besides all of Hanson's clashes along the boundary line had occurred within the same space of time as Aronburg's invasion into glandelinia but that Hanson's was somewhat the lengthiest and had lasted fully a month with all those battles. Indeed while this campaign of Aronburg's army was going on, general Vivian Vivian having left the army and picked up to besiege Pullaway, had at Angeline Agathia gathered a more immense army and moved forward toward Angeline pun thirty miles away from Angeline Agathia, having learned of the glandelinian armies approaching to prevent an invasion of Angelinians into galverinia, and knowing that he was in danger of being intercepted by a large force of glandelinians under general Mc-Hollester James Lenord, he decided to at once give battle and so on on this very ground and along this small river on both banks he threw up hasty but strong positions, and then formed battle lines to meet Lenord's attacks which he knew would soon come.

Before he started any engagement with governor general Vivian the glandelinian leader Mc-Hollester Leonard telegraphed to the king at the Capitol;

"I shall attack the Angelinians to-morrow. If they still stand to fight, and if they retreat during the night I shall pursue them, throwing heavy cavalry in his rear to destroy his trains if possible."

But governor general Vivian was not yet ready to give up the coming struggle. Under cover of the night he shifted his position so that when morning came and Retorts glandelinians advanced he only found skirmishers in his front which were quickly driven in.

General Vivian's new line was about forty miles in length and had been slowly but strongly intrenched with abatis thrown up in front. Part of the christian army forming an angle extended part way across the Angeline Run, and when the main attack began both opposing armies were about one thousand yards apart, very close indeed for armies of such great size.

The glandelinian advance was open to the observation of the many Angelinian commanders who hurried forward great numbers to meet the attack. The assault was made by 1,500,000 glandelinians and received by the Angelinians with a tremendous fire of grape, canister, shells, and musketry. The furious glandelinians moved forward steadily until within one hundred yards of the works, when the Angelinians arose and poured into the assaulting lines their whole length a most destructive fire, tearing the whole line to fragments and causing the survivors to waver, and then to fall back leaving their dead and wounded indiscriminately mingled, lying amid the abatis, the gallant glandelinian general Francis Auction among the wounded. In the furious enthusiasm following this temporary success, general Vivian decided that the day was won, but his prophecies were doomed to refutation. When general Leonard and his aiding officer general Learonsad Frander learned that a portion of the christian line under general Brotherline Francisanna had been weakened and failed to support the main lines thus attacked, they again rushed forward with terrible fury, and after a frightful struggle that raged with all its violence carried all before them irreparably breaking the christian line asunder under Brotherline in a dozen places and capturing all his artillery and 10,000 prisoners. General Hacker Confed with a large force of cavalry and infantry made a simultaneous attack on general Brotherline's rear, striking on the flank of the christian force and cutting them off from the little Angeline Run River. By this time Brotherline's army driven as no other army had been driven before and with only a remnant of artillery and abandoned its guns, flung away its muskets, and everything, that might impede its flight and scattered in hopeless confusion through a large plain.

Had general Vivian been slow nothing could have been done to save Brotherline's army from capture or annihilation. But quick as thought, he had his batteries swung toward the ranks of the 1,000,000 pursuing militants and opened fire with such deadly effect as to reduce that one million to 10,000, and so horrified were the survivors over the dreadful inconceivable massacre of their comrades that they retired in precipitate flight, and this gave general Brotherline time to rally, and now other forces led by reinforcements swept forward, and after a furious and dreadful sanguinary engagement recaptured the artillery, slaughtered a whole host of the foe who refused to give way, and kept up such an incessant fire that the indignant glandelinian columns of Herdrude Aronburg's Mc-Hollester charge. The whole scene for twenty miles was a screaming thundering din of hellish damnation. The dead and wounded of both sides were piled before the works so rapidly so rapidly did they fall during the engagement that it seemed a wanton massacre and the firing roared like a sky of burst planets, and the thunder of cannons fairly shook the earth.

Fierce as it was yet nevertheless strange to say it had only along other points of the line until late that afternoon the conflict went on with extreme fury and so fiercely that it was something like a massacre of hell. The glandelinian columns charged furiously twenty miles clear up to the very breastworks and were torn and shattered to mere splinters, but a strong glandelinian battery strongly posted behind a long entrenchment was captured after a furious counter attack of three hours duration which a christian line of ten miles long was shot to pieces, and the glandelinians overwhelmed had to abandon the position. The slaughter was heavy beyond description and after some unusual firing for an hour a counter charge was ordered however by the main leader of the glandelinian army, but though they tried again and again the glandelinians threatened annihilation could not stand up in the face of general Vivian's artillery which poured fierce broadsides of shot and shell and tore asunder the most immense waves of men like a mow cuts gaps in a grass lawn. A kind of bloody fighting was kept up for over three hours more without cessation the enemy yelling and screaming with frenzy and fury returning again and again to the charge in double columns, tearing and sacking at the christian line and smothering the whole battleline into a deafening inferno of slaughter only to be repulsed each time with frightful wholesale loss. Yet they still held their main position on the south side of the Angeline Run River and when he heard the sound of battle increasing with doubled fury and seeing the massacre of his troops, Mc-Hollester brought his main batteries and sent his main forces to the scene of conflict, assaulting the main wings of the christian lines with the greatest violence and a frightful engagement raged with inconceivable fury and fierce was the firing that all their battle flags was torn to shreds with bullets. Brotherline himself was severely engaged in front and rear at the same time and his forces although divided was still strong in each part.

Between him and general Vivian's position there was a large forest into which the greater part of the christian line under Brotherline had been thrown. Here in these woods which turned into a seemingly forest fire from the fury of firing the enemy launched the fiercest assaults against general Brotherline. The first of these terrific onslaughts fell with great force on Anderson Bedildias christian forces it being the desire of Mc-Hollester to push back this mounted force of cavarly, infantry and lancers into their power positions and then capture it himself with an overwhelming charge but he found it more difficult than he had expected. Bedildias men were not easily driven, but after a gallant resistance for over an hour in which they fairly cut down ten charges of the enemy they were pushed back to their main line, but the glandelinian charge on the position itself was repulsed with inhuman slaughter and with thirty glandelinian generals killed simultaneously and one hundred wounded severely. The glandelinians despite this horrible scene made several more vehement and most desperate assaults on this position fighting with the utmost fury of desperation but were repulsed again with greater slaughter and fifteen more of their generals narrowly escaped being captured as they fell wounded along side the christian works.

The entire christian line under Brotherline lay opposite the left and right of the whole assaulting glandelinian army with an impassable swamp on its left and front. The glandelinians at the same time had attacked some fortified hills on the front strongly guarded by the fierce Abyssinkilians and Concentinians and also Calverinians, fifty thousand men having fallen on its slopes for a minutes time, but amid the frightful storm of carnage the glandelinians charged again and again for fully six hours turning that hill into a hill of damn damnation, while simultaneously general Francis Jonesburg had made several desperate attempts to cross a large sand pit under a deadly rifleade, this being at the right of their own position. When a third assault was made a lodgement was effected on the tableland across the swamp.

A FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

This was not achieved by audacity never surpassed in the history of any warfare. General Frank Bayows I, 100,000 men crossed the swamps at a point where the left banks were covered by tangled abatis and the quicksand beds of the swamp, which was two feet under water. Through this bed Bayow led his men leaving his horse floundering in the quicksand behind and carried two lines of rifle pits and entrenchments under a fire that nearly mowed down two quarters of his best men. It was a useless sacrifice for his glandelinians. Despite such bravery no lasting impression was made. So deadly was the fire from the christian breastworks and batteries above that the surviving forces of the glandelinian divisions shattered to fragments broke and fell back leaving many more dead and wounded, and victims of the deadly quicksands. In the meantime the glandelinian leader had waded across the stream at the same time with the rest of his men and drove several christian divisions from their positions. Reinforced by nine brigades the Angelinians rallied and drove the glandelinians back across the river with their main lines shattered and torn. The columns that crossed the Angeline Run to make this attack lost nearly 612,345, killed and nearly 33,000 wounded. At another part of the charging columns where it numbered fourteen divisions of infantry and artillery were engaged, the glandelinians lost 222,000 killed, 444,699 wounded, while Bayow who led other divisions lost 114,888 in killed, and 34,566 wounded. The total loss of the christians in the sanguinary conflict at the swampy grounds was 160,699.

At this time the entire glandelinian force in front of general Brotherline numbered about 2,600,000 and over a million had made the onslaught across the swamps. During the time that general Brotherline was so vigorously engaged large christian forces came dashing to the rear in great disorder. This infantry force and a force of glandelinians cavarly facing overwhelming numbers had met like two street cars running head on together.

The christian force of infantry crushed to pieces had been driven back to the main line under a heavy fire of shot and shell. All at once there was nearly ten thousand shells coming simultaneously and these were the prearranged signal for general Vivian's ninth corps to concentrate upon the threatened point and scarcely had the charging columns of glandelinian cavarly reached the christian line when they were assailed by terrific volleys that nearly mowed them all down and all at short range; and the survivors were driven back to their main line with intolerable loss.

General January's men also continued assaults against the christian lines until night fall but the christian lines could not be forced. The battle ended with a tragedy as general Mc-Hollester Leonard was killed, the glandelinian army was rolled up disastrously from the field, and the christians had won a sort of victory that the Prussians won on the plains of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo only that the rout of the glandelinians was more than ten times complete, and only by the main efforts of other armies coming up did the disordered glandelinians finally be rallied, and threw back the christians with great loss. Knowing that the christian army flush with their sweeping victory would resume the conflict the next day and not being able to fight another battle in the crippled and depleted condition of his army general Vivian Holteburg the general who took command in general Mc-Hollester's place slipped away under cover of the darkness, the glandelinians following hotly the next morning. The loss on the christian side was also severe. In general Vivian's whole command it amounted to about 1,355,000 in killed and wounded. The christian artillery had been worked with such promptness, and the christian lines had shown such stern and glorious resistance that the glandelinian losses were much greater, being exactly 7,345,677 in killed and wounded, with nearly a hundred unnamed generals killed and wounded, and with general Austine Nelson wounded, and the main glandelinian commander of the whole army dead. This fearful and unaccountable battle lasted fully twelve hours only and ended on May 1 11:12. 1912.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT PULLAWAY.

There was no doubt that Picknell's position during his siege of Pullaway was one of great strength, and there was little wonder that he was unwilling to abandon the siege as commanded by Calmannia Shoemannia, who had received reinforcements after his battle with general Vivian. If Pullaway was captured, Shoemannia would be forced out of Angelina entirely and no army of the foe could again cross the border. Picknell's force was fully prior to that of Shoemannia's still, and Leonina Meldonia Picknell also, at the hills and ridges around Pullaway which had been fortified by the Christians under Shoemannia. Hanson Corbin was now connected by means of the pits and formed a vast fortified pit that only God himself alone could drive the christians from. Shoemannia was in a tight fix but nevertheless he was not disposed to give up. He was so brave from one reason. Though a glandelinian general of high rank he was really pious and a great question, and believed that the war was not from the outbreak of the fight at Crowley but that it was the purpose of Angelina to overrule the christian nation, and that in one of his statements he had said;

"It is true that children were butchered by christian troops at Crowley and Jennie Wren town, but nevertheless I believe it is another purpose of Angelina to wage war on glandelinia. The purpose as I believe a good one in one cause, but as it is no sin to repel as long as I have to ill feelings against God and his angels, I willingly do so. But if I find any of my men that would dare lay a hand on the property in Angelina or elsewhere, or harm children in any way, I'll wish he had never been born."

No glandelinians under Shoemannia ever harmed children during the war in command. They would have very much liked to do so, but then they were not. He and his comrade Picknell and all the other high generals of the christian command who followed willingly in his footsteps though glandelinians were the best friends in of the brave little Vivian girls and never from that time with one day of bad luck though fighting furiously against Angelina as they did. For being good as they were is the fact that God himself allowed these generals to slightly prevail against the christians and to save their armies from capture.

Picknell had lost really more than he could afford, and knew that Shoemannia was about ready to make a terrific assault, and he realized that if he was to get some advantage and to save Pullaway from the dangers of capture by the christians his operations here must be brought to a speedy termination. What he saw at Pullaway did not convince him that Shoemannia that he was about to achieve an easy victory on the christian side, but he or Shoemannia was not the men to recede from his purpose, despite the uncertainty of the outlook, though they both wished it was not the Angelinians whom they had to contend with as in reality they hated to fight with the Angelinian armies.

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.
CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.

THE PERIL OF BRIDGE BUILDERS UNDER FIRE!
THE STRUGGLE.
A MESSAGE OF CHILDREN, AND THE BRAVERY OF THE
VIVIAN GIRLS.

On the previous day while the glandelinian army was getting into better positions to withstand the rigors of siege or assault and in collecting supplies and strengthening various weak points in the fortifications there had been fierce and bloody skirmishing on the juncture pine crossroads, where general Break-In-The-Neck in command after recovering from his slight injuries received in the battle with general Vivian, was wounded again, and very seriously this time, and believed that this misfortune told him that something was wrong with glandelinias cause, and he desired to send in his resignation but he was forced by the king of glandelinia to remain or be charged with desertion. At the same time the christian engineers had begun to lay bridges, when they were assailed by a seething storm of rifleshots at short range from the opposite banks and driven back with heavy loss. The bridge builders returned to their hazardous task time and again but were shot down in gru groups and driven off, almost before they laid a plank. Thus two or three days was lengthened to six and the wide stream was only half spanned. Seeing that the case was desperate general picknell of the christian side ordered that a cannonade should be opened upon the enemys position from the two hundred and fifty thousand guns that crowned the opposite crests. For two or three days a constant fire from these immense batteries was poured upon the glandelinian position committing havoc and destruction that made it seem as if volcanoes had blown up by millions and defaced the landscape for many miles, while now during this tremendous warfare of titans another attempt was made to complete the bridges. This was frustrated by the Glandelinian sharpshooters, as the others had been showing that almost one hundred thousand shot- and shell from the big guns per hour had failed to dislodge the main glandelinian army from their position and all the while their own immense chains of cannon had answered fairly shaking the earth like a convulsion for hundreds of miles from their din and concussion. It certainly was a most tremendous artillery duel ever seen before. Just at the close of this bombardment a portion of picknells army under general Francis Christian came into collision with the glandelinians not far from Junction Dine. A frightful struggle waged for over five hours with unabated fury, and though it seemed to almost result as a great christian victory a Glandelinian force consisting of Osmirian Curdes swept across a sugar farm, and these joined in the assault in the sixth hour, driving the christians back with terrible loss and with their leader wounded and captured prisoner. Instead of only besieging Calmannia Shoemannia any longer Bivknell of the christians resolved to attack the glandelinian army with his entire available force, so leaving his camp on the 21th of May he started forward a division of 2,000,000 infantry, 170,000 cavalry, and 140,000 battalions, and sweeping on to the attack drove in the glandelinian pickets.

The next morning he was getting ready to attack in main force when a delay in the advance of one of his leaders caused him to refrain from the attack until the next morning. There seemed to be nothing to prevent picknell from first destroying general smash-In-The-Heads force and then turning upon the glandelinian picknell to and defeat him, and that is what he made up his mind to do. With the object of masking his movement from Shoemannia, he disposed of brigades of cavalry, so as to make it appear he intended to attack Shoemannia, while the main body of his force was to move against general picknell.

However the battle did not break until the last day of May. And that day seemed a beautiful one, and never was a grander sunrise beheld, but it really meant a day of bloody carnage. The battle by some mistake opened differently than what picknell expected. General Daniel Jones stationed on Getr Gertrude Angelinias Hills with 600,000 men made a furious assault upon Calmannia Shoemannias main wing and met a fire so deadly that he was forced to fall back with the loss of fifty thousand men killed and nearly eighty thousand wounded.

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He was reinforced by five hundred and fifty thousand more, and he resumed the assault, the men swarming up to the very works of the enemy but Calmannia Shoemannias lines seemed to fairly blaze amid the deafening roar of artillery and musketry and hundreds of christian ranks were mowed down at every volley. Yet general Jones was not to be daunted. On upward to the crest he pressed the men, but the nearer to the enemys position his divisions got the heavier the deadly volleys became, the glandelinian cannon pouring terrible torrents of shot and shell mingled with canister upon them. His men became demoralized and again fell back unable tooint the conflict from their tolerable losses. Simultaneously a general conflict opened on Beppo lines and for all that morning the battle raged with unabated fury. Though the christians were repulsed time and again they only returned to the assault with amazing fury. Bicknell was also moving forward to support the assailants but one of his wings which had been deployed across a large field and wheatfield combined and ten deep in a long mile line came within range of the glandelinian guns and as an annihilating fire was poured upon them they were compelled to recede, despite the frenzied protest of their foolish commanders, generals Oscar Zimmerman and Meldo Henryson who were badly wounded in trying to rally them.

At the same time there came a blasting infantry fire along the whole gray line along their front and the carnage now became terrible. The very ridges and in eruption their sides were completely strewn with the myriads of dead and wounded and dying. Again and again the christians charged up the bridges in most frightful numbers but each time the yelling enemy received them with such appalling fury that they were only driven back with the most tremendous losses. A frightful cannonade of one hundred thousand guns in instantane was opened upon the enemys position, while picknell formed over 12,000 men for an extra assault on a different part of the enemys line, and these one million one hundred ten thousand men started forward to charge but simultaneously picknell of the enemys side had formed eight hundred and fifty thousand men for a desperate assault himself unconscious of the intention of the christian commanders, and these two bodies came to crash like the terrific collision in a train wreck. Fearful was the deafening screaming thunders of countless numbers of firearms, the ring of steel, and the banging of clubbed muskets, and the snapping and cracking of pistols and the noise of sabres, and the bloodcurdling yells with sides. Yet despite the frightful carnage that followed the two armies onsets the christians being in heavier numbers and though badly shattered and shaken withstood the tremendous shock, and within a few minutes the enemy back, and opened upon the shattered glandelinian line a destructive withering fire, then rushing forward again the most tremendous fury crushed picknells advanced line to fragments.

Yet despite the frightful destruction and havoc in the ranks, and with the main forces of picknells columns coming up, the army then rallied with loud piercing cheers, and pressed forward again in heavy masses, and though they were mowed down as fast as they came scores of thousands upon scores of thousands of the survivors came on like demons and assaulted the massive line of christians with all their bravery. Yet these gray lines literally withered before the terrible fire they met from the christians, but the survivors managed to wheel back to the main line of works with frightful loss, and charged on the main line, but after a frightful struggle of two hours in which masses on both sides were frightful, picknell of the foe was driven back but being reinforced by smash-In-The-Head and rallied they again went to the assault. They made assault after assault, keeping up the frightful struggle for seven hours along this part of the line of battle, the battle raged without the slightest intermission, having reached its highest fury five o'clock, but the christian picknell managed to concentrate so much of the assailants that at last they were driven back with no slight loss. The christian picknell decided to press the advantage he had gained or already made upon the glandelinians, and so the next day he moved to throw nearly 1,234,567 men all at once to the charge, and these moved in long parallel lines toward the enemys position.

For five minutes and a quarter of an hour there was only artillery firing on the part of the enemys lines at this section, then all the enemys positions seemed enveloped in smoke from the frightful firing, and many this time fairly hammering away with all their firearms and canisters which they brought to bear upon the christian lines. But despite the continuation of the frightful slaughter the christians in solid lines pressed the very muzzles of the enemys cannon only to meet with such a destructive withering fire all along the line of gray coated demons fighters, that the assaulting columns were badly torn and gapped, and frightfully cut almost to fragments and were compelled to retire leaving scores of thousands dead and wounded where they lay.....

The enemy now decided to follow up their advantage, and made a most sweeping charge upon the retreating christians and became badly intermingled in a bloody hand to hand death struggle. A lively scrimmage ensued but yet the enemy managed to be driven back with more terrific loss toward the Pullaw Run. Bicknell who was a daring general had in the meantime gathered over two million two hundred thousand men and made such a daring and irresistible charge upon the apparently victorious glandelinians whom they so enraged by the stinging fire, that the glandelinians yelled in anger and all their shell guns, gathling, and motors, and musketry roared in such tremendous fury, and poured down such terrific torrents of shells and canister sharpnell, and minnie balls that the christian columns were badly torn and cut up. All of the attempts of the enemy in counter charging however were in vain and the Angelinians only returned to the charge with still more frightful fury and after a series of most frightful engagements, that succeeded each bloody onslaught the christians finally overwhelping the enemy captured his entire line of works.....

But at what a cost. Hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands of dead and wounded lay closely intermingled on the sides of the ridges, but more frightful were the numbers of the slain and wounded, piled up before the works. Thousands of dead and wounded lay across and inside the works, the dead and wounded being in some places five feet deep. The struggle was more frightful now than it had been before. Cannons, musketry, big guns and other materials of war roared more incessantly, pouring streams of minnie balls, shells and canister upon the glandelinians as they made furious attempts to recapture the posti positions they had lost. Calmannia Shoemanna was the most reckless in the charge and though his hosts were mowed down by the score of thousands a seemingly at every volley delivered by the christians, the glandelinians pressed on up the crest, and swarmed up to the works only to be met by such a vigorous withering fire of musketry and cannon that they were compelled to fall back badly broken and shattered, cut up and disabled, having suffered the loss of 10,000 in five minutes though the assault lasted forty minutes, and Shoemanna received a wound in the left arm.

100,000 shot and shell had been poured into their seried columns which had caused such frightful slaughter. Yet throughout the whole day the glandelinians returned furiously to the charge repeatedly only to have their entire lines swept away each time, and the main columns torn back with the most frightful loss of all. It was awful. It was indeed a very strong position the christian christians had captured, and it was hard for the enemy to retake it. The whole side of the ridges was continually swept by the terrific fire of canister and grape, and the charge of the enemy was met with the most dreadful slaughter. The glandelinians were finally forced to retire from the assaults, but not defeated as yet for their leaders had not given up, and as the battle had continued elsewhere the next day they had hopes of winning the third day of the battle. On the third day of the battle a third serious disaster which had occurred along a part of the christian line under Bicknell was the cause that almost made a great victory for the glandelinians.

Terrible numbers of Mc-Hollentinians had been advancing under general James Hennily Pyhiscian, and these early in the morning had been thrown upon the christian lines in the most heavy masses, and so fearful was the conflict here that thousands seemed to be killed every minute. The disaster occurred along Bicknell's extreme right. The losses of both sides in this contest was certainly tremendous, and had it not been for the tragedy all would have gone well with the christian armies, and the disaster would not have occurred.

General Bicknell had sent general Hannon Get Certainty with a big overwhelming force to make a vigorous advance against the glandelinians who were attacking there, and with orders to hold his ground at all costs and not to give way unless ordered to do so and no matter what his losses were either. He made the advance, and his men seeing the tremendous carnage, deployed as they advanced, but they were soon unable to advance any further and were compelled to repel charge after charge which ranged in end less succession. Hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands of the glandelinians threw themselves with terrific noise and fury upon the main christian lines, and all this while the terrible firing was redoubled to such an extent that the glandelinians again fell actually in whole lines. Yet Cam Calmannia Shoemanna was not yet ready to give up, and ordered his leaders to continue the assaults with redoubled fury, and also had brought most of his whole army in frightful action against the christian Bicknell.

The right wing of the christian army was now pushing forward after the most bloody struggle had raged along that part of the line with unceasing fury. Certainty had made desperate and herculean efforts to drive the other assaulting glandelinian columns back, but along here it was useless, and he sent a report to Bicknell that he could not follow out his orders, for he was fiercely attacked, and could not advance despite his overwhelming numbers which repelled the glandelinians.....

Calmannia Shoemanna had in the meantime led his center in this final attack and though his whole front line from one end to the other was subkjected to the most destructive and galling fire from the christian guns, they pressed one on once more with the most terrific fury, and assailed the christian line with all the violence they could assume. Yet the fire they mowed down them and they would have fallen back had not Calmannia Shoemanna rallied them. In the meantime the highest fury of the battle raged between Certainty's right and the enemy's left, and here the onslaughts of the glandelinians was so fearful that their losses became something terrific. Yet the Angelinians were themselves aroused and held their ground against the enemy with all their strength and courage, repelling every charge that the enemy made. Yet on pressed the glandelinians bound to win the battle or die. For before was there such horrible carnage. It was really double as bad as that at Jennie-Wren-Town. All the dead and wounded were dreadfully cut up by the tempest of canister, and every hour between lulls the works of both sides had to be cleared of the dead and wounded. Bicknell on the side of the enemy had only two officer generals of his eighty four generals of his staff, who had been either killed or wounded. Hundreds nay thousands of his artillery horses were down riddled with bullets. Hundreds of thousands of men were knaved away by the storm of bullets and shot and shell and wooden boxes taken for breastworks resembled hickory brooms. Buckets used to clean amon with were riddled by bullets, and encounterments, baggage wagons ammunition wagons, were destroyed by shells, the ammunition wagons killing many of their drivers or teamsters as they blew up. The scene was worse than any in the great glandeo-Abbieannian war of 1841. Long lines of the enemy fairly dissolved before the heavy christian fire, and the dead and wounded were piled up as high as the works themselves. Yet the enemy was not daunted. The whole line after another lull was now pressing forward simultaneously and the conflict along Certainty's lines was growing fiercer and fiercer every hour. It was now half past two and still the conflict raged with unabated fury and yet only increased. Yet despite all their desperate charges the glandelinians seemed to make no impression on the christian lines though they hewed awful gaps at every volley they returned at close range with the Angelinians.

Calmannia Shoemanna's center moving against Certainty was the most fiercely engaged. Bicknell commanding the christian center did all he could to hold his battle line, and division after division went forward to repel the enemy, and on the side of the enemy charges were continued brigade after brigade being swept out of existence, but more and more of the glandelinians came on anew and assailed the christians with mighty yells. The discharge of the cannons and musketry mowed the glandelinians down by thousands, but the enemy only charged again and again. The struggle was indeed fearful, and all the glandelinians having reserved their fire as they rushed to close quarters with the Angelinians, and simultaneously upon the christian lines a most destructive storm of musketry which shattered a whole line in purple, and mowing down thousands in the second

early fourteen generals,, fell in the fado of this awful withering fire,, and the christians returned a more heavier fire with all their musketry and amon mowing the enemy down in whole regiments, and this terrible firing could be heard at Jennie's riches (Angelinia) forty miles away. The furious glandelinian columns already torn tottered and bleeding, while their many rows of thousands piled up before the works were under a most terrific fire from the christian right chain of batteries.... but in the meantime Calmannia Shoemanna had a large force of glandelinians under Dargin Groverner and these he sent to attack the christian flank, and these had charged silently toward their rear, and as the most serious part of the firing came (which was already described) came, they assailed the christian flank with the most vehemence, but the flank had been on its guard and repulsed the foe ten times, but however Certainty was killed amid the dreadful carnage, and one of the main glandelinian generals also and soon when Bicknell's army learned of it his whole army was in the greatest confusion, and within another hour Shoemanna and all other forces had all they could do entirely to prevent the christians from finally carry all before them.

Such a rout of Bicknell's glandelinians was never seen in any war before. They fled panic stricken toward the Pullaway Run River in a wild confusion and stampede that no one could describe, that to be imagined must be witnessed, and they were pursued by general Hanson and ocinia Pyhiskilian army, and in trying to rally them and in his fury and desperate James Bicknell, and also James Pyhiscian were severely wounded, they managed by reserves and by hurling tremendous onslaughts to temporarily check the headlong onrush of the christian tidal wave until nothing could be done to resist restore order and check the fearful progress of the dreadful disaster.

General Leonia Meldonia did not know of the disaster until nearly night fall set in, and all this while he had with the other of his own forces been resisting all the hammering onslaughts that the wildly progress progressing christian forces could have made upon him, and then he learned that most of his other forces were streaming to the rear like a sea of stampeding rabbits. Though the rest of his main line had been able to hold its ground to the very last moment, picknell learning of the disaster and hearing that no efforts could rally them saw that there was no further hopes of continuing the battle with any success, and so when all fighting had ceased he immediately ordered a retreat, and this would have been under way, but Shoemanna who had held his own ground successfully and threw back the christian armies with terrible loss, forbade the retreat, and rallied the most of picknell's army during the night. Picknell had routed the other picknell's army and badly breached the glandelinian army but he did not follow up his advantage on account of Shoemanna's fierce resistance on the following day, which though it ended as a sort of christian victory did not however raise the siege as yet. The second battle of Pullaway had been more severe than the first and over four hundred thousand glandelinians had been declared to have been killed outright, and that about 900,000 died of their wounds of the battle. His main losses he would not reveal. General Shoemanna had declared his own losses as to be fully 1,000,000 in killed and wounded. The main christian losses were also withheld as their leaders did not think it good for the cause just now to reveal the number of slain or wounded.

Calamnia Shoemanna was enraged over his defeat and over the stubborn resistance the Ange Angelinians had shown in their fury and he therefore being more stubborn himself and exulting exceedingly in derisive and defiant decided to remain in the vicinity despite the siege and not to yield, rather die than allow himself to be forced from Pullaway itself. About nine hundred thousand Angelinian wounded had been taken prisoners by the glandelinians. This frightful battle occurred on the first day of May 1912/..

THE REIGN OF TERROR ALONG THE CALVERINIAN " BOUNDARY LINE..... THE SIEGE OF GENITIRI.

This defeat of general picknell of the glandelinians at Pullaway, aroused the whole nation of Angelinia with joy and enthusiasm, and also the Abyssinkilians were excited, and besides indeed the outcome of the war did not seem pleasant in the least for the glandelinians, who had been lecturing and tutoring the poor Calverinian countries like the cruel and uncalled for pedagogues, shaking over their ferulas of fire and steel. It was not long now and the revolution of the child slaves and Calverinians was in full sway against glandelinia, but now the war having broken out glandelinian armies had landed by sea ports with the intention of preventing an invasion of Calverinia by glande Angelinia and now the glandelinians thinking her armies in Calverinia strong enough to prevent an invasion had now tried to prick and fillpiped and fright Calverinia into submission with the intention of drafting Calverinian men in to her wicked armies, and found they were in a tiger's den. However weeping little children sat helpless in their homes, and gathering in on all sides of Angelinia with their woes of wicked child slavery which they had run away from, and all other scenes of sadness and horror had pricked Angelinia to the quick, and she had sprung up, and her blood was up, and she now began to front glandelinia in Calverinia also with that terrible strength of nature which no man had measured which went down to madness and Tophet, and the glandelinians saw that they would have to suffer hard times to deal with Angelinia even if she could have won the war against her christian foe. Whatever whatsoever was cruel in the panic frenzied frenzy of the 925,000,000 Angelinians in the north, whatsoever was great in the greater simultaneous death defiance of the same number of Angelinians stood here in about contrast, near by one another, and began to form immense armies to hurl into Calverinia and fight the wicked gray coated glandelinians on their own chosen ground. A million wildly excited Angelinians dashed in desperate defiance toward and from the city of Angelinia Agathia to defend the boundary line of Calverinia and others also arouse to defend the boundary

boundary against the foe under Shoemanna and Pyhscian Johnson who was being held back by strong Calverinian forces toward Jennie Tory. Volunteer defenders, millions of rifle men or pike men in purple or red defiled along the boundary line of Calverinia, moved immense armies toward the direct ion of the threatened city of Ju o Julo Callio and Jennie Tory with the hands brandishing of arms, always with some touch of Leonidean elegance, often with a fire of daring that threatened to out Herod Herod the Gallier-ge. Many great movements agitated this great nation of Angelinia, a rushing against traitorous enemies in gray, made movements which so close could not be restrained by no known rule, strongest passions of human kind, drove them hatred, vengeful sorrow, braggard nationality, and also vengeful pale hands over all in Jennie Tory among the helpless women and children were being guarded by an immense army of Calverinians.

At the beginning of the approach of Glandelinian armies into Calverinia twelve thousand slain children at the opening of the war in Calverinia from their dark catacombs there in death dumb show seemed to lead for vengeance against the glandelinians. Such was the destructive rage of the Angelinians in those few months of war already going on that invasion of Calverinia could not be even stopped by the glandelinians, and the christians poured across the boundary like a flood, and strong forces were already reported meeting the glandelinians in death grips. In the meantime the retreating glandelinians under Calamnia Shoemanna's forces laid siege to Genitiri and the result inside of that Calverinian city was terrific. The glandelinians having captured the city without any resistance had become regular howling mobs menacing the helpless with awful terror with their war tumbrils, and sleeping thunders. The glandelinians were harrying and ravaging about the whole vicinity and entrenchments were made, with glandelinian batteries were playing their briskest on a region of country a hundred miles long. There was all the time for two months terrific firing from behind ditches, death volleys miles long hitting out of thickets, and ravines and rivers, huts, small towns and houses other towns may forests were burning, pitiful feet of women and children trying to refuge only to be captured and slaughtered. Way worn, dirty and threatened many thousands of glandelinians opened fire with their own cannons on Genitiri volen volcanically spouting fire and death and destruction for many days, while many fugitive children reaching the christian lines were fleeing for weeks with their parents separated from them in the night gave the most pathetic details of the frightful carnage and slaughter going on over a space of country extending for hundreds of miles along the line of the boundary line.

Imagine the cannonading of the great war in Europe spread over every square mile of the Calverinian Boundary Line the maximum intensity of one hour to form an idea of the horror of the along this section. Of course it was a war ten times fiercer than the hundred such wars in Europe and along only the boundary line at it and if all the planets had bombarded this point of the war stricken region it could not have made havoc more complete. From two in the afternoon the city of Genitiri was struck with sudden silence, except for the beating of drums, the tramp of marching feet, and ever and anon the dread thunder at a distance of hundreds of thousands of glandelinian cannon entering its volleys upon the whole region in efforts to check invading Angelinians. All the streets were soon vacant, beset by guards at each end, and all citizens who proved themselves loyal subjects to glandelinia were ordered within doors to escape glandelinian sharpshooters who may mistake them for christians instead of friends of comrades. On the Norma Marine River which ran through this section there floated many sentinels, barges, burning ships loaded with explosives going off like musketry, and barriers hermetically closed less the Angelinian invaders should force their entrance. It was indeed frightful and the sky was dense with clouds of thousands of conflagrations. A terrible war it was turning out to be.

About four hundred women and children had been seized previously by the glandelinians and an unspeakable terror had fallen on all. A certain man was also seized his young loved daughter with him who refused to quit him. All the arrests that were following may give the reader a chance to see what the prisons in Genitiri and Genitiri were going to be. Crowd and confusion, jostle, hurthurry, vehemence, and terror terror. Of hundreds of poor women and children who had come out of churches had been seized and committed elsewhere to prison and the servant of one of the generals in his shirt sleeves with wide staring eyes entered the room.

"General rise and hide yourself yourself. The glandelinians have to seek you for arrest. They are knocking like to break down the very door." And they were in fact knocking in a terrible manner. The general hastily flung

on his coat forgetting even his waist cord, nothing on his feet but slippers and asked the servants about thence. And the poor servants answered were negative, incoherences. As the general looked through the shutters of his window and crivices in front or rearward, the dull street lamps disclosed streetfuls of haggard fierce ugly, countenances, these clamorous glandelinians bristling with pikes and all kinds of weapons, and he rushed distracted for a safe outlet but found none, and he had to take refuge in a crockery press down stair stairs in the basement and stood there palpitating in that imperfect custom, while lights were dancing past his keyhole, tramp of feet were heard overhead, and a tumult as if gates and his host were there reigned for four hours, and yet more. Many women and children in the building started up afright and in abject terror as the glandelinians had entered, and though many leaped garden fences, the rest were cruelly slaughtered in cold blood, while those who had leaped fences were also caught and thrown into prisons.

Terror was in these streets of Genitit genitiro and Genit ori, terror, and rage, tares and frenzy, and a noise rable cries pealing through the air despite desperation of the glandelinians rushing to the slaughter, mothers with streaming eyes and wild and frenzied at seeing their children die.

The cramped prisoners inside the city seemed about to burst so full were they with women and children. Madness, murder and horror was committed by the enraged glandelinians. The far distant glandelinian cannon was now roaring its loudest, with some five thousand children with eight y poor priests were forced along to the main prison by the angry glandelinian multitudes who were cursing and swearing as they moved.

"Accursed priests this is the most terrible death you and the children are condemned to do die." They howled. Many terrible reproaches and abuses these poor priests and children had to endure, and worse spoken in on them by frantic glandelinians, and alas the next moment the prisoners were blocked and surrounded by raging endless tumults, in yells deaf to the cries for mercy and piteous screams or screams of the children which the glandelinians only answered with sabre thrusts through the heart. The priests themselves were cut, hacked, and torn in pieces, and the children were frightfully massacred about the prison yards until their life blood covered the streets. Everywhere there was a howling tumult, the poor children being intermingled in a howling sea of graycoats. And under an arch of wild sabres, axes, bayonets, and pikes, and weapons of horrible torture, many of these poor little ones with even women and nuns sank how hewn asunder. One after another sank with dying cries and soon there were formed a pile of corpses and the streets began to run red. Fancy the yells of these wicked glandelinians, their faces covered with sweat and blood, the fiercer shrieks or more women and children crying;

"Mercy, oh please have mercy."

But there was no mercy. Any cowardly man may be even forced into battle, but the bravest heart would quail at this inhuman slaughter. Hundreds of women and children clasped each other spasmodically, and hung back, only to have their throats and breasts, and bellies ripped open. Many others thrown among the piles, and dying of thousands of wounds were only abused by the wicked glandelinians who increased their torture by putting salt and pepper in their wounds. Child after child was cut down, men and women too by the wholesale, and onward and onward went the butchery, the loud yells of the glandelinians wearing down into bass growls. The brave were not spared nor the beautiful, nor the weak, nor the rich, nor the poverty stricken, by these howling human fiends. A crippled girl of the age of twelve years was also led to the hell gates of these slaughter prisoner prisons, and though she shivered back at the sight of the bloody sabres, she was too helpless to get away and she was dragged onward. Her fair head was cleft by the sabre, the neck was severed, and her fair body was cut in fragments, with indignities and horrors which human nature would find incredible. Her head with its ashen hue face and protruding tongue was fixed on a pike, and paraded under the windows of the prisons of the prisons that the rest of the still more hated crippled prisoners may see. The circuit of the prisons were guarded by Glandelinian officers, and the clamor and infinite tumult increased the terror. A very old man whose name was James Johnson was also doomed to die. But his young little daughter, very pretty, pretty and of ten years old clasped him in her arms with an inspiring eloquence with a love which was stronger than very death, but the heart of the hateful Glandelinians were not touched and she was the very first to die being burned at the stake in a slow and most torturous manner that human minds could think of. The bloody pikes rattled in a frightful manner and the tiger yells of the glandelinians increased to tenfold. Happy it was that violet and her sisters were not here to witness this. Two hapless pretty little girls in the penitentiary saw two fierce looking glandelinians

their hands covered with blood, and armed with sabres, and a man with torches lighted them, and pointed to the hard stone beds of four little children who begged with pleading voices to spare them. The men paused but the officer cried;

"Way with these christin dogs."

They were cruelly massacred in the prison cell, while the other two little girls looked at each other in silence, and clasped each others hands with careful eyes. Motionless, with fixed eyes, these broken hearted little girls gazed on the pavement of their prison on which lay the moonlight, cheered with the tre triplex stanchions of their windows.

At three the next morning the glandelinians were breaking into the prison doors and the two frightened little girls thought they were going to kill them in their own cells, but heard voices on the stair case, that it was a room where some men prisoners had barricaded themselves. They were all butchered there as the two little girls learned. Two priests were soon cast among them, and after the graycoats they saw to the little girls that their time was at hand that they must compare themselves and receive their last blessing. An electric shock movement not to be defined caused them to throw themselves on their knees and they received it but promised any thing to God should he foil the glandelinians in coming for them. These two white haired old priests blessing these two terrified children from their place above, with death hovering over their heads on all hands environing them, was a moment never to be forgotten. Half an hour later they were both massacred before the eyes of the little girls and dragged out. Toward four o'clock black prisoners were called frequently and cruelly slaughtered. Toward five in the morning the grate which led to the cell of the little girls was opened anew. Four men in gray uniforms with drawn sabres and blazing torches came near the corridor of the little girls proceeded by an officer and entered an apartment close to that of the two children, and slew the prisoners who were mostly children inside that room, fairly tearing their very vitals. At this moment two others were dragged out another hallway, and these were also massacred and cut to pieces, and their vitals strewn on the floor. One prisoner had previously escaped, and glandelinians stepped into the gallery and questioned a guard there, asking him what became of the escaping prisoner? The wretched guard was now their hands, and he lost his life five hours after for not watching the prisoner more closely, and he had answered with trembling knees that he did not tell what had become of the prisoner. Determined to find the prisoner and kill him or her more cruelly than they did the others, they ranged along with this punished guard through various apartments, but without effect. Then one of them said as they entered the room of the two little girls;

"Come lets search among the pile of corpses then, for we must find where that prisoner is."

No one could fancy the terror those words;

"Come search among the corpses then." Had thrown the children into. They had these others left, when there came two other men in gray uniforms, one of them whose arm and sling or a leave up to the very shoulder well as the full length of his sabre were covered red with blood, and called the little girls to follow him. They pleaded in vain, for they were tied past the fatal outer gate and laid near the corpses. As they got their feet they gave a cry of terror at the sight of the heaped up corpses, and covered their eyes with their hands, but the killers obstinately tried to kill them saying that their time had not as yet come, so they were taken back, while other children died of innumerable wounds. Yet after the two little girls thought they should hear their own names called every time the grate was opened, for all the rooms of this corridor where theirs had been opened and cleaned out of the child prisoners. There were four more yet in their room when the glandelinians seemed to have forgotten them! Yet the little girls addressed their prayers to the Eternal to be delivered from his horrible peril. Not long after a tall stern looking glandelinian entered their room to see if the prisoners still left. The two little girls took him by the hand and conjured him to save them as he was an officer, but the noise coming from the grates made him hastily with him. It was the noise of some twenty or thirty glandelinians armed to the teeth as the little girls lying flat to escape being seen could see from their window.

"Upstairs there are more prisoners." Thundred a voice. "Let not one escape."

It was between seven and eight o'clock in the morning and a score of men entered with bludgeons, and sabres, and four sabres were crossed over their breasts as they led the four children down and the two other little girls also.

By the glare of seven torches they were brought before the terrible Tribunal where lay their lives or their death. The judge in graycoat with a sabre at his right side stood leaning with his hands against a table on which were papers, an ink stand, heads of children, and their hearts and lungs piled up at one corner. Some ten graycoated glandelinian officers were around seated or standing, two of them had jackets or aprons on, while others were sleeping, or lying stretched on the benches. Two glandelinians in bloody coats were guarding the door of the place, and a keeper had his hands on the lock. In front of the judge three men held a prisoner who was a little boy of eleven nine years and stripped naked. The glandelinians who had the little girls stationed them in a corner, their guards crossing their sabres on their breasts. These two little girls looked on all sides for their provincial twattional guard, guards, one of them drunk who was presenting some appeal from the section of the jury in favor of the weeping prisoner stationed before the judge, but this graycoat answered:

"They are useless, these appeals for the christian dogs."

Then the jury howled;

"It is frightful your judgement is a murder, a bloody murder, and will bring the vengeance of not only Angeline but Abbeannia and the whole world down upon us."

The judge only answered; answered;

"My hands are washed of it. Take the prisoner and kill him."

The shrieking child was driven into the street where through the opening of the door the two little girls saw him massacred, and his vitals cut out from his body and thrown all around. They sickened at the sight and almost fainted at that. The judge sat down to write, registering the name of this one whom they had finished, then the little girls heard him say;

"Bring two more."

"Behold these two frightened little girls of eight, and nine years. Years and months had we ought to brought these children before this swift and bloody judgement bar, where the best protection was to have no protection." Two of the guards held each child by the throat half choking them, the third by one of their arms. Without questioning them the judge ordered that they be massacred. Yet they had to be brought to the bar of the president who ordered that they should be locked in a sort of prison. Yet their companions though thought they perceived a kind of loft overhead. But it was very high, only one of them could reach it by mounting on the shoulders of the others. One of them said to the little girl children, that their lives were more precious than theirs, and though the little girls resisted, they insisted, and neither was scene more touching. First one little girl flung her arms around the necks of these four deliverers, and she mounted on the shoulders of the first, and then on to those of the second, and finally on the loft. She was followed by the other little girl and their addressed to their fair comrades their expression of two souls, overwhelmed with natural emotions. Yet these four generous companions as they rejoiced to find later did not perish either, for they had by means of a march which one of them had seen that there was a ladder in one of the cubbards of their cell, and by the ladder they all escaped, besides a score of women, and a good number of men, with over eighty other children. Glandelinians with their sleeves bloody to their shoulder had given persi's pursuit to the other little girls, but they escaped even out of the city, and through the encampment at times when seeing anything gray, they were suddenly seized by what appeared to be purple coats, but who were Abbeannians, who seeing they were not escaping glandelinian boy scouts whom they were looking for, but two little girls took them to their camp where they were safe for all times. In the captured city carts went along the streets full of stripped human beings, thrown pell-mell limbs sticking up, and yet hacked, badly and many headless and their bodies completely empty. May the same be black boulder stones of the prisons had seen prison massacres before now, glandelinians massacring christian women and children, whom they had imprisoned until now, and now they were piled heaps of carcases, and the streets ran red with blood. At a small town four miles away from the city fourty eight women and children were killed by glandelinians, and at other places some attempts were made but hardly any effect, being quickly put down by calverinian troops who happened to be in the location. The following days were still more terrible. The multitudes of glandelinians there were stirring swarming in the Calverinian sun. All the streets were humming and swarming as if the city had emptied itself of its whole population. Many glandelinian tumbrils rolled heavily through the streets or the sea of human beings, the guards and officers making way with ever more difficulty amid an inarticulate growling human surge, which growled even the deeper, even by hearing themselves growl not without sharp yelpings here and there.

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At the corner of Angeline Street the compressed yelpings of the frenzied glandelinians became a continuous yell. Savage figures sprang on the tumbrils with a first spray of a seemingly endless tide of human beings. Amid horrid noise and tumult as of fierce wolves or demons, the other prisoners sank, smothered. All but some eleven who who escaped into houses and found mercy. The prisoners and other prisoners they held were with difficulty saved. The stripped clothes were burned in big bonfires, while the naked corpses lay piled up in the streets..... In the meantime general gienkeen had reached the city and seventy million Angelinians and ten million eight hundred thousand Abyssinkilians swarmed to his rescue, swelling his advance to a great extent and checking the advance of general Pyschian who after a stubborn battle of three days duration fell back from Jennie's cry and threw strong works to repel any further advance of the christians, "I know the same, but there was no hopes of these glandelinian generals making ground against such overwhelming numbers and who already had lost many men in the battle already past they were unaccountable numbers: numbers, inaccurate in estimation and who lay like mountains of corpses. The christian losses were also unaccountably heavy but not so heavy as the enemy but amounted nevertheless to millions. It certainly had been one of the fiercest of the battles ever seen yet. When general Pyschian was so curiously victorious at Angeline run and drove back the glandelinian army facing him, he himself started again to move a swiftly at Pullaway (Angeline), but as it was very far away he halted at mile T ori (Angeline) not knowing of the frightful slaughter and can rage then going on at Pullaway during the second great battle with Pyschian's glandelinians and Picknell's christians. General Pyschian was fairly pliant over his victory at Angeline Run and yet knowing that a most fearful war was now raging and that Violet and her sisters were with him, feared that if they once got inside of a glandelinian or Angelinian prison captured by glandelinians it would be good bye. So he fixed up a scheme. That evening he called them together and laid out the scheme to him, and asking them if they would like to do so. They were to be sent out Angelinian prisoner prisons in order to practice of getting out, so in time they could be able to get out of the strongest glandelinian prison made. Despite this scheme however it was soon to be foiled for many of them had to be aided in making escapes from the glandelinians. Nevertheless they were glad to do so and the next morning they were sent by special train to one of the Angelinian island prisons first where they were to begin their first round of escapades. These prisons were the strongest of all the Angelinian prisons and as they were only thirty miles from the shore, one of the prisons was reached in no time: But after labor of about seven days during the time the great battle of Jennie Riches raged, even without help managed to escape, and this was repeated again and again, and still until they were able to escape all the Angelinian prisons then in Angeline. Only to the prison at Genitori they had not yet gone to, and their escorts now decided to bring them to these jails, not knowing that this was in the hands of the foe. Even Violet and her sisters did not know the fearful bloodcurdling days in the city, and they were to experience pretty soon. But the marvelous example of how they endured all this, which Violet has herself done, which if she had shown the slightest reluctance to do would have cost not only her life but also the lives of her sisters, now not only saw these frightful slaughters, but for their sakes she called herself to the fearful tasks demanded of her. This was to be their real experience of horror during their trials of war. As I was going away before Violet and her sisters not only saw the frightful slaughters, but were almost bound to become a part of it themselves, and their terror sensitiveness to such scenes of carnage enabled her and her sisters to escape the cruel floggings and jug floggings and notify Hanson and their father of the frightful butchery. Many of the glandelinians who seized them as they unexpectedly got into their lines, were by a lonesome looking glandelinian officer of not far from thirty years of age, and whose face resembled something of some hideous but comical looking mouse or rat.

"He was very tall in stature, with long muscular arms, the left arm seeming to be the strongest from some congenital defect, and he also seemed to have a furious walk. His complexion was so sallow as to be quite black in hue, and marked with the marks of skin wounds, which he had got in his first battle of the war. His eyes were dark and piercing, his unkempt hair was raven black. This officer indeed looked very much like general Pyschian in the head, but he was not, he was general Pigeon Bomber of whom the glandelinians know as the most wicked man of his command..... Violet and her sisters were put in the strongest prison in Genitori. Yet the next morning the city full of glandelinians woke, to hear that Violet and her sisters had fled. I cannot hope to describe the fury and excitement among the glandelinians this news had produced..... Crowds of most furious

glandelinians had gathered everywhere as if moved by a common impulse toward the prison, finding that violet and her sisters were indeniably gone, the crowds of glandelinians poured through the prison and killed all the rest of the prisoners, and sacked it from cellar to cellar. Then their delight in the power to plunder and slaughter gave place to rage at violet and her sisters had escaped them.....

A violent scene took place at the glandelinian councils immediately after the news was spread. General Lion Bronkithias, commander of the national army of glandelinia denounced the flight as an infamous breach of trust, declaring that the little girls had repeatedly assured him that they would not attempt to escape. But the little girls had never told him such a thing, in fact they had never seen such a man, with the name of a disease as he really had. But the glandelinian council men were not satisfied and

Bronkithias thought best to defend himself before that powerful body of furious glandelinians, which every body in the region was beginning to fear. General Hallmannia pandemia had addressed the meeting before Bronkithias arrived and picknellian himself denounced Bronkithias as a traitor, and repeated the accusation boldly to the general's face as he entered the council hall. Bronkithias was really the glandelinian costodian of violet and her sisters, and their escape was a reflection on either his ability or the watchman on his loyalty to the glandelinian officers. Hallmannia declared that violet and her sisters must be taken dead or alive, for he feared that if they reached the christian line at Jennia ori they would return with the Angelinian host and put down the slaughter which he sorely wished to complete.

His speech was a tremendous effort, as it brought eight hundred glandelinian officers to their feet cheering him and his sentiments, till the rafters of the building rang with the echoes. Antoinette howled that Bronkithias was a traitor, that the vivian girls ought to have been delivered over to the slaughter as soon as recaptured. Bronkithias had need to defend himself against these charges. It was not difficult to conjecture what might have happened to general Baptiste had not at one time in his service in the glandelinian infantry stationed twelve miles away from Pullaway itself in Angelinia, where he had recognized the vivian girls before the outbreak of the war, and where he learned of their amazing and seemingly supernatural beauty. He recognized these beauties and galloped after them with a furious bunch of wicked glandelinians overtaking them at juncture pine but had not captured them. What might have been the result of this chase had not a detachment of the national armies been present no one would have known. What the result would have been I would have hated to write. But when they were captured they were not killed. With that anguish of sympathy and of foreboding do my beloved readers think of these brave little heroines returning to that sanded prison in which they were bound hand and foot with chains. In such horrible times like these when the reign of terror was showing what heroic stuff many women and children were made of, tenderly martyred little girls, no less than boys, the frightful suffering of hundreds of Catholics and even Protestant ministers and priests and even nuns in this city, that seemed to have gone mad with the glandelinians, put such great sorrow in the hearts of violet and her sisters that they could not stop weeping for hours. Not sorrow for themselves, for there was no need, for they could get away again if they wanted to do so and did, but others who were in the prisons adjoining who were massacred so frequently. All the while violet and her sisters remained in the prisons of their own accord to get clues and withstand the horrors they witnessed for just that very purpose, a terrible din arose in the city, and there are no words in any language I think by which one could describe the noise to another being so fortunate as to never have heard it. It was useless to say;

"Imagine all the big gangs in the city ringing at once, and every other noise possible for an alarm, being added to a deafening jangle, and then upon this imagine the swelling steady roar of many hundreds of thousands of voices, and countless firearms, as mad multitudes of glandelinians poured into the streets, and asked reasons for this uproar, then shout intentions, the while the clamor continued, and increased by the boom of hundreds of thousands of big cannons for the length of twenty miles, and even smaller ones a perfect drum-drum roar more appalling than probably the din in hell itself until the very streets of the city seemed to shake with it, and with the hoarse outcries of the mobs in gray. It was useless to ask any one to imagine this, unless he could also imagine the dread of long standing which this deafening din changed to acute terror. For many hours the imprisoned inhabitants of Genitiro and Genitori, knew too well what was coming. They thought it was coming right away even when the city was first coming, when a large force of Glandelinians attacked the city and its defenders avowedly with murderous intent, and were driven back by the heroism and fury of the defenders they meant to slaughter.

After the second battle of Genitori there had been a terrible gathering of glandelinians around the city, and such as boasted no pity, of a pitiful sight could stay their hands made ready to march upon the battle-ments of the besieged city. But though they had been despaired toward dawn—despaired by the enraged Angelinians who had made stubborn and successful resistance. Now the whole force of the enemy under Hallmannia boomiana was here where they had marched upon the city of Genitori after their victory after the third battle. They were in number 2,600,000 but such a two million six hundred thousand. They had been seen advancing into the city by the most frightened populace, these furious two million six hundred thousand. Glandelinians burned almost as black as moors by the terrific heat of the Angelinian summer sun, dust begrimed, but terribly in earnest, and now they had the Vivian girls imprisoned on the charge that they had tried to bring the Angelinians down upon them. The Glandelinians in their fear of them had decided to destroy violet and her sisters and swore and avowed before themselves that nothing now should stop them, then declared that Poor himself was an impostor, and dared him to intervene or come down and show himself.

Should he? Thus when the refresh roar of cannons gave the signal for the uproar it occurred as previously described and before the terrible clamor subsided, it was drowned in drumming and booming thunders of nearly six hundred thousand cannon, hoarse cries, trampling of hundreds of thousands of feet, rattling of pikes and muskets, shouted obscenities, deep-throated wails, shrill screams of scores of thousands of children at their loudest urged to the slaughter, and other sounds of terror.

Not for all that night long did violet and her sisters close their eyes, not for a single moment? Screaming, yelling, howling and cursing the glandelinians passed to the prison of the little girls, girls carry aloft the part of a man's head. It was the head of a bishop who had been killed for trying to hold off the attack on the Genitori capitol, where fifty thousand Angelinians had barricaded themselves and in adjoining barns and houses for hours resisting the foe. Indeed for hours the bloody plan to clear all approaches to the capitol. With every hour the mobs of glandelinians headed by their infuriated officers drew nearer to their point of attack. For every attack twenty thousand glandelinians had been sent down by the Angelinians. About eight o'clock the general's advisors taught him to flee and seek with his family the protection of the christians at Galvin, it being evident to all that the capitol could not hold out very long as the defenders would soon run out of ammunition.

This was assented to and shortly before nine o'clock the sad little procession left the capitol by the rear entrance, the general, then his wife, leading her two little golden-haired boys, and his staff. The general was erect and composed but very sorrowful, his wife striving to stave his tears, and the two children were senseless from fright. The capture of the general and his family was most unfortunately not made known to those brave defenders who were holding the entrances, and then came back to those they made a fierce stand on staircases, roofs, and made pouring volley after volley into the howling mobs, and nor were the assailants war aware that the general and his family had gone. So the bloody carnage went on from street to street, from houses to houses led by the wicked glandelinian leaders, who had to hew every inch of their frightful progress through living walls of purple coats. Toward five o'clock in the evening the fight was over because of very few exceptions. Every man in the capitol and houses had been butchered or hauled off to prison. Violet and her sisters who were chained in their prisons could only hear at the sounds they heard, and conjecture as best as they could what they mean or might mean, and yet they were terrified at the vague hints of the series of horrors that had been enacted. The heat of that most bloody day was frightful, and still more hotter was it in those prisons. Hundreds of men women and children were continually dragged off to prison, also priests, nobles, and christian citizens. They were cruelly bound, and many were half dead with fear, when no sooner had one band of cut throats rushed upon an unfortunate family and slashed their throats, another band set to pillaging their house or church. Palaces and even the most sacred sanctuaries were being sacked by the glandelinians in which drunken child slave-bosses were hedged by prominent. Many carts went about gathering up the many dead to burn them on smouldering fires the rascals had set...

Heaps of bodies of men, women, and children lay in the gardens and courts of the palaces in Genitori, and most of the men were those who stood to defend the capitol and other buildings. The sight of the bodies of the children were worse than any ever seen in the slaughters during the beginning of the child slave rebellion. The attacking forces had however lost ten times than the total of Angelinians who fell in the battle, though their own losses were heavy. These too were cast upon the smouldering fires. Hundreds of all the corpses of the men women and children were being

thrown upon the fire even when still alive, and these were bound with chains so that they could not get off. It was certainly awful... One scene of horror followed another while the agony of violet and her sisters was intensified by the comments of the wicked glandelinian officers who thronged outside their prisons. Great crowds of glandelinians were pouring into the theaters and were filling up the cafes and eating up everything. Those who were not at these lotg lootings were committing slaughters, pulling tongues out of childrens mouths as they choked them to add to the tortures. The smoke of those smouldering fires went up to the stars. As those eternal stars looked down upon violet and her sisters in prison, on thousands of sacked homes, and desecrated churches, on drunkenness, and fierce revelry, and on an agony of woe in which the prisons of violet and her sisters had its awful share, the little vivian girls having escaped all other Angelinian prisons in their tests, but really finding it futile to attempt it here a second time on account of being bound in chains, and guarded by hundreds of strong guards they felt themselves really doo e doomed. The next day before noon the barriers were closed, and soon that morning the dreadful bell noise again rang from every steeple in the city and whistles and so on made a greater clamor which drowned out the distant roar of so many cannons. Thereupon the streets were again filled with that rabble of wicked glandelinian glandelinians, armed with pikes, cutlasses, swords, muskets, bayonets, rifles, crowbars, lances, blunderbushes, and ramrods, and harvest scythes which all the terrified surviving prisoners had come to know so well. Those who had the glandelinian slaughter in chagre, had granted the butchers, or rather as assassins the permission to massacre all the new prisoners. The first victims were some ninety priests, and forty nuns who were butchered as badly as the innocent children, their own vitals fairly strewn in the streets. Then the mob of assassins started slaughtering all those in prison. These glandelinian butchers were led by general swearing-to-Raise-cain a branded glandelinian criminal and thief, a ferocious bully, and officer who led the glandelinians in all these slaughters. Sometimes the glandelinians would jab their sabres in the throats of the men women or children and rip clean to the chest down to the abdomen, tearing the intestines out and killing them in this horrible and shocking way. In all manners so describable they committed these slaughters, assassinating without pity all the children who were in the prisons, cutting off their feet, or cruelly choking or suffocating them, tearing out their eyes and tongues, and otherwise terribly mutilating them before they were cut to pie pieces and murdered, and forcing the children also to go into the dark places where they would be afraid, or even throwing handfuls of spiders and centipedes upon the little girls terrifying them beyond endurance. This was a display of cruelty and fury of which the vile wildest beasts could not stand to do. Some of the prisoners, men women and children were hurled out of the windows, one hundred feet high from the hard pavements of the streets while yet alive, after being slashed badly and their tongues cut out, and eye eyes torn out, and the fall of each celebrated by hisses and whistlings.

Some prisoners were burned alive, and all the images and pictures of all the saints of Christ, His own pictures of the ga ored Heart, and his Blessed Mother were hacked to pieces with them, or riddled with thousands of bullets.

Swearing-to-raise-cain sat as the glandelinian tribunal all day and night once condemning after the merest mockery of a hearing practically all who was called to trial, and there was very few at that, and only whom the glandelinians wished to choose.

During the trial swearing-to-Raise-cain ordered that five or six children, all girls this time, should be brought before him and without a stitch of clothes on. These little girls had been first imprisoned in a catholic Church but was not suffered to stay more than three hours, when they were thrown in remote prisons. Their doom was settled before they were dragged before the tribunal of the glandelinian judges, directed by their main mis magistrate swearing-to-Raise-cain. These little girls were beautiful and good and never had taken the slightest part in the quarrels over Calverinia at which they were accused, or the slave child slave rebellions. But because they refused to swear "Hatred to the King of Heaven and all there" they fell upon the six little girls and butchered them. About noon a frenzied mob of glandelinians came swarming for the prisons of violet and her sisters. The standards they followed were the heads and even gashed bodies of six beautiful little children, with their intestines protruding from their bellies, and every one of these were on pikes dripping with blood. Fortunately violet and her sisters did not see this.

These they carried into the court courtyards of the great prison under that window of that tower in which the vivian girls were confined, and these yelling like demon demons demanded violet and her sisters to appear, and when they did they thrust upon to their windows the heads and bodies of these

living children, and managed to cast them ins inside among them. Then burst into the doors they thrust the heads into their laps ordering them to take a copy of them in pencil.

"Next you shall make us the Bishi pishops." They said. "Refuse and we will kill you by fire. Obey and we will only keep you as prisoners. Heed before it is too late."

And though it seemed as if they would die of horror they thought it best to obey, and as their arms were freed, and paper and pencils had been given to them they started in to draw the hideous bodies and heads, being good as drawing pictures in the most perfect form and only taking them a few hours that too. All the rest of the day and night the slaughters went on. The city was again a shambles and not on any pretext whatever could any one escape this blood madness. Escape from the city was pre practically impossible not only that but neutrality was also looked upon as unfavorably as sympathy with the glandelinians, and their tribunals. Not to join these butcheries was to risk death. As for that infinitely tragic group the largest prison none knew what their fate would be. It was found out that other christian armies who knew of the slaughter was afraid to make a move in behalf of violet and her sisters, less to do so would bring death to those hapless prisoners, who could not escape for the only reason of chains which held them to the floor and the walls. They could move about at their will but could not get free from the iron chains, without the keys fitted to the locks, and they had no file or steel saw at which to saw the locks and chains. And what they suffered in their horror for the days in suspense, and of indignities no one can conjure at all, neither will. If I had the distress of seeing them in their captivity, of looking down from an upper window and beholding those celestial like vivian girls more prettier than their dignity then ever I found, I yet could not describe it.

I could only see the angelic vivian girls by being with them, seeing them smile in their sorrows, as they moved to and fro, seemingly heedless of the curious who looked down upon them from every coign of vantage and the impudent guards, who gave themselves a great pleasure, to spoil their fair by puffing their vile smoke into their faces as they passed them. When covered with blood from the bleeding bodies of children and thrown at them, saw the vivian girls still in their very tenderest childhood, when they cannot free themselves from those chains could enough to make me insane with fury. There to if I had seen that sweet girl my father of theirs I would tell him of their imprisonment. Had he known this he would have marched on Genitori right away and massacred all glandelinians. My heart bleeds. I can write no more.

So as hastily as possible I will come to their trial and marvelous episode. But the question more pressing in the tribunals as yet was this; what shall be done with violet and her sisters..

Violet and her sisters in their own prison apartments alone had been known as the most deadliest enemies of the child slavery, and in their circuit of horrors too far, and so the verdict was that they shall be in the circuit of the massacre, and so the next morning, their trial was to come. The morrow indeed, and how was their trial to come out? The hall of the glandelinian convention reports of great strength forward from the proper appointed committees on the fate of poor violet and her sisters. The Galleries listened breathlessly thinking that violet and her sisters should die without any trial whatever. Nay, now there were more committee reports with legal arguments very prosy to read, now refreshing to hear them, that by the law of the glandelinian nation, and the laws of the judges, that violet and her sisters were believed to be guilty as well, and that they can and should be tried. This question about violet and her sisters emerging so often as an angry confused possibility was emerging again, and coemerged now in an articulate shape. The glandelinian mobs and generals growled with indignant fury.

"Try those vivian girls!" Scornfully ejaculated the glandelinians. "Other Angelinian criminals went to their deaths for refusing to forsake their religion, and these chief christian dogs, the vivian girls gul guilty of this war made on us, started at Jennie-wren-town. Crowley of a nation slashed asunder with raging battles and christian victories, why each spy shall not even enter the tribunals with their feet, but be slaughtered in their prisons."

"Yet the judges declared that they will have these trials first, and nothing else before it, and death to those who tried to prevent it. The next morning another world emerging of the trial came and it was a more practical one than ever. On that day at nine o'clock, the trial of the vivian girls had emerged very decidedly into the streets of Genitori. Violet and her sisters were led by soldiers, and marched on their way to the tribunal.....

They were guarded by major general part, and general sleep society, and also troops with small cannon, cavalry and double rows of infantry, all sections armed to the teeth, while throng or strong patrols accursed the streets, so fared the little girls slowly through the dull drizzling weather.

This singular procession went on in silence or amid the horrible yells of the glandelinians who tried their best to bayonet them there, but not being able on account of the officers guarding them there. After half an hour of marching violet and her sisters were ushered into the hall of the tribunal. The president looked up from his desk with a list of seven questions and said with a fierce scowl;

"Ye vivian girls may sit down."

The little girls sat down and listened without fear, and with a composed look and mind. Of the seven questions, they concerned about their religion, their father, mother, uncle, and about their being spies. Neither in their answers was there anything interesting. They hardly answered at all giving defiance to the judges. So they were ordered to withdraw, and were with drawn by two soldiers, into a neighboring committee room, having at first in leaving the bar demanded defiantly to have legal counsels. Then again they were taken to their prison and chained up as before.

Violet and her sisters had no fear and yet had intentions to kill the judge at the very next trial, and then try their best to make their escape. Yet two or three more trials were yet to come, and when these trials came and passed there was no chance as yet to kill any one of the judges. The sentence was death by suffocation. Yet the judges did not agree to this, and vowed that they would have one more trial. So again violet and her sisters were brought into the Tribunal before they were led to the judges they were sent into the committee room, where silence reigned for several minutes only interrupted by the sobs of other children. Joice had sat down, violet on her right, her two sisters, Angeline and Hettie in front, and the others beside violet. They often embraced each other. This scene of woe lasted two hours and three quarters, during which time no sound could be heard only the sobbing redoubled, and continuing for all the time. For over three hours this agony lasted then they were torn asunder by two cruel wicked glandelinians who came to take them before the judge. Jennie was pale and trembling and Hettie burst into weeping afresh, but the glandelinians only laughed. Violet who was the boldest of them all decided not to die without killing the judges who pronounced the sentence upon her, first. As the little girls were brought into the hall the president was amazed to see violet's face so beautiful and so calm. And yet there was something threatening in those dark blue eyes of hers. What it was he did not know. A strange murmur ran through the hall at sight of the vivian girls, and as violet looked at the villainous looking man and thought of his crimes she decided to kill him at any risk to save at least the rest in Genitori. She knew that everything was fair in war, or not even in war to kill such bloody murderers and murderers who slaughter the help helpless and innocent children in such a horrible way.

They were also going to be murdered and so she was determined to show him that he will never be the cause of hers or the death of her sisters under no conditions.

"Why do you spy on us?" Asked the president with a scowl. "We did not spy on you glandelinians." Answered violet with a look of defiance toward the enemy of god. "Powerful as you judges are you cannot kill us, and we can prove it if you dare to try." At this the executioners proceeded to bind her feet and hands, but she resisted saying;

"The trial is not over yet."

Then turning to the glandelinian judges she said;

"Villains we die not, and you have not the power to kill us. You were foolish to take us out of the prisons-----you die instead...."

As she said this several of her sisters and she herself drew their concealed weapons, and blazed away shooting down every glandelinian as fast as they rushed forward to seize them. Violet aimed at the president, and also shot him down, and then her sisters turned upon the amazed and astonished, and still more flabbergasted judges.

"Show us a way to get out of here, or we'll do the same to you." Said Joice. "We are anxious to get back to the christian armies where we rightly belong, and so that we can get the christians upon you fools."

The glandelinian judges were not cowards, and they made a combined rush at the little girls, but at a great cost for two of them were killed, and the others were shot in the arms, and legs and rendered helpless. Then before the other glandelinians would come in on hearing the shooting, violet and her sisters darted out through a rear entrance, and within a very few minutes were hiding in a very safe place, while hundreds of glandelinians were searching high and low for them.

"I confess I feel a bit nervous." Said violet in her hiding place five minutes after she had slain the judges and the others in the battle for freedom. "If they happen to catch us now, or find out where we are hiding we will be butchered sure, and more cruelly than the others." The hiding place was very dark however and had the stillness that proceeds a storm.

"I would rather see myself and my sisters lying dead in this cellar than be recaptured again now." Said violet to herself.

At this time she and her sisters had hid in this place had been found out, and had received a curt and peremptory note from the besiegers that they must either surrender or the place would be burned and them with it. The besiegers could not get at them because the position of the cellar was such as to enable them to hold any bayonet at bay any number of men with any kind of weapon, whether gun or not. This was a hard blow to violet and her sisters, for they were already very hungry, having eaten nothing while in the prison and yet to surrender would cause torture and starvation for them all for the enemy would put them to death by torture and starvation for the just assassination they had committed.

Yet heartbroken as they were neither for a moment had she thought of accepting the alternative. But when she sat down to write her note by candle light it seemed more even more than she could do, it was the causing the burning of the house and her sisters including herself, and she buried her head or face in her face with a despairing groan.

"I know its hard violet." Said Joice tenderly. "But the God will not forsake us if we do our duty. Has he ever failed us yet? We may escape yet. To give ourselves up would only make it worse for than it is now."

"We are right sister dear." Answered violet bravely. "I must try to remember the words of the Great St. Paul. I can do all things in him that strengthen me." And taking up her pencil she wrote a simple and dignified reply, sending defiant refusal. The little girls felt that they had done what was right. Yet it was with heavy hearts that they listened to the enemy to whom they had thrown up the note. The night was becoming dark and stormy, and a furious south wind swept over the city and howled around the house in which they were besieged, and among the tall trees whose leaves made a swishing noise almost like the sound of an angry sea.

After seeing that the note safely reached the glandelinians Violet chilled to the bone with fright from the horrible thought that she heard after she threw up the note, and was descending the stairs, when in leaving the trap door open accidentally the wind blew out the candle as it entered in gusts, and in the darkness she stumbled against some box boxes, and badly wrenched her left arm. Her sisters heard her cry of pain and rushed out to see what the matter was. Jennie relit the candle, while Joice went up, and shut the trapdoor. Her sisters were horrified to find violet bleeding, half unconscious and moaning with pain. It took united efforts of two of them to get the poor little girl into a cot that was in the corner. But at last they succeeded, and she it was sometime before she came to herself, and then she was so much shaken, and so weak and that when she attempted to arise, she fell back helpless.

"Good god Joice." Exclaimed violet. "A terrific whirling typhoon is approaching and I don't think I could stand, less warn the many children who have saved from the besieged. They have driven the enemy away by threat to throw a grenade at them, and now they are guarding the place again with them armed with a box full of explosives, they had secured in their escape from prison. They are all boys."

"Don't worry violet dear." Calmly answered her sisters. "We'll do all we can to warn them. Lie still and some of us will see to it that you do not worry while one of us are out, and Jennie please be on the watch."

A good little girl hurried up the ladder to the upper upper room and just reaching the outside, when she could plainly hear the distant roar of the approaching whirling storm, and could see the funnel shaped cloud. All the watching children had seen this and took themselves to safety from the approaching twister, though some little dreamed of a new danger. The roar of the approaching whirlwind was growing nearer and louder every minute, and Joice had already opened the gate and was calling to the group of children before the fence, when she heard piercing screams issuing from the building and looking around she saw to her horror that the upper part of the building was a mass of roaring flames and caving wreckage. With a cry of anguished anguish she started to run back exclaiming;

"God my sisters, my sisters..." At that moment there was the sharp booming roar of the typhoon frightfully near. It was coming quick and it was her duty to warn the children before it was too late. They heard the noise but thought nothing of it. Joice was half way in agonized doubt and suspense in that second, and a

thousand thoughts seemed to rush through her brain, her helpless sisters, Violet and the others, her bright loving sisters, she saw all in the mercy of the flames, facing a certain horrible death. Surely her duty was to them and she ran toward the building, but then stopped short. She saw in as in a vision the typhoon slaying her rescuers, all victims of her failure to do her duty. She was overwhelmed, her limbs shook under her, her breath came in agonized gasps, the cold perspiration stood in beads on her forehead. Just then she seemed to hear violet's voice calling or hear her earnest words saying:

"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

"Yes God would help her, she must do her duty no matter what ever the consequences, even if she should lose all that was dear to her in the world. With a pitiful cry of 'God Help Me Save them' She sprang to the two children hurling them flat, lying flat herself, just as the typhoon passing the city as it swerved rushed on with frightful fury toward the country section scattering and tearing away wreckage, and seeming to shake the whole earth as it increased with a thunderous roar, the lightning making it almost as bright as day. Yet with all its speed and fury it seemed to the poor tortured little girl as if it would never pass though it reality it was not tearing across where she and the others lay. Her whole heart went up to her Dear Lord in a low moan of agonized entreaty:

"Oh God please please, please, please save them. Have pity."

At last after raging with unabated fury for ten minutes the storm suddenly abated, and with tottering limbs, she staggered over to the burning building, which had been left unscathed by the cyclone, and fell fainting at the feet of violet and her sisters, all standing safe and sound, within a few hundred yards of what had been their refuge from the enemy. Joice had bravely done her duty and God whom she had trusted had heard her prayers and watched over her dear ones. Despite the dashing rain and hail that now came down, the wind was now so high everywhere that in spite of the rain the building was burned to the ground, and when Joice came to consciousness, nothing was left of the building but a heap of scuddering glowing, smoking ruins. One of the most thrilling passages of the first year of this was indeed the experience of violet and her sisters, as after the escape from Genitori itself.

After a few minutes of traveling violet and her sisters began to have great difficulties. They took a cut off which they expected would lead them to better safety, and which only led them through dangers inconceivable, and worse than that, so seriously delayed them that it rendered uncertain their being able to cross the main streets, before a howling mob armed with pikes came into sight, these being in search of the escaped children. A little later in reaching the frightful streets where the great slaughters had been committed, they saw to their amazement that they were swarming with enraged graycoats who were brandishing all kinds of dangerous weapons, a and yelling like demons.

Here in trying to get beyond these howling ranks, violet and her sisters lost all the food they had taken with them, in which they secured out of those boxes in the cellar of the burned building. The horror of this part of their experience can be understood by only those who know something of the frightful dangers of being left in the heart of such a city of which the enemy were taking all the food and drink for themselves. Yet they came upon a seemingly dark alley. Here were graycoats also and as they saw violet and her sisters in the gleam of the lightning which still played, they were aroused to a pitch of frenzy, and rushed upon the little girls, one of them striking Jennie a glancing blow with the butt end of his sabre making three ugly gashes on her arm from which the blood streamed and flowed in gushes. Joice with a good impulse rushed in between Jennie and the frenzied man, and the blow descended again, but this time upon her shoulder, cutting it as it had done to Jennie's poor arm. As the rascal half crazy with rage raised his sabre to strike again and with the sharp side at that, Joice drew her pistol and shot him down killing him almost instantly. Though they escaped the other rascals by darting into a dark corner of the alley, they had to go through many ordeals yet, which can be only deemed cruel and wicked. They were to go forth in the trackless streets filled with the bodies of the slain still unburied or unburned, without water, ammunition, for only one round more they had, and there was nothing to be gotten also for Jennie and Joice's wounds which had been bound up by violet tearing strips off her dress. Who can conceive the sad loneliness that flooded the hearts of these little girls.

Yet as ten o'clock in the night came on and the thunder and lightning increased, Joice who had been doing her best to comfort her heart broken sisters despite the pain of the wound on her shoulder she spoke to them with calm determination;

dear sisters, I'm going to raid a store and secure food and ammunition, and if it costs my life."

Startled out of their overwhelming sorrow and sorrow by the words of their sister, her sisters gasped while violet herself said; "Please do not go. Please do not be so rash. Or it will be just as bad for all of us. Without you we are lost. You are our leader."

But Joice was not to be thwarted. So while her sisters lay in their hiding place in silent agony which after a fond but silent farewell and a heart felt "God Bless you" Joice broke into the nearest store and began to gather together the things she knew her sisters and she herself needed. Joice found a box of crackers, biscuits, large bags of ham of which she took pieces, and bacon and some milk and bread and butter. She also secured some tiny bricks of Vanilla Ice Cream. Then taking this with her she secured a good deal of ammunition out of another store, and then secured a lantern and put a box of matches in her pockets. All this had to be done gently, and when most of the glandelinian mobs had settled down to sleep. With violet and Joice knew the feeling to be so strong that she and violet who was now also with her would not had broken into the stores, had the big wild thunder storm driven in the mobs for a little time the rain poured down in sheeted torrents. Yet every street corner had its guard posted to the teeth, who had to stick to his post in sunshine or storm. Violet had been cautioned by her beautiful sisters not to come too near these men until all the provisions were secured, and then to return to the city and have a good feast in some sheltered spot from the pouring rain. When everything was ready Joice and violet slowly carried the boxes to their hiding place and after they all had eaten and drank all they could without harming themselves from overeating, they again crept out into the street. They also carried the remainder of the food with them. Stealthily they hid themselves in the shadows cast by the houses, in the flickering beams of the terrific lightning shadows dancing and leaping like hedious and happen monsters. They were soaked to the skin by the dashing rain. In their desperation they did not heed it. They cautiously approached the unsuspecting sentinel, who suddenly stopped looked at the buildings, and a flood of the slain revealed by the lightning, and then peered into mysterious darkness down the streets. Lying down in the streets they moved and silently dragged their bodies along until out of his hearing, and feeling with their feet lest they fall into some unseen danger and again startled by some sudden noise that suggested to their excited senses the presence of wildly yelling mobs, far down the streets, or firing volleys from afar, they slowly increased the distance between them and the sentinel. At last violet whispered;

By violet or Joice "Let us light the lantern."

Lying down she spread out her skirts so that not the slightest flash of match or beam of light could reach the sentinel, for an inadvertent beam from the lantern would bring certain death dealing shots from the rifles of the sentinel, or from any other glandelinian who might be outside. She lighted the lantern which she then took in her own hand and covered her skirts, so that its beams only illuminated the small circle which they stood. Suddenly Joice discovered that she had lost her gun. Carefully looking, she searched for the gun. To and fro, back and forth she peered, her sisters helping her. Though feverishly anxious and ready like the city, there was no careless haste in their search, they were careful and deliberate. They even completely retraced their steps to the alley, they had had just left. In their intelligent determination to find that little gun or stay in the city. At last Joice herself started for with a half cry of gratitude and thankfulness, and this sound of her reached the ears of the sentinel.

"Gasp!" gasped violet.

Suddenly on the midnight air the wild and fearful howl of "glandelinian" made the darkness hedious and horrible, as the sentinels loud challenge cut, followed by the flash and report of his rifle. From the distance uncovered more and appalling and dreaded cry, that of the glandelinian warriors, rushing toward the sentinel to learn what he fired the shot. At that cry it is no figment of the imagination to say that the hair of violet and her sisters seemed to stand on end. But on they go a few moments drawing their weapons again and seeing that every chamber was filled. Again they halted. With their hands held tightly to their breasts they still the fearful beatings of their hearts violet and her sisters with wild eyes into the darkness, while violet brave though she was the bravest of her sisters seemed paralyzed with fear. What had frightened them our readers cannot see, but I and the reader can conjecture or conjecture that they had heard sounds that were more weird and sinister than those of the frenzied and ferocious glandelinians, for they were suggestive of human tigers whose lust for blood they had already tasted, and which the little girls had too sad an evidence of their experience in the great

outbreak of the Galverinian rebellion among the child slaves of their childish fears. All the terrors of their times in Galverinia seemed to be condensed into the awful power of one dreaded moment. Could they possibly go on with that unspeakable fear clutching at their little hearts. Children though they were they side silently called upon god once more and begged him to help them. The best thing to do was to turn into an ally allet and hide a untill the glandelinians and Gud Curdeominians had passed. So forgetful of their own weariness, steeling their young hearts to withstand all fears, and calming themselves when panic gripped their hearts - stings at the thought of a horrible deay death of being recaptured by the glandelinians or gurdies, they resolutely searched for a dark hidin hiding place. At length their persistent search was rewarded for they found by the flash of the lightning and old empty house and quickly hid in this untill the howling glandelinian soldiers had passed. Then as they soon passed through the outskirts of the city, and saw in the faint distance or in the distance rather faint gleams of lg light like scattered stars.

"These must be camp fires." Said violet ecstatically. "But why they have them I do not know. The christian armies in their camps have fires but never show them."

The next moment the startling thought came into their minds;

"What if they were the camp fires of the enemy?" Then the reason ascertained itself. "You are safely out of the city now so keep on and if you are-----" And then for a moment their hearts stopped beating again for the suggestion entered their minds that if --if--if--if--if-- one of their good brothers had fallen into the hands of the treacherous glandelinians! What one of those fires might reveal to them."

But anyhow came the next thought. "It matters not what they find. They can only know by going on."

So despite the fear that almost paralyzed them they steadily advanced. How slowly the little girls went and how far away the lights were which at times seemed to blinker like stars and grow brighter only to die down to redness. It seemed as if they would never reach them.

"Will we never get there?" Though violet and her sisters.

It seemed as if the more they walked the farther away the lights got untill soon they began to grow larger and brighter, and then glad moments in the dim rays of the still far distant lights they saw a big and seemingly never ending city of tents loomng up before them almost like a mirage and with a cry of almost material yearning violet sobbed out;

"Oh Hanson, where is Hanson?"

The next moment a loud challenge rang through the air;

"Stop where ye are. What the hell do you want with Hanson? Don't move a step farther no matter in who ye be or I'll blow your brains to kingdom come."

What camp this was the little girls did not know and as they stood silent the challenge rang out again more louder this time;

"Halt and give the countersign."

W W When the cl challenge rang out a second time violet and her sisters halted not knowing who challenged them and then dropped to the ground just as he blazed away with his muskey and a bullet almost hit violet in the head she feeling it grazing her hair. Suddenly dark black objects loomed up i in the dark and hastily advanced toward the sentry who had heard the childs exclamation and the next instant the little girls before they knew it were seized and yanked roughly to their feet.

"Spies no doubt." Said a rough voice. "They are little girls as I can see by their hair and clothing. Maybe they are those vivian girls."

"Who are they?" Asked a loud stentorian voice.

"I said they must be the vivian girls." Answered the one who had spoken first.

"Well then we'll see." Cried the loud voice. "Take them to the camp fire."

The capt ors ordered violet and her sisters to follow them.

"Make any move and you will wish you had not done so." Said one of the leaders. "You just follow us to the camp fires. Ha you did not expect to find extra armies of glandelinians here when you left the city did you?" He added.

As they proceeded toward their destination a voice sounding like a bulla called out loudly in a bossy tone;

"Bring the prisoners here."

The men obeyed bring them toward a brilliantly illuminated camp fire where near by stood a number of handsomely uniformed general officers. The main leader of the groups was general Deldon who had charge of the Del-Tell-Tell-Mell penentary in Calveriniza.

"Violet and her sisters I'll be bound he g "He gasped. "How did you soldier soldiers get them?"

captured them going through our lines they having escaped from the city general. "Said one of the captors. "They were caught as they were entering lines. They are spies no doubt."

"Spies" laughed general Deldon. "Don't you men know that the vivian girls are worse than spies. They have caused this war to break out, and that they are interfered in the child slave places during the beginning of th of the child slave rebellion."

"Oh yes that is so." Said one of the officers. "What are you going to do to them? Kill them right away or send them back to the city?"

"Neither" Said general Deldon. "They are going to stay right right here untill I get a chance to send them right to the King Proville himself."

"But they ought to be put to death" Protested one of the officers. "It was Kings orders."

"His orders be hanged. I have the vivian girls in my power now and he cannot and will not interfere with us or me."

"But they will get away on us and what will we do?"

"They will not get away" Said the great general. "And what is more I'm going to kill them. The king wants them awfully, and they are going to

within a long visit."

That further argument was useless the officers did not say anything more, and violet and her sisters were placed in a house on the top of which was a small tower, and here they were confined with seemingly no possibilities of escape under any cir: circumstances.

THE BATTLE OF JENNIE RICHEE, AND HANSON'S ADVANCE TOWARD THE CITY OF PULLAWAY.

Battle of Jennie Richee raged on the tenth of May, while general Burg was making his campaign into the glandelinian country. At this general Pyhisician had prevailed against some of the invading christ armies with some considerable success as already stated at the battle of the-Too-Station, and having gathered great forces of immense strength he decided to press the invasion into Angelinia with the intention of he lping Annia with his own invasion. Bicknell had also been reinforced by 1,700,000 Angelinians, already adding to his 11,000,000, the reinforcements being under general Hrn Henry Stanek, but then he did not think it possible to repel with any success the advancing glandelinians under Pyhisician, who had arrived by the ninth of May to lay siege to the boundary city of Staneklin Angelinia. However the authorities at Angelinia hurried great armies of christians forward under the leadership of Hanson gladerlinia, and these having arrived on the evening of the thalt Pyhisicians advance, but found that the foe had already gone on this point, and so the Angelinian army retreated northward, as fast as possible, and on midnight got beyond the glandelinian army, and took possession of strong positions forced by nature which was just in the way of the advancing Glandelinian army, and then deciding not to delay any but but to strike as soon as possible moved his left wing forward to the Pyhisicians l r ght wing right wing. A battle of general fury and which raged all that bloody day and night, but the glandelinians had been caught on bad ground were severely handled, and handicapped, a large portion of the glandelinian army was routed with the loss of 100,000 in killed, and five of their general officers wounded, their being Benedict Estrabrook, Erminia Johnson, Paul Saunders, and fords Johnson, Walian Wallen, while generals Phelaim and general Matthias and johndoon were killed.

Pyhisician was indeed amazed h when he saw the strength to the Angelinian troops, the disaster to a portio of his army, and right wing rolled up with such frightful loss in one day and night, he begged Shoemannia by telegram to send him reinforcements, as glandelinia had already outnumbered him ten to one.

He did not know that Shoemannia was besieged at Pullaway or whatever may be the term, or did not even know that he had been withdrawn from command and another leader was in his place. Sladerlinia with his 999,999 Angelinians moved on in advance of picknell's army, which rallied and reformed after the first explosion with the glandelinian force killed by hundreds of thousands of little children all we wreathed in early flowers. Many of them had fathers in gladerlinias army, and few turned sad to say. Pyhisician seeing the grand advance of glandelinia, and of his own left and right wing rolled up and crushed to

fragments in the second great explosion with picknell, and not with his sadly depleted forces being able to withstand the onslaughts of picknell's Abyssinilian continentians that were kept up even during this time, decided to fall back on Lucille Erminie run, but first made an attempt to anticipate gladerlinia by a flank movement, but the christian troops under Whilliam W. Wallen saw the attempt of the enemy, and no--did not really hold them in check until the main body of the christian army came up---as this was not needed, but cut to pieces the flanking forces, and capturing thousands of prisoners, and putting the rest to a flying tearing rout with the death of their leader general Joseph Richard Logan, and two others general Looney Jandy, and Lucille Washingtonia, the latter wounded mortally.

This rout was called the "Stampede".

Most of Pyhisicians troops badly broken and shattered had reached Erminies lanes by this time and not more than twenty minutes before gladerlinias divisions came up on his right, and began storming with their desperate assaults. Pyhisicians right succeeded in holding its ground by taking advantage of an impregnable position which it fell behind, but the carnage was merciless and it was evident they could not hold it long, and the main glandelinian commander again sent a frantic appeal to Shoemannia to send him reinforcements. During the time only a part of the christian left was seriously engaged there being too many men to place at one given point at once, but Pyhisician was rallying and reforming the rest of his shattered army on a low range of steep hills half a mile from the town of Jennie Pichee, and all roads covering the approach to Jennie Pichee was guarded by parks of artillery, and here he awaited the attack of picknell which came with frightful vehemence, and for a time the left wing of his force holding the hills was in danger of annihilation and also his right was in danger of being rolled up, as the two main leaders Honnie Cunningham, and his Brother Burlington was killed, with three others higher generals still being Rh Richard Baldwin, Pichee in Baldien, and Joe Calsoninda wounded. And yet the christians lost no generals or officers of any rank at all so far. The Angelinians almost surrounding Pyhisicians position kept up the fierce assaults upon his works for three hours, but despite the awful pressure on his own right and center the main glandelinian general managed to hold his position, and with the help of three hundred pieces of artillery all, all gathling guns cut the christians down in whole lines. This however would not have done any good, and the christians had nevertheless carried the works, and was about to carry all before them, when general picknell and the other main commander of the christians fell wounded amid the dreadful storm of carnage, and this drove the christians to consternation, and when the enemy counter charged they they managed to drive the christians back with appalling loss with the christian generals Johnnie Snieder, Calmann Sh Scu Schumann

Jennie Hanson,, Walter John Harrison, Patrick Honnie, James November, Nellian Callahannia, Nolin Nolian and Hamrie Hamdeen were wounded threw of them mortally.

This indeed was a sweeping disastrous repulse of the christian army under picknell and worse than an defeat of a glandelinian army itself, for the whole of picknell's army was cut to pieces, and the glandelinians had swept before them the remainder as a sweeping cyclone does over a field, routing the christians indeed in the frightful confusion ever beyond description. This was a victory complete, for picknell's army was scattered beyond rally or reformation, but would this success remain? Well we'll see.

Pyhisician had gladerlinia to account for yet. He had with his small handful of men routed a force eight to his one. Could he lick gladerlinia. At this juncture and while he was being reinforced during the night by 11,500,000 more glandelinians under accountants, pyhisician again recross the Erminie run and advanced toward Jennie Pichee in grand array, pressing the former assailants who had rallied toward mightnigh back but not being able to rout them again as the day before. Accountants learning of the reformation of picknell's scattered army, and for some other reason as well did not wish to encounter gladerlinia right away with out more reinforcements, and though when in spite of his protest pyhisician made two disastrous onslaughts, and saw his men and officers go down in wholesale numbers in the face of the christian fire, Accountants refused to follow up the battle and retired across the Erminie much against Pyhisicians will, and so when the assaulting glandelinians in the second attack were on the point of gaining a decided advantage against even overw e ove overwhelming numberd were again driven back crushed to fragments, and another general whose name was withheld killed, and the remainder of pyhisicians force driven back across the stream stream and sturned by the blow. Seeing that he was receiving extra reinforcements Pyhisician again decided to advance on Jennie Pichee but Accountants feared the strength of the christian army, and again while he was supposed to

making a general assault as ordered by his main chief chief he again fell back after only offering resistance and repulsing some chargings of the Angelinians, causing the other glandelinian divisions of assailants to be decimated and routed back across the stream and this enraged Pyhisician who in his report on the fourth day to Accountants said; "This queer actions of you will make gladerlinia think we are afraid to fight just because he is stronger than us. I now intend to advance again and if you withdraw again during the battle I'll report this case to the king and have you removed from your command."

Accountants answered that Pyhisician was foolish to advance on Seven times his number but as he insisted and even threatened Accountants decided to do it at any cost then, though he knew that Pyhisician was the real fool.

The advance of general Adelaide Ange glandelinians was immediately made, and these columns were extended across the creek, and these were thrown forward in heavy masses against the christian lines, and these grounds seemed to be fairly torn by the frightful storm of firing, the ways line being almost completely decimated and Adelaide Henryson another commander of the same division was seriously wounded, and the main general killed by a bursting shell. If glandelinia is lucky, then the ain't. The glandelinian column over the tragedy were thrown into confusion and routed by a counter charge of the Angelinians, but Accountants advanced with one hundred thousand men to the support of these badly and angled columns, and the glandelinians supported by a heavy cannonade were rally rallied, and the assault was resumed against the christians, and it with such vehemence that the whole christian line along this part was tried backward by the impact and with three generals Manley Dunn, general Simon Sennig, and Stanck Stacklin killed and three others mortally wounded whose names were also withheld. The struggle was fearful but by the expiration of the other commanders the struggling line of overwhelming numbers of christians held their positions every man fighting with the vehement presence of demons and slaughtering the glandelinians in the most frightful ways.

At the more graycoats they mowed down the more came swarming over the top, pressing hard in their hand to hand contests and pouring in volleys point blank. Both, though they struggled and struggled for two whole hours neither side gave way and soon the works became a regular wall of dead up dead..... It was awful but still they struggled both sides violently repelling the advance of the other. Vivian decided to have his men never their first abandoned line of works at all costs, so he did as well he did to encourage them, telling them that they must do this for the sake of his Christ. Yelling like demons, the purple coats endeavored to press forward storming the works with great fury, and though they were driven back in frightful loss, they only returned to the charge with greater energy, and as the survivors saw swarmed like enraged mobs up to the works and opened at short range again mowing the enemy down life grass. Yet the glandelinians though fewer in numbers stuck to their positions despite the fury of a counter assault of the Angelinians, and again pressed the christian back to still greater loss. Yet another christian general called Vivian bound to retake these works even if it cost him his life, and again led his men to the charge. But the fire of the enemy that was poured into lines was something terrible. The gaps appeared as fast as they were closed, and the Angelinians he became confused, their dead and wounded lying in many heaps. The enemy seeing the confusion among the hordes of christians rushed down upon their shattered lines in a vehement attack, but yet despite frightful carnage general Vivian rallied his shattered divisions, and met the next onslaught of the enemy.

But the christians met it with the fury of Titans and within a minutes minutes time drove back the enemy with the most frightful loss. Then again the christians charged themselves, and after a fearful struggle hard to recover the works, but the glandelinians tried again and again to capture them themselves and now the slaughter was becoming most heartrend

On the right of this column the sanguinary conflict had now extended to the center and spread to the left. Both sides in frightful numbers charged back and forth, and during repeated struggles which each time raged with the most frightful fury hand to hand, the center and left of the christian line started an overwhelming concentration, and though they were pressed out of their position, the enemy had made this slight and temporary success a frightful decimation to their main columns, and over thirty generals were killed, and over forty wounded, thirty of which were mortally wounded.

During the hand to hand contests men on both sides had been mowed or cut down by hundreds seemingly at every second,, trees were also cut down by bullets and storms of canister, and everything within sight on the battlefield was in wreckage.

The enemy now along the whole line of assault advanced with irresistible force and exceeding fury upon the christian lines, but the center was continually continually reinforced by the fresh troops held in reserve, and though the enemy tried to press forward, they soon met and complete and bloody check, for down went the men on their sides by the score of hundreds. Despite the horrible carnage the left grand division of the Angelinians were pressing forward themselves, supported by general Pandon Chammerers Angelinians and Abyssinkilians and now the struggle became frightful. The thunder of four hundred cannon was deafening, and the roar of whole series of muskets or lines of muskets I mean was more fierce than the roar of the artillery itself. Thousands were mowed down every fifteen minutes. Yet only great columns filled the greater gaps, and soon the whole line of the enemy was pressed back followed by overwhelming numbers of Angelinians.

Sladerlinia decided to follow up his advantage as quickly as possible and lost no time at it either. General panask panson advanced with over 1,100,000 men and made all the desperate attempts to capture the hills that could be imagined, despite the loss of fifteen thousand every few hours, but for a time it seemed useless. Division after division was sent against the death dealing works on those blazing furnace of hills, but each time the divisions of purple coats under this most terrific withering fire were decimated and torn to pieces, and compelled to fall back with the wounding of general panask. Yet gladerlinia was obstinate and ordered other leaders to lead their own millions against the gray lines which was gradually done, but every onslaught of the christians was repelled with still more fearful losses to both sides, but every time a crushed and mangled division was driven back, several others only swept on to renew the assault, and thus kept up the struggle without intermission. The christians were able to replace their own losses while the enemy were not able to do so. For over three hours and a half division after division still swept forward toward the enemy's works on those blazing ridges, only to be driven back with stupendous losses by furious counter charges. Seeing that the assaults were useless, and that it only brought on useless slaughter,

the christian commanders decided to lull the attacks, and cannonade the ridges, and then surely they would be carried. Every piece of artillery available was trained upon those ridges and opened like a general spasmodic eruption of scores of deafening volcanic eruptions at once and now the carnage among the glandelinians themselves was something awful to behold. Officers in generals, lieutenants, and officers of other ranks went down by the three score, the works were ground up by the barrage of exploding shells, the ground almost obscured in the bodies of the dead and the wounded, and the trees and wooden fences were blasted into the air, and all the trees all along the line of ridges already resembling hickory brooms from the recent converging musket volleys were literally shattered to fragments or blown to atoms by the shells which exploded by scores of thousands of the summit of the ridges going the strongest works, and tearing all before them in their outburst of hellish destruction....

Seeing that this christian artillery fire was too hot for them the wicked glandelinians withdrew their guns, especially those which were not damaged and other divisions of artillery arriving they soon returned just as severe a fire, but in vain for the christian batteries out of their range could not be silenced..... At the same time whalan advanced to carry those ridges and when his men came within close range the enemy again opened a fearful fire with their musketry thinning the christian lines in a most terrible manner. But the christians did not stop in their furious charge, even though they were mowed down in heaps and masses. However more divisions were coming to the support of the glandelinians from their reserves only, and the more there came of the Angelinians the more fiercer the awful firing of musketry became. The dead and wounded on the slopes of the ridges were dreadfully cut and hacked by the storm of minnie balls and torrents of canister which were discharged from the glandelinian gathling guns in incessant fury despite the hammering of the bursting shells among their lines. Hundreds of the fallen christians were so riddled by bullets that they were fairly frightful in aspect and some had so many bullets through their necks, arms, and legs that they were almost off, and nearly all the contestants battleflags were torn to shreds, and blood soaked in some places. The smoke of battle grew frightfully intense from the incessant firing of cannon and musketry of both sides and the battlefield greatly resembled some entrance of some great mouth of hell itself.....

The ground itself fairly ran red with blood, and parts of the woods on the summits of the ridges were really on fire. This battle of Jennie patches was the first one in the war to start forest fires.....

General Charles Charles Techray on the side of the glandelinians now threw for his 170,000 men and soon but gradually joined in the terrific firing, while a considerable number of big machine guns opened fire with double charges of canister increasing the dreadful carnage in a frightful manner. All of the glandelinian artillery now despite the raking fire of the christian gunners now served also in the great warfare of titans, opening fire on the christian batteries anew, and this time as they got the range, with terrible and destructive effect. The glandelinian gunners served at these guns until they were all mowed down by the fire of the christian artillery, but then nevertheless other gunners bravely took their places and so the fearful artillery fire was kept on without intermission. Whalans christians glandelinian forces were at the left of the extreme summit, and the Angelinians under whalan had by this time mounted to the summit, and the Angelinians strove with might and main to force the barriers, and at the embankments, both sides using their bayonets with frightful effect.

Back and forth the contestants surged amid the now wholesale wholesale slaughter, but now the christians seemed to have the upper hand with the support of their artillery, and they were enabled to surge forward again and again despite the loss of many more scores of thousands in dead and wounded. The hand to hand fighting was something magnificent to behold, especially as the Angelinians redoubled their energy. The poor glandelinians were greatly outnumbered and as the fire of the christian batteries added to their losses, they were about to give way when their officers ordered them to stand firm at all costs, and threatened with death all those who should retreat without being told to do so. As fast as the columns dissolved before the enemy's insidious withering fire, hundreds of thousands more only continued to assault the works. Sladerlinia had indeed thrown upon these hills over 3,705,000 men and it was seen by Pythiaician that soon by the combined assaults and artillery fire of the christians, that the works would soon be carried. He knew full well if he was to lose this battle he would also lose his command.

"We must capture those hills in the name of heaven," shouted Sladerlinia to his officers as he watched the tremendous conflict. Whalan was slightly wounded in the early portion of this assault but nevertheless he retained his command and rallied his divisions which had been driven the back.

He ordered them to charge again saying;

"Trust in Christ. He will help you in a good cause. Now then charge at them again."

At a yell of fury the immense columns of Angelinians swept forward again with the fury of a frightful tidal wave. A mighty sheet of flame seemed to cin contin continually sweep those lines of hills, there was again that terrific and incessant roar, and the christian lines once more withered before that merciless fire. At first the survivors hesitated, but their leaders

said; "Forward men. We must capture those works and shall." The survivors rushed on in the face of that awful fire, and again reached the edge of the works. The slaughter hand to hand was again terrible for the tide line of charge ten deep withered before the enemy's fire delivered at the quarters, but the second second line was there to back up the many survivors, and again they pressed forward to the charge though the enemy redoubled their terrific fire withering another line, and tearing awful gaps in the third line coming on behind. This confused the surviving christian columns, and despite the plead of their officers broke and fell, the generals striving vainly to stop their retreat..... The enemy in the demoralized condition of the christian lines but did not follow this when they even had the chance, and Stanck coming up at the moment replaced these shattered columns and made a fiercer charge in heavier masses giving the glandelinian columns who had dared to follow back across the creek with the loss of one half of their command. The enemy during the lull in the assault on their works formed into squares and angles, yelling like a hundred thousand demons as they prepared to repel the onslaught of general Stanck's men. Stanck at once sent for reinforcements while he did his best to rally the whalans confused columns who were badly mixed up and almost like panic stricken mob mobs, while the shot and shell from the enemy was not answering the fire of the christian batteries played on them with frightful effect. While he was also rallying the men gladerlinia had sent him Massonett, Pissonnettes, and Ugandas divisions of Abyssinkilians, and these advanced toward those deadly ridges, where again the glandelinians started firing defending broadsides miles long, and shrieking with rage like human hands as well....

He had given general Whalans forces time to rally again, while fresh divisions under Peter Annual moved on toward the hills, to add in the numbers advancing to the assault.....

It was already one o'clock. The left wing along the entire column was engaged in assailing the works, and now the conflict was again resumed with redoubled fury, while this time general Halen's purple coated columns, had been rallied, and these swelled with reinforcements were again pressed forward and the slaughter now became really terrific if it was not terrific before. Up the ridges pressed the long lines of christians and almost over the works the ground besides the works being heaped with the corpses of the slain, which were lying thicker than grass cut by a lawn mower. General Aloyous Counterback of the enemys side was killed, and ten of his staff officers were dismounted. General Halen and also Julian had six horses shot from under them, and nine of Halen's staff were either killed or wounded.

The firing along general Phillip Gurdernian's line was the most frightful. Never before even at Jennie-wren-own was there such carnage or such obstinate fighting, the enemys whole line its whole length seemed to fairly blaze as the christians swept on, and another christian line almost withered, while six hundred scores of the ranks in the columns went down. Though their mangled columns were shattered and mangled they did not give up the assault, but nevertheless they were hoping that Stanck would hurry up and join before they would be annihilated by the enemys fire. Stanck indeed was dismayed at such a horrible slaughter. He even yearned to have these works taken. But the enemy only held their own and had success fully repelled every charge of the Angelinian columns. Yet he could not be daunted and had hopes that his added columns would gain those ridges. If he could not take those works on the ridges it would be of no use of Laderlinia of assailing the other intrenchments of the enemy, and this would cause the Angelinians to be routed, and another reign of terror would wage in Jennie Riches and the surrounding regions.

He seemed to have vision of the helpless women and children pleading him to save them, their homes and churches and other property from the ravages of the enemy. He wished Picknell who was only slightly wounded after all and who now commanded the right wing of the main army would hear of his failure to carry the ridges, and sent reinforcements or flanking forces to strike the enemy in the rear. So he sent a messenger to ask him to sent reinforcements. Then galloping to the leading officers he ordered them forward to help Halen in the attack. The officers thought it useless, and needless but as orders were orders they obeyed, their columns again swarming toward the ridges. On and on pressed these new columns of Angelinians, and the open glens through which they were moving seemed fairly packed with them. The glandelinians on the ridges again resisted their desperate assaults, and yelled like infuriated cannibals and savages, fighting back their attack attacking enemies with the fo frenzy and fury of crazed beings. Stancks divisions despite the renewed deadly fire of the glandelinian cannon mowed great gaps in their columns, and still swept onward with tremendous fury. All of the glandelinian artillery which could not be opened upon the assailants because they were so near were withdrawn and gathling guns quickly brought up and closer and opened fearful murderous broadsides upon the other advancing christians under Stanck now mowing the Angelinians down in whole platoons.

But on came the survivors defiantly, silently, and now again up the slopes they pressed in monstrous swarms.

"We must stick to our positions at all costs," said the glandelinian officers. "If they come too near use pikes, and bayonets."

Yet the Angelinians in their own front under Halen continued their own assault with redoubled assaulting columns and with greater fury, the poor glandelinians filling their own works with more piles of dead and wounded. Scores of thousands of the Angelinians were now swarming over the works on one of the hills, and a fearful hand to hand struggle now raged again, but soon the Angelinians were pressed out again good luck to the brave handful of defenders of their position, who though cause wrong or right did really deserve victory for their daring and courage, and fortitude also. Indeed fearful was the musketry and artillery fire on the enemys side, the christians being mowed down in monstrous masses, but again the whole line of survivors swept on, and as Stancks armies were now also swarming up the ridges the pressure of the christians became irresistible to the Glandelinians. On up to the works they swept, and on three or four of the hills they swarmed in frightful numbers mingling like furious demons among the yelling men in gray. The whole line of graycoats on these few hills mentioned bended backwards by the fierce impact fell back, but still they struggled use using muskets, pistols, bayonets, six shooters, pikes and sabres, and even the gunners used their buckets to strike their assailants over the head, when their sabres or ramrods were broken, and even the sticks they clean out their guns with were used as clubs. It a few minutes afterwards the christia line itself was bended backwards and driven slowly over the works, but forward they pressed again, recapturing the works, and for the second time bending the enemys line back, and striving with might and main

to hold them back. With the fury of demons the enemy continued the struggle along side of their abandoned works, and again drove the christians back over the, but the christians only recaptured them again. The guns were now turned upon the enemy, and though for an hour they made onslaught after onslaught in frightful numbers, they could not now retake the works, and these ridges were finally carried, the retreating enemy leaving frightful numbers of their dead and wounded piled up inside and outside of their works, and on all lines of their retreat. Here Stanck was leading in person with Halen. Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of zimmermanian-glandelinians their hair piled in the form of all different little girls, crushed themselves against the fierce, y attacking christian columns, and in the hand to hand fights that again resumed they managed to hew the Angelinians down in such frightful numbers that the summit looked like some immense morgue.

But the Angelinians pressed their attack with the fury of Hians and fought off all the attempts of the poor brave glandelinians to drive them back. The enemy were still bound to hold their works at all costs, and swarmed to the defense of their comrades in awful numbers only to be galled and gored down in platoons by the bristling walls of bayonets from the assaulting Angelinian columns. The chief object of the christians was to take the glandelinian artillery and toward the cannons most of the assailants swarmed. These hills were mainly defended by the glandelinians who were Accountants and though very inferior in numbers they nevertheless tried themselves to be more than a match for the christians. They had advantage of position, more artillery, and though time and again mountants divisions were overwhelmed in a regular hedge of bayonets and flies which impaled them like immense myriads of flies they still stuck to their works. It was really truly and evident to Stanck that these positions could never be carried despite the support of the christian artillery still hammering the summit summits not in possession yet, for the glandelinians had recieved more heavy guns and ammunition which were clustered and run up to the works, the enemy having five hundred guns together on these hills, fairly shaking heaven and earth with their furious and frightful cannonade. On one of the ridges which the assaulting christian columns could not reach the summit from the enemys heaviest artillery fire, several christian batteries of the heaviest cannons were returned and these fairly rained torrents of shot, shell and high explosives upon the glandelinian batteries.

By all the time the christians kept up the assaults both sides had kept the great cannonade the christians pouring their deadliest volleys at the rate of seven hundred and ninety six shots per minute. The din resembled a hell of clamor and was so continuous that it was one simultaneous incessant uproar. During this time Stanck had fallen mortally wounded, and Halen was himself riddled with bullets and dying almost instantly. The Angelinians in ignorant ignorance of this kept up the assault. While the enemys fire along the whole line of ridges not captured by the christians was so terrific that it was like suicide for Laderlinia himself to cross the region of Emaine Plains before those ridges of damnation where the hills were bursting in continuous fury he did not know what to do and this region afterwards was called "No Man's Land". It seemed that no great could pass this death line of plains without destruction, but Picknell as he was, was bound to drive the foe from the ridges, and on the divisions under Stanck and Halen were retreating, before reinforced Angelinians, their whole line being cut to pieces by the enemys withering fire of cannon and musketry.

On over the plains in the face of this galling fire the other side rushed on also, only to be mowed down. The very plain had the appearance of a volcanic crater roiling in its storm or sulphurous fumes. Every christian line at times were hidden in the very smoke of the burst shells and the canister seemed to fly as thick as snow. The slaughter was so appalling in the plain that afterwards it called called; "The slaughter pen of Hell."

Though he was wounded himself a second time, Picknell led his one million two hundred survivors who advanced as fast as they could run. The enemy now trained all their gathling guns upon the advancing christians, and though the canister taking the place of shrapnell mowed them down in very columns the survivors only rushed on, and soon after the one million two hundred were reduced to 189,000 men they reached the ridges alongside the other christian columns were swarming, and began swarming up only to be met by a sudden deafening roar of more than one hundred and fifty thousand muskets at once, and the first line three feet deep, that is of the recent assailants under Stanck melted before that terrific volley of musketry.

However the other columns came up and resumed the assault with still more greater ferocity, and though ten thousand were mowed down by a single disgorge discharge of the double number of muskets, the countless survivors rushed bravely on. Every rank that came within range of the enemy's cannon and musketry were mowed down completely, and frightful indeed were the many gaps in picknell's massive columns who nevertheless recklessly advanced up the ridges despite the murderous losses that was inflicted upon them. Officers on the christian side fell by the score, and twenty of them general officers were killed.....

Accountants never did in his life see such a furious-christian charge. Accountants himself was assailed by the christians under gladerlinia also, and the struggle here now became more fearful, and raged with a still its fury. As fast as they approached the platoons of the christians were dissolved into dead and wounded by the enemy's merciless fire. Though parts of general Accountants' forces were driven from the summits of some of the hills, they only recaptured it time and again by making appalling counter charges. All of the enemy's cannon were in action again, thousands of shells exploding everywhere on the field of bloody battle, killing and maiming many christians and glandelinians together. Though repulsed in their first onsets picknell and gladerlinia only reformed their immense forces who were only overwhelmed with excitement, and eager to assault the enemy again. The very glens outside the plains in front of the two opposing forces seemed to be fairly torn by the torrential torrents of canister and the shrapnell and shells which exploded so furiously and so frequently that the detonations were as frequent as the roar of musketry itself. Sladerlinia now again led his men across the glens and plain of death, and though thousands after thousands were left dead and wounded in this earthly hell, the survivors again reached the hills and rushed up to the very works and again assailed Accountants' men with the fury of so many demons but failed entirely to drive them away from their lines of works and the wicked glandelinians despite the awful havoc in their own ranks, showed the most furious resistance, the opposing forces now meeting with a crash and roar and clatter of arms that was almost preternatural. It seemed strange indeed that so inferior a force of men could stand ground against such an overwhelming force of christians. However also by the furious resistance of the enemy gladerlinia was again forced to red recoil, narrowing escaping from being captured by the yelling hordes as they swarmed over the works close behind the very heels of the retreating christian troops.....

T This furious storming of the works by the christians had again resulted in a crushing repulse. Sladerlinia's men were badly demoralized and even panic stricken on account of the heavy fire the enemy continued to pour upon them, yet Accountants did not wish to counter charge them, fearing the total loss of the position, so gladerlinia ordered new columns to the attack, and once more he swept forward with picknell, picknell to storm the works. A perfect hurri-cane of minnie balls and other missiles was again poured upon the christian columns as they continued on. This time gladerlinia's men were advancing with seemingly irresistible force which now for a time threatened to carry all before them. The enemy received them with the most terrific resistance of the battle, but this time the works in front of picknell's line of assault were carried, the glandelinians giving way, but still yelling with a fury that would do credit to Satana's hosts, or army of devils themselves.

The whole of Accountants' divisions after really five hours of this horrible drama had at last sullenly given way, but their retreat was a mere crawl, and by this serious resistance of the retreating enemy, who fought him furiously step by step gladerlinia felt that his success was only temporary.

The carnage for these lines of ridges stretching for the distance of two miles had been frightful and the yelling of the foe deafening as they poured in a continuous deadly fire as they slowly receded. Sladerlinia declared in his reports to picknell that he had never heard such yelling. They reminded him of a thrilling demon let loose upon earth, and howling and yelling in different different cho'russes. He was the Angolinian officer who gave it the original of the "Famous devil yell."

Though driven back again from their works the wicked glandelinians were not defeated. Pyhisician had heavy reserves at hand and unfortunately in greater numbers than the christians who held the captured works, and keeping up a terrific yell in chorus, and retiring out of range of the advancing christian fire they soon disappeared out of sight, but in another hour Phy Pyhisician himself was seen coming on with new forces to reclaim the works. The glandelinians were received with a merciless withering fire all along the christian line, but the survivors taking objects of protr protection darted from tree to tree, from rock to rock, to ravine and ravine, and yet it was even pitiful to see how many of them fell at every volley.

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At the survivors swarmed up to the works in seemingly endless numbers and the christians were again compelled to fall back. Picknell still retained the works he had captured and fought off all attempts of the enemy to retake them. The conflict here was terrific. Long waves of the glandelinians surged above the earthworks but were mowed down as fast as they came. It was awful but countless survivors rushed upon the works and soon they managed to drive off picknell's force at last, and kept up a continuous destructive fire to keep them back. Yet picknell made seven more deadly charges, but the enemy soon hurled him back and regained full possession of the works on their full front but not without tremendous loss in killed and wounded..

The main leaders of the enemy now prepared to counter charge the christians, and within an hour later rushed immense forces forward to storm the christian line. Sladerlinia saw the glandelinians in his front and decided to advance with irresistible force and fury, and waited until the glandelinians approached near enough, and as they came within full shot range, the Angolinians poured in heavy and destructive volleys which mowed the glandelinians down in whole multitudes. Even as fast as the glandelinian surges appeared through the smoke screen they were all shot down, but nevertheless a portion of the christian line its rear being turned was forced to give way, and the scores of thousands of survivors surged above the works like yelling man madmen. However as they fell back the Angolinians delivered a murderous withering fire which shot all these down as they recovered amid the dreadful carnage the main line coming to their aid repelled the glandelinians with fixed bayonets, there again raging a most desperate hand to hand fight. More and more of the graycoats the Angolinians cut down but all the more appeared, the struggle for the works being persistent. Columns after columns of the glandelinians came on anew, with their sawn awful yells and once again stormed the christian lines with all their superhuman fury, even charging again and again with daredevil madness, right upon the massive line of purple coats, but their own brave lines again withered before the galling fire of the christians. When the enemy sullenly retired only to sweep forward again with tremendous fury, yet again the enemy received such a tremendous fire that they were again compelled to retire their whole line broken in many parts, and shattered into small fragments. Thus ended the action along this part of the line. In the meantime gladerlinia had gathered all his force to the ridge and retake them once again. So the Angolinians along the point were reformed after their repulse, and again swept forward to try those positions on the heights.

Then as they got within range of the enemy there came a most blinding flash and a deafening roar of musketry, but on up to the works and the massive Angolinian columns picknell leading, and seven color bearers with a leap placed the colors on the breastworks, but were killed down simultaneously, and the colors almost drop drooped to the ground but there were other hands to seize them, and the Angolinians yelling cheering were beside their colors in a moment and again swarmed over the breastworks in frightful numbers and grappled with the furious glandelinians once more. They struggled desperately in the midst of the cartridges and field pieces, and the glandelinians though fewer in numbers resisted so valiantly that they by superhuman efforts crowded the Angolinians backwards, with a loss of ten officers almost simultaneously, but the Angolinian columns flying once more managed to push forward again, and then surging back and forth ten times like counter tidal waves of the sea crushing one another, the Angolinians seemed to have the upper hand though at certain other points there seemed to be an uncertainty of the main issue especially with so many officers falling on both sides. The slaughter now on both sides was at its height. The Angolinians had succeeded in seizing the enemy's position and artillery over ten times but the glandelinians resisted with the most stupendous ferocity and the Angolinians were repulsed with the loss of ten thousand every time. The carnage was more dreadful than any battle in Angolinia before, but the Angolinian columns were determined to capture the enemy's works and artillery since now they had progressed so far and once more though they were fairly mowed down in hundreds of ranks, the survivors swarmed over the enemy's position and now the impetuosity of this driving headlong attack drove the glandelinians back again, and now in the moment the Angolinians had the chance of recapturing the cannon, and they soon wheeled their muzzles toward the enemy and opened a galling fire upon them that carried all before it in their immediately front.

Around picknell crowded thousands of the Angolinians now began to fight off all attempts of the enemy to retake the works or artillery. In an instant the glandelinians suffered the loss of over three hundred in killed and over four hundred wounded and after charging madly for three hours were again compelled to fall back.

Wonderful indeed was the effect for it gave the whole christian force strengthened sinews and fiercer courage. The conflict raged fiercer than ever, for the brave and courageous glandelinians fought long and most stubbornly charging again and again in heavy masses. Still the Angelinians kept at their guns, but despite the death and destruction everywhere all along the line the glandelinians still tried with titan fury to retake the works and artillery again, and were not disposed to give up, fighting with all their might, and slaying the christians by many thousands. From the incessant fire the cannons grew hot, and many of them blew up with crashing explosions, and the Angelinians had to take a brief respite to prevent all of the guns from blowing to pieces, but nevertheless all their musketry tore the enemy's lines, and they even fought the enemy hand to hand again. The dead and dying of the enemy lay as high as the breastworks themselves but whole swarms or multitudes lay on the slopes. On again to the Angelinians with still more fearful fury than ever rushed the heavy columns of the displaced columns of glandelinians and fiercer became the desperate hand to hand fighting. The battle was now at its highest fury, and the glandelinians were becoming desperate fighting with all their might now and with the energy of desperate despair and madness, taking advantage of the time when the Angelinians could not use the guns. Muskets were used as clubs, or fire fired at point blank, many thousands of pistols were fired at close range, bayonets were used fiercely, and hundreds of the Angelinians flocked around the guns to protect them from being retaken. All around the Angelinians beat back the enemy again, while again hundreds of cannon in another quarter roared incessantly, and muskets by the hundred thousand rolled frightfully making a tremendous din. It was one of the most fiercest of the battles ever raging on Angelinian soil for both sides were determined to win at all costs. Man to man thousands of them fought and neither side again seemed conscious that anything as defeat could ever be possible. Hour after hour had passed away and still the battle raged. It was now half past five and again the enemy were driven back only to come on again with redoubled violence, and now it seemed as if nothing could force them back again. It was the reason that these glandelinians were the worse Gamarrians, Omarians, Zimernannians, and Mc-Jollistinians, and glandelinians that were never beaten in battles of any other wars, and they were not disposed to be beaten in this either. They fought with cruel and brutal fury charging again and again with the greatest vehemence, and now amid the horrible slaughter Bicknell was wounded a second time, and his men were in the wildest confusion.

Terrible was the withering fire now opened by the glandelinians as they pressed upon Bicknell's columns, the whole massive line having been reduced to fragments and was badly cut up. Hundreds had been slain every second and a new tremendous cannonade increased the consternation of the christians, and though their main leader Pyhisican had fallen wounded, the glandelinians had pressed glandelinia down the ridge also and for a time the whole christian line was in a demoralized condition. As luck would have it the whole line of the foe did not press their advantage, for Accountants was also wounded, and most of the glandelinian columns themselves under Accountants were panic stricken. To complete the overthrow of the glandelinians under Accountants Bicknell though severely wounded as he was strove to retain his command, rallied his forces within another hour of terrible carnage, and charged the disordered lines of the foe with such fury that for a time there was greater carnage than ever. Then such a frenzy of terror seized the glandelinians that they fled like frightened sheep, while the Angelinians with fixed bayonets crashed down upon the demoralized and terror stricken masses carrying all before them and changing the retreat into a total rout. The Angelinians followed the enemy as they fled, slaying many of them as they hurried along. All this while other charging columns detected skulking glandelinian platoons and laid low so many of the skulkers and the fleeing men in gray that the leaders who witnessed it were amazed. The army of glandelinians under Accountants were completely routed and overthrown. They fled with all their haste, leaving all their cannon, arms, provisions, provision wagons, and other war material behind in the hands of the pursuing christians.

However with Pyhisicans glandelinians it was different. His fall seemed not to matter to the glandelinians he commanded, for they still held their ground with such stubbornness as to bid far the arrival of the world's end itself so dreadful was their wholesale slaughter of the christian troops who assaulted their position. One crushing assault after another was made by the Angelinians but every division was only cut up and almost annihilated before they withdrew, and scattered under the fire of their desperate pursuers in gray.

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gladerlinia saw the peril of his army despite the rout of the glandelinian forces under general Accountants, and deemed it possible that these solid lines must be forced. He now sent forward all his reserves, sparing none, but they could not do the work for every division which made the assault was decimated more frightfully than could be described in any annals of wars. Was only when darkness came on when the christian leaders gave up the onslaughts on the gray lines, and what a scene presented itself for the distance of ten miles. The fields and hills and the plains were fairly strewn purple with the dead and wounded Angelinians alone and many of them were officers. The main christian losses were too heavy to be accurately estimated, but Bicknell declared his own losses to be up to 7,935,674 in killed and wounded. Vivivian who was wounded in the leg declared his losses to be 305,674 in killed and wounded, while gladerlinia said his losses were nearly 1,950,000 in killed and wounded. The total losses of vivivian were really found to be 2,248,789 in killed and wounded. The total loss of the christians in killed and wounded was 17,134,463 in killed and wounded.

A part of this battle had extended toward the christian line under glo Francis Gallic but here the glandelinians had been defeated and who were under Thomas Phellinia Tamerline having been routed with the loss of two hundred thousand in one hour as it was predicted by Angelinian reports, and with the death of their leaders. The whole glandelinian loss could not be ascertained also though rumors came that their losses were less than 10,788,999 in killed and wounded, while others estimated that a total was less being 9,200,000. This battle was the fiercest ever waged in the country of Angelinia, and the losses of both sides was even double that of that of Bristle-rose-station, though losses in officers were terribly greater. This loss stated only concerns the last day of the great battle alone and not the other four days of the conflict. The number of glandelinian general officers killed were fifty two—wounded fifty four—thirty of which were mortally wounded. Christian losses in general officers were heavy—thirteen in killed though less in wounded. There was one hundred six generals—wounded—fourty three, six of which were the ones mortally wounded.

In private the christian losses were greater from the reason that the Angelinians were mostly the assailants, and whom had attacked a strong position. Despite the last stand of Pyhisican it ended never less as a crushing glandelinian defeat, and the glandelinians were glad to retreat a few days later back across the Angelinian boundary.

GENERAL HANSON VIVIAN
RECEIVES NEWS ABOUT THE SLAUGHTER AT
GENITORI, AND MARCHES TO BESIEGE BESIEGE THE CITY.
THE SIEGE OF GENITORI. CONCLUSION OF SIEGE OF PULLAWAY.
GLADELINIAN INVASION ENDED.

Siege of pullaway was still going on and the enemy were fast being starved over loss of provision and men. Shoemannia and the others called "In-The-Neck", and "Smash-In-The-Head" had been withdrawn by the king as they were to be needed elsewhere. It also was a lazy sultry, sunny Sunday morning. Yet general's cannons, Hanson vivian and Baldwin had fully recovered from their own wounds, and leaving the army at Jennie Wren, own had formed a larger army of scattered divisions all over the country, and sending some of these to Jennie Wren, own he decided to make an invasion into gladerlinia as soon as possible and help the slaves in their rebellion and gladerlinia also. It was a beautiful day despite the heat, but a terribly still day for news as all communications at many points had been cut off by the invaders. General Hanson in his headquarters at Angeline Pichee lounge back on his big swivel chair calmly waiting for something to happen, or of general vivian's whereabouts, for general Hanson had long before expected his brothers army to make a junction with him.

The table before him dignified by the title "Blorn desk" bore a litter of papers that had been unused for days. Under the pile somewhere there was a big family bible which was one of his hobbies. He read it with the interest any one could bring on the greatest novel, and quoted from it like a clergyman, delivering a sermon.

Evening was now fast drawing on. Yet no signs of news came. For a time Hanson read the Bible in silence. The room of his headquarters was very quiet, so quiet that you could hear something lighter than a pin drop. The wall was littered with pictures of little children who seemed to all look straight at him and as he noticed it he mused to himself: himself;

"I wonder who owned all those pictures of kids. It seems strange indeed. And all seem to be looking at me as though they knew my innermost secrets, and were watching all my most secret movements, and thoughts. Well it does not matter. Besides I like kids more than I do myself, and have I not got some beautiful voices though? Say do you know what I wish? They were my best daughters instead. I can almost envy my brother Robert Vivian. I had one little girl nearly as pretty as Violet but she was killed in the Typhoon at Abbeinnin. What if they should go too? Then it would be most terrible."

He gazed long at the child pictures on the wall and looking at a particular one he gave a start.

'Annie Aronburg. How did it?'

Suddenly the desk phone rang wildly, then another the telegraph instrument started its clatter. That certainly meant business. Every staff officer who had been watching Hanson as he examined the child pictures were deathly silent now. All energy was suspended for an instant. Hanson believing that something thrilling had happened strode to the table, quickly picked up the receiver and cuddling it close to his ear, leaned back in his chair in entire satisfaction. Here was some news at last. His face when the facts were repeated to him was a study in expression. It seemed to unfold with the narrative he was receiving.

"Yes, yes." He continued: re ealing in excitement. "Stick to the detail will you? How many lost?----It good, gan----That surely is impos-
sible. Say hold the wire will you-----? Here ganmon." He said turning from the
table. "Big massacre of children at Genitori. The glandelinians under Hallmann
Hallmannia something had defeated some christian army there captured the city
and town in the region and massacred all the population there. My brother
general Robert Vivian is however crushingly victorious at Angeline gun and
will move on to the place. You must get there too. Take all of your staff
officers and preparin prepare your armies for hasty marching. O Hold the
telegraph and line and all the station telephones. I'll lay seige of Genitori
and massacre all the glandelinians there for this." "Gannon." Called Hanson
to his friend who was bustling around with his hat in one hand, his sabre in
another. "March on Genitori without delay with as much of my army as you
can start with. I'll follow later, and watch and see if you can find
violet and her sisters for they are among the gray coats under general
smash-in-The-Head near that place, and For God's sakes as soon as you do find
them call me up."

His staff officers thought he was going to break down then and there, but with a strong effort he pulled himself together. Everything was now bedlam and excitement. Every officer was on the run. Bugles sounded, drums rolled, and no one had a thought of anything but the massacre. Suddenly a messenger came in flourishing a bunch of letters.

"For general Hanson" He cried. "It is reported that seventy thousand children and five thousand women and six thousand men are killed. The slaughter is still going on."

"Seventy five thousand." Repeated Hanson whistling. "Why boy I've recieved word over the telephone that the victims numbered only two thousand. And that Violet and her sisters are among the glandelinians as prisoners in the glandelinian army."

Gannon had already started his army on the way to besiege the town of Genitori
mist of his men going by train.

'Tinkle tinkle, br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-' went the phone again.

Hanson answered it.

"Gannon!----NO. Well then who is this.What general smash-In-The-Head?What in the hell do you, an enemy want with me over the phone!"Bang went the receiver back to its place only to ring immediately again. Hanson growing furious answered.

~ 'Say what do you want you damn devil!----What's that !You are not
ma smash-In-The-Head? Who is this then?' He asked.

"This is Gladerlinia." Was the answer he got. "Had a great action at Jennie Richee and the enemy have failed to force my lines and retreated. From prisoners I have caught I have learned that Genitori is now roitering in slaughter and that the Vivian girls are prisoners. Did you know it your governmentship.?"

"Do I know it?" "Ejaculated Hanson." "Say don't be talking nonsense to me Sladerlinia. I recieved this word four times now. Are the vivian girls butchered or just prisoners?????"

There was a long pause which meant more for General Hanson than any one could realize. Suddenly his face blanched. "Don't tell me that." He exclaimed almost angrily. "Keep on watching out for Pyhisician. He must not be enabled to advance across the border again if necessary resume the pursuit and go into Glandelinia if necessary but do not retreat under any conditions as you will cause the enemy to start another slaughter of children. Let me know the worse if it comes." Gradually the words died away.

Gradually the more definite news trickled in over the fires. It was a horrible tale of slaughter. The victims mostly women and children numbered upwards from 75,000 to 98,666 and many of them slaughtered outside the city could not be identified. Many doctors in the army of christ-ians who had arrived there with Ga a besieging christian force were doing heroic work to many of the wounded, they had rescued during a fierce attack. They had made and attention was called to the devotion of the priests who had listened from the surrounding churches to his minister to the dying. The leader mentioned that his attack had been repulsed with heavy loss but that he still besieged Hallmannians army and begged him to hurry and join, and had Cannon to close in the other half of the city. Every new facts intensified the strain under which Hanson was working. Yet he and his staff officers knew of Angelinians misfortune. Hanson had received news due of the repulse of Aronburgs invasion. For a few minutes there was a still. Baldwin looked over at general Hanson. There he sat, his legs crossed, ailing. He could not bear to see a man usually so full of life, so spiritless dead, so catching him by the shoulder he cried;

"Hanson, how can you sit there like that. Don't you
 realize that if they are still alive we can save them by helping in the seizure
 of the city itself."

He turned around abstractedly and said;
"It could be of no use up there now, and we would only make a scene if we
go there. I appreciate it but we can advance to morrow. I'll send this whole
lot there, and led it myself, while I'll send another to help raise the
leg of Pullaway. I'll drive those God-avered Skunks in gray wolf clothing
I have to drive them to hell to do so."

Gradually the firm look faded from Hansons face. He was relieved. The strain also. He rose dazed, and looked about him as one awakened in a dream. He fumbled for an instant in his desk drawer and brought out two big revolvers eight or more than twelve inch barrels that length and examined the chambers carefully. They were loaded. He looked at the guns almost appealingly and then put them in his holsters. He glared and for a moment savagely. Never before was there such a savage look in his eyes (Glandelinia was making a dangerous enemy out of this man) Then with a quick gesture he picked up the Bible put it in the drawer, slamming it shut and locking it. He turned to Baldwin wearily, not seeming to care what the staff office officers might think of his strange conduct.....

'Well baldwin' He said. 'I think we might as well advance

"All right." Answered Baldwin. "I'll prepare your forces immediately." Said Hanson. Hanson passed wearily to the door, followed by the inquiring glances of his officers. He had scarcely reached the outer door when his desk phone rang vigorously. Baldwin picked up the receiver. "Hello." Called a mans voice that struck Baldwin as rather familiar. "Is this you general Hanson vivian?"

Answered Baldwin. "General Hanson has just left the officers quarters. He is starting an advance on Genit ori. Who is this speaking?"

"A brother, general Robert Vivian." "Shot back the answer.

brother?" Exclaimed general baldwin. "Hold the wire a moment and get him...."

He hastily opened the outside door and called;

Hanson, Hanson, Hanson.
Harcely heeded Baldwin.

turned suddenly. "Call your brother general, your brother want's you on the phone."

What is that you say.!!My brother wants me!!My brother general yivlan he wants

mind seemed to be wandering. The idea was too much for him.....
pick." Said Baldwin catching his breath.....

He walked slowly back into the room and picked up the receiver

"Hello!" He called as if afraid he might awaken from a dream and find only
other disappointment staring him in the face. "Robert, Robert, speak to
me. Is this you?"

"Yes!" Came back the answer, and then Hanson listened for some time and then suddenly said:

"And you are going to have fierce action at Bladermus. Well I wish you could hurry and lick your enemies and march on Pullaway, while I move forward toward Genitori where a great massacre is going on, and your daughters are either killed, or are going to be pretty soon."

"I know that," answered general Jivian. "But news came that they have killed their executioners, and judges, and that they are not in the hands of the enemy, and that they had escaped from the blockhouse into which they had been put when arrested when they unexpectedly ran into a camp of the enemy after escaping the city. I knew you would be worried, and have been trying to get you on the phone ever since picknells crushing victory at Pullaway, and of the slaughter in the city of Genitori, but your line was so busy that for days I could not succeed. My enemy's army is besieged, and the two of us will be soon in death throes, and I will beg God to give me victory so I can march forward and help you in the siege of Genitori. Are you well?"

"Oh Robert," he laughed almost hysterically. For a moment his language was incoherent. "I am well and have formed a larger army. Genitori will soon be besieged by Cannon who is advancing already, and I am going to march at nine o'clock to night. Good bye and lets hope you will win the battle, and come and join me in the siege."

He turned to Baldwin laughing between what looked like two big boyish tears.

"Baldwin," he said. "The lord did not take away. War is always a terrible visitation, terrible in its immediate effects, and terrible in its result also." He added. Then he continued:

"Said it is indeed to contemplate the loss of life and physical suffering it entails among our armies, the families that are scattered and impoverished, and the orphans left in the care of strangers. But the loss of Violet and her sisters would bring ruin and destruction on glandelinia for good and all. And I'll give no quarter to the glandelinian butchers at Genitori either." He finished fiercely.....

.....
GENERAL GANNON IS ENDANGERED BY THE GLANDELINIAN, AS
HE IS FORCED TO FIGHT WITH ALL HIS NIGHT WITH
GENERAL CONSTANTINE SMASH-IN-THE-HEAD, BEFORE
HANSON ARRIVES WITH HIS MEN. AND THE RESULTS WHEN
HE DOES ARRIVE. THE TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER.

On the morning of the fifth day of May 1912 as Cannon was nearing the approaches to Genitori he heard in the direction of the town or its immediate vicinity the sound of heavy firing. Cannon sent out scouts and these soon reported that one of the christian forces that had arrived there before he began his advance was fiercely attacked by another glandelinian army under a leader called Constantine smash-in-the-head, for all about the region south of the city eighty four shells per second seemed to be dropping, the enemy having kept up a direct fire upon the christian troops and christian batteries, which had infiltrated other lines as well. The glandelinians had kept up a steady fire of artillery, having got the range, and thus supporting the assaulting columns, so that the Angelinians there were only enabled to fire with gathling guns and musketry, while strong lines of sharpshooters had captured and occupied a line of works belonging to the christians and also rifle pits, capturing a gun battery also, and from these positions they had maintained a considerable galling fire upon the main line of christians supporting their comrades who were assaulting in full force. Every glandelinian fearing that the appearance of these forces was a warning of a bigger one coming by and by had left the city to repel the christian advance, never dreaming of the dangerous guns general Hanson was bringing to shell them with.

All the while that Cannon had been advancing about one hundred guns, and two hundred mortars and gathling guns had poured a rapid stream of fire upon the christian lines for about an hour with the intention to dismount the christian guns, and demoralize the christian columns, and under cover of this fire and the sharpshooters, the storming columns of glandelinians had advanced only to be met by a heavier fire from the christian artillery. Yet in response the glandelinians had redoubled their crushing fire of artillery, concentrating it fully upon the christian position while the storming party fairly enveloped the works and swarmed over a part in their desperate effort to capture them.

Struggle had already raged six hours with these christian forces before Cannon had arrived to the scene, but in that time there had been more artillery fighting than anything else, and the losses on both sides only amounted up to more than twenty five thousand in killed and wounded. The assault upon the works had been successfully accomplished several times during the action of the night, but not without the heaviest firing for steady hours, and the glandelinians had opened fire with the captured cannon firing fifteen rounds of ammunition per man before the works were retaken again by the Angelinians. For two hours all the guns captured by the glandelinians of these slight successes had poured a hot fire upon the retreating christians yet as the aim of the enemy was poor in the darkness of the moon that night, the christians had made attempts to retake their works and had charged again and again. Scores of thousands of the glandelinians had attempted to scale the works but the gallant purple coats were shot down as they came on in spite of the darkness, and after fearful fighting for long hours they did succeed in retaking their works and drive the glandelinians back with the terrific loss of five thousand in three hours. The glandelinian generals had not been desposed to give up. So by the cannon had been arriving they had pushed forward fifty thousand men to back the christians with all their fury. The battle at this time was still severe, a titanic struggle raging first at the center of the christian line, then extending to the right and left.

Highly repulsed time and again with heavy loss the glandelinian generals reformed their columns and again returned to the charge with appalling fury. Again and again the glandelinian hordes swarmed over the christian works only to be driven out with the loss of six thousand each time. Even though the christians themselves were driven from the works time again the Angelinians only rallied and recloved the attack of the enemy with renewed fury. The struggle was more fearful now and it was a struggle that was never to be forgotten. At every charge the glandelinians lost five thousand men but they did not give up. Every hour during that bloody struggle the struggle increased in fury, and the glandelinians made charges in succession. Yet the glandelinians did not make any impression on solid christian lines, while one division of the assaulting columns had been reduced to pieces by counter charges of the christians. While these attacks were in progress one of the glandelinian commanders attempted to make a flank attack with fifteen thousand men, but however these flankers were repulsed by the Angelinians who were so protecting the christian flanks, and twenty thousand Angelinians crashed down upon them in a fierce attack driving the immense flanking forces to pieces.

Of fifteen thousand men only one thousand survived the terrible disaster. Commanding generals Hans Katzenjammer, Edward Pedro, John Examiner, and George Popper were killed by two shells. The flank attack was a bloodbath and it had a disastrous ending. Yet now though the whole christian line was in danger of being pressed back they would not under any condition abandon the works, the christian leaders bring all their available forces to repel the assault but then they were not successful, and despite their stubborn resistance their left and center was rolled up and driven from the field, and this caused the other wing to break into confusion and recoil that disorder toward the south followed by nearly a hundred thousand of glandelinians.

Apart from the situation Cannon was unable to do anything here, but he ran to throw strong lines of battle across the main sections of the many roads to Genitori, and here he could conceive that a large force of glandelinians was advancing to make a flanking movement on the divisions of christians already driven back. Cannon decided to bar the way of this appalling advance under general Leonard Hanson Stanck, but then he feared the outcome of the leader though only in the war for a few days since this coming Cannon was a leader worse to fight than any other.

Stanck saw the barrier confronting him and as soon as he could launched a furious and general attack on the christian lines, and so fierce was the attack that Cannon had to concentrate heavy columns on his left quarters to prevent any breaks which would mean a terrible disaster if occurred. The struggle was now on in all its redoubled fury, rank after rank of the glandelinians being mowed down as they continued the assault, but they were not daunted, and were only confident that they would win, as they knew it was the force they had worsted before and which had only rallied, and Cannon himself feared he would not get reinforcements in time to repel the assault with any success. Onward still onward pressed the glandelinians, Cannon's artillery men were now trying as quickly as possible to get their artillery in position in order to fire upon the foe. The nearer the glandelinian columns advanced, the faster dissolved their ranks. Even the masses and columns were almost dissolved completely as fast as they moved.

Stanek was amazed at the furious resistance of the christians made, and not wishing for useless slaughter, and getting suspicious that it was a new christian army that confronted him and not the other which he supposed had rallied against him, ordered the men to take advantage of all objects of protection as they attacked, but despite every precaution they were still mowed down in masses, and fifty officers on the side of the glandelinians fell at once all along the front of the assaulting line, and nearly over a thousand were wounded, ten thousand of the glandelinians being mowed down as long as the assault lasted. The slaughter seemed indeed as appalling as at many other battles in other wars combined, and yet the glandelinians were only enraged by their losses, and besides half drunk with whiskey which they had stolen in the city they had been bereaved of all reason as it seemed, and came on with the most reckless fury, sweeping up to the very works and assailing the christian lines with the fury of a million demons. The left section of cannons main extreme left wing was pressed back for a quarter of a mile the glandelinians capturing the position, while simultaneously the other columns in gray surged on with the fury of a tidal wave now. Cannon saw the danger immediately and as quickly as possible hurried large bodies of troops to the point in danger, and the new forces of angelinians arriving demoralized the glandelinians with their resistance, while simultaneously the their very line seemed full of exploding shells as thick as clouds moving upon them in a fire, and at the same time the angelinian machine guns sent frightful torrents sweeping through their gray columns making the scene a regular hell of death and destruction for these daring fools in gray.

The glandelinian columns of every number seemed to be dissolving away, and even more and more cannon came up to the christian works and poured in their volleys, and though time and again the surviving graycoats tried to rally, two hundred guns delivered volleys of two hundred shots per minute second and the carnage was so horrible that the surviving glandelinians could not advance or even rally, though again and again their leaders had shouted to them to press forward at all costs and silence those infernal and fatal guns which were mowing them down at seemingly myriads at every volley.

General Stanek was in command here and he roared as a bursting shell narrowly missed him and killed his horse only ten feet away;

"Silence those infernal gosh darn guns. Slaughter all their defenders if you have to. We must silence those guns that is all." The christians indeed seemed to direct all their artillery fire upon these very divisions who were fairly failing to rally, or resume their advance and while the terrific broadsides of canister tore frightful gaps in their massive lines, and generals even fell in woolf numbers there being a score killed and nearly a hundred wounded within an hour as they strove to rally the men, the glandelinians became more confused.

Indeed the havoc was so terrible that the surviving lines torn in pieces as the christian fire never slackened a moment, as when guns grew hot others were placed to give them time to cool the glandelinians began to fall back in disorder, and Stanek in spite of his inconceivable peril galloped far in advance of his men on his white horse, cheering and trying to encourage them on, but nevertheless they would not and could not no longer face the annihilating christian fire, and though by his bravery and daring they rallied again, they could not make an advance, and while whole regiments were wiped out of existence, the surviving glandelinians seeing their dead and wounded comrades lying in great heaps where they had fallen again broke into confusion, but general Stanek unfurled a flag he had snatched from a fallen color bearer, and dared them on. How he survived amid the dreadful carnage I can never explain. The shot, shell, and canister fell as thick as rain all about him but he did not fall though generals on all sides of him were still falling in scores. Yet his sleeves and coat were torn to shreds by the whistling bullets, and he had four horses shot under him in two minu minutes.

The glandelinians were indeed encouraged when they saw the waving flag through the pall of smoke and tried to press on only to increase the fire of the Angelinians who were receiving more artillery and troops besides. The wicked glandelinians were amazed to see their comrades fall in such frightful numbers and through all this they heard hundreds of thousands of christians shout in furious voices, amid cursing, and intolerable deprecations against them. However now the christian fire began to slacken somewhat and the glandelinians were inspired to greater courage, and with yells of "down with the Poppish Dogs" rushed up to the very muzzle of the christian cannon,

only to be met by the most terrific vole volley which caused the dissolving of two whole lines simultaneously. Yet the survivors being too near now to receive such another volley swarmed over the new line of works and came to closequarters with the christians grappling in a deadly hand to hand struggle most of them being in the frenzy of their intoxication, pressing the christians surely but slowly back, and turning the captured artillery upon them

as fast as their former owners did, making more terrific slaughter among the christian lines. The Angelinians themselves now seemed to be mowed down by the thousand at every discharge of the artillery, their fallen fairly piling up the works and ground with dead and wounded.....

Time and again some of the artillery had to be abandoned by the glandelinians for they could not stand the terrific fire of the newly arrived christian forces. They were now checked again by the fury of the angelinian soldiery, and having again abandoned all the guns they had captured they enabled the angelinians to sweep forward once more, and once the christians themselves were charging again and again on the disordered lines in gray with the most frightful fury. The works were already strewn two feet deep with the dead, wounded and dying, and once more the great glandelinian forces were in confusion, and could not be rallied despite the commands and threats of their general officers. However in their drunken rage, and many even being really full up to the neck with whiskey had lost control of themselves, and this was the cause of the glandelinian columns willing to retire in spite of the threatening annihilation of the men. All the glandelinians that the glandelinians had captured had been retaken by the christians, and these were swung around again and opened another mowing fire, using hundreds of rounds of ammunition per man. A shell again exploded everywhere among the confused gray columns who were trying to rally the explosions of the shells being deafening and as continuous as the crash of musketry fire. The musketry firing of the christians themselves was so hot and deadly that the glandelinians were still demoralized.

This wing of Angelinians drove the glandelinians back, and again drunken hordes on in gray were already almost annihilated, but still all the survivors stuck to their position, the artillery men hammering away with all their guns to give the enemy the impression that they were all overwhelming in force. Yet the enemy at times strove more desperately to rally, and at times though whole columns were still in confusion, thousands of those who had rallied bore down upon the christian gunners with bloodcurdling yells but the gunners showed such stern resistance that guns could not be recaptured..... Time and again these solitary lines of glandelinians would burst upon the angelinian gunners, the forests ringing with hundreds of thousands of shots at once. Though these portions of main columns could not rally these other small bodies always harassed the christian gunners, falling upon them with terrific fury, and with the determination to silence those guns, so that their hundreds of thousands of comrades could rally, but the angelinian columns badly cut up as they were at times advanced with irresistible force and fury amid the mowing roar of musketry and cannon that seemed to tear the woods asunder, as the assaulting columns in gray would be driven into confusion and be demoralized each time. Indeed the right wing of cannons army was threatened with annihilation and many of the christian commanders mourned over their loss, all was a sad sight indeed. Over the plains and fields for miles as far as the eye could reach lay the dead and wounded closely intermingled, so close that no one could walk over the field without stepping on the bodies Of 500,000 of the whole organized army of the right wing the leader of the grand division by name of Bernard Follie declared his losses when the battle was over a few days later as more than 310,000. It was again one of the frightfullest struggles of the war that ever raged in Angelinia while of Jennie Riches and Angeline junction. Never for a moment had the terrific firing ceased. General Garneete Lee declared that out of his 105,000 only 50,000 survived, while general Tullian Lee declared his losses twenty thousand, but his divisions had really suffered a greater loss about 4500. In fact it was discovered that the total loss of the right wing when the battle was over was more than 395,000 in wounded and 95,000 in killed. Janet and her sisters having heard of the approach of general cannon had hurried from their fathers army by train to meet him and having witnessed the terrible fight and knowing by the facts that beside Stanek attacking his right the new smash-in-the-head was engaging his left and center with all his valiance, and if no reinforcements arrived the cannons army would be swept from the field. They had seen Staneks brave and reckless acts as his divisions hesitated under the merciless fire poured upon them by the christians and this made them feel sorry for cannon, and so having seen some thing like a long blue line in the distance in the southeast, when they were on their way to join Cannon, decided not to as yet bring these new forces to the run but to have them coming flying. Cannon himself saw the frightful annihilation along his right wing, the desperate assault made by general Staneks glandelinians guards. However he was bound to continue and even over to give up the struggle even if he himself was killed, and wishing to know if his staff officers agreed rode up and down the ranks, but all the officers were firm and desperate in their refusal to yield their ground, saying that not under any circumstances would they abandon the works, and

they would hold the position to the last man. They knew that the enemy were not so great in numbers, that they had the advantage of positions, and in artillery and ammunition, and that the enemy were so terribly exposed that Cannon could see for himself the frightful slaughter among their columns whose whole lines seemed to dissolve into dead and wounded as quickly as they came within range of the terrible guns of the christian lines.

("One of the generals turned and said to general Cannon;";

"No I for one do not wish and will not give up these works even if I die for it and my men also. Look at the crimes the enemy had committed in the city. We would give the enemy a hotter reception than we are giving them if we had more men and more artillery....."

From ten o'clock in the morning untill nearly half past two in the afternoon Smash-In-The-Head launched the most frightful drives that he could even have made since his early service in the glandelinian army but as long as the right wing of the christians though even threatened with annihilation would not give way he could not whatever make any impression on the massive purple columns and suffered the most intolerable losses for every assault he made.

While this was going on Baldwin's forces were advancing with all haste from the vicinity of Landawl having arrived in the vicinity of Cannon's active lines and halted though he could not tell whatever caused the frightful and yet weird noises that he and all his men heard since they came so near Genitori, and he sent out scouts to see what made it...

One point of the line general Smash-In-The-Head moved forward over one hundred and thirty thousand men and made a furious assault upon every portion of the christian line that this sufficient number could get at.

The conflict all this while was raging with the utmost fury but then these three hundred and thirty thousand had finally succeeded in capturing a long line of artillery though in ten minutes they had suffered the loss of 10,000 in killed and 28,000 in wounded. Sullen and enraged the Glandelinians along this point withdrew dragging away as many of the wounded as they could with them. It was a crushing defeat for the christians along this point, but as the main line still held there was no serious break however, and the days fighting ended with the enemy having failed at all other points.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS GO FOR HELP. THE ADVANCE OF GENERAL BALDWIN'S ARMY.

Violet and her sisters had seen the disaster along the right wing of general Cannon's army with tearful eyes, and when the enraged officers were dashing here and there amid the dreadful carnage the little girls decided to bring general Baldwin at once. Jennie alone knew that perils would be encountered on the way for now the enemy was everywhere and she said;

".....Would it not be best to go by some short route. It's dangerous to go by the south just now. The enemy would see us though far away and are liable to open fire upon us with their great cannons or send large parties to come after us, and then we would be in a fix."

"But it is to be done and it is our only way." Answered Violet. "There was no disputing Violet in such a critical case it was decided to go by the south and so off they went, but even now they had to watch out for the combating Glandelinians at the curvetures of the christian lines which they might encounter, for they may receive fatal shots instantly in the frightful storm of bullets exchanged between both sides. However by making wide detours they eluded the attractive lines and not far off they managed to see Glandelinians hiding in ambush. Violet and her sisters saw that it was impossible to escape the ambush, and seeing that the seemingly Glandelinian boys did not proceed a stalwart Glandelinian officer came out from behind a bush and said in a saucy manner;

"What are ye running for ye bumpkins. I hink ye are spies hidn disguises, and hi believe he are the Vivionian Gills. Ye are my intellent brisoners."

Without answer Violet leveled her pistol at his head and fired. The man dropped without a cry. Then dropping low as the other wicked Glandelinians fired a volley they crept on their hands and knees and quickly hid behind a thick bush. The Glandelinians believing that the children were shot down rushed toward the place they had seen them fall only to find no one there but the dead officer who was a captain. The surviving officers were dismayed and ordered their men to make a strict search.

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How could they have gone? Cried one.

"All if they are not the slipperiest little devils I ever saw I'll be wised." Cried another.

Such as best as they could they could not find any trace of the little Glandelinians and gave it up cursing and swearing. As soon as the gray-eyes were gone the little girls crept out of the bushes and looked up and down to see if there was any more of the enemy in sight. There was no one in sight so they quickly went their way but at nearly yard they had to hide for gaps of running Glandelinians would appear and if they saw the little girls they would open fire without mercy. Yet Violet and her sisters soon came within sight of a low city of tents and were suddenly surprised by a sentinel who opened at them, while some of the Glandelinians seeing that the girls missed continued to fire while one of them cried;

"All little boys. What are you doing here and what do you want?!" "We don't want anything but to get past and go home." Said Violet pretending to be simple minded. A d and talking in that way. "Why don't you all the men go instead of staying out here in all these tents. It will rain and you would all get wet as the ground would be flooded."

"What is that you say?" Cried the man who was a captain. "You would call me 'Captain' and not 'Sir'. And we do not need to go home and there is no rain or flood. I believe you are spies...."

"What are spies?" Asked Jennie.

The officer looked at her closely.

"Are you the captain of a ship?" Asked Joice. "Pretending to be timid and convincing."

"I am not you Bumpkin and what is more you must be crazy to think I am the captain of a ship."

"You said you was a captain, and now you get angry because we call you a Bumpkin."

"All I do not belong to a ship." Said the Glandelinian quite amused himself thinking the children were feeble minded. I see you boys are simple minded Bumpkins. I'll let you pass as I'm sure you are harmless. Go on and don't trouble us soldiers any more as we are busy."

But her sisters were disguised pretty well but there were many of Glandelinians who could read through any disguise, and as they entered the lines all the men were suspicious and murmur to one another. "These pirates but for a long time not one molested the little girls, though there was a good deal of talking and watching. Violet and her sisters knew that they had to be careful for if they were found out so far from the enemy's lines they would be massacred right then and there. As they reached a certain tent several Glandelinian generals came up to them and one said in a fierce voice;

"Believe you children are either christian spies or going for help for the christian army engaged to us. Are you not the Vivian girls. I'm general Crowley."

"It's a surprise he tells us his name." Thought the little girls and then answered; pretending to be angry;

"We look like little sissy girls?!"

"You are dressed as boys but never a boy looks as sweet as children, and we suspect every beautiful person, as well as children, of our lines as spies. No Glandelinian children have crossed the line and this is how I know. So we are sure you are spies all right either trying to find out our weakest points or to get rescue for general Cannon who is ending endag endangered by the assaults of the other Glandelinians in his lines. Come inside this tent untill I find out if I'm mistaken or not."

But her sisters obeyed. Then the Glandelinians tried to seize them but too quick, for Violet and her sisters had drawn their pistols.

Violet said;

"Draw up your hands as high as you can get them or we will shoot no matter what will happen to us for doing it."

The Glandelinians obeyed as they saw the look of determination in the eyes of the supposed boys, but yet the Glandelinian generals did not wince, but stood and watched for an opportunity to draw their own weapons.

"We are spies whether you be the Vivian girls or not." Hissed one of the Glandelinians with a fierce scowl.

"We are not spies." Answered Violet. "And we speak truthfully." But we are going to tell our true mission. But as a favor would you mind throwing your weapons outside the tent. You may hurt yourselves with them in serious things."

The officer refused sternly and Joice done it herself so that the two officers were amazed.

"Well I'll be swiggered!" One of them said.

Without a word Joice and Angeline proceeded to bind them taking off the handkerchiefs which the men had around their necks. The glandelinians again tried to resist when Violet said;

"We will only give you a moment more to permit yourselves to be bound hand and foot and also gagged, and if you show another sign of resistance we will blaze away with our pistols and wound you even if it does arouse your whole hordes of savages."

Seeing that resistance was useless as they really meant all they said and were not kidding or a bit shaky the glandelinians submitted themselves to be bound hand and foot and gagged though one of them said before Catherine gagged him;

"If there are any nebraver children than you seven boys I'll eat my gag."

"Well eat it then" said Violet. "It would be pleasant food for your blood-thirsty stomachs. There is one braver than us and a girl but we will not mention any names. Perhaps some day you will see her. She is known as the 'Silent Avenger.'"

Then Violet and her sisters laughing over their clever tricks, and over having outwitted the enemy already three times and all inside the enemy's lines at that left the tent and continued on their way. Violet and her sisters were half way through the enemy's lines when the bound and gagged officers were found, and all at once there was the greatest excitement among the glandelinians, while the generals themselves vowed that the little fugitives must be caught. At once one of them wired to a Hallamnia himself, and he ordered all the glandelinians in the vicinity to watch out for the little girls and capture them dead or alive. Seven times Violet and her sisters were discovered, recognized and seized only to escape again, and as they passed the picketlines, all of the nearest glandelinians after they had not stopped at the challenge of the guards came swarming after the children and gave chase, yelling, like demons and firing rapidly.....

From every direction they seemed to be swarming, and Violet and her sisters had to fairly cut their way through the stream of graycoats. Violet and her sisters were indeed having a thrilling time. Every time a score of glandelinians rose up in front of them on an attempt to head off Violet and her sisters but were mowed down by pistols shots fired by the little Vivian Girls. They were very good sprinters small as they were and soon out-distanced the enemy who fired volley after volley with pistols and muskets but hitting objects running fast is pretty hard and none of the shots touched the little girls.... Some cannon and gathling guns were trained upon them and though the shells exploded near they failed to injure the little girls and only one gang-gang-shell exploded four hundred yards behind them sending them sprawling by the concussion, and showering them with a storm of earth which had been blown hundreds of feet into the air, after the shell dug the immense crater. Yet the quickest thing to do was to get out of range of the rain of canister which they succeeded in doing for if they had been within range of the enemy's gathling guns the canister would have flew about them so thickly that they would certainly have been riddled. The enemy's batteries had also opened fire with some guns, but by this time they got out of range of the enemy's artillery and gathling guns more completely and proceeded on their way still followed by hundreds of the graycoats. Their danger indeed was not all over yet for the enemy were following hard and furious, and so they had to keep on running at intervals, until they managed to secure some good horses from some friendly farmer, and then gallop away with the farmer to protect him, for the glandelinians would kill him for aiding them.

James Gannon who had been out with a large force of men to learn what made the strange noise Baldwin heard, was going closer to the scene, when he saw the little girls coming along and recognizing them by their peril, at once charged the glandelinians and routing them with considerable loss. At once Violet said to Gannon;

"Quick tell general Baldwin that Gannon's army is in danger for the enemy have crushed his right wing, and are hammering his left and center with overwhelming numbers....."

"So that is what the noise was." Answered Gannon bitterly. "Well friend Gannon Rae will get all the aid he needs. I'll send my forces to reinforce him and you little girls had better go to Baldwin's army quick under an escort while I'll telegraph to Baldwin of the fact."

Gannon and Violet and her sisters at once dashed for the nearest telegraph office and first managed to get one of Gannon's inactive officers on the wire.

Terrible condition of Christian army under Gannon Rae "Is what he got." Gannon Rae is being attacked by overwhelming numbers and right wing is almost

annihilated only 89,000 men left. Hurry forward with the army before it is too late. Do not delay to tell Baldwin. He is already being informed."

Simultaneously these very words were telegraphed to Baldwin by Violet. Children boys and girls he had found there. When he heard this news by telegraph he was on his feet in a moment.

"Great God." He gasped. "I must stop those glandelinians before it is too late. He at once got general Hanson on the wire.

"Who is this?" Hanson called as he answered the phone. "This is general Baldwin speaking." Came the answer. "Big battle at the city of Gathlith with the glandelinians. Gannon failed to make the siege because of a fierce assault upon his lines, and I will have to go immediately to his rescue for his right wing is threatened with annihilation and his whole army is overwhelmed as the enemy have received reinforcements."

"What's that?" Gasped Hanson. "I told Gannon only to lay siege to the city, not to attack the enemy or engage them."

"I was attacked himself." Answered Baldwin impatiently. "Another smash-in. Gannon told me a attacking in full force and waging the fiercest battle ever seen. Come at once you are needed."

Hanson said that he would be there as soon as possible. "All that is certainly funny that he should be engaged so suddenly." Said Hanson to himself. "Now my plans will be completely spoiled."

At once got ready to set off. In the meantime Baldwin had been reinforced by one hundred and ninety thousand Abyssinkilians under general Leonia and three hundred well thousand well drilled Angelinian troops under General Anna Pirran. Baldwin alone had over five million men, and the hundred thousand extra added greatly to his force it being a portion of the command of general Hanson under the leadership of Luckwick Baldwin. When he had been told by general Beppon that more reinforcements were on the way Baldwin had been joyful over the arrival of reinforcements and decided to advance swiftly to Gannon's aid and make no delay whatever. In an hour all at once the Angelinian armies followed by the Abyssinkilians moved forward. By the seriousness of the situation Baldwin could realize that the most fiercest battle ever fought with his men or cannons was on that if he did not arrive in time Gannon would be routed or his army annihilated.

Nearly seven o'clock in the evening when Baldwin reached the scene of battle, but everything was still, and on making investigations Baldwin found that the other Gannon had arrived ahead of him and thus was the reason though the enemy had captured some of Gannon's artillery the main force could not be forced, and the enemy had been repulsed and driven back. He was compelled to suspend the fighting till the next day. Beppon however the second to a swarm Gannon's lines with reinforcements, and he immediately filled the crushed and mangled wing of Gannon's line, where the glandelinians had been attacking so stubbornly, and new gunners took the place of those who had already fallen, and then Baldwin made preparations to form positions of his own and make works so impregnable that it would be suicide for the enemy to attack. Hanson was also coming fast and it was believed that before the morrow he would arrive. He arrived sooner than expected. The enemy however had lulled the conflict for a brief spite for leaders feared the coming of reinforcements and so did not suspend action until the morning as at first believed but resumed the conflict after the arrival of Beppon's army. The glandelinians by the aid of the night came on in a perfect wave of yelling madmen but the Angelinians with a simultaneous fire with all the line of artillery first delivered volleys or broadsides with perfectly good aim. The frontal sections of the glandelinian storm wave dissolved before the terrific storm of canister. The main line was mangled and torn into huge gaps, and simultaneously Beppon's line pouring in a fierce discharge of musketry moved forward to counter the disordered glandelinians, and the left of his line rushed swiftly and soon were upon them closing with the wave of graycoats and driving into greater confusion. Though one portion of the wave in gray broke and like rats, the remainder of the line fought like leeches and soon the forces in the darkness were surging back and forth in a titan hand to struggle and the slaughter became terrific.

CHAPTER TWO NT_ TWENTY EIGHT.

CONCLUSION OF GENTORI, AND THE RESULT OF
THAT BATT LEE THE FALL OF PULWAY.
THE GREAT CONFLUENCE.

ANGELINIAN INVASION INTO CALVERTONIA.
FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE AT ANGELINE JUNCTION. TWO GREAT
CHRISTIAN ARMIES IN ACTION AGAINST ONE ENEMY ARMY.
CHRISTIAN ADVANCE UPON NORMA CATHEDRAE AND
THE FRIGHTFUL REPULSE:.....

The two opposing lines which were surging back and forth became completely mixed up the assailing foes of both-sides fairly mowing and cutting each other down in thousands. Most of the glandelinians released from the artillery fire which had been poured upon them by the christians, as the christians were not able to fire because there was danger of hitting their own comrades, increased the fury of their own resistance, and made their pressure of bayonets and pikes so terrific that most of the foremost of the Angelinians became demoralized and soon again both sides were mixed up in a pandemonium of extreme confusion. Stanck was everywhere cheering on his men with words of encouragement and pleads, and as the main line of Leonia Beppon now came on and mingled in the fray, the glandelinians seeing the terrible numbers were forced to fight with the fury of desperation and the energy of despair. Nearly a hundred thousand at once were in a hand to hand struggle with the surging Angelinians, and time and again the Angelinians were hurled back by the immense pressure of the glandelinians, but Beppon ordered them not to falter, and declared that the first man who would dare to hesitate would be sent to the rear on the charge of cowardice and tried by court martial and dismissed in disgrace. He even went far in the advance and his bravery inspired them on. They pressed forward in a fury that was incredible and though hundreds of gaps were made in their lines by the frightful number that were impaled by the enemy's galling fire, and bristling storm of pikes, sabres and bayonets they closed them again and again and only increased their pressure against the gray lines. At every step the christian soldiers were mowed down and general Sparring Manning and Frank Raeing were killed as they encouraged their Glandelinian hordes to hold their ground. However for a time the pressure of the christians was so strong that nothing could be done to check the furious Angelinian columns, for the Angelinians seeing the gallant behavior of their general Beppon continued to press upon the foe with irresistible force. Then general William Gainfield Toltes, Gordon Griffith, Clarence Hunt, Richard Talbot, and John Cook on the christian side were badly wounded and two others Logan Zeeinnin and Thomas Hennings were killed. The center of Beppons line alone were advancing, and Reeves command meeting stern resistance began to lose thousands also of his brave men every minute as it seemed when he joined. The brave survivors had forgotten about the horrors of death however and their losses were only maddening them and they pressed on still more. Beppon indeed was desperate in his attempts to force Stancks lines back if possible for he knew that if he failed Gannons line would be attacked anew in his crippled condition and would be in danger of complete annihilation, and his own sacrifice would be useless. But notwithstanding this terrific massacre the Glandelinian leaders had been hurrying troops around from another quarter, and though they finally withdrew, they only came on again an hour after with redoubled fury the glandelinians having been reinforced before the christian leaders knew it, and the Glandelinians now came on in a vigorous and vehement charge that seemed in danger of carrying all before them. The Angelinians waited until they were within good range and now all along the first wing of Beppons line there blazed forth a most terrific withering fire and for a moment to the astonishment of the officers officers the whole line of the enemy seemed to dissolve away. Along the christian center under Reeves the Angelinian soldiers poured in a simultaneously withering fire which roared like the outburst of a volcanic eruption and the glandelinian multitudes as they surged over the large wooded sections dissolved away into dead and wounded, but as they pressed on that is the survivors the Angelinians poured in another terrific volley that was more terrific and effective mowing the glandelinians down in so many thousands that the slaughter became appalling.

Long Beppons right wing the glandelinians not yet meeting any fire pressed making the woods deafening in the odience of their frightful bloodcurdling yells, and as the Angelinians opened fire a general reeve was killed in person was killed in trying to prevent the christians from giving way. Thousands of the surviving glandelinians were soon swarmed over the works that the christians had recently captured, and though they were mowed down by more thousands, the survivors swarmed among the guns and again both sides were intermingled in a hand to hand struggle with the glandelinians. The other portion of Beppons line had repulsed the enemy though Reeves men alone had lost nearly two hundred thousand in killed and wounded, and the terrible number of prisoners which the glandelinians had taken in their wild rush upon Reeves men were rescued by a counter charge of Gannons left grand division.

Even the main line of works along the point where Reeves men had advanced were also still in the hands of the christians, and when the enemy swarmed up in fearful numbers, and through the pressure of assault these christians had been compelled to retire though the surviving officers did their best to rally them.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE-BATTLE ON THE CENTER.

In the meantime Lizen Pirrian had advanced simultaneously toward Gannons where the Angelinians all this time had kept up a frightful artillery upon the attacking Glandelinian columns ploughing their lines through through with shot and shell. When he arrived the Angelinians were excited and cheerful and with the reinforcements awaited the next charge when it came redoubled their exertions to repulse it, then the Glandelinians under Kauffmann and Hennis Aronburg came up also and so the center had been strengthened, and these new columns repulsed the type of the enemy and at once pressed forward, and renewed the engagement at the glandelinians under general Reay and Equannians and closing them struggled hand to hand, and now both sides like at other points the fairly mowed each other down with muzzles and pistol and musket shots at blank, while bayonets pikes, and sabres were also used vigorously. The Angelinians could not press on very far they kept up the desperate hand to hand struggle for a few minutes the slaughter of the christians being dreadful. The enemy cut gaps in their lines but more and more surged over the spaces where the others had fallen and for those minutes it did not seem to be any end to the frightful hand to hand struggle.

Kauffmann and Aronburg had all they could do to keep the scores of thousands of graycoats and even the Osmian Gurses battling like screaming devils with the Angelinians, yet the long kept the graycoats at bay. Again and again at other portions of the the scores of thousands of glandelinians cut down the Angelinians by many thousands, yet more and more came pressing forward, the glandelinians being amazed at the number of Angelinians and Abyssinkilians that they rushed at them with dare-devil recklessness. Kauffmanns Abyssinkilians hurled all about him by hundreds and fought off the enemy furiously by all their weapons with deadly effect killing and wounding man after man however though in numbers the christians were now the greater the hosts had again pressed the christians back to their works and over them were soon swarming up toward the christian works and in the struggle Kauffmann lost 100,000 men in killed and wounded, and besides he was beaten badly for he failed to check the enemy and had to withdraw with the to Gannon and Baldwin that his army was crushed to fragments and could do the work. Aronburg himself was more successful in holding at least his and though in a short time he had lost over twenty thousand killed and eighty thousand wounded.

On that day and before the arrival of christian reinforcements. Just then the enemy themselves had suffered great loss as the losses of the foe under Reay and being nearly or quite 395,000 while under Joseph Rae the Glandelinian losses were 125,778, while the right of Stancks which had assaulted here also was over 210,000 in killed and 730,000 wounded the conflict having raged a full eight hours with Gannon and before the arrival of reinforcements. Stancks losses in assaulting the right of James Gannons army especially also his left grand division was over 180,538. The whole Glandelinian loss in the assault upon Leonia Beppons line alone was considered as 2,238,456 in killed and wounded for only that small portion of the nights engagements.

General smash-In-The-Head's army had also lost heavily having been crippled in the assault early in the day with the loss of 1,000,000 and he himself had been mortally wounded, and his successor had to withdraw his men from the assault thus for the reason of the lull before the arrival of James Gannon's force and which lull gave James Gannon time to rally the other Christian force and reform it for the next assault that had resulted an hour after, and also to repel any other smash up that would occur. Seeing that smash-In-The-Head had been wounded that his army was crushed to pieces and driven back by reinforcements goemanna had sent picknellian to follow up what smash-In-The-Head had failed to do and this was the reason of the desperate assaults during that part of the night.

The lull had lasted for only an hour and picknellian had been repulsed at some points and victorious at others. As the battle had again lulled picknellian decided to press his advantage, and being under orders to take the Christian works at all hazards he again advanced his forces to make an immediate attack, and once more along this portion the battle raged without abatement until Beppon managed to concentrate all the available forces against him, and soon managed to crush him also a second time, and then picknellian though he himself had his army crushed to fragments waited for another half hour for more troops and then again went at it with frightful and redoubled fury, and for a long series of minutes the two forces were again grappling in death struggles so horrible this time as to be beyond description. Frightful was picknellian's losses but he was bound to win, and also sent in word to goemanna of his horrible loss and begged him to come to his aid if he expected the assault to be of any success. One glandelinian soldier who was in advance of his battling comrades rushed upon general Francis Mc-Fern with uplifted musket, but the general being the stronger wrenched his musket out of the half-crazed fellow's hands and struck him across the head with the barrel crushing his skull. Another glandelinian rushed at him but this glandelinian blinded by rage and as drunk as a fool in the bargain rushed headlong not knowing partly where he was going and drawing his sabre at the same time but the Angelinians quickly surrounded their general in the nick of time and some of the men shot his assailant down. Divisions by scores were rushing with frightful fury toward the solid Christian lines and all the gunners who were manning their artillery were hammering away so constantly that scores of guns literally blew up from being overheated. Picknellian was leading these fragmented glandelinian columns with a fury of desperation, and here Beppon was in personal command doing his utmost to inspire the Christians to hold off the enemy. Thousands of the nearest glandelinians disregarding the threatening annihilation of their divisions were rushing again and again at the Christians all this while being in deadly conflict. The many thousands of sabres made a great noise as they clashed together and the sparks flew thick and fast while the ring of bayonet against bayonet was more awe-inspiring while scores upon scores of thousands of musket shots, and many more scores of thousands of pistols at close range made a continual sputtering roar.

Thousands of glandelinians who wielded their sabres were better swordsmen than the Angelinians and each man parried the furious blows of their assailants with perfect ease cutting many down and disarming and killing and wounding others. Again and again the glandelinian and Angelinian swordsmen rushed at each other clashing their sabres together with all their fury while all around now the battle raged with the utmost fury. Many more thousands of the Angelinians had swarmed at the glandelinians suddenly toward their rear unexpectedly, and seeing that his flank was turned and that he could do nothing further, and as goemanna was slow in arriving with the rest picknellian once more gave way his men retreating in disorder the losses on the enemy's side again being appalling, and more appalling still were the glandelinian losses as the Christians swarmed after them. But at this critical juncture goemanna's army had arrived in long battle lines, and though the battle again lulled it this time lulled until the break of day. Then at early dawn all at once with a most frightful and deafening roar a storm of firing broke out along his lines a fire so dreadful that it galled the whole Christian line which then were advancing to attack his own position destroying one whole division of Angelinians who were nearer to the enemy and this checked their attack. Beppon was everywhere cheering his men and during the din of the strife and goemanna made a tremendous onslaught himself and this time in full force Baldwin prepared to throw his own forces upon him and complete the action for good and all.

Goemanna's line swept upon the Christian line like a tempest tossed storm wave, and for a time it did seem as if the Christians were getting the worse of it for a part of their works were already in the hands of the foe.

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A portion of this wave of glandelinian assault came hurling itself forward upon Baldwin's line with tremendous velocity but his line suddenly became like a horrible blasting furnace of musketry, and the glandelinian columns dissolved away like snow. Ten times the glandelinians swept upon him and ten times they gave way torn to fragments, but nevertheless each time the onset of the enemy continued with unabated ferocity, and Baldwin threw all his reserves upon the assailants along his line and finally forced them to yield. But now the situation was for the others. The terrible pressure of the assault of the foe seemed about to make Baldwin's line yield. Even the two cannons were hard pressed. Even along Baldwin's line the assault of the enemy was continued with endless fury. The Angelinians were once more meeting the glandelinians in a desperate hand struggle, and the situation of these Christian forces seemed to grow the more grave to Baldwin, and he started to make a junction so that he could concentrate heavily upon the enemy's whole line. He could easily see that the Angelinians were still holding every inch of ground, but their columns were slowly melting away before the bristling wall of enemy arms, the Christian losses becoming more frightful every minute, and Baldwin started immediately his plans. For he was not disposed to give up. As he was concentrating and making the junction under heavy fire Baldwin's hat was shot from his head, and many bullet holes were in his armor while he had so many horses shot under him that there was no other man who could spare him one. All along his view as he and his officers were riding fast he could see hundreds of thousands of graycoats swarming forward and the Christian artillery only to melt away every minute.

To him it was an awful slaughter of glandelinians but he had the plan that they deserved it for the slaughter of the children in the city and even declared that it was their own fault and no body else's for this desperate attack. Baldwin finally made his great junction and toward noon such a heavy concentration was made upon the enemy that the enemy finally gave way and retreated ending the fight entirely, and they were pursued by the Christians under two cannons and Baldwin clear toward the boundary line, and Hanson who had been delayed in his advance hearing of it rejoiced and decided to make a higher commissioned officers for defeating an enemy without even his horse. The Christian loss in this battle was 910,000 in killed and wounded by enough but trifling compared to the enemy. The enemy's losses were terrible being considered before the morning's attack of the second day the battle as 3,678,710. The real main entire losses of both sides however were withheld.

During the siege of Pullaway itself and of Junction line the Christians still holding their own throughout the day, and during the siege since that battle the enemy had started battles again against picknell and thirty times during the first day of the third battle both sides had mingled in the most hand to hand struggles. Every Christian general under picknell urged their men to do their best but the losses of officers was fearful the Christians in their attacks that day were finally repulsed with awful slaughter. General Gordon Hanson was shot dead from his horse as he rode up close to the dangerous point of the enemy's position during one of the thirty Christian onslaughts were the bullets had been flying thick as snow, and general Barnett Herdrude himself fell mortally wounded when a gang-gangs-bell laid his horse low and killed nearly a hundred men at once. General Van Madison and George Guren were killed in front of the blazing breastworks as they made a headlong charge with their intention to force the glandelinians from several pieces of artillery, and the enemy had captured general John John Miller, and general Hanson Donaldson who even when prisoners were bayoneted by some of the half-crazed glandelinians. While hundreds after hundreds of the Angelinians were bayoneted to death in trying to capture the guns general picknell was killed at one of the guns he was taking, and general Herman Miller who had just arrived with a detachment of galling guns to repel one of the Christian attacks had his head blown off by a shot shrapnel which exploded a few feet above him. The thousands of Angelinians themselves were so rapidly mowed down that they had to recoil, but the soldiers marveling at the bravery of their generals, and being encouraged were all the more determined and had only resumed the assault but of no avail, for every time they had charged the remainder of the day they were received by a galling fire and almost mowed down completely and were forced to withdraw.

The last day of the battle was more sanguinary. It was a fearful struggle, and during one great charge made by the enemy in striking back after repulsing an Angelinian onslaught, and for a long time at that the christian gunners found themselves alone manning the guns while the rest were driven back, and never realized that the christians had been driven out of their position and were alone holding the enemy at bay mowing them down fearfully and tearing ragged chasms in their lines. Indeed a good portion of picknells right wing which was assaulted and which was under Francis Baldwin was driven out of its position because of a sudden withdrawal of Aronburg Cannons lines because of their leader being mortally wounded. Shoemanna seeing his apparent success was everywhere now cheering on his own gray coats though his losses were more appalling than the christians under Bi oknells, but yet seeing apparent success he was not going to give up now if he could help it. Baldwin had seen that it was useless to hold the position on account of the hasty withdrawals of Cannons mangled lines, unless he sent in his full army of reserves, and so while most of Cannons army was in confusion and learning of the brave stand of the christian artillery men he decided to give the enemy literal hell. Most of all of Cannons army was in confusion and all mixed up with graycoats, foes even ki mistaken for friends, and friends for foes, but man but nevertheless by putting in heavy reserves he managed to save Cannons line from being rolled up, but could not rally it for so heavy was the glandelinian onslaught that if Cannons line was not quickly withdrawn to better cover it would be annihilated and as another of their main leaders Barnesbury Franklin was mortally wounded, nothing could be done, and then in trying to rally them generals Henry Darginnie, Ned Bobblinnia, Hanzel Gimial, Frank ga gander, Callahinnia Hanson and Meldonia Aronburg Burns were killed. The forces indeed it seemed could not be rallied and when it did seem possible that a portion could be rallied five other christian generals Woodrowning wilso Wilson, Henry Huges, Whilliam Scholeridsoe, Zoe & Rae Equal, and Chamberlaine Taft were slain right in front of their ranks. Baldwin also got news that a part of his right wing and its flank was also annihilated and he at last had to give orders for the men to fall back and cease firing. Though every officer shouted his orders to the soldiers they could not be heard in the awful din of the firing and roar of artillery and Baldwin soon saw also that to fall back was out of the question. For every man was deaf to every other sound except the awful clamor of the battle itself. During the time that Baldwin's army was out of its position and hard pressed by the enemy, thousands of Angelinians had taken refuge in an old abandoned convent and here they had opened a fire upon the enemy who were swarming toward the convent. Violet and her sisters also had been here and they helped some of the men reload their firearms. The firing even here was fearful. The very convent even shook from the crash of musketry and all the rooms were so rapidly filled with smoke that the building actually seemed on fire, while the men went sprawling by the score as the enemy's bullets entered the windows and picked them off. Despite the deafening din of the awful conflict Violet thought she heard the cry for help and went to investigate. She went through room after room half stifled by the powder smoke, and despite the flying bullets in every direction bringing down statues and pictures, and soon came to a room from where faint cries were issuing.

The door was already half riddled by bullets. Seeing that the door was locked Violet picked up a musket she saw lying on the floor, and banged at the door with all her might, the door flying open with a loud crash that startled her. Violet seeing a gister bound to a post the room also being filled with a score of frightened children a little girls and not one had a stitch of clothes on. Without without asking any questions Violet set the men free, and told the children whom they also released not to venture outside for bullets was flying everywhere.

Then suddenly a hundred Angelinians came dashing through the hall and rushed into the room, battering in the windows with the butts of their muskets and firing away as if they had nothing else to do. The enemy were striving with all their might to force the convent assailing assailing every window and entrance with the fury of demons, and the Angelinians were also defending it with all their might. Pictures were struck by bullets coming in through the windows, vases were upset and crushed, and everywhere there was a tremendous uproar.

Again and again the enemy managed to rush inside only to be driven out with the loss of hundreds. In the room where the men and children were man after man went sprawling on the floor amid the screams and wails of the frighte frightened children. Being in a close room the muskets made a most deafening noise, but yet it was only the flying bullets and the falling men that scared the children, and even several of the children at times were literally picked off by the bullets.

Suddenly a shell exploded in front of one of the windows killing a score of the Angelinians and goring some of the bodies of the children with its fragments. Yet the surviving Angelinians rushed to the windows hammering away with their muskets like as if it was just a game of war. However though Baldwin's whole line had been driven from its position a newly arrived force of christians had suddenly come to the rescue and these crushed the army of glandelinians and sent them recoiling back the way they had come leaving the glandelinians alone who were assailing the convent were not aware of the retreat of the main body. However the Angelinians held to the last driving back the furious assailants. Though the wicked assailants were repulsed along this part of the line the remainder of the glandelinian army was still at it. They had suffered a terrible loss and all the christian machine guns had been in action, but now they were in possession of the christian works and was threatening the new line of christians also with annihilating. For four hours later way into the night still midnight general Bandlooms glandelinians kept up the assault with living success, and Baldwin seeing the rest of the line unengaged hurled hundreds of thousands of new forces upon those glandelinian assailants driving them back with their leader severely wounded and another hundred thousands killed and wounded. It indeed was as fierce a conflict as the rest of them almost, and had the glandelinians waited until Hanson who was wing swiftly for Pullaway now before battling with these furious Angelinians the glandelinians would not have sustained the little success they obtained. As soon as he arrived with his forces three days later after the third battle of Pullaway it was Hanson's intention to bottle the enemy in the city and these frightful attacks upon picknells and the Third Baldwin had frustrated him altogether, and the battle itself was considered crushing glandelinian victory though five days later the whole glandelinian army retreated and burned the city of Pullaway to the ground.

Total losses of the christians in this twenty six hours battle was correctly estimated as the other battles either, but Hanson himself shared as far as possible that picknells' losses was about 3,955,000 killed and wounded and Baldwin, 3,999,986 in killed and wounded. The glandelinian army formerly under Shoemanna but now under Phellinia Tamerline was 3,999,866 in killed and wounded a great deal slighter than christian losses. Hanson was indeed amazed when he heard the true facts of the terrible battle of Junction Dine. However though he knew all Angelinia was outwitted the very start of the war, and even bamboozled he nevertheless was bound to have the city captured at all cost and after having all the artillery placed into position he gave Tamerline warning to leave the city the next day and if he would refuse he would shell his position at the risk of demolishing the beautiful Angelinian city. Hanson made to the enemy to evacuate or surrender the city was however met with flat and firm refusal and even insulting remarks were sent to the governor general who became enraged and he immediately gave Baldwin command in person all the chains of christian artillery and wrote to Baldwin thus;

Your generalship general Jacob Baldwin;

I hereby give ye command to order Phellinia Tamerline out of the city herself and if you receive a refusal like I received this morning shall positions of the enemy right away."

Your superior;

Governor general Hanson Vivian.

Baldwin at once replied by giving a stern and vigorous note to Phocemanna which ran as follows;

Your supremacy general Tamerline;

"It is my duty to request you under any conditions to abandon or surrender the city and if you refuse I will shell your lines at the cost of wrecking even the Angelinian city as soon as I fail to receive your note. This is the last time that governor general Hanson Vivian will give you, and not one moment more. We are ready to begin as soon as you take the dare to refuse to abandon or surrender the city."

General Baldwin.

Commander of Artillery."

The glandelinian general Thomas phellinia sent an immediate answer which ran as thus

"Your excellency general Luckwick Baldwin;
If you shall my battlements at the risk of damage to the city you will be guilty of the slaughter of many women and children whom we ourselves have not put out of the way as they had done at Genitori. Even your superior generals wife is in the city and you will be guilty of her death. I do not intend to abandon the city and besides it is against the laws of the Glandelinian government for we are told to hold the city at all costs. So if you dare to shell my lines under any circumstances so do so then for all I care. But you won't dare because there are so many christian dogs in the city."

PHELLINIA."

General Baldwin showed the note to general Hanson who ordered all his officers officers to don their regalias and hold council with him. This was done and soon Hanson with all the officers were seated around a large circular table in a long and vigorous debate. Hanson had it in mind to resume the battle by attacking the enemys army in full force, but all the other officers generals were not in favor of it, and as they would not abandon the siege either he at last decided to rain a storm of shells on the enemys battle ments and blow them to smithereens if possible. It was a terrible decision to be made, and all were indeed of the apprehension of the outcome, and several officers had tried to send warnings to the helpless people to hide in their cellars for safety but no one could get into the city. At ten o'clock the next morning the christian artillery broke in their horrible and universal uproar, and soon streams of shells were blowing the regions of the enemy into the air, buildings crumbled into ruins from the shock of the concussion, while to make matters worse Baldwin himself had a long line of howitzers trained upon the battlements along with two hundred thousand centimeters and these soon showered a storm of high explosives upon the battlements which seemed to the christians to rise into the air like smoke clouds of a volcanic eruption. Indeed the effect of the cannonade was frightful, but unfortunately however the battlements were armed with the bigger guns, the biggest guns ever seen in that world, and soon these were adding to the frightful earsplitting din of the cannon cannon duel as the enemy answered with redoubled fury and such dreadful carnage was caused among Baldwin's artillery lines that he had to have most of the artillery withdrawn under cover. Hanson realized that the enemy had found the mark and gave orders that all the christian artillery was to be trained upon the battlements and along toward twelve o'clock, (Maybe you would not believe it) five hundred thousand guns were thundering in a most continuous and deafening roar that fairly shook the country for a thousand miles. Notwithstanding all this the glandelinian gunners seemed to be the best marksmen that ever handled artillery for nearly every shot hit the mark, and during the frightful carnage over twenty thousand were slain by the storm of explosions, and nearly twenty generals killed, and one hundred wounded among the wounded being Baldwin and James Cannon themselves. Hanson seeing the frightful havoc was at a loss of what to do for he was realizing that the enemy had the advantage of artillery and were blowing up on him scores of guns every half hour, besides slaying so many soldiers, and wiping out whole artillery battalions, and desolating the land for twenty miles. However it happened to be that most of the battlements were blasted to fragments, the stockades were in flames, and this soon caused the enemys artillery fire to slacken. This terrible shell ing of the battlement with nearly two hundred and fifty thousand shells per hour bring up to my memory pictures of the bloody siege of Pullaway of a singular nature, gruesome, weird and tinged with fate. When all the christian guns opened fire there being about three hundred thousand altogether, a whole half of the whole front of the battlements had been displaced and set on fire and badly wrecked by the explosions of gang-gang shells which had seemed to tear the earth asunder with their frightful din. What a picture indeed the ruins made of the general wreckage that overtakes his greatest works when man turns his hand against fellow man. But the picture could be full of contrast.

"The glandelinians destroyed so many children at Jennie-Wren-Town, Croe Crowley, and Geniti Genitori. They blew up the churches. Insulted and trod upon the sacred posts and contemptuously riddled the statues of the Saints, and wrecked the alters of the Churches and even robbed and pillaged the Cathedrals. Oh the retribution."

At the very first outset of the artillery duel two hundred and twenty of the cannons had been disabled and the two giant towers two hundred yards across in width went down in piles of ruins. One of the main towers had caved in after being razed by series of explosions, and other towers had been shot to pieces, and the remainder shot to torn by explosions. Death and tragedy had been everywhere. At the northeast end of the battlements fire wrought fearful havoc. The black designs and bars were charred in every direction and all the plating was badly warped. Any one could have been petrified at the ghastly scenes of wreckage. Every bit of woodwork was gone, the beams still holding the consumed floors and stretching across were all twisted and warped with the bolts and rivets sticking up like teeth. Smoke arising here and there for days. The flag staffs lay fallen across the floor, the floor stringers and tie plates were in waves, they were so badly mangled, and among them lay thousands of charred bodies of the dead glandelinians. The dead were the thickest in the rear of the broadside. In the rear of the nearest 88---8 inch guns all Krupp guns the were at their stations having been burned to crisp. An eight inch gang-gang-shell from the christian batteries had periced the shield, and ended just behind it killing all the gunners. I have read of the twisted remains of men and animals taken from the ashes of Pompeii, and St. Pierre preserving the very expressions of agony in which they died, but none compared with those dead glandelinian cannoners. Many places had been under undermined by explosions of the most terrible order. Dead bodies lay everywhere, and big shells had passed in through walls of the battlements, setting fire to powder storages, and had kindled fires that burned all before it. All the bodies seen here were twisted to crisps. Evidently expecting orders to reload their guns and being themselves weakened under the flames had sat down to keep from falling when pressed their chins down upon their chests and clenched their hands. Those men had been burned to a crisp but the charred bones still clasped the handles of the warped centimeter guns. It was possible that the shells that came in struck the blows, but however death came, it did not take these gallant mens holds. No one ever saw such scenes, and no one ever would see such scenes would be able to imagine the courage and gallantry of these glandelinians. Bad as they were they died like the brave they were. Their behavior in the bombarded city was the same. Nations of terrible explosions were everywhere.

The whole top of the battlement had been exposed to the fire of the christian batteries, and the damage in some places was frightful, and in some other places very severe. A nine inch gang-gang-shell came of a projectile thrown from a catapult had struck the side of the tower and in rebounding exploded below tearing a large gap. Simultaneously a nine inch shell had passed through the superstructure. Two and seven and eight pounders struck above the towers and one struck the main gate and exploded and exploded scattering storms of wreckage here and there.... It had been many internal explosions within the towers..... It seemed sight to see the wreckage on the battlements, the towers in ruins and twisted. Many gang-gang-shells as though fired by electric force blow up inside the battlements were they had landed, hurling points of iron, cannon, balls, bricks flame and smoke high into the air. Others even blew up with greater violence attended by incessant detonations from other shells and torpedo heads, which were also hurled in showers at the battlements. The condition of the wreckage was beyond describing beyond the power of imagination to conceive. In places the charred beams and beams were raised, in other places sunken, and everywhere twisted and charred. The bodies of the dead, burned charred were thickly strewn over the main floor beams hung the charred bodies of children. The glandelinians had taken children with them on the battlements to slaughter and to describe the horrible pandemonium that set in as the shells burst, and the flames approached, and of the stampedes and shrieks. The christian artillery fire had been very effective. The north end of the battlements was wrecked by scores of five or eight and twelve inch shells, by six five inch projectiles, by five-five inch bombshells, and by twelve inch gang-gang shells. Most of these destructive shells entered at the northern end and surged forward carrying death and destruction everywhere they went, even trying the most fearful destruction in their path, but when they failed to reach the enemys artillery out of action which had responded with all their might and power doing as great a damage as they received. The deadliest work was done by fire. Evidently the glandelinians had not had time to cut out the woodwork or throw the inflammable materials over the side. Part of the wooden scrollwork was still black blazing and smouldering after general Phellinia Tamerline had retreated from Pullaway.

The fire had started in a low tower and advanced forward and swept this part of the battlements clean though making it necessary to abandon the works. Evidently the fire service was wholly unequal to the tasks of controlling the sea of flames for this part of the battlements was only an hour in the tremendous action. While furnaces of fire compelled the Glandelinians to abandon the works the explosions wrecked the structures, and made it impossible to be used again. Hundreds of powder store cellars exploded. The largest powder store house blew up the protective floors and opened the surface along the armour seams shearing the floor beams. Before relieving itself upward a score of gang-shells exploding simultaneously blew up two towers, some of the biggest machine guns, leveling the gun engines, and also all the guns on the front side. Other shells reaching the cartridge collars exploded and their fiery explosions set these to explode also in a volcanic uproar. This great volume of explosions raised whole floors tore away the fastenings to the vertical armour, tore down the walls and their main redoubts on both sides, leveling them completely and blew off the side platings on both sides for five hundred feet so that any one could see daylight through the battlements with its battleship like materials. These awful explosions were complete illustrations of the effects of internal cartridge explosions and if any one has any doubt as to the explosions and their destruction it will be sufficient to let the reading go and cast aside the book. The battlements, guns and ordnance equipment were still in fairly good conditions but as to the battlements the internal explosions completely wrecked the structure. Along the central portions of the battle ments the havoc was even greater than on the northern end. The effects of the christian fire being terrific and horrible. The upper works, towers, ventilators, and sides were literally riddled by the worse kind of gang-gang shells. The nine inch shells were particularly destructive. One of these shells a one ton gang-gang-shell struck the narrow space between three of the biggest of the Glandelinian cannon and the gun port of the forward heavy battlements turrets and by wedge action tore off all the armour and blew the turret all to pieces with the whole section of the battlements killing five hundred men simultaneously and as to say in exploding it killed every man on that part of the battlement.

Terrific as was the gun fire it was secondary to fire or the conflagration. The whole center of the battlement from center or from end to end on every floor and tower was like the remains of a "Hell" burned out. Every vestige of infirm inflammable material was gone, with only smoking cinders and ashes to show for its existence, the fierce heat having buckled the plates, warped the beams, weakened the girders, stanchion locks and pillars, causing the weights to collapse. In my judgement fire, and not the shells is the greatest danger of warfare, whether for warships, cities or a defense by battlements or battle lines during a conflict. Here on the center of the battlements human beings lay strewn about in thousands with the carcases of children they meant to slaughter all charred, and in most cases burned to a crisp or in complete ashes. Added to the havoc and shells came the explosions of the store houses filled with ammunition, more terrific than the storehouse explosions on the northern end. The walls and floors were cracked literally across and the ends would have collapsed and dropped off but for the support from the ground beneath. The joints between the vertical armor and the floor armor were torn off or shattered. The northern side of the battlements and the walls above the belt armor hung several feet outside of the armor belt. The plating was blown off or torn the whole length on the south side, the fragments scattered one thousand eight hundred and seventy yards. Anybody's mind could be wrapt in contemplation of the magnitude and completeness of the destruction. Each portion of the battlements seemed a greater wreck than the first. The effect of the internal explosions were terrible. There were the upper portions of the walls torn down a the blast rushed through there, there were the side plates and the towers shelled off, leaving only the frames standing. Whole plates lay scattered for miles everywhere.

"They forced us to start this cruel war." Was the cry of the Angelinians. "Oh the retri retribution." The whole line of battlements resembled a long warship of some enemy completely riddled with shells, war wrapped and twisted by fire, presenting a terrifying spectacle of the results of arousing the wrath of the fierce Angelinians. However only fifty of the enemy's best artillery had been put out of commission, but the battlements were almost useless for further defense. The survivors had retired into the city of Pullaway prepared to build breastworks, and defenses in every street and to repel any attacks which would soon come as soon as the christians would exhaust their terrible artillery fire, but it did not cease, and while the artillery duel continued to play the Angelinian generals with powerful glasses kept watching the risky operations of the enemy who were trying to

throw up works despite the dangerous fire of so many christian guns, which were accidentally smashing the houses into ruins by hundreds at every volley. Hanson had been determined to stop them by fair means or foul, and a tremendous cannonade was increased upon the city in general on purpose of such destruction occurred that the laborers could not proceed with their and thousands of them were killed. All the cannons which that morning early noon had been pounding the battlements with sledgehammer force was strained upon the city, and the high explosives made the city appear as a gigantic volcanic erupt car crater in eruption. Phollinia Tamerline fairly enraged over this but he could do nothing though he vowed fright revenge. Phollinia Tamerline in his withdrawal from a works had recovered all his cannon by strenuous labor, and these were soon opened again upon the christian artillery causing more frightful carnage, and this shot let up until the christians were forced to respond with all their artillery again and houses now were reduced into ruins by thousands every day. This frightful shelling of the city lasted all the afternoon causing loss of fifty thousands on both sides, and the loss of seven more generals on the christian side. Upon a line of a hundred guns commanded by Procile nine hundred and eighty five shells and five hundred gang-gang explosives had been hurled upon the enemy within five minutes, and all the Glandelinian guns answering him were literally blown up into the air in the terrific duel. Procile was wounded and all his gunners finally killed. Hanson had not wished to receive such havoc among his lines but he was not the one to back out now for his words were that if the enemy refused to surrender the city or leave it and get out of Angelinia they and go back to Glandelinia where they belong there would soon be master along side of which the battlements would be child's play indeed. He either leave the city or be burned to death, but then he did see how suffering was baby's play indeed for the Glandelinian gunners having the aim and during all the entire bombardment the enemy had thirty thousand sixty five guns, to that of the Angelinians eighty and four hundred and fifty one.

A narrative of the personal experiences of the two in the city of Pullaway will be of special interest, having been addressed to all I will relate at your request. Their prison at the time the fire was at 4296 virgin Street. About two hours after the bombardment commenced upon the city itself in general that afternoon they learned a large fire was raging in the southwestern direction. The Angelinian warehouses were already beginning to burn, several other blocks of ruined buildings south of the courthouse were in fure furnace of flames. The air was filled with sparks and pieces of flint all aflame, torn from the roofs by the fierce gale then blowing at the rate of sixty miles per hour. When they succeeded in breaking out of the jail by sawing the heart, and escaped in the confusion produced among the Glandelinians, they found it literally raining fire, and canvass awnings in front of the stores, and in many instances the large wooden signs torn and tossed into the air looked like burning kites. Here and there the sparks had found lodgement as small jets of flame were starting while the sparks and cinders which were constantly falling or tossed high the streets at a terrific rate by the wind, were being whirled around and scattered down into basements. As the mother and aunt of her and her sisters crossed the street they saw occasional planks burn in the wooden footways of the bridges, and the dead leaves which the wind from time to time caught up and desposited against and under wooden walks had been ignited in several places by the flying sparks, which then set fire to the sidewalks. So that every few yards of feet tongues of fire was starting up between the boards. In the distance several rail depots were also burning.

As incessantly as the rattling of musketry could be heard the roar of the fiery explosion of shells, and several times to the horror of the two women shells had razed houses within their very presence and they had narrow escapes from being killed. The flames and smoke felt within a few hours were flying so thickly on the north side that it became just as thick as on the southeast side, and the size of this burning material hurled through the air seemed incredible. While going through an alley a burning mass which was fully as large as an ordinary mattress passed over their heads and landed two yards ahead of them. It began to be apparent to the two women that they should seek a safer place both from the fire and the roaring high explosives, which they could see left traces of black smoke high in the sky or at times shot columns of high into the sky from the buildings they struck.

They had scarcely passed through the alley before they were assailed by a hurricane of smoke, sparks and cinders which nearly blinded and suffocated them. Both their bonnets were immediately blown off their heads while the cinders flying as thick as blizzards of hail and snow were falling upon heads, arms, hands, and even flying at times in their faces slightly burning them. To add to the embarrassment of the situation as they moved along several child fugitives in front showed signs of fainting, while the skirt of violet's mother took afire, while the two women were crossing a sidewalk that suddenly blazed fiercely under them, and her companion had no sooner torn it off when a big shell landed in the house just across the street behind them, and the explosion made such a concussion that both they and the child fugitives were thrown clear off their feet, lifted for ten feet and rolled down a stairway leading to a basement from the shock. The building struck by the shell was shattered to fragments by the force of the blast, and tons of debris showered the streets, mingled with flying pianos, furniture, clothing, beds and all kinds of household goods which were scattered for two blocks by the explosion of the gang shell. By being thrown down the steps both the women were dazed, but the children who had been nearer to the blast had been killed. Both women by the flash of the blast which had reached clear across the street were slightly burned about their heads, faces and hands, and even their clothing were burned into rags by the same flash of the explosion. Far behind them as they looked in that direction after climbing the steps they saw everything was enveloped in smoke and sparks, and here and there a neighboring house was on fire, while the building which had been raised by the high explosive was already becoming a raging furnace. As they continued on they saw now that they were being pursued by a wall of fire and smoke. Violet's mother heard a frightful scream that was heartrending, and like the shrieks of murdered children, and glancing up to where it came from, thinking that it came from a house top she saw a high explosive descending just where she and her companion were walking. Immediately she grabbed her companion by the arm and threw both herself and her companion into a basement just as the shell landed in the middle of the street, exploding with an ear-splitting crash, that tore a huge gap in the brick covered street, and shaking down a large number of houses on both sides from the concussion. For a moment they both stood still paralyzed with fear, and then realized how narrowly they escaped they thanked God for their deliverance. For a moment, and trembling with their narrowness of the escape, they stood still watching the fire as it advanced until they could see that whole districts in the distance was now a mass of smoke and flames. After recovering from the shock of their fright they continued along soon coming upon thousands upon thousands of women and children and hundreds of horses and dogs which were fleeing for their very lives as it were.

All were either carrying trunks, chairs, tables, beds and household furniture of every description. It seemed as if these open streets ought to be safe for a time and yet even there many perished from suffocation. The sparks and cinders were falling as fast and as thick as hailstones following a tornado and to add to the discomfort and danger houses ahead began to burn and the heat and smoke became so intense that it increased the panic of the crowd. The two women were now much alarmed at the bright rousing glow which illuminated the southern nightly sky. They saw that a dreadful disaster started by those murderous shells was impending over Pullaway, and the extent of the fire was getting larger every minute. Even an hour after after they had escaped from the prison the fire had crossed the south branch of the Pullaway river which was running through the city and that portion of the city as well as the west and southeastern portion seemed now a blaze of fire. The progress of this wall of flame was frightful, and to add to their peril the shells and high explosives were dropping even more frequently. Violet's mother and Hanson's wife stopped for another moment to watch the progress of the flames or the billow of fire and contemplating the destruction going on around.

The fire had passed north of St Ann's Church on St Peter's street a mile from the prison where they had escaped from, and they knew that the building was safe but the fire soon began to extend to a northerly direction and the church was quickly enveloped in a mass of flames. The two women now became seriously alarmed and ran north on Angeline Street to Tappo Avenue so as to get ahead of the flames, and escape the inferno of fire and bursting explosives. Pullaway indeed began to look like the awful city of Dis in Dante's Inferno, and at this time the fire was the most grandly magnificent scene that any body could conceive. Whole districts were burning with a sublimity of effect which awed the two women. Crowds of men, women and children were huddling away, running first in one

direction and then in another, shouting, crying, and screaming in terror and trying to save everything they could lay hands on to matter how trivial it might be, while every now and then the constant explosions of gang-gang-shells which seemed to shake the solid earth would reberate through the air, and add to the terrors of the poor people. They crowded the Angeline Street bridge in the west hoping to get ahead of the fire, but it had however moved north of them and was traveling faster than they could, or even a street car could go, and they soon came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to get east in that direction.

So they turned west. This was useless. They were indeed being beset in by an ocean of fire. And to their great surprise and horror they found that the flames had seemed to take three different directions at once with terrific swiftness and power. It was worse than an inferno. The furious eastward and northward movement of the flames put unspeakable terror into the panic stricken crowds, and to add to all this scores of the shells were dropping into the streets, and scores of the crowd were killed and maimed every now and then. Everywhere as far as eye could reach the streets were crowded with men, women and children all carrying something. The work of carrying furniture across the street was difficult and dangerous. All the streets were jammed with every description of vehicles containing the bills escaping from the burning city, or baggage wagons laden with goods and furniture. In the meantime the fire had lapped up two whole districts and contrary to the expectations of the crowd crowds for they thought that the fiery current had passed the streets, they saw by the incoming clouds of dense black smoke and the rapidly approaching flames that they were in imminent peril.

The fire had already worked so far to the east and even to the west, as to attack the rows of churches at Palm Tree Row. Many friends and priests rushed into the churches and assisted in carrying out all the Sacred Things. Only ceased when they saw the angry flames bursting through the windows and quickly and grandly they wrapped up the whole block, and away it floated in black clouds over the main Pullaway river.

The sight of the burning city was almost impossible to describe. Looking under the buildings they could see the mass of flames, and even standing under the mass of flames they could see the buildings whose magnificent splendence and beauty and whose wealth and contents being in the way of the furnace. A moment and a flickering flame crept out of a window and another followed, and soon a sheet of flame joined into a swirling mass above and they were gone. One after another they dissolved in snow on the mountain until the fire had reached the corner just before the crowd. Loud detonations to the right and left of the crowd, where things were being blown up by high explosives, added to the falling of the walls, the moaning of the wind, the shouting of the crowd, the shrill cries of the tugs as they endeavored to remove the shipping out of the way of danger, the far distant drum drum roll of booming cannon on the slides in action made a frightful discord of sounds which would remain in the memory of any body who heard it as long as they would live. Vehicles of every kind and character were crossing and recrossing the bridges, trying away goods of all kinds and sometimes of the most ludicrous description. Crossing the main bridge violet's mother and aunt viewed the raging fire as it crossed and swept on devouring warehouse after warehouse, St Joseph's street, and across St Joseph's street the raging fire stormed and lapping the cornices of the tall warehouse filled with all the of wealth. The signs began to smother to blaze, and catching the wind in frame, and in another moment the interior was a mass of flames, which then rushed up to join the mad whirl of flames above. Now it had reached the river and all believed that it could be confined to its present limits in the river going through at this point was about three thousand feet wide.

Alexander eyes watched the bridges crossing the river the crowd crowds crying backwards and forwards many crying: "There is a stream. The bridges will be saved." A few moments of suspense and Mrs Vivian exclaimed that the bridges were a fire. "To that is the reflection of the fire." Answered some one in the crowd. Every eye was turned that way in the utmost anxiety. The smoke was so dense that they could hardly see and when it blew aside the seemingly reflection of the fire was now a lurid glare of flames. The bridges were indeed doomed, and not only that houses across the river by the hundreds were becoming wrapped in a mountain of flames.

Two or three minutes more and the bridges themselves became monstrous pyramids of flame and all the houses in that region along the opposite river banks were walled in flame. Thick smoke as solid seemingly as stone rose.

"My god look there. There are some men on one of those burning bridges." "Cried Violet's mother. "No wait a minute until the smoke clear away-----yes there are five-----even more-----there are ten of them. They are lost-----They are suffocating. They have crept to the corner-----Oh god is there no help for them-----what are they doing now!-----They are drawing something up. 'Tis a rope'."

They fastened it and just as the flames were bursting out around them the first one slid down over the parapet followed by one after another until all were safe. A universal cry of relief went up from the crowd and Violet's mother and Aunt went on. On the west side the flames now having more degistible food than brick and stone, went leaping, dancing and surging away growing by what it fed upon until as far as eye could reach all was a wall of flame and smoke. And who could depict the scenes of indescribable misery, the agony of the suffering, endured by that mass of people which was surging back and forth to and fro in every direction. Right through the heart of the city seemingly to hasten to attack the tallest and finest and most indestructible structures to show its mighty power, the fire plowed its way, leaving in its train disaster, destruction, desolation and death. The original of the increase of this great fire was caused by turpentine fired by the enemy who had still kept up the vigorous bombardment beating the besiegers at every hand. The buildings in that location were nearly all aflame or frames I mean and the season having been completely rainless for several months everything was in a very inflammable condition. When the alarm was sounded the fire departments being crippled by the enemy before the battle of June 1st pine could accomplish little so great was the heat. Manfully they labored, not a man shirked, fire smoke and heat they braved in the desperate struggle to beat back the onward march of the sea of flames, but of all avail. A strong southwest wind was blowing at the time and carried hot cinders and burning fragments to distant buildings, and one block after another was quickly set on fire. Concerted action became impossible for no sooner was a steamer planted in an apparently apparently favorable spot, than some building, taller or more inflammable than its neighbors would burst into flames far in advance. Men could not endure the tempest of fire. Where it seemed impossible for men to stand without suffocation, they carried the hose but the fire marched so rapidly forward, that by the time the engines were at work, the roaring flames were far ahead of them, and being surrounded by a wall of fire were obliged to fall back and move northward. Thus was every inch of ground stubbornly contested for but for all the good accomplished the firemen might as well have gone home and to bed. At this time the fire was running almost due north and by ten o'clock that next day had reached as far as St Mary's street twelve miles from its original source. But now a new danger asserted itself for there were upwards of twenty blocks of tall buildings burning furiously, and the win wind increasing was carrying sparks and blazing brands across the river to the northside as well as it had the east the day before. There seemed to be a difference in opinion as to which was the first building on the northeast side to ignite, but certainly three new orphan asylums as ylums and four Convents situated on the southeast corner of Jennie and Nelsons streets was among the very first to be engulfed and enveloped in the flames. These buildings were just completed and was the finest kind in the country of Angelina. Here a foothold was obtained. In less than a minute, quicker than it takes me to write it, the space of one block had been traversed and the south line of St Gabriels Street was reached by a st roaring storm of fire which stretched for many blocks across the sky roofing the whole sky in an ocean of fire. Northward and eastward the stream of flames progressed with a deafening roar crossing Jennies street and extending in a perfect wall of fire thousands of feet high, and moving in an eastward course also toward the Pullaway River. It now became apparent that the entire business portion of the great city was doomed. The new grand Mc-Hollester, Angelina Agathis and Pandora railroad station upon which a new roof had been placed was among the first of the better class of structures assailed by fire, and before another twenty minutes had passed the fire had cut its hot swath through every one of the magnificent buildings north of Carneval street. The flames also fell upon the imposing forms and seemingly impregnable interior and exterior of the Pullaway Railroad Station, and indeed such rapidity of the flames seemed almost impossible.

But the huge tongues of flames actually stretched themselves out for hundreds of acres, and blinding sheets of fire reached over entire blocks wrapping in every building enclosed by the four streets bounding them a scarce scarcely giving the inmates time for exit. The large stone post offices and custom houses soon followed the grand railroad station, its masonry and iron shutters to their windows seemingly to be excellent fuel. Besides mail in the building there was government money to the amount of fifty million in the vaults only three hundred thousand dollars of which was specie. What was considered a fire proof vault burned all the paper money, and melted the specie. Opposite the post office stood the city courthouse a substantial structure in the center of a square. On account of its isolated position and the solid condition of its walls many thought surely that the building would withstand the fiery onset.

"Talk about the courthouse." Said a leading banker among the spectators. "It will surely show itself to be about the only building on the north side to morrow."

And yet in another five minutes a great burning timber wrenched from a burning Angelina street building had been hurled with great fury at the wooden dome of the courthouse. The watchmen caused the bell to ring until they were driven from the tower which was at eleven o'clock in the morning. And so rapidly did the flames spread that the watchmen barely escaped with their lives being badly singed before they reached the ground. The courthouse bell which so faithfully warned the populace of the impending danger fell at five minutes past eleven. Later the whole building looked like a vast bonfire. It must be born in mind that the progress of the fire was not continuous, for buildings a long distance ahead of the principal fire were destroyed often times before those in the very heart of the conflagration were consumed. With some buildings the fire seemed to play as a cat does a rat. Sure of its prey it lengthens its inevitable torture by deferring its annihilation. It was this peculiar progress of the flames which lent to the great fire destructive and most terrible character. The flames advanced like the charge of an army. Single Uhlan skirmished here and there far in front, then small detachments cut off the weaker and outlying forces, then well developed battles took place around the stout buildings which stood firm like the squares of the old guard amid the rout at Waterloo. Finally the main body of the fire came up and swept these solitary resisting odds into the great general tide of ruin, and desolation. So while the scenes in one place and street and one hour might stand in those in the city generally and through the whole day.

Yet around each of the great great buildings as the courthouses and giant hotels episodes of thrilling and peculiar interest took place. The people were mad. Despite the police and so soldiers, indeed the police and soldiers were powerless they crowded upon train coigns advantage, as fences and light sidewalks, were propped on wooden piles which fell beneath their weight and hurled them brutal bruised and bleeding in the dust. They stumbled over broken furniture and fell, and were trampled upon and underfoot. Seized with wild and useless panic they struggled together backwards and forwards in the narrow streets, screaming for help, imploring, fighting to get free, blaming even god for the disaster which upon them by the war. Many went even completely insane from fright and suffocation. They smashed windows with their naked hands, regardless of the wounds inflicted, and with bloody fingers rifled cellars and attics fighting viciously for the spoils of their forage. Everywhere dust and flames, heat, thunder of falling walls, and outbursts of high explosions, deafening hiss of raging steam and water, panting and puffing of hundreds of engines, firebells, shouts, screams, shrieks, cries, wild tumult, crash of cannon firing, wind tumult, and uproar was everywhere.

Many lives have been known to be lost by this but how many no one could even conjecture. The heat more intense than anything that had ever been recorded in the annals of conflagrations in the past had fairly crumpled hot dust and ashes, or fairly crumpled into dust and ashes the heaviest of building stone. The stoutest masonry and the thickest iron or steel had disappeared like wax before the blast. The magnificent church on Sanguine Street was now a mass of flames. The streets were rapidly becoming crowded with all kinds of vehicles, conveying away valuables, and the sidewalks were running over with jostling men and women and children all in a dazed wild strife for the salvation of friends and property. During this time as during the continuous of the great conflagration the wind was blowing a hurricane, now from a straight south westerly direction, and its course from midday until nearly four o'clock varied but little, not veering more than two points of the compass and blowing down signs and trees by the score.

To the observer on the street however traversing the thoroughfares the wind would seem to come from all directions at once. This can be easily explained, for new centres of heat were incessantly being formed and the sudden rarification of air in different locations caused continually artificial currents which swept around corners and through alleys in every direction often with greater fury than a mere hurricane, carrying a cloud of flaming wreckage and embers in every direction. All along the north side where stood some of the loftiest buildings in the city, and on Willburn and Ganson streets it was considered that comparative safety was assured, and yet this quarter of the city was doomed to the converging point, for the four armies of fire that had parted from each other, neared a big gas house. The furious march of the fire straight northward toward a row of other Angelinian Courthouses had been noted, that which hurried from the southwest and toward the river, the others moving from the southeast, and straight from the west burning all before them. The army of fire was slower in its labors, and in its advance from the west, but the more destructive in the work of ruin. It had swept completely from existence the shabby structures on Ninth's and Angels streets and had also reached the Nelgin block, and the Hanson, a mansion on Hetties street, between Editors and St. Johns street and the two immense buildings belonging to Mondo and Failen. As these noble structures reeled to the ground the second night during the conflagration was fairly ushered in. The conflagration had already raged for two days and nights beginning on a night.

But the work of devasta devastation hindered not in its progress from the Haddon mansion to the academy of design at one hundred and sixteenth Meldon Street was less than a block and in there was stored some of the finest and noblest works of art America herself could boast of had it been there. The Palm Mansion, St. Michaels Cathedral, small Poverty Row, nine school schools and convents were attacked about the same time, and became roaring furnaces. Onward continued the raging flames, leaving nothing in its path but ruin misery, poverty, but not even then despair. Returning to the southern section of the fire which had ten after eleven destroyed the destroyed the courthouse, and the ten blocks in that direction the flames leaped gaudy streets and seemed to pour down in a liquid torrent heaped up to mountainous heights the barrels of oils in many of the factories exploded with a sound like many cannon in action, while queer noises sounding like the rattling of musketry continued incessantly. Many other houses on the corner of Failens street burned like strawberry boxes, and St. Anns orphan asylum across burned like a box of matches. Angelina St Street Bridge had long since become impassable and Failens street bridge was the only outlet for the entire region. South of it the scenes on this bridge were worse than any ever seen during retreats in bloody battles.

Drays and express wagons, trucks and conveyances for every conceivable species and size were crowded across in indiscriminate haste. Pedestrians carrying every imaginable article, some on their heads, some in their hands, hustled and crowded against one another in their desperate endeavor to reach a point of safety. They felt it a struggle for life, and frenzied as they were seemed to lightly regard the lives of the others. The Virgins convent on Failens street notwithstanding its numerous windows resisted stoutly against the onslaught of the flames which were around and beyond. For nearly an hour the seemingly fire proof house held its ground, when suddenly a wreath of smoke or flame came from a window in the third story, another and another followed, and soon the entire mass of buildings was an inferno of flames. The immense Catholic stores soon followed, and the river was then reached and crossed on the north.

In the meantime burning embers had been carried in profusion over the river to the northside, and fires had broken out in several isolated places, and was spreading in its own unwonted energy. At half past three a burning mass of felt and good sized timbers were hurled through the air by the gale then blowing, and Gansons live livery stables north of the river was soon in flames. Soon after three o'clock in the night a fire brand apparently twenty four feet in length came whirling through the air and dashed itself against the pillar of the southwest corner of the Pullaway Catholic Publishing headquarters. In an instant the roof was all aflame and a few minutes before four the building was wrapt in flames. At the same time fourteen houses near by caught afire and the flames spread from these buildings with such rapidity that the whole neighborhood for hundreds of blocks around became a roaring fire sea. Soon after this the main body of the fire of the south side had jumped the river and was sweeping its way toward the northeast. It was about five o'clock when the raging flames reached up to Gaudillia ave.

The people living mostly in this street were hopeful that they would escape as really the avenue was more than a thousand feet wide. But the roaring storm of flames coming up Darger avenue caught the turner Manson a new building north of Gaudillia avenue, worked west of Lane-jones Avenue, and rushed northward along the wooden buildings blowing them down in ruins almost before they were on fire. Many persons took their goods to the outskirts of the burning city hoping that at least there they would be safe, but the fury of the flames passed all comprehension, and those of the northwest limits of the city lost what they had there by forest fires started by the sparks and embers of the burning buildings. Even all the trees grass and shrubbery burned. When the people living west of Gaudillia street began to see that the flames would go northward to an indefinite point they turned to the west side for refuge. The Gaudillia street bridge was useless, and all turned to the Central Street Bridge. This street was filled with people crazed by excitement, or stupefied by gases. On the bridge the crowd was so great that many persons were crushed against the railings. The fire moved further and further north taking both sides of Overblouse Avenue, and continuing until it reached Palm Grove Ave. and also Helgonosa Groove. The fire finally spent itself in burning the residence of Dr. John Foster. Doctor Fosters house was burned at half past seven the next morning just over twenty five hours from the commencement of the fire, and about thirty miles distant to the place of its starting. This was the last house that burned. The Jensins mansion located on the block that was bounded by Gansins square was the only building left standing in the burned region, on the northside.

The building big as it was was of wood surrounded by a wooden fence, and apparently as combustible as any building in the line of flames. The open square immediately in the south of it, and the large pond around the residence rendered it out of danger, but the torrents of blazing embers which fell upon every inch of the premises were sufficient to destroy a structure of greater resistance. The fence and barn took fire at by spreading wet blankets and carpets over the house the building was saved and stood as an oasis in the ruins for miles around.

Only two thirds of the city had been left, and all the natives had to be taken care of by many other Angelinian armies further off. The storm of fire which raged, crackled, and roared behind them. At two million houses had been swept out of existence, over forty million burned to ruins, and only four hundred and forty thousand were left. The last night of the bombardment the burning city looked to general Hanson and his whole army, and even to the enemy also. The great crater of some volcano in a slow and tubercular eruption. Most of all the men inhabitants of Pullaway long before this had sided in the christian army and they themselves had been at artillery and had themselves caused this great disaster to Pullaway. Despite all bombardment Hanson still found Phallinia Tanagerline strongly intrenched and decided to force him at all costs.

General Hanson during the conclusion of the bombardment and while the city was raging in an ocean of fire was on horse riding along the road with several thousand men to scout and see the effect of his terrible gunnery. He indeed was now a war begrimed man, no longer in the first blush of youth, but despite of the rather hard and fierce piratical discontented look in his face that marred it now he was still handsome.

As he galloped along and gazed rather contemptuously at the glandelinian flag flags and the havoc the gunner of his batteries was causing to the city rather than to the enemy he had dismounted and in the distance noticed an old sign board with the words; "Home sweet home."

"Home? Damn the word home. What is home to me now a days?" He exclaimed

bitterly. "Nothing but the sorrowful remembrance of happy days that are gone forever---of two dearly beloved little girls slain by foes of children---dirty sneaky blood thirsty glandelinian hellhounds, who are

dead or worse than dead to me and---"

While he was stopping at a crossroads he was indeed conscious of a sudden jerk of his scabbard, and glaring down saw a dark haggard wild eyed

and apparently in the very act as it seemed in trying to draw his pistols.

Quick as thought he caught the apparent culprit's hand to angry to say a single word. For a second the man a great general and the governor of Calvernia and the lowly woman looked into each others eyes, Hanson with scorn and indignation, the other with pitiable anguish. All of a sudden the girl caught hold of general Hanson's hand and with passionate entreaty in her voice and look said in a low gasping voice:

"Oh for the sake of Jesus Christ have pity on me. Have mercy. Do not give me up to your soldiers. I---I---I))) did not mean it---I was faint and caught your guns and scabbard to steady myself and of course your hostler came loose. Please, please do not give me up to your soldiers---I did not know what I was doing."

Hanson appeared still grim and indignant and then the girl continued more sadly:

"My little child is at home dying. Dying of hunger and of burns received in the fire of the burning city, and I have nothing to give her. For our Lady's sake have pity. Please. For our Lady's sake."

This seemed an appeal that he could not very well refuse. A few stern soldiers on horseback had hurried up and one of them had dismounted and laid his hand roughly on the girl's shoulder saying bluntly:

"You come along." "I saw you trying to steal general Hanson's sabre and pistols, and you was not fainting you hussey. I was near by and saw you try to deliberately draw his weapons."

The general looked scornfully incredulous.

"Did I give you any orders to arrest her?" He remarked.

"No your excellency." Answered the soldier.

"Well then how dare you to place her under arrest without my orders. Go back to your ranks. Right about face march."

The soldier obeyed.

"Oh how can I thank you gasped the girl.

"Well I have so far granted your request and did not give you up to the soldiers." Answered the general. "But what proof have I of the story?"

"Oh come and see. Oh come and see. My poor little darling. You cannot but pity her when you see her. She is so dear. So sweet and oh I think ago she is dying." Added the girl with a heartbroken sob.

"All right I'll come" Said general Hanson as he hastened to follow the poor young mother closely followed by some of his cavalry men, until they came to a dingy looking shed where they really found a beautiful little child of about seven years lying on a heap of straw covered by a few rugs. The curly head was tossing wearily on her hard couch, and the sweet face of the child was flushed with redness while the great blue eyes were staring and seemed unnaturally bright, and the poor parched lips could hardly murmur:

"Mama, Jennie's so hungry. Did you bring something for me?"

With a low cry of anguish the young woman fell on her knees beside the child fondling, kissing, and sobbing over her.

"Mama will give little Jennie something to eat in a minute"

Said Hanson kneeling down and holding out his arms for the child. "Give her to me." He said peremptorily. "And take some money out of my pocket. Oh do not be afraid. I trust you poor soul. Now run to the army canteen and get some milk of whatever you think for the little one quick. She is not sick but starving. But as you go look out for signs of prowling enemies around. Tell some of the soldiers to go with you for protection."

While the mother was away general Hanson looked with a beating heart at the poor childish face as nestling so confidently against his immense bare breast. The child was not a bit like its dark eyed olive complexioned mother. It was very fair with masses of curly golden hair, and it had such a strange likeness to a child remembered long ago, when his own little daughter was still living with his wife and had so sadly died in the raging fury of that Abissinian typhoon of eighteen forty eighteen eighty eight.

"Poor little violet" How tender and pitiful his recollection of her death now made him just then appear as a loving father to this helpless child, how he hugged and kissed her. Just then the young mother ran in with some milk and it was pitiful to see the little ones eagerness to drink, and her difficulty in swallowing.

"The child will surely die if she remains in this damp vitiate atmosphere" Said the army doctor the girl had been followed by. "She must be taken off to the hospital..."

"Oh no, do not take my baby away and let her die far from me." Sobbed the poor broken hearted mother.

"She shall not go to any city hospital but one where you always can be with her." Said general Hanson himself, and in his imperious way. "The doctor only wants to remove the child into one of the hospital tents in the

Christian army where all is safe from the raging foe, and the doctor will see that everything is done in the very best way for the little one...."

As he spoke the doctor and general Hanson had covered up the shabby clothes of the poor mother by throwing a blanket over her, which also hid her dishevelled hair, under a lace veil which he had also secured. It was believed by all that the little ones life would be despaired of but after an examination she was declared by the doctor out of danger for her burns were severe but not dangerous. When the child was declared out of danger the young mother whose devoted love for her child had been had been very touching to behold, broke down utterly, and for hours during the rest of the bombardment lay completely unconscious, every now and then calling piteously for her husband who had indeed been killed during the battle of Hastine Pine. The mother herself had lived in the city of Pullaway, and though she had begged and pleaded with the glandelinian authorities because of the little one, the glandelinians only had tried to capture her and her child, and massacre them both, and she was only too thankful to get that where general Hanson had found them in, though thousands of the wicked glandelinians had searched for her day after day without success.....

Violet and her sisters had also seen this woman and her child, and at once they recognized her as an old time friend of theirs, and of the mother that issued there was no greater blessings, of and of the tidings that the mother had to tell, and of her experiences in the city, and told of the escape of their mother and aunt from the city, which they could see in the distance was nothing now but a vast field of fire and glowing miles and miles around as far as eyes could reach, throwing a glow that spread over the whole sky, and made the darkness oppressive with thick clouds of smoke that almost hid the tents in a thick gray pall. The poor mother of the burned little girl the vivian girls whose low and pleading look seemed to be calling to her and penetrating to her soul seemed like supernatural beings or celestial creatures of the holy home and indeed a strange awe fell over her as men by hundreds in the distance were shouting.

May was soon captured after the enemy had for fourteen days stood their ground fighting desperately among the ruins of the city, but the glandelinian could not be overtaken in the headlong rout, and so Phellinia kept.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

THE WAR IN SOUTHERN ANGELINIA GROWS IN IT'S VIOLENT
 FURY. THE FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE AT ANGE ANGE LINE
 JUNCTION WITH TWO GREAT CHRISTIAN ARMIES
 IN ACTION AGAINST ONE GLANDELINIAN ARMY.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVANCE ON NORMA BURKIDGE.....
 AND DANGEROUS AND FRIGHTFUL REPULSE.....

General Hanson had expected that the glandelinian forces would have been easily overthrown but he had been completely frustrated. The invasion of Glandelinia itself had been overthrown as already predicted, the southern part of Angelinia had been invaded by the enemy, and as quick as an army of glandelinians had been driven across the border here and there, and as quickly as cities in the hands of an enemy had been captured, and the enemy driven across the boundary line, Hanson was flabbergasted to learn of two new armies crossing the boundary line at two other sections despite the chain of cannons placed to prevent their crossing the Angelinian frontier. Hanson had indeed received news as he was advancing southward to the boundary after Phellinia that a great christian army under no personal high general at the important capital of angelinia called Gertrude Angeline was in danger from an overwhelming force of glandelinians under some cornsack picknell which was advancing for the city. The authorities had requested that the people flee from the city altogether, and also that the army recede and not oppose so big an glandelinian army which were all the fierce zimermanni and Me-Hollesstinians. The authorities requested that some leader be placed and Hanson hearing of the order rebuked the authorities saying;

"Under no circumstances will I allow that army to abandon my own boyhood home to the enemy. They are to stand ground, and that I'll go by train and take command myself. I'll bring my army to its reinforce but it is not to abandon Gertrude Angeline. If this silly order is carried out the authorities who have ordered it will pay dearly for it at my power when I find it out."

General Baldwin was placed in chief command of the army which Hanson had been leading, and giving instructions to Baldwin to make for Angeline as fast as possible Hanson hurried westward on a special soldiers train."

It took three days for general Hanson to reach the vicinity of Gertrude Angeline on the train, and when he did take command he was indeed amazed at the strength of the enemy and decided to send clever spies to learn of their weaker points, and to learn whether their commander was really Cornsack picknell or not, for indeed he hated to fight against this glandelinian commander who had been also one of his boyhood friends. Most of the spies came back saying that the strength of the glandelinian army was far superior to his own, but who its commander was they could not find out.

General Hanson never heless was bound to find out the truth, and so when Baldwin's army arrived, and also other divisions also and made his force now superior to that of the enemy he sent forward a large force to purposely start a slight engagement at a point called Henrietta pan, but at this moment the enemy had been advancing furiously, and a part of these charged the group of christians with reckless bravery and routed them. Two minutes later a driving storm wave of glandelinians six miles long and six deep came with a crashing headlong collision with general Baldwin's right wing under general James Gannon. The christians met the on charge and tore this mighty wave to pieces, driving back the surviving assailants assailants with most frightful loss.

Three minutes later another monstrous wave of glandelinians came again attacking the whole of Baldwin's line with the fury of three million demons and keeping up their attack with all their fury for four hours, the conflict being so exceedingly sanguinary, untill Baldwin seeing the attack growing in force and violence hurled his reserves upon the assailants and cut their lines to pieces and hurled them back once more with a dreadful loss of twenty five thousand killed in the space of half a mile.

A third desperate attack of redoubled violence fairly swung upon Baldwin and raged for another four hours. In the fury of the conflict, Baldwin was severely wounded, his right wing was rolled up by heavy pressure and James Gannon also severely wounded, and the whole of Baldwin's line threatened with disaster, but general Hanson who had been inactive sent three million, seven hundred seventy thousand men to the rescue and these hurled back the assailants after continued fighting for the remainder of the bloody day.

Christian losses was about 600,000 killed and 1,515,000 wounded, with a total of 21,000 being made prisoners by the enemy. Hanson had retired about ten o'clock that night after the first day of the bloody battle but at four o'clock that morning he was awakened first by what he thought sounded like the noise he had heard in strong volcanic eruptions, and then one of his officers came and told him that there was another fierce conflict going along the main left wing of his own army and that the enemy were attacking like a devastating cyclone. It was now the 11th day of May. Hanson hastily dressed and hurried across Norma Junction toward the left wing. If the statement was true. When he arrived within a quarter of a mile of the left wing he indeed could see columns of the enemy sweeping forward that was really the second onslaught, and as he came up to the firing line the officers told him that this was the second onslaught that the glandelinians had made, and Hanson could do nothing else but believe them. The frightful numbers of the dead and wounded in gray that covered the ground as far as eye could reach. Several other columns south and west of the main line were also advancing rapidly. More and more of the enemy were advancing rapidly, though the christian fire dissolved them into frightful numbers of dead and wounded, and the long lines of christians were at times hidden in smoke and flame. The carnage among the enemy's line was indeed frightful. And there where the blinding flash of musketry raged all along the christian line large gaps were torn in the enemy's advancing line. Hanson advanced nearer and saw occasionally new lines appearing and these became obscured in smoke of bursting shells that the christian line poured upon them he was amazed. Behind low stone walls and wooden ramparts surrounded by banks of hastily thrown up earthworks lines of purple could be seen hammering away at the foe with musketry and artillery. Though bullets and canister picked victims by scores of hundreds, and the assaulting line was breached in many places, the glandelinians only to their desperate advance and even now came on all the faster. The air was full of bursting shells, shrapnel shrapnel, and other missiles, as to say it was literally raining shells and the christian line moved along the point called called called St Vincent's Crossroads. He already received the shock of the enemy's assault, then Baldwin received the headlong blow, then Hanson's left wing was struck with the fury of a thunder bolt, then his whole line was attacked, and like a mighty series wave that hits first one point, and crawling along to another, the enemy's mighty line was swept and torn to pieces, and hurled back.

There was a lull after this great storm for about half an hour and then Hanson who had been preparing his batteries for action all day saw crossing the large plains in front of distant woods another line of long gray lines, moving forward toward his main center, and he realized it was another storm and an attack on his center which came first, and extend like before gradually a long the other side of his army and along Baldwin's lines. He immediately telegraphed to his artillery officers along his center to blaze away with all the power they could bring to bear. Soon the shells were flying as thickly on the center of the enemy's lines as he had formerly observed them tearing the ground on his own left. However it was a waste of shells and powder, for the flying columns were not reached and not only that but they were moving more toward his left wing once more and at last he believed that the foe was to concentrate all his attack first upon his left wing as before. He did not know what to make of the enemy's strange movement at all. The size of the shells was almost incredible which the enemy now received in their ranks as they came within range, but in due time the enemy's batteries began to hurl broadsides of shells upon the christian batteries to the charge of their advancing columns this time, and one of these shells nearly seven feet long passed within fifty feet over Hanson's head with a frightful roar of a scream that almost deafened him, and it landed five hundred yards behind him tearing tons of earth and rocks into air, and which showered down upon the gunners like a cloud burst. The crash of the explosion deafened many of the gunners for life, and stunned Hanson for several minutes.

It began to be apparent that a great battle was already raging for with the help of his glasses he already discovered the advancing forces to be strong in numbers, and was even supported by regiments of artillery, the glandelinians appearing to be an endless string of wild human beings. It was already half past four. The smoke of battle had become so dense that Hanson and the other christian generals could not hardly see, and emerging from the smoke of musketry which enveloped the christian lines general Hanson galloped forward and ordered his officers to bring on their own forces as quickly as possible to defend the christian works, and to fire with their own cannons with all their might. Then Hanson went to view the scene at other points. Large columns of glandelinians were moving forward at the left of his line and these appeared to be all garians. At first he could not hardly believe his eyes, for now all at once appeared a roaring surge of the fiercer glandelinians called the He-Hollestinians, and then following came another column which were hooded glandelinians and these were known as the gargolians. Following these came the zimermanniens, and all these glandelinians deployed into great lines advanced as swiftly as possible and Hanson realized that the glandelinians meant to storm his lines with as much fury as possible, not with the intention of making a scene as it was at first believed but to destroy as much of his christian army as possible. Hanson galloped from one part of the line to another, giving quick and sharp commands, and then drew up his own battalions, and ordered the generals then rushing up to make all preparations to resist the enemy with all their available strength.

It was his purpose to break the invasion of galverinia as quick as possible. And he was surprised indeed with the fact. Why was it that the Angelinian armies had prevented the enemy from invading Angelinia from either his boundary line, or even from any side of the coast, while here in galverinia all the efforts to overthrow the invaders of galverinia was resulting as now. The glandelinians were attacking with all their might along his own right grand division but for a time met too severe a resistance to make any impression on the glandelinian lines, and nearly twenty glandelinian divisions had been already torn in pieces, and the main line all cut up and thrown into confusion. The victorious christians wished to charge these confused glandelinians but did not think it wise to do so as the remainder of the assailants were heavy in force, and he only ordered the officers to see to it that the enemy were checked at every point. Indeed it seemed as if it was going to be most terrific battle for this stage of the war and Hanson wondered exceedingly.....

...the officers soon obeyed and as more men came to the support of the ... a withering fire was retained upon the enemy, and which mowed them down ... her. Hans Hanson had to almost group his way through the thick smoke ... he had seen enough to know that the nearest columns of the enemy was ... mowed down, and that all there was left to the brave fellows ... were mangled bodies among stone walls, cracked by shells, and the re ... closely intermingling. The slaughter was terrific.

The collision however came once more and was almost similar to that of the third but the attack was swept back, and yet no sooner had the survivors rallied and swept on once more, before they were again met by a hurricane of minie balls, which nearly mowed them down in a single discharge. Two long lines in gray seven miles long were mowed down completely, two long ranks and sixteen regiments following were almost swept out of existence, and great confusion followed.

It was believed by many Angelinian generals that those truly advancing and attacking columns were commanded by a general called Black Brooks, and now to add to the embarrassment of the situation the sale of the remaining columns exposed to this raking christian fire showed signs of retreating despite the efforts of Black Brooks and his officers trying to rally them. But again two of his own front lines miles long dissolved in meeting the storm of christian fire from musketry, and minie guns, and despite the merciless fire which was maintained on them Black Brooks was still trying to push them on, and he was slightly wounded in his coat torn in shreds. It was marvellous how he escaped. Most of his best officers about ten had fallen killed, and twenty during this onslaught, and Black Brooks right wing was badly shattered and the clothes of all the retreating survivors had numerous bullet holes in them as if they had been the christian fire.

Nothing along the christian line during this struggle had been enveloped in smoke so fierce as the discharge of cannon and musketry, and here and there during the fighting new divisions of christians had appeared and opened with the rest. The ground where so many of the enemy had fallen after a fourth repulse was covered with scores of thousands of men, trees and things which were thickly strewn about while a hundred glandelinian officers all rank were seen closely intermingled. Black Brooks line had been crushed to fragments.

Well to begin with there was another lull for a whole hour. A great glandelinian tidal wave under a commander so fierce and wicked as he was called Phenomenia by his men, his right name being known as Maria Henrietta Henrietta was moving forward to make the fourth assault. Another commander called Consumption by his destructive fury and ways, his right name being Jacklinia Evans, was throwing forward upon Baldwin's heavier columns, and the reason for these two wicked commanders attack at this point, was that general Frank Winters of Hanson's Abyssinkilian army was coming on to the rescue of Baldwin, and so they had hopes of crippling Baldwin's army by making it use up its ammunition and put it out of action before general Winters came up with his christian columns.

Simultaneously a portion of this fierce attack was begun on the flank of Hanson's army but though the Angelinians at this point were being killed by thousands general W.A. Evans with a great number of his army came up to the support. The main commanding general of Hanson's army also came up to the support, and also had drawn from near by troops to maintain the thinning ranks, and as more and more were literally drawn into the battle it was soon seen that the glandelinian general Evans and his army that it was indeed a part of general Winters supporting columns that had already arrived. The attention of the christians however had been centered on the attack of the left flank and troops being drawn from other portions of the line to support the attacked trenches, general Henrietta also tried to make an attack on the right flank, but he saw that it was necessary to consolidate the right flank to accomplish anything, and then this was impossible for his aiding generals, parkness, dirt, and pisanse were cut off by general Golds, and general Hague, Typhoid a vicious old general, who had always been so wicked as to sleep in a literal muck heap, and eat of a garbage can as men predicted and which got him the two horrible diseases suffered the crushing of his command, and he himself was almost killed by the christians who chased him for a quarter of a mile. Glandelinian columns under general dirt and dust had been crushed to fragments and driven back with the loss of thousands of prisoners in a few minutes. After all this the ground was covered once more all over for many acres with thousands of dead, wounded, and dying, and fragments of shells, including the wreckage of all description.

It seemed as if the great open space before the opposing forces was fairly covered with bursting shells, and even there ten thousand glandelinians had perished within fifteen minutes. It was now between five and half past five in the afternoon when the heaviest firing ever heard during that whole day was poured upon the advancing enemy from all along the entire christian line as they made a sixth charge. With all their obstinate fury the Angelinians stuck to their position, their officers watching the movements of the attacking enemy carefully as they continued to attack with tremendous fury and seeming to gradually close over the shell swept plains in series waves untill the whole plain in front of Baldwin's position was a mass of yelling fiends in gray which Baldwin's lines almost cleared away with their fire within an hour's time before repulsing the enemy's line.

The battle was terrific during the sixth charge along Hanson's line. In some places during the action thousands of the newly deployed christian columns had been placed behind stone walls and opened a murderous fire as the enemy came within range mowing them down, disolving the nearest masses like snow on a hot stove, where here and there they tore the main line of the assaulting enemy to pieces. The attack of the christian columns was fierce in the extreme but his men were mowed down in frightful columns. Among the fallen were many other officers, but the fury and recklessness of the enemy was so terrific, and the losses of the christians themselves so intense that they were obliged from time to time to change their positions and withdraw upon the Henriettas Run where the first day of the battle had raged.

After another repulse and another pause the enemy came swarming forward a seventh time and closed with the christians at close quarters in a desperate hand to hand struggle. They were hurled back, but on the eighth time dense columns of glandelinians and garran guards came rushing forward upon the foremost works threatening to envelope the christian lines they assailed, and for these christian columns for a time it seemed impossible to hold the foe at bay, but as the rest of the Angelinian survivors retired behind old fences and piles of earth, general Hanson sent forward a large column that counter charged and drove the enemy back once more shattered and badly broken.

At the hour of six also Gannon and Baldwin were fiercely engaged once more. The enemy attacked Gannon's line which was under Hanson Francis in the face of a perfect storm of canister and musketry which mowed them down like leaves of an autumn storm. The enemy crushed himself against Gannon's line, and were hurled back but they rallied ten times before they made a final withdrawal. The battle along Baldwin's line also raged furiously. A portion of Baldwin's men had been driven back and they stuck to their new positions for an hour untill scores of thousands out of ten divisions were killed or wounded and the intensity of the enemy's numbers as they began to swarm over these works increased. The Angelinians at this point now gave way slowly the enemy retaining the abandoned position, but this was as far as they could go for the arrival of reinforcements under general Hannis Crowley was a bar to further progress in that direction. These glandelinian columns under Barney pum which had forced the center of Baldwin's line was soon torn and shattered by a sweeping and seething fire of canister and minnies from the gathling guns and musketry of Crowley's divisions, and they had to make a stand themselves untill Crowley finally made a headlong counter charge and drove the glandelinians not from the position pell-mell but also from their own and held it all night too.

Baldwin's army and Gannon's by the management of the new commanders in the places of Baldwin and Gannon were victorious.

Untill nightfall the conflict had also raged along Hanson's lines. Hanson himself had been much alarmed for his center had been fiercely assaulted for sure this time and so driving was the attack that for a time he feared that a dreadful disaster was impending, for if his own left wing was rolled up as it seemed, it would not be very long before all would be lost. He had all he could do to reinforce the left, and had taken considerable numbers from the center to do this, and so the center was greatly weakened. It was strong in artillery defense but had only half the number that the advancing foe did while his second army was too far away to send forces to the point in time. He nevertheless sent scouts to determine the extent of the enemy's line of assault and started for the left wing itself to see if it was in so much danger as he dreaded. It was more than exaggerated.

By this time the furiously attacking glandelinians extending in three double lines as far as eye could reach was charging across the south branch of the Frant river unhindered by any fire which however just now failed to reach them, and also they came across a portion of the battlefield south of the main junction and here a long line of christian artillery and the biggest guns was concentrated upon them, the glandelinian waves one

of the rear veranda, and by firing wildly scatter some of the raiders, and dash with his horse which he mounted into the dark recesses of the distant woods, to which the rest of the glandelinians had flown. It was indeed a most sweeping occurrence, and led by Jimmie Vivian at the head of a single dash and without a conflict he had routed and scattered a division of over one hundred thousand glandelinians, captured large quantities of ammunition, and set over a hundred thousand tents on fire, blew up the ammunition dumps, and captured the barracks on the outskirts of the line. He saw every sleeping glandelinian soldier and officer in them. General Brooks' regimental flag and the national flag with it was captured by the Angelinians, and also a very valuable sabre worth a hundred thousand dollars was taken by Jimmie Vivian alone. The remainder of the officers who had been in the building at the time it was seized had not been so fortunate as Black Brooks, and they had been all captured, without any exception, and also every important thing of the building was sacked, and maps of all kinds used by the enemy carried off. Then as the glandelinians left it they set the structure on fire, and quickly all of them retreated and left the enemy's lines before the main army was aroused by the action.

It had been Hanson's intention to have just general Brooks' headquarters captured, with the joke of showing the enemy his christian Centepedes as he called them were not as yet asleep. He was more lively than Centepedes, but Jimmie Vivian had accomplished more than general Hanson had expected, and when the news came into the lines Hanson fairly opened his eyes.

First came the christian cavalry, then to his surprise a long line of baggage wagons, and provisions, then followed a hundred pieces of artillery, then came a second column of christian horsemen, the dragoons in their possession 45,678 glandelinians as prisoners, then came a remainder with wagons filled with many hundreds of thousands of rifles and pistols, then a smaller force of christians with the glandelinian prisoners who had been taken prisoner by the christians, then Jimmie Vivian came, acting as unconcerned as if nothing unusual had happened.

"Well my dear Uncle Hanson," he said riding up with a profound bow. "I have done just exactly what you asked. Destroyed the enemy's tents, a hundred thousand, blown up their ammunition dumps, captured a hundred thousand prisoners, a hundred pieces of artillery, a hundred small arms, and over four hundred generals. I set fire to their barracks, and routed a large force of the enemy. I almost had the general but am sorry he got away."

If Hanson could have dropped there would not have been any else to have happened. Hanson was speechless. Yes indeed general Brooks was speechless with astonishment over the havoc wrought by his nephew Jimmie Vivian, but how about the enemy? It took Brooks nearly all night to rally those driven into confusion, the trails were reddened to yellow clay color by the reflection of burning barracks, mess halls, Y.M.C.A.'s, the streets of tents, the burning trees set afire by the explosions, and all the while there was a conglomeration of confusion. Indeed the glandelinians at first thought a cyclone or tornado had struck them, and did not realize that it was a party of christian raiders untill the truth leaked out.

And the glandelinians had thought that the christian raiders were afraid to approach their lines in this intense darkness. Black Brooks he had to sleep in one of the tents occupied by one of the privates, as well as the other generals for all of the tents belonging to the generals had been burned to the ground, and there was no other place to sleep in. After all had been restored to order it was morning, and the glandelinians were still apprehensive that something would happen to them like before.

Hanson himself could not say a word all night. He could not even think what to say. What was the matter with his nephew? Was he a second Michael, or had he the miraculous power of turning himself into a roar while raiding the enemy's lines. Or did a tornado follow his raid? Did the earth blow up under the enemy's feet, and throw upon Jimmie Vivian all the ammunition and prisoners and guns which he brought into the christian lines? Or was god with him in person when he made this raid, by his Almighty Appearance, rout the enemy with his flaming sword? If so how in the world did Jimmie Vivian accomplish this cyclonic dash which cost a single battle tore the enemy's line to pieces, scattered the enemy's soldiers, and made him destroy as much as he did. This must be known by his father and others by all means. Also the Angelinian government should know of it this.

He had captured a field of artillery, musketry, and countless rounds of ammunition, besides many battleflags, and thirteen generals. General Ivian was surprised indeed when he also learned of the work of his son.

"What indeed is my son becoming now," he said to Hanson. "When a little boy he had been only a timid little creature, even afraid of a harmless kitten, but now in his manhood, he made a dash upon the enemy that I could swear that the very plengiglomenean creatures would give or credit of. This news is too surprising, not a news from his own letter which he sent me over the affair but that the news of every army officer in the christian service had declared it and spread it until Abbieanna is frenzy with joy over it. He deserves to be a general higher than myself, and I would gladly see him in my own place if only God would will it some day. A son like that I can be mighty proud of. A son that I feared the world of that he would grow up a coward. And now look at him. A human tornado that destroyed a whole glandelinian army in two weeks, and saved your army from being struck in the rear.

Later Jimmie Ivian brought up his own big forces to support general Hanson, and then had his own cavalry strewn in large batches at every point of the rear of the christian army, so that no foe could take them by surprise, and thus feeling confident Hanson learning that another foe army was moving up the graminie to strike a blow upon the town of Gaba asked his brother who take his own army and halt them before it was too late. Hanson had to do it, and if this triple advance of the enemy had not occurred, Hanson would surely have won the battle of gaster starring, instead of being repulsed as he was, and a portion of his army out to pieces as had occurred. And again in the battle it was as we'll see in the description of the conflict itself, it was Jimmie Ivian who made the enemy heartily heat heartily sorry that they ever attacked his lines.

What the purpose of the enemy was in advancing up the graminie to the city of Gaba Hanson did not know but it looked dangerous, and so he sent his brothers army to repel the enemy. The enemy it is true as related in the two great battles won the conflicts, at least repulsed the two christian armies, but both armies suffered losses which they could not stand, and which for weeks and weeks would not be able to replace, and so were unable to follow. The battles were indeed won by the enemy, but nevertheless at these two battles the enemy had been struck two staggering blows, which at this section of the war the whole of landelinia never recovered, and which completely insured Angelinia safe from invasion at any point.

During the concentration of general Hanson's army in front of the enemy at Gaster Starring there were also some incidents. General Hanson did not like to remain inactive while waiting for the opportunity to strike the glandelinians a blow, and so he decided to do what he could in making it lively for the enemy. He decided to make a foray, and to capture general Black Brooks headquarters when night once more fell upon the whole encampments of both sides. Fortunately for general Hanson the night that came was cold, and snowy also mingled with the cold, April showers.

General Hanson decided to send an expedition down the gaster starring stream under Colonel James Butler and so he ordered this officer to make the desperate foray. The colonel thought it too much of an undertaking alone and so general Hanson sent general Jimmie Ivian to accompany him with a larger force but that his nephew was to be the lead of it all. Again Hanson started something. Jimmie Ivian when night fell took about 10,000 cavalry men and about five thousand dragoons, and 11,000 lancers and started out toward the enemy's lines.

The enemy were so confident that the christians were afraid to do anything in such a dark night were not cautious, half of their sentinels were not very watchful, and when they discovered the approach of the Angelinia Angelinians it was too late. They at once opened fire, but their shots flew wild, and immediately a whirlwind of horses and men tore right through the lines, capturing prisoners, by the score, firing the tents, blowing up the ammunition trains, and destroying everything in their path. The remainder of the trove troopers rode on like the storm of death, and so complete was the surprise that nearly without offering resistance, a 100,000 glandelinians started fleeing before the christians, saving behind in their panic all the cannon at this section besides all their tents which were at once set on fire. The other portion of the glandelinians rallied and started a wild confusion of musket shots which made a great flashing, but the christian cavalry without offering a single loss dashed on with irresistible fury, and nearly the whole of the glandelinian force in this portion were retreating in the utmost confusion before general Black Brooks knew what was up. He had barely time to escape for even before he was out of the building his headquarters was in possession of the Angelinians and was already set on fire. All that Black Brooks could do was to jump out onto

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had occurred at the very same time when the officers and the vivian girls had observed the conflagration which had been so far from their own lines, which were confronting general Black Brooks' armies. The forest fire was more gigantic than was believed by many, many, and general Black Brooks was appalled indeed when he learned that no glandelinian army could approach to menace Hanson at any point from the south. No glandelinian army was in the north, and the armies that were in the north, he was only anxious to avoid.

And to make it more serious to general Black Brooks the christian army confronting him under general Hanson outnumbered his ten to one. Strange as it was that after the battle it could be believed that Hanson had been severely repulsed, in this struggle, and one portion of his great army died so disgracefully, before it could have been rallied and held together to repulse the last attack of the enemy.

Black Brooks was very unwilling to attack Hanson Ivian, in the first place. He was a good soldier but for some time only luckwarm for glandelinians, but he loved nevertheless to win a battle no matter what side he fought against, and he determined that if he failed in this conflict he would fight another battle again. Later when the war was over a year old Black Brooks still served and was a glandelinian general to be dreaded by all who were defenseless in the path of his advancing army of child savers.

He had been ordered by the glandelinian king to attack general Hanson's army immediately but he never heeded he did not do so, and delayed instead of pushing on, and so gave Hanson time to form a most strong position, and to place strong batteries.

Meantime a great scene occurred which would have indeed made the blessed mother of God smile with joy over the fact that God was so kind to those who fight for the freedom of these little ones he loved so dearly. A large glandelinian army under general Greenpoint had finally found their way around by the southwest, and west, and had moved between northern christian armies, and was moving down toward Hanson's rear connected at Gaster Starring. Should the enemy win their purpose Angelinia certainly be invaded. General Jimmie Ivian had discovered the movement of the glandelinian army, and decided to act at once. He had a large force of cavalry and pursued the advancing army as quickly as possible. The glandelinian army happened to be about a little over 200,000 men. Jimmie Ivian had over 100,000 cavalry men, and so was outnumbered by the glandelinian army but nevertheless he was not daunted, and decided to do all the trouble for the enemy possible, and prevent the glandelinian army from crushing general Hanson's rear.

It was two days later that the large force of christian cavalry upon the glandelinian army. The glandelinians were apprehensive, at their rear harassed by the dashing christian consentinians, and general Ivian sent his own gargolian cavalry out to oppose the christian army and halt their advance. But the christian cavalry had the movement cyclone. It swept here, and it swept there, the glandelinian cavalry routed and scattered without even a general engagement, thousands were prisoners, and within a week the whole cavalry had either been killed, or had lost over 10,000 men in dead, and 23,456 23,456 in wounded. All their horses were taken besides their baggage and ammunition.

Horrible was the calamity that struck general Greenpoint. Only a few historians know what happened to general Napoleon's army of four hundred thousand men after it had fled out of Russia from the invasion ended at Moscow. A army of five hundred thousand men had come to the aid of the hard pressed glandelinian army from a new quarter, but the whole christian cavalry had increased until they overwhelmed the enemy army day after day the glandelinians were really advancing toward Gaster Starring, but not advancing on Hanson's rear, but trying frantically to get away from the horrible human tornado pursuing them relentlessly.

Just within another week, out of that seven hundred thousand men the glandelinians of general Greenpoint's glandelinians only 20,000 escaped, the remainder having either strewn the fields with their dead and wounded, or were taken prisoners, or perished from cold and hunger, and plagues. Another disaster indeed. The remainder of the foe army took to their heels fleeing like frightened sheep, and soon came to the small town of Florence Francis. The enemy were surrounded, and seeing it useless to resist the glandelinian commander surrendered, and within two weeks time to the surprise of Hanson he learned that his nephew Jimmie Ivian had captured about fifty thousand glandelinians out of five hundred thousand others without a single battle, and destroyed or scattered the remainder.

"It's a big gigantic fire." Gasped one of the christian officers. "God save those in its path. Whole forests and towns are going up in a sea of flame and smoke across that McWhirther saunders river. It is simply terrible."

"It was simply terrible and for the enemy, not the Angelinians. They had set the great fire with the purpose of preventing two great christian armies from moving to the rescue of panson's army at Orma. They did succeed in this it is true because the flames cut their way between panson and the two other christian armies, but the wind happened to be blowing toward the south at the time, and the glandelinian army which had caused this war was also unable to advance to the rescue of Black brook, and worse than this instead of advancing toward the christian armies as the enemy had hoped, the fire was advancing on them, and they had to retreat like flying deer or be encompassed by the great conflagration.

The whole stretch of woods for miles in front of the retreating glandelinians under general snagge was a mass of flames, and another great branch of the conflagration had run across the Erminio river at another section, and a portion of the retreating glandelinian army was trapped and had difficulty in fighting their way out or perish miserably. Between the retreating glandelinian army under snagge was a perfect wall and sea of roaring flames, and safety to most of this glandelinian army seemed to lay in the direction of the two main rivers. The flames were spreading along the debris and foliage thickly strewn over the ground faster than a runner could go, and was also spreading toward a town which had forty six great gas works and oil wells combined in the outskirts, besides thousands of trains of cars filled with gasoline.

When most of the glandelinian army had succeeded in getting away nevertheless a tragedy occurred. The expected happened. The oil tanks of the town caught fire, the gasworks, blew up with a horrible volcano of flame and din hurling a storm of debris everywhere, and the trains of oil cars also blew up with so many explosions that the noise sounded like the deafening rattle of thousands of cannon shots, and a storm of burning oil and gasoline poured out in a roaring flood of living fire. Torrents of it fell flooding the river and the whole river seemed to turn into fire at that section and the main glandelinian general nagge with his officers who had followed last perished in the dreadful inferno. Some of the glandelinians generals had fortunately escaped that shower of flaming fire, but nevertheless the fire along the surges of the river pursued relentlessly despite the fact that they made their boats fairly fly over the waters, and death seemed to stare them in the face. Their clothes were scorched from the awful heat, the glare of the sea of roaring flames everywhere, in woods, town, and river, and on both sides, the conflagration moving faster it seemed than their gasoline launches would run with all their engine power.

There was evident danger of the gasoline in the boats catching fire, but nevertheless the drivers force the engines to go to their uttermost limit, but the flames were almost already leaping about the stern of the boats and were lap ing the sides but there was still a glimmer of hope for now the flames was spending their fury at this point having consumed most of the oil which had fairly covered the surface of the water.

The waves had been all aflame with the burning oil, and all around the fugitives the river had been on fire, the burning oil having pursued them relentlessly for two miles before finally they managed to outdistance the horrible conflagration. Great masses of burning oil had run from the blades of the oars of those who were occupying the row boats alone, they had leaped upon the gunwales, gathered around their bows, and hissed over the sterns, and these being encompassed on the river of fire were not able to escape the inferno and also perished like the others. Now the others finally escaped was because the current of the river which had been at this time running down stream was now running for the time being up stream, and so finally the survivors escaped the fiery current, but nevertheless they had many hours of desperate toil and labor to outdistance the main conflagration which made an inferno of hell of the woods all around on both sides of the river. The whole glandelinian army by retreating, fighting furiously with all their available means, had finally outdistanced and at times almost overcame the conflagration pursuing them so pugnaciously, but they were leaderless, and were shocked with the horrible disasters confronting them. They had in a good number of battles already repulsed the christians, but on their sides, lay the severest conditions. Upon the glandelinian army disaster had stared time and again. The elements of all kinds, favored the christian armies, fire, storm, and floods also. The enemy caused great floods and fires at these occasions, the christians escaped these, the enemy recieved them. Great though was this disaster and tragedy and disaster. Glandelinia and Angelina was both horrified at this shocking news when both sides learned it. Twenty great glandelinian generals had been trapped and perished in that horrible river inferno.....

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tried their best to row for the shore but with astonishing rapidity the water began to fill, and the fury of the waves to increase. In spite of a strong wind that was blowing Violet stood up and waved a white flag of distress which one of them always carried. But there was no ship whereever in sight. And peculiar clouds was beginning to cover the southwestern horizon. They felt they were in great peril for one of those steady hurricanes was approaching, and to be in a rowboat and leaking at that in such a sea on this river would mean their drowning as to swim the current was impossible. Suddenly their boat gave a lurch, there was a sudden crash and violet felt that they had collided into a drifting lifeboat.

"This is better than an old leaky boat anyway," said violet. "It took some time for them to get in, but when they were all in their danger was not over. If would be all up with them if the storm struck them before they were rescued. But soon in the distance they saw a line of strange warships approaching and began signalling. They had been seen before this when as they soon knew, for the foremost ship was lowering a boat which soon came straight for them at full speed. It was a motor boat. They were saved." Cried violet. "Our guardian angel protected us." "What soon came within hailing distance and they saw the flag.

"Abbeinnia!" Gaspd violet. "They are Abbeinnian warships." Said joice. "We might as well go aboard and get landed when possible. Better with them on board than in the middle of a wide river in a coming storm of such violence." "Ship or boat was soon along side and the little girls were taken aboard questioned. They had indeed been rescued by an Abbeinnian crew, and so were these men in looks that violet and her sisters almost wished they had not boarded the motor boat filled with such fierce looking white sailors.

"Are not ye little girrels. We are Abbeinnians not enemies as ye Angelinklik are to glandelinia and rescue ye from the riv river. He no hoit ye. We them hey good mons, no hurt liddle children."

And her sisters never seeing Abbeinnian sailors before could not feel trusting these Abbeinnians untill an hour afterward when they found that they molested them, and not only that but they were given a good time, a sort of hands, and shows, and a swell meal, and all this time the ship steering to the right point. Not five minutes after they had eaten, the girls noticed those peculiar clouds had increased increased, and were peculiar rolling shapes, and white, green, red and many colors. So fantastic and unusual that their unlikeliness to the ordinary cloud formations made them. The clouds had been immediately observed to gather in the west northwest, and resemble smoke from burning buildings, or from millions of stacks smoking at once, but when they came nearer a great number of these clouds glowed with a pale whitish light, which seemed to emanate from broken surfaces, while others were strangely livid, their iridescence changing to purple, and blue, and to dark green, and greenish yellow, while a great mass of clouds extendn extending along the western horizon were becoming a dunish of color as seen in some conflagration mingled with clouds as if ink and had a frightful aspect, and cornered off at its front like clouds rolling into the air, and while evening was coming on there and under the black mass a strange and uncanny red or hell green vermillion light. A strong breeze was blowing from the southwest and as the boat drew near to the shore, the little girls were landed and thanking the rescuers they proceeded on their way toward where they saw the tents of the christian army looming up. They gazed once more in the direction of the colored clouds and saw that they were still there, and that a bright rous glow had spread over the sky. At times in that direction they could hear and ominous noises, first resembling a distant freight train crossing bridges and they wondered indeed what it was. The wind had by this time freshened and was now blowing from the southwest, there was an appalling shriek roar in the distance, and now a frightful blackness had settled over the river and river except in the distance where the glow could still be seen. Violet and her sisters feared they were in the direct path of some dangerous storm for the fury of the wind was increasing, and the river was becoming frightfully rough. They progressed on now toward the christian lines and went to their own places and as soon as they reached panson's headquarters, and when there came no storm they were astonished, and seeing the sky along the north and western horizon lighted up far and wide and the strange roaring still proceeded from that direction they became wise to what it must be. "It's some big fire all right." Said Angelina to her sisters sisters excitedly. "At least it looks like one."

All the christian officers who had been attracted by the glow were soon standing the glow with their field glasses.....

"Those glandelinians seem far worse than anything I have ever read of in Fairy Stories of cruel men." Said violet.

"Yes," added violet. "They slay children for amusement, and take pleasure in their suffering."

"That general John Manley is a revengeful demon." remarked general Hanson bitterly. "He is my bitterest enemy since my quarrel with him during the chase of the glandelinian kidnappers, and it is believed he is the cause of the war for it is said that he led in person in those great massacres of children at Crowley and Jennie Wren town. You little girls better watch out for him for there is no telling what he will do if you get caught by his human fiends."

"He was all right when we first knew him." said violet. "I do not see why he should be our enemy now. We done him no harm, did not take part in the quarrel on your side, and even aided him at the handles of the sledge when it grew too much for him."

"It does not matter." said Hanson sternly. "He, being a born glandelinian had become a bitter enemy of all christians since this cruel war started at Crowley, and as you are christians too, and relations of mine his worst enemy, there is no doubt that he will do all in his power to cause your destruction."

"But we are under the full protection of the plengiglomenean creatures and of the guardian angels and so he can't harm us." said little Jennie.

"He can't eh?" argued Hanson. "Those glandelinians always watch out for to those kind of serpents and do things when no plengiglomenean creatures are around."

Violet and her sisters saw that he was right. After all days searching after the battle of Yorma kurkee news came that general Jernese Jeknell had resigned his command on account of his bitter defeat, and that general Black Brooks was now in his place, and that his army being reinforced by Manley had halted two miles of Yorma kurkee and was concentrating his forces along a stream called the Easter starring. Learning that the army under Hanson vivian had halted also and wished to hem him in, and prevent him from making a junction with the rest of Manley's army south of Yorma kurkee, Black Brooks prepared to fight Hanson again, and to fight as he never did before, and on the morning of June 13 1912, he sent a force forward to threaten Hanson's army. These movements were a great disappointment to Hanson vivian for they hindered his purpose. No matter what attempt to advance on the part of the christians was made an avalanche of glandelinians would bar their way and not wishing for actual battle just now Hanson had to call the Angolinian Angelinians off. There were three active volcanoes also which seemed to protect the enemy to general Hanson's disgust.

"Confound those volcanoes anyway!" he growled. "They seem to be always in eruption, and have given the enemy a chance to escape."

The next morning the advance was resumed, the enemy now being in quite a dangerous situation but did not know of it, or the treacherous way of the Angolinian armies they had to contend with. Thinking themselves safe by means of the three active volcanoes, they had halted near the place, but ere long soon found out that the apparent silence of the christians was only a threatening storm. Seeing that the enemy halted Hanson decided to send some spies to learn whether general Black Brooks intended to make a junction with Manley, or make a stand in this dangerous neighborhood. Violet and her sisters went secretly after all the spies had failed to come back. They soon saw the reason for this. They had been captured by no enemy, but had been caught by a torrent of white hot lava ejected suddenly by one of the volcanoes. They came upon the very torrent which had overwhelmed the men themselves. The experiences they had during this time was very thrilling, for four times the little girls had a narrow escape from the lava floods, and was also discovered by some of the enemy who instantly tried to catch them. Violet and her sisters saw that their only chance of escape was by the Yorma River. They made for the shore of the river as fast as they could followed by the enemy, and finding a little boat in a cove quickly cast off and rowed away followed by a series of volleys from the enemy, and a shower of pumice stones from the volcano. As there were other boats the enemy set after them, rowing as fast as they knew how. Now there was quite a race which lasted for a long time, until violet and her sisters were far out on the river, and in a leaky boat too, which was tossed about like a cork by the angry waves. The enemy seeing that there were signs of a coming hurricane gave up the pursuit, and rowed back for the shore. When they saw that they were in a leaky boat violet and her sisters were not much alarmed. Nevertheless in vain they baled out the water and rowed their best, but from one danger they had ran into another. As far as they could see now, everything was water, and the shore far away. The land they had left showed like a black sandpile on the horizon.....

The total area where the battle extended in the three divisions of the christian lines contained about ten miles of dead, wounded and dying, eight million eight hundred thousand riddled trees, scores of fences and hundreds of houses riddled to the likeness of hickory brooms, and the destruction of three scores of cornfields and seventy three farms. Not only the fields of these seventy three farms had been destroyed, but in the main majority of cases nearly all the belongings of the farmers, property barns and houses, and household goods, money, clothing, and edibles had been destroyed by fire caused by the shells fired at random, many not having sufficient shelter to shield them from the torrent of shot shell, and canister from the thundering batteries of the enemy itself. The number also of the near by asylums holding feeble men, and women, and delicate women, feeble minded children, ladies and girls, babies, and infants, and older children had been fairly riddled by shells, and all were not only without food and shelter but also without water for the only dependence of water having been the wells and wells and that portion of the Yorma river which was now almost with gore and filled with the floating bodies of the dead of both sides, where time and again great forces under fire of either side had tried across the stream only to be shot down.....

For the battle prompt measure had to be taken or these poor people would perish from hunger thirst, and exposure to the intense heat of that climate for that bloody day which ought to have been a day of peace and joy instead of such carnage and butchery. Everywhere outside but within view of Gertrude Angeline itself the ground was covered with the dead and wounded of both sides and covered with the wreckage of trees, which had been knocked off by the tempest of minnie balls and canister, and nearly all the homes in the distant city of Gertrude Angeline, even the hospitals, homes and asylums and orphan asylums, and houses and barns outside the country not in possession of the enemy were filled to almost overflowing with wounded christian soldiers. All churches and even schoolhouses were thrown open to the wounded, and even couriers were sent out to invite all those rendered helpless by the great battle to take advantage of the offer.

In the entire last four hours of the third day of the battle glandelinians than themselves had lost over 2,420,954 in killed and wounded as reports rumored and the loss of their officer generals amounted to the hundred in killed and wounded. About forty two christian generals were killed and about sixty others of all rank wounded while in those hours their total loss in killed wounded and prisoners was about 1,119. Of all this but about 900,000 were prisoners. In the entire three days battle the main losses of the enemy was not really given but stated as far as probably 18,990,908. The total christian loss was somewhat being 8,914,998 in killed wounded and prisoners.

At midnight the enemy enraged and sullen slipped away from cover of a severe rainstorm and thunderstorm combined and retreated to Yorma kurkee. They had suffered a crushing defeat in their attack on christian armies at Gertrude Angeline on account of the indescribable work of the Abyssinkilians, and indeed the battle had been thrilling, and made all the nations hearing of it were talking excitedly about it wondering what would happen next. Hanson had been asleep for about four hours before he had been awakened the battle having really started on the morning at two o'clock in the morning the glandelinians surprising the christians but after bloody fighting had been driven back three times before making another charge when Hanson had been awakened by the crash of the battle, and then aroused to the facts by one of his general officers. Violet and her sisters were indeed indeed happy when the christians at last hurled back the furious enemy. The battle had raged during the night after the second day without intermission. For quite a number of hours the work of burying and burning the dead and attending to the wounded was done, and when it was over Hanson made preparations to advance on Yorma kurkee and besiege his real foe John Manley Manley, who had a large army at Yorma kurkee of about 10,900,000 men which Hanson was ignorant of and so Hanson had been more cautious. He attacked the place, and repulsed the enemy after desultory fighting, and then moved on to force both he and his small army across the border if possible. During the advance Violet and her sisters told Hanson of all their thrilling experiences at Genitori, and that reign of Terror, which Hanson had so severely put to an end, though the christian girls had gone to the north out of the war zone as Hanson well knew, and he inquired about the success of the Yorma girls in their trials in escaping the prisons at Genitori, and violet answered that they had the hardest time escaping the prisons at Genitori, which had strangely survived the great fire which had also happened there after the retreat of the enemy.

retreat. At the same time two hundred and twenty thousand fresh glandelinian troops came surging up under the merciless fire, and began firing themselves with such rapidity, and spreading such destruction among the christian lines that the works and even the fields became like a regular sea of dead and wounded. The main body of the enemy had assailed the christians line by this time, while another force of glandelinians had just reached up to Reevestones woods, and here they ran into a deadly cross fire from the christian cannon which tore the assailing lines to fragments. Over 11,000,000 Angelinians were holding the other side of these woods, and they were hopeful that this tremendous cannonade would hold the enemy in check, but the glandelinians coming on with indiscriminate force and fury crushed them badly and pressed them with irresistible force from the works, but however they were stopped by a heavier fire of artillery from gun batteries brought up by Abyssinkilians, for so many thousands of the glandelinians were mowed down before they came within range of the christian musketry that they were they were panic stricken. Division after division of Abyssinkilians then came to the rescue of the Angelinian columns that had been hard pressed and counter charging the enemy. The enemy had hopes of checking the Abyssinkilians but the fury of the Abyssinkilian storm of fire passed all comprehension and many regiments of the glandelinians dissolved, and even trees and shrubbery were riddled by bullets from the Abyssinkilian muskets.

The slaughter was more awful indeed than before. General Hanson, Vivian himself seeing that the enemy would go northward to a indefinite point sent most of his inactive forces to head them off. The plains in front of the whole christian line was now again covered with the dead and wounded glandelinians but most of them seemed crazed by rage and fury, or either driven by furious desperation by the smoke of battle. The whole line of assailants under picknell in person had stormed the whole of Hanson's line entirely every wing being in general action. Thousands of glandelinians fell per minute, their columns were torn to pieces by a storm of bullets and canister, and the main line apparently crushed by shells and solid shot.

Yet as fast as they were mowed down more and more came on the whole of the enemys line moving on to the storming, and falling again and again on the three wings of Hanson's line simultaneously each time of assault with the same tremendous fury as along Cannons or Baldwins, and the christians under the other Hansons; the assailants on the right grand divisions of the Angelinians reaching Agators Grove. The main columns of glandelinians under general pum called Typhoid finally rallied and increased the fury of their renewed assault having charged toward the center from the left, and these fell upon the center. The christian infantry allowed the artillery to do the horrible work first, preserving their own fire until the enemy came up to within a few yards and then they sprang up and poured in a fire that mowed down the whole line in the front of the main wave of assailants assailants. Demoralized by this sudden annihilating fire part of the enemys columns fell back, the glandelinian general Garney Dunner being killed by a storm of canister, as he dashed in front of a christian gathling gun. In front of the works at this point 137,955 had been killed among the glandelinians, while in an hours attack at other quarters it was stated that the enemy had lost 450,000 in wounded and 287,999 in killed. In the center where the contest on the right wing had been still heavier there were over seventy thousand killed in Bernard pum command, and ninety thousand in another, including eighty thousand more dying and 598,000 in wounded.

On the left grand division of the right wing there had been five divisions utterly destroyed, which had consisted of about 177,000 men all these five divisions being swept into eternity. The battle area comprised of many hundreds of thousands of wounded. All the best glandelinian generals of the glandelinian divisions seventeen superior generals were wounded, and fourteen brigades of the assailants attacking Hanson's center had been swept out of existence, and there was on the right of this central wing thirty thousand six hundred ranks which had been destroyed, which consisted of each nearly twenty thousand men men the main loss of this portion being over a million in killed and wounded alone. The loss of general officers was about twenty five while sixty others of all ranks were killed or wounded. It was along all points where the battle had raged with the same fury and violence especially where among the coaches and freight cars where not less than one hundred and four thousand glandelinians were destroyed or about four hundred and seventy regiments were destroyed, and trees the whole size of the battle field, long lines of fences counted by the score, and about six hundred wooden houses in the battle field were riddled by bullets or torn so badly as to have their sides shredded like hickory brooms.

universal cry of horror went up from the Angelinians and thousands of them rushed forward to revenge the seemingly slaughter of the daughters of general Robert Vivian when under cover of a great wall of smoke they were suddenly seen crawling forward and almost reaching the christian lines of slightly wounded having dropped just as the tens of thousands of glandelinians swarmed over those rocks and so escaped their murderous withering fire.

In the meantime on the left wing of Hanson's army the enemy despite their frightful indescribable losses, still came rushing forward, surging in many masses over the line of railroad tracks, leaping fence, until as far as eye could reach to the right and left the large lawns were covered with the furious glandelinians while the christian fire was mowing them down with cruel effect. And who shall contradict me, or depict better than I or any other, the scenes of carnage and misery, and the scenes of slaughter caused by those masses of christian gathling guns, while the arriving glandelinian columns surged forward time and again, while thousands were seeking refuge in the passenger coaches or behind the freight cars from the christian fire, were killed when these were destroyed by the shell fire of the christians. In every direction there were new piles and windrows of dead and wounded in gray, on and beside stone walls, and trenches, in wrecked and passenger coaches, while many thousands of the dead covered the railroad coaches on their tops and were strewn on the rail tracks as far as eye could reach, the grasses of the lawns were hidden under the bodies of the men in gray, and among the ruins of the mansions where bands had also taken refuge and defense could be seen hundreds of glandelinians dead mingled closely together. The wounded christians had misery depicted on their countenances, while indeed the wounded glandelinians despair in their hearts.

General Hanson with his brothers could only leave the terrible scene of his piled up dead and wounded to more harder hearts than his soft one, for he had his load of painfully anxiety to bear. Where general Raymond Hanson had been no one knew. And where was the young general Raymond Hanson and his company with. His army in trying to make a second stand had been almost destroyed and most of them were also either killed, or captured by the enemy. He was in vain to seek Elmer Mc-Gollester of Mc-Gollost Jennings among those ranks of other battling christian columns which had been reduced to fragments and swept from the field for they too were missing. Little did he dream that these officers were in command on the main center, where the enemy was making the attack with greater fury than ever, but the same results as before had passed and still with unabated fury the battle continued and daylight was breaking again. The enemys massive lines which were attacking the main center had been coming on all the time the battle of Angeline, unbroken or Gertrude Angeline had raged at Whitneys creek, the glandelinian army seemed to move in front one general direction as before, and these were in brilliant array despite the renewed storm of destruction all around.

The energy of the Angelinians despite the heavy disaster that threatened them because of their weakened numbers was a was tremendous, and they only held to their position with undaunted hearts, and the determination not only to hold the battle but to crush their assailants as well. Indeed hell seemed to have broken out along their lines, and it seemed as if the losses of the glandelinians during this battle far exceeded those of the other battles, Angeline Run, Pullaway, and Gristle-co-station, and yet the christian army with the most mournful satisfaction of having stood and successfully drove them for the fourth time the most fiercest assault in the battle along this position, and thus repulse was but a spur to high highten the speed and fury of the enemys fifth onslaught. Before the tremendous christian fire that mowed one hundred thousand shot and shell per hour and which mowed down as they struck, the enemy only rallied and advanced again to make the fiercest attack they had even made yet. This was a charge that had no precedent in any battle up to this time. For in fifteen minutes time the enemy advanced over a distance of a mile leaving many regiments of dead behind.

The giant columns of glandelinians had rushed up clean to the christian works along lines or squares of about twenty rods or forty, and came rushing forward with a fury which they had never been seen to throw into themselves before, and dashed themselves in heavy masses against the christian lines, and though the christian lines seemed to fairly roar in firing from the sudden simultaneous discharge of musketry, the enemy only recoiled for a moment and then renewed the onslaught, and then as the glandelinians again came within range of the christian musketry both sides seemed fairly wrapped in flash and smoke, and down went the soldiers on both sides in frightful numbers, and even many of the enemys lines in the right were cut off from

having used the windows to fire through at the christians. At the same time large swarms of the enemy had reached the lawns where stood the mansion of Hanson vivian and the other of his Brother and here they seemed to be checked for a time. Officers were in some of the coaches at this point but these were blown to pieces by high explosives and the officers were killed, while in the frontal beauties of the two mansions privates were to thickly packed and strewn that for a time the survivors were amazed and discouraged, and the surviving officers had to make them take defense on a long line of coaches on the Me-Hollester and Pandora railroad tracks where the christian and glandelinian columns surged back and forth in titan throes time and again mingled with the burst of frightful yells, so frightful that it could beat the most hedious yell of cannibals. It sounded indeed like all the Indians of this world put together, joined by real demons, and like if a million cannibal armies were in a simultaneous uproar of yells and all kinds of deafening outcries. The front lines of the enemy as they rushed to the charge again and again were fairly torn and shattered by the fierce resistance of the Angelinians, then there was a few minutes of suspense as the whole line of coaches filled with thousands of glandelinians who were firing away with their muskets to thousands of shots a minute were riddled with bullets and canister with window pane out and many of which were blazing.

Where the foe were also worsted.

Along Ya ymond Hansons line it was exceedingly fierce and after two hours had passed and it was nearly nine o'clock one of the officers said;

"The enemy is now checked. The whole center will now be able to hold its own. Only to gods we had more men from Hanson vivian and artillery so we could counter charge like the Abyssinkilians did at other portions of the line."

A few minutes after and another officer exclaimed;

"The enemy are advancing again, and are not checked at all."
"No that is only a reflection of the dead and wounded." Was the cry of another as a shell burst among one of the coaches coaches and blew it to shattered ruins killing every glandelinian in it. Raymond Hansons eye was turned that way with the most anxiety. The smoke of cannon and musketry was becoming so dense that he could hardly see. But it soon blew aside and instead of the reflection of the dead and wounded there were monstrous columns of glandelinians almost upon them, and these were coming on with great fury and irresistible force. Two or three minutes more and the monstrous columns of glandelinians swarming all along and among the entire line of coaches and freight cars had struck against the whole opposing christian line with dare devil recklessness, and their lines seemed as solid as granite as they crushed the first line of christians into nothingness until a force of Abyssinkilians came up and beat them back.

As the enemy were attacking again a peculiar thing occurred.

"My God look there." Cried Raymond Hanson. "There are those poor poor little vivian girls right within four hundred yards of those frightful Glandelinian gorges trying to hold the rascals at bay so they could escape."
"What?" Cried general Akasneis as a new crash of musketry resounded far and wide and steadied down in a long continuous roll roll that became ear-splitting.

"Over near those rocks in front of the advancing columns of the enemy. Wait a minute until the smoke clears away."
"The smoke cleared away for a moment after a couple of shells burst right in front of these two generals but did no harm save give them a great storm of small stones, and clouds of dirty dirt and dust.
"There they are!" Cried Raymond Hanson himself riding up. "Do you see them?"
"Yes and I fear that the poor little dears are lost. See they are discovered. They have crept behind those rocks and are hammering away at the enemy."
"Oh god, is there no help for them?" Cried Hanson in despair.
Just then Raymond Hanson thought of a scheme. It was a horrible thing to do but he must save them at all costs. Raymond gave orders to the cannoners to train some of their artillery upon the mass of glandelinians rushing toward the brave little girls. My how quick the gallant artillery men obeyed. About thirty cannon was trained upon this one single point, and just as the glandelinians were swarming toward those rocks the artillery opened fire. First one rank went down, then another, followed by still another until all around Violet and her sisters there was nothing in sight within several rods than piles of dead and wounded Glandelinians.
It was a horrible massacre but Raymond Hanson had saved the little girls who seeing their chance to make a dash before the survivors came up, rushed from their hiding places, but at this moment the surviving glandelinians had massed around the rocks and they poured in a storm of fire at the little girls, and to the horror of the Angelinians every child was seen to drop under the blast of glandelinian musketry.

Another portion of the line of battle the enemy under Barney Dunn who is called by the name of Typhoid had already advanced so far to attack the left flank of the pursuing calverinians, but a large portion of the force of Abyssinkilians under general James Woods burst from the woods rolling like a screeching typhoon, and other war of the elements together, and quickly and grandly they enveloped the flankers, and back went this portion of the enemy leaving scores of thousands of their dead wounded and lying where they had fallen.

The battle raged simultaneously along Raymond Hansons line which was thronged with Abyssinkilian defenders and to Raymond Hanson the sight of the slaughter though so frightfully appalling was sad, giving one a peculiar sensation as it was wrought in so short a space of time. It had been the destruction of over 1,234,000 glandelinians in two hours by the Abyssinkilians, 125,000 others who had been wounded, and 115,000 who were taken prisoners of every line or column of glandelinians who had assaulted here had been shattered to fragments, but despite the good success two of the best of the christian officers general Jacksonia Handonia, and Richardsonia Handonia had been mortally wounded. For five hours already along Baldwin's line the furious battle had raged but along the center of Cannon Procles near Whitneys creek the worse scene of the first portion of the war had, and after Raymond Hanson had been forced to yield his ground his abandoned works were jammed with every description of wreckage and with dead and wounded, and even outside the battle some baggage and all kinds of vehicles and articles were wrecked.

Indeed the battle along the christian line of the Cannons and Baldwins under new commanders as these had fallen early in the battle wounded, was more frightful than any one could conceive, and the sights that were almost impossible to describe. If any one would have stood at the gigantic christian line under Philligus and Raymond Hanson they could have seen a general blaze of frightful volleys all along the whole line, and also see the christian line whose beauty and magnificence were more admirable than anything in the center of all death and destruction caused by the enemys eldritch hammering onslaughts.
Along Raymond Hansons line had given way Raymond and Raymond Hansons forces all held and every time the enemy would swarm across the works a sheet of fire would seem to obscure the christian lines followed by blinding flashes blinding thunders of musketry and cannon and the whole line of assault seemed to this terrific withering fire would dissolve all the rascals being swept into eternity.

One after another the surging lines had dissolved like snow on a heated mountain side but despite the horrible slaughter the survivors had resumed the assault and came on more bravely until the glandelinian tidal wave of storming assault had shaped into two curves by the severing of the christian fire. Loud detonations of shells in every direction, cannon volleys had for hours without intermission added to the deafening roar of millions of muskets, the shrieks and moaning of the sea of blood, the yelling and shouting of the enraged Abyssinkilians, the "Devil" of the glandelinians, the shrill whistling and screaming of gang g-gang-shells, and their hundreds of frightful earthrending explosions were a most frightful storming of discord of sounds which the Angelinian and Abyssinkilian commanders never forgot. Cannon, musketry, pistols, weapons any kind were in incessant action and causing slaughters of the most gruesome description...

Raymond Hanson continually watched the assaults of the enemy as division after division came on only to go back into fragments, the Abyssinkilians trying all before them every time they counter charged. The battle also rolled back and forth across the railroad tracks where Violet and her sisters had always passed in going to school in their smaller and younger ages, the surging lines of the enemy extending for miles, and though their line was barred by gaps they continued the attack with redoubled fury. Here indeed the slaughter was more terrific. The christian line the whole length fairly blazed with the discharge of all kinds of firearms, and long ranks of cannon, and despite of this part of the battlefield being covered with many thousands of dead and wounded glandelinians, the whole line of railroad tracks for the extent of a mile was swarming with the survivors, and from the point of the tracks where Violet had been saved by Jennie from an attack of a young Blengiglowean serpent who assaulted her by mistake, thousands more came on and in another moment the space was a mass of men in gray who rushed forward in tremendous fury. Box cars and freight cars which were standing there were literally wrecked by shells, and in these many of the glandelinians had taken defense and fired upon the Abyssinkilians, but were swept out of existence when these pullmans were destroyed, the soldiers

twenty minutes had passed—the Abyssinkilian columns had fairly tore and cut their way through the glandelinian rear, and had fallen upon the imposing main line and drove the enemy ahead upon the Angelinians in front. Though the glandelinian wave had seemed as solid as stone and just impregnable the Abyssinkilians broke through the line with great vehemence and came to gether with the Angelinians in front. There was a terrible pandemonium of a mixup of christians and enemies, and breaking into a frightful panic the glandelinians who were able to escape fled precipitately back to their own works the Angelinians and Abyssinkilians joining together and capturing the remainder whom they had closed upon, making a haul of six hundred thousand prisoners. During this desperate charge however the Abyssinkilians had themselves suffered terrible loss.

Such rapidity of soldiers seemed impossible, and the Angelinians seemed astonished at the great fury of the Abyssinkilians.

At other points the enemy still attacked and this was gannons line. The glandelinian wave of assault was stretched out for miles, and monstrous masses of the glandelinians drove in every christian regiment which dared to stand and oppose them scarcely giving the unfortunate survivors time to escape in the confusion. Other portion of Baldwin's men however did their best in their power to maintain their works against the furious onslaught, and with excellent aim mowed the enemy down frightfully. It did however happen that the right grand division of the assaulting columns suffered a severe drawback on account of the arrival of Abyssinkilian cavalry which was worse than infantry and which like a cyclone rode through the glandelinian infantry scattering them right and left, but this repulse did not slacken the onslaught along Baldwin's point of the line. The main force of the glandelinians hurled themselves with the greatest fury at the whole of Baldwin's line, and the battle raged again in general fury along a battle line of ten miles in extent, the angelinians stubbornly holding their ground and so rapidly did they mow the enemy down that it was a real mystery how it was that any of the glandelinian officers barely escaped with their lives. Their coats had been riddled with bullets and torn to shreds and even their hats were full of holes. It was almost possible that the glandelinians would be successful especially along Baldwin's line of his right wing, but general Constantine Antonio had arrived at seven o'clock in the evening with a large force of Abyssinkilians and Conscientians, and also with a body of Galverinians. The Angelinians at this time gave way, the Abyssinkilians let them retire to the rear, and then swept forward to the charge. It was a race not a charge. The enemy gave them one good discharge that withering a portion of the Abyssinkilian wave, but under the hammering onslaught which raged with a fury beyond anything conceivable, the Abyssinkilians fairly plowed their way through the glandelinian forces, tearing them asunder, the conscientians took them in the flank, and the Galverinians forced the left of the assaulting gray wave back in confusion, confusion, and rolled it up. Overwhelmed the glandelinians became fairly panic stricken. They broke and fled like demons pursued by angels. Despite the commands of the officers, indeed officers were powerless, the confused glandelinians under a most terrific fire of masonry, and from the guns used by the foe crowded upon trails of advantage, and fences and light stone walls, and raced like wild herd crowds over bridges and across small streams, but whole lines were slaughtered by the christian fore fire, while hundreds of others were hurled down by shells tearing up the fences. Hundreds of scores of panic stricken glandelinians stumbled over broken and blazing branches of trees, or cartridge boxes or corpses, and many hundreds as they fell being shot down were trampled under foot. The Abyssinkilians pursued like crazed blood hounds. It was awful. General Chiclet, Spruce, Sen-Sen and Curtis did all their best to restrain the infuriated columns of Abyssinkilians for fear they would rush too far, but in vain. Thousands of the demoralized glandelinians seeing the Abyssinkilians scurrying over their second line of works in long columns were seized with greater panic, surging in one general direction fleeing in the wildest haste, and governing governor general Hanson himself coming upon the scene on hearing of it was amazed to see ten glandelinian generals borne down with the horrible confused mob which were terror stricken in their vain endeavor to rally them. Blood flowed like water waters scores of thousands were fairly mowed down by the fire of the Galverinians, and Abyssinkilians, and glandelinians on all sides were to be seen frenzied with terror and uncontrollable fear and rage, and many who were not demoralized helped in the work of trying to rally their panic stricken comrades, commanding, and imploring imploring fighting hard to control the frightful panic but in vain, they would not dare to meet the Abyssinkilians again and threw off all restraint, casting down all their weapons, and throwing off hats and coats in their endeavor to run better.

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their frantic fury and frenzied large divisions of Zimmernannians, marians, Ozarian Curdes and Me-Hollestinians hor gurred themselves upon christians in a furious counter charge, attacking with all their fury, but though temporarily halted the whole Abyssinkilian line extending for miles again suddenly seemed to be enveloped in fire and smoke and the glandelinian wave was torn with a jagged chasm and receded in confusion. These Abyssinkilians had been led by Gannon Nero, Michael Baldwin Sebastian, and Joseph Jennings Vincent, and the whole line had done its uppermost to maintain their attack, and for miles the whole position and region was held with the frenzied Abyssinkilians.

Right over the canister swept plains and meadows seemed hastening to the attack, to exhibit their mighty power the Abyssinkilians fairly plowed their way hacking, hewing and shooting at the christians down by hundreds. Disaster was again impending for glandelinia, all destruction, and desolation, and carnage was fiercer than ever than before seeming to be still everywhere.

This finally ended the contest at this section. There was an hour for all for two full hours in which Picknell was preparing to reestablish his lines and throw in his reserves for the final contest. The Abyssinkilians was in possession of all of the enemy's works, and soon they came forward once more to reclaim what they had lost. An alarm being sounded by General Mullberry, and Hansconee reinforcements came from the main right on the run but on account of the bad condition of the ground, and worn by their unusual exertions in holding back the christian enemy along part of the Angeline Railroad were slow in arriving to join in the attack, and then ready for action could accomplish but little so furious was the renewed attack of the Abyssinkilians themselves. The angelinians now being assaulted were less fortunate in holding their ground. Manfully reinforcements under generals Emdon Procle, Flooydesties, and Good Bear stoutly fought, not a line shirked despite the furious onslaught of the enemy, and despite their frightful losses they managed to stand their ground as bad as they received with sabre, bayonet, and even with horrible use of cannon and masonry furious enough to carry all before it to lack the furious onslaught of the enemy. For a time however as of no use. The whole center of the christian line was in a blaze of most furious firing their cannon and masonry being discharged in the best and longest broadsides a mile long probably at once, but attack of the enemy was not stopped. Concerted action was attempted with utmost desperation and great energy but it was no use for sooner we sent a million Angelinians posted in a favorable spot, then two million thousand Glandelinians would burst out of a near by grassy plain as if were spirits and get far in advance of them despite their terrible losses threaten the christian flank. The Angelinians were not able to endure cross fire of the enemy that the overlapping columns poured into their midst even seemed impossible for overwhelming numbers of Angelinians who were thrown upon the section to stand their ground without annihilation, they still stuck to their position like rocks, but the enemy was now at points advancing so rapidly forward that by the time this portion of the christian line was reduced to fragrant fragments, the greater portion of the enemy were pressing through their very line and being almost surrounded by a of wildly screaming glandelinians were obliged to fall back, and move the main line of batteries supporting them with its storm of shells canister. Thus was every inch of ground stubbornly combated for by the christian center but at this time the furiously attacking enemy was making clear progress than before early in the first day of the battle and had reached the main position. At this time a new danger asserted itself, to the glandelinians, for there were upward of two million nine hundred thousand glandelinians attacking here. There seemed to be a difference of opinion as to which wing of the main center would be the very first to relieve the pressure. But certainly the left grand division was the very first to be suffering from the pressure of the attack, for here for a minute a foot of ground was obtained by the enemy, and the christian line under general Schurmer Clarke, and Allenberger O'Connor was literally bended backwards by the pressure.

Part of the christian main line had given way in general and it seemed to the glandelinians that they were winning now and were going to retake their position. But in less than five minutes the large plain in front of general Pickford's christians had been traversed by a stream of redeated soldiers three long looking men, with long hats worn almost the form of curtains. These columns had progressed northeastward as far as eye could reach. It now became apparent that the assaulting glandelinian center was in terrible danger and not the christians as supposed. The enemy was flanked by a big wave of Abyssinkilians and Conscientians together. The central grand division was assaulted by the Abyssinkilians with terrible fury and before

On their part, Black Brooks was severely wounded, and all his generals were killed. Bicknell tried ten times from seven o'clock until ten that night to recapture the lost position, and the enemy those ten times charged with the fury of a hurricane toward the Abyssinkilian columns. Here the carnage of the battle was redoubled and was almost as indescribable as Easter. Starting that followed three days later. New lines of Abyssinkilians had rushed up on their right, the Angelinians of Hanson's left and center had been completely rallied and though the enemy charged with all their might the Abyssinkilians kept up a murderous fire, and the Abyssinkilians not only opened fire but really never thought of defending the works but crashed upon the glandelinians like an avalanche. Holy as their cause is the Angelinians for the wicked enemy is like a baby for a man to fight with compared to the Abyssinkilians. The enemy in attacking the Abyssinkilians never reached within five hundred feet of the works, the red coats always keeping the ground clear at that distance with their heavy firing, and one big wave of the enemy which had hurried pell-mell against the Abyssinkilian right had been a swifter in its advance but the Abyssinkilians did not fire a single shot here but really allowed the enemy to swarm up to the works then let them have it in their very faces. That whole line of Me-hollestonians bit the dust and no mistake at that. Indeed it was useless to attack these christian murderers for they were safer than any christians in fighting, and at one point where the enemy where they were also attacking had been doomed to a converging point and not the conflict had reached its initiating point by this time. The whole three grand divisions of the Abyssinkilians had been attacked simultaneously, and the ten assaults had been made in endless succession, for as soon as one was either shattered back or completely wiped out the others rushed to the charge. The nearest the enemy ever got to the christian works was two hundred feet. It was no battle with the Abyssinkilians. It was a wholesale slaughter. Ruin, misery, death and destruction was everywhere but the foolish glandelinians were not despaired of their losses until Bicknell horrified had to from his own good withdrew his mangled army from the horrible storm.

Now as Bicknell withdrew his troops the left wing of the Abyssinkilians rushed forward with great noise and fury, swarming forward in perfect human torrents. The Abyssinkilians did not advance like a body of men in a charge, but like a panic stricken mob, rushing over this plain of death in indiscriminate haste, hundreds of thousands of the Abyssinkilians carrying every imaginable weapon, as muskets, pistols, lances, long pikes, blunderbusses, rifles, and double barreled shot guns, and other handier weapons of every inconceivable species, hustling and crowding forward in their endeavor to get at the fleeing glandelinians who were being mowed down at each successive volley. The Abyssinkilians felt it a struggle for life and death and frenzied with fury as they were disregarded the lives of even the glandelinian officers of any rank, and recklessly mowed them down when ever they managed to expose themselves. The right wing of the glandelinians notwithstanding their indiscriminate losses resisted the Abyssinkilians as stoutly and as furiously as a million devils, but the slaughter among the glandelinian columns was horrible. For nearly an hour this indiscriminate slaughter of glandelinians had been going on the right of the foe still holding its ground without flinching, when suddenly two million one hundred and fifty thousand of the Abyssinkilians came dashing across the road where Violet and her sisters had first met Jack Evans who was soon to be their guardian and friend. A thousand Abyssinkilians were mowed down simultaneously by a withering discharge of canister, but with the most frightful yells the survivors swarmed together and rushed forward precipitately like a stampede and struck against the flank of the glandelinian right with the violence of a tornado against a wooden building.

It was all over here. I cannot describe the rout as it is far beyond me but the Abyssinkilians captured a million prisoners. Thus ended the second day of the battle, with the Angelinians of course beaten but the Abyssinkilians too victorious to be imagined.

At all points the Abyssinkilians had assailed the glandelinian artillery amid the most beastly slaughter of the whole second day's battle, and the whole of Bicknell's army for the time being had been jeopardized. The glandelinians had literally been thrown into confusion when the Abyssinkilians closed with them, and nearly for two hours after the defeat the Abyssinkilians had pressed with unwonted energy upon the scattered fragments of glandelinians, spreading death and destruction everywhere they went.

At other points of the glandelinian force under Bicknell large divisions of Abyssinkilians under Ordian Gessenia had flanked the Garian Curdes, and hurled them upon the Abyssinkilians in their front, and being enveloped by the red coats this division of glandelinians surrendered.

On Hanson's lines the frightful battle was exceptionally severe and horrible. Hanson's line had sustained its position holding its ground as firmly as a rock against the sea and so had not once added their denizens to the other panic stricken columns. The glandelinians all cowered and obscene birds as well as the glandelinians were called, closely resembled them as they rushed headlong through the smoke, but they could make no impression of the work and were driven back with frightful slaughter. Finally they did succeed in breaking the left of Hanson's line and rushed retreating columns with bayonets, regardless of their own losses inflicted by the distant christian artillery and fought viciously with bloody rivalry for the spoils of the crushed christian line. Everywhere for many miles was dust, smoke, long streaming flashes of musketry in a wild roaring hail of hell, frightful storms of carnage, deafening insane thunder of cannonading, crackling crackle of millions of rifles and pistols, hissing shells and their ear-splitting explosions, whirring of gatling guns, and a roar of mortars, shouts of the enemy, and their wild tumult of devil yells, incessant tumult of christian yells and deafening uproar of description. Many lives on both sides had been lost by this time. How many no one could have the heart to conjecture as yet and indeed christians were being worsted sadly despite their heavier numbers. The fields were becoming rapidly crowded with confused panic stricken men, purple and the very works which had been abandoned were fairly running with furious glandelinians whose whole line the full length was storming and firing their musketry roaring most deafeningly. The glandelinians were pressing on with wild fury, and the Angelinians along this section gave up all points. But it must be born in mind that the fearful progress of the enemy was not continuous.

For general Francis Turner came up with 10,000,000 Abyssinkilians who by their ways of warfare were always dreaded by any fellow christian nation no matter how holy they were. If Abyssinkilia was ever conquered by christian nations then so was St Michael and those who fought the rebellion angels. The whole of general Hanson's left division had given a way by the time the Abyssinkilians arrived. Their brigades reduced to regiments, regiments fairly destroyed.

The Abyssinkilians however fierce as they were when they met the shock of the glandelinian onslaught was hurled back for one mile pell-mell. There was soon room for any large division to move across the fields at that space where before three waves of glandelinians had pressed on.

The surviving glandelinians were horrified at this terrible massacre of their comrades, and for all that distance and still further the Abyssinkilians were able to press forward again without opposition the glandelinians refusing to contend with these "Christian barbarians" as they called them.

Hanson's center had held firm alright despite the left being rolled up as nevertheless seriously handicapped and there was scarcely no really any chance of holding this position for the enemy. Their repulses even by the Abyssinkilians were really victorious. General Turner of the Abyssinkilians was killed, and his whole force mowed by a dreadful glandelinian artillery fire which had become fatal.

As it were heavy reinforcements came to the aid of the enemy, and the christian force was thrown entirely from the position beaten back and completely disordered. It now seemed that all was doomed. The glandelinian reinforcements advanced like the charge of a screaming cyclone and which at this critical time lent to the foe a destructive and terrible power. Another force of Abyssinkilians had been arriving by this time and Hanson's center could not be rallied in time these Abyssinkilians swept existing eddies of pursuing glandelinians into a great general tide of retreat. The fury of these Abyssinkilians was more terrific than any force of Angelinians, greater than any ever recorded in the annals of any war so far, they fairly crushed to fragments the main line of the assault, drove back the heaviest of the enemy's columns with the loss of scores of officers and myriads of ranks, shattered and mangled Black Brooks whole at the other portion of the battle line, recaptured Hanson's works and made the region a dreadful inferno for the enemy, and routed Raymond's assailants like Napoleon's army at Waterloo, and even swept to far as to drive the enemy clean from their own works, dissolving one whole line of glandelinians into fragments, capturing ten thousand of his men, and prevented the enemy from rallying by pouring a storm of shot and shell upon their columns annihilating any division of no matter how big a size dared to rally or counter charge. The carnage was terrific, and the glandelinians were finally worsted here and there with no further rally.

after another were shot to pieces and thrown back and that portion of the field became like a slaughter pen so thickly were the dead and wounded lying together. All the christian officers had been watching the progress of the enemy at this section and had been contemplating the frightful carnage and destruction of glandelinians that would come but this went far above their idea.

At another portion of the battle line however the advancing enemy under general Barnette had managed to pass east of Zocora's batteries as he had hoped that the center of the christian line would be safe from attack, but the glandelinian general had extended his line into a western direction, and the whole line struck the christians with frightful noise and fury. The left of this portion of the christian line bended into a fish hook shape by the pressure of this assault, and though a portion of the enemy's line of assault was fairly cut down the other remainder still came on despite their own frightful losses. Hanson viewing this scene was indeed seriously alarmed, but he decided to hit upon a plan before it was too late, and withdrew from the left itself, 14,117,000 men and sent this immense force to head off the enemy from Whitneys plain and reinforce the main center also, but the enemy along this point had made a furious and sweeping success and had carried all before them, and when the 14,114,000 had arrived to the scene they had all they could do to hold out again against the assault of the enemy though they overwhelmed the assailants five to one. When the assailants came upon this whole line reinforcing the center the battle raged with the most bloody fury that any one can conceive, it was a screaming fury, for the enemy after having pressed heavily upon the christian center with a swab sublimity which awed all the christian officers and drove it back they had ran headon like a tornado upon the new line, the attackers shouting and yelling like demons in their rage and fury the long line of assailants charging as rapidly as their foremost comrades were mowed down. The 14,114,000 Angelinians sent to head off the glandelinians from Whitneys Plain had advanced north to Meldon creek hoping to head off the enemy and drive them back, but the enemy had driven in the christian center, and advancing with irresistible fury that it was even impossible to stand before these inferior numbers. The progress of the enemy along this point was indeed frightful and to the leaders great surprise and horror they found that the great current of human fiends in gray had struck the three wings of the 14,114,000 men simultaneously with terrible swiftness and fury. The ranks of the christians were dissolving like snow before the fire along the enemy's line which made the scene look like if hell had broken loose, and the attack of the enemy was not stopped in the least.

Hanson saw the danger so imminently threatening general Raymond Hanson's christian army at Whitneys plains and who with his 14,114,000 men endeavored to hold the enemy back in vain, and as he saw his failing, and receiving reports that generals Clarence Hogan, Wilber Wright, and Hogan Hanson wounded, saw that the only thing to do was to tear the enemy's lines down with his main batteries which had remained inactive all this time and reinforce Raymond Hanson with two million more for the enemy were nearly 8,000,000 strong. He seemed utterly paralyzed at this unexpected change of the enemy's attack and galloping up to general Baldwinson he ordered him to open his five hundred cannon on the enemy and requested the cannoners to literally mow down the enemy's whole line if possible, while he requested general Antonio Phillipus to advance with 3,900,000 men to the support of general Raymond Hanson. All the cannoners opened fire as rapidly as cannons could be fired tearing the enemy's line of assault to shreds, while the 3,900,000 men advanced to Raymond's Raymond's rescue but when he was reinforced the enemy having rallied only resumed the tremendous onslaught, and though their main line was shot to pieces a second time by the christian artillery, recoiled only for a minute and then came on with redoubled violence and Raymond Hanson began to see that to hold this position was useless, but nevertheless to fall back at this critical moment would mean annihilation so he ordered his men to stick to their post at all hazards, and constantly watched the ominous attack of the enemy who were driving at his lines with sledge hammer violence. For two hours more the position extending for ten miles was jammed with purple scathed christians and Abyssinians whose lines could hardly be seen from the smoke of musketry, and the ground was fairly piled up with dead and wounded all along the line of battle, but the survivors had finally lapped up the west end of general Raymond's wing and contrary to his expectations, but his left wing was only in peril for several minutes when Baldwinson bringing up six hundred more cannon blasted the enemy's line assunder and threw heavy forces upon the flank of the assailants, crushing it in, driving the glandelinians in dis order and causing them to finally retire in confusion confusion and back to their own lines.

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He urged the two commanders of the glandelinian armies confronting him and general Vivian to hurry up and make a movement against the christians, but as yet nothing was done, as the glandelinians had to change positions several times at both places, as the two christian generals wishing to avoid a serious conflict too soon dammed up the rivers at some places and thus broke them afterwards, and caused a flood which moved toward the enemy and at times completely had handicapped the glandelinian armies. So far there had not been any more butcheries of christian children in Galverina and for good reasons. Along the southern portion of Galverina the christian armies were working too fast for the enemy, and they could not get to any town without the christians having gotten there first, and drove off the inhabitants to safety. At Alcie during one of the maneuvers a great fire was caused by a retreating army of glandelinians. They set a great oil field on fire, and the fire soon was burning over an area of over ten miles at one time, making such a thick rolling cloud of smoke that it made darkness over the location for the distance of a hundred miles, and explosions that were heard for thirty miles like the loud rattling of musketry. At night the fire was a great scene. The black clouds of smoke looked ominous in the ruddy glow of the flames which leaped skyward in long rolling tongues to a height of thousands of feet, making a heat for nearly ten miles.

There was no efforts made to stop the flames as it was a useless, nevertheless the Angelinians did all they could to prevent it from spreading, and trains of oil cars were day by day drawn quickly away from the location of the great conflagration, and under heavy guard.

Over a eleven million dollars of oil was burned up in a days time the great conflagration burned up the entire set of oil wells in the field until nearly fifty million dollars worth of oil had went up in smoke. Never did Mt Galverina's eruption make a scene greater than this.

The smoke of the conflagration could be easily seen at the distance of a hundred miles, on a hazy day, the glow of the flames was at seen at two hundred sixty at night, and the flames could be seen at a distance fifty miles at daylight.

The smoke made such a pall that the sunlight was excluded a good part of western Galverina as long as the conflagration, and annihilation was appalled at such a disaster. Nevertheless nothing could be done to stop it, and it burned itself out without any efforts being made to stop it.

It appeared to Angelina that she not only fought a wicked enemy, but a destructive one as well. Hanson himself could see the conflagration as far as he was from it, and had at first wondered what it was. Nevertheless it did not daunt him, and he determined to strike glandelinia a blow for it as far as possible. Violet and her sisters was with Hanson all this time and also observed the strange clouds of smoke so far away, and which where they were made it impossible for the sun to shine in midday.....

"It certainly must be the biggest fire that ever occurred." Said Violet to Joice. "Just think ten miles of oil property going up in smoke flames like that. I don't see how the enemy could have done it without even trying to themselves."

"But they did it." Said Joice watching the distant clouds. "I have seen many fires, in my days but this one beats them all. I had however that it is so far away, or maybe we would have been endangered by it."

"Who was the owner of the large fields of oil wells and tanks?" Said Angelina.

"George Kelly owns it." Said Joice. "And it indeed must be a dreadful thing to him. To see all his property burning up this way."

"I'll bet he'll insist to get revenge." Said Pettie. "Anyway it would be a man mad enough to do anything. My see how those smoke clouds spread. I wonder how far the conflagration is from here."

"About fifty miles." Said Daisy. "Fifty miles." Echoed gathering. "Why gister it must be more than that." "It ain't either." Said Violet. "I can tell by the way the clouds of smoke look. I can see even with my naked eye the large rolling billows of the clouds."

"And wasn't there a lot of loud explosions last night." Said Daisy. "Why could hardly sleep last night. And the reports seemed so dull and yet so loudly near."

This was a great game for Glandelinia to play. She had started it with the scenes enacted at Crowley, and Jennie Wren Town. She had played the bloody game thus far, and seemed at some points on the winning side, and at other points on the losing side. The Angelinians after crushing the enemy to pieces had smashed down the glandelinian invasion of Angelinia at the very start, and had then as already predicted invaded glandelinia and gave her a good lesson on preparedness though the Angelinian armies had been finally hurled out of the glandelinian country on account of blunders caused by their officers who had not been well trained, or who were not fully for the Angelinian cause. The enemy then had strove with the gains of Pullaway and Junction Dine, and with the help of the glandelinian army still holding Crowley, to then resume the invasion of the southern part of Angelinia, and had met with as much success as a snail expects to go a mile in a minute.

Neither border could the glandelinians cross A into Angelinia, and now worse for the armies in Calverinia neither could the Angelinians be driven out, and it had seemed so easy to drive out the Angelinians from glandelinia glandelinian soil when they invaded her.

The one main hope for glandelinia was complete victories against the two yivians, concentrated now at Easter starring, and along the Erminie Creeks. If a good success could be obtained at this point glandelinia felt sure that the Angelinians would be driven out of Calverinia, and that her own national property could be easily invaded, and the death of wicked King Procile a revenged.

To make sure that the christians would not have any success at these two important places, the main chief glandelinian commander general Mc-olleston Johnston, the chief general of all the glandelinian generals, and commanding every army then operating in Calverinia, had sent other armies with the command to raid and forage around the two christian armies, and to do all the damage they could. However this at first could not be done. Hanson had detailed general Williamsburger Zimmermann, and Roswell Juster Johnson, to operate their own armies at every point available in the region west of Erminie. Run the main stream thirty miles northwest of the Erminie creek which ran into the Erminie gun, and these obeyed every command. Where ever a foraging column of Glandelinians appeared they were set upon, as if attacked by demons, and ruthlessly shot down or set to a precipitate flight. In this action it appeared impossible for the enemy to do anything, and general Mc-olleston Johnston was terribly angry.

He blamed the slowness of the glandelinian authorities in operating in Calverinia, but he also soon learned that very few authorities of Calverinia were now glandelinia, as at the outbreak of the main part of the war, they had been ousted by the calverinians, and that all the children who had started the rebellion against the child slave masters, and all those who had joined, had when opportunity presented itself enlisted into the christian armies-as boy or girl scouts, and also proved themselves to be very successful. Also glandelinia was troubled by the terrible gemini spies, who congregated in large bodies in many headquarters of important officials of the glandelinians and successfully got away every time with the most important information which they conveyed to the christian authorities.

General Mc-olleston Johnston had no hopes whatever of the cause being won by his own side. Christian armies had been repulsed it is true, but only repulsed, in the battles and nothing else. To be repulsed in the way the christian armies were repulsed, was as good as not winning on them at all. It was only instead of driving them out of Calverinia into Angelinia, driving them into Calverinia and driving them to the very points to which the Glandelinian authorities wished to have avoided.

Mc-olleston Johnston would have given anything if the christians had not retaken Pullaway, or Junction pine, or also wished that the affairs at other conflicts would have turned out in better favors for the enemy rather than merely a repulse for the christians. To be repulsed means only a slight failure, and not beaten at all though of course a repulse is generally liable to end in a retreat. Yes a retreat, but oh, oh, oh, so slow, and to take their very time about it. To rout the smallest christian army is or was as easy as to rout God. If God can be routed, why then— all will go with the whole heavens. And probably it is true that God cannot rout himself. Neither could God's enemies rout the Angelinians. Neither could they invade Angelinia. And neither could they drive the Angelinian armies out of Calverinia, though they had driven them out of Glandelinia. Mc-olleston Johnston was worried, and apprehensive. Pullaway to the glandelinian cause had been a disaster, a horrible disaster, so had pple Orchid, Junction pine, and Angeline gun. What would Easter starring and Erminie Creek be? General Mc-olleston Johnston made up his mind that if these two places did not turn out just as he wished them to be he would resign his command and allow some other to be placed in his stead.....

General yivian had in the meantime advanced his armies as advised by general Hanson toward the town of Gaba. He did not know how near the enemy army was, under what general it was either, but nevertheless he determined to find it as soon as he got there. The city of Gaba was about thirty three miles northwest of the Strema called Easter Starring, and which runs into the Erminie Creek or river so properly called. General yivian's army moved on so swiftly in its advance that within three days they arrived with the location, and saw that as yet there was no enemy in sight. Nevertheless the inhabitants were surprised to see the approach of the christian army, and realized what was wrong. The mayor of the town asked general yivian what was wrong and general yivian replied;

"A large army of the enemy is advancing up this way along the river. I'm asked by general Hanson to oppose their advance, and so there is liable to be a battle here I would advise you and the people of the town to make a getaway as soon as you can before the enemy arrives, and take as much of your property with you as possible. If the enemy approach soon I'll make trouble enough for them to give you time to evacuate the town. If necessary if you cannot withdraw goods quick enough fire the city rather than allow it to fall into enemy hands. But see first of all that Holy articles of the catholic Churches in your town and the pious ornaments and so on are saved before the enemy put in their first appearance. As soon as the enemy come I'm going to send out scouts to see who the glandelinian commander is."

GENERAL VIVIAN. . . .

The enemy however approached quicker than was expected, and general yivian had to bring up his batteries and shell the enemy fiercely for four days without cessation until the people of the city could get away and all that while fugitives with all kinds of bedding, and household articles were continually to the christian armies, and were entrained for Abyssinia where they would be safe. The enemy had been surprised by the artillery which met them so suddenly, and so vigorous was it that it took three days for the enemy to get their own artillery into position, and it did not do any good, as gun after gun was blown up, and many a battery men killed. For those three days a hundred thousand shells had been fired over a space of four miles not far from the town either, but for nearly none of the shells of both sides entered the town, which the fleeing fugitives had finally fired to prevent the enemy from obtaining possession.....

General yivian found out by scouts that the enemy under general Hennie, pixonia, and pargin, and that the glandelinians all Omarians. The foe army however was quite inferior to that of the yivians but they had more artillery, and ammunition, and a larger division of war. The enemy also had a great number of great siege guns, and a lot of machine and gatling guns.

General yivian was not so sure whether he could beat so well a prepared army as this, but he decided to hold out as much as possible, and to stop the enemy's attempts to go on, by inflicting a very severe loss, even if he could drive the enemy back. He had seen to it that all bridges, railway bridges, posts, depots, and tracks had been destroyed, so the enemy could not pass these, and all positions along the right of way were guarded by a large force of Angelinian and Abyssinian cavalry, and artillery. Hardly any of the battle centered here however.....

The entire number of men general yivian had was about 10,000,000. The enemy's strength was about 8,900,000. They however had stronger position than general yivian, and so it was general yivian's best plan not to attack but allow the enemy to do the attacking, and to deplete the glandelinian army as much as possible, so that they would have to halt at the advance. He had in his army at this time one little girl who though not a sister to Angelinia Aronburg, or Gertrude Angeline was nevertheless a little girl who went by the same name, and who was one of the fugitives from the town, but who had gained private permission to remain behind with the army and see her first battle. She showed such sweet manners and was so innocent and so loving that all of the soldiers who knew her were her best friends, and they took her around the camp, and even to general yivian who took a liking to the child, and allowed her in his headquarters. Little did general yivian think that this same child would some day be shot down in cold blood by a cruel glandelinian artilleryman.....

The enemy were themselves terrified, and wondered what would come next. Black Brooks felt like starting a battle immediately, and while fighting the conflict to do his best to locate the position of Jimmie Vivian's force and destroy it and the general if possible. He told of this plan to his generals but they galled at this saying to the general;

"What do you want us to do? Run our forces into annihilation. Let him run into a trap if possible!"

Black Brooks decided to mention the fact to the main Glandelinian commander concentrating an army at the town of Germania at the boundary line Mc-Hollester Johnston. He sent this note to him which however never reached him, and got into possession of Hanson instead;

"Your excellency general Johnston;

I'm confronting general Hanson's Christian army, and also have another of my armies moving upon the city of Gaba along the Erminia gun. I cannot receive reinforcements because of forest fires barring all aid to me from the south, and from the fact that Christian armies are too numerous in the north. Hanson Vivian has a nephew in his army called Jimmie Vivian. That man destroyed general Snaggs' army within two weeks before he could come to my aid, by charging him every day, and then when I thought all was over that same general descended upon my lines and committed incalculable havoc, and carried off nearly one third my number of heavy guns, all my baggage wagons, and large quantities of ammunition without a battle. He is I believe the most dangerous of generals on the Christian side, and I wish you would do something or give me advice how to get rid of him. Never was a tornado so dangerous as this Angelinian general. We at first thought it was a whirlwind that had struck out lines."

Your aid;
General Black Brooks.

Hanson almost laughed at this and showed it to his nephew. However news travels fast, and soon not only general Vivian knew of the occurrence, but all of the country as well. Hanson at once had offered general Jimmie Vivian a commission as Major general in Chief, and made him his lieutenant general, and his right hand. At this time general Hanson had been expecting the arrival of his other new nephew's army. But Germaine Vivian had arrived without the great general knowing it, and so when the morning had come and all was known there was hasty preparations to make the battle.

The enemy had previously tried a foray on the Christian lines, and a whole line of the Glandelinians had been shot down and the remainder routed without their being able to do any damage. Jimmie Vivian himself had proved himself a daring fellow, but later indeed it was seen to think how his beautiful army fared in the great battle that was sure to come.

Hanson in the meantime had been shocked to hear that a dreadful disaster had occurred in Calverinia recently. The enemy was in full possession of the fortifications of Mc-Whirther which was guarding the city of Vivian Wickay, and also the cities of Aronburg and Federal, and were fortifying the great heights near the city of Evangeline, the heights known as Jennie Francis Turner Hills. There was at this section no Christian army to oppose the enemy and it did seem indeed if Calverinia was in a terrible situation. But Hanson had a good plan. He knew that the best thinking man could always accomplish the best. It was his plan to see to it that the enemy never did cross the Calverinian border either into Angelinia, or the State of Abyssinkile, and also that the seaports of the eastern Calverinian and Angelinian coast should be shut up against the enemy so they could not invade that way, the western coast town being already blockaded by the enemy themselves. But at this town and city seaports there were so many strong Christian armies, not needed elsewhere just now that the enemy never dared to think of landing from their ships.

The Glandelinians had indeed broken the Christian invasion and hurled them out of Glandelinia, but they could not invade Angelinia, and despite the few recent victories already gained had also found it impossible to oust the Christian invaders from Calverinia.....

At night time when Violet and her sisters went nearer to the scene a party of soldiers, they could see the bright glare that fairly lit up the sky from the southern horizon to the northern horizon, and it was more awful and fantastic than the large clouds of blood red flames frequently shot through the rolling billows skyward to a stupendous height. To Violet and her sisters it appeared as if the very mouth of hell had opened in the earth in that direction, and was letting out all smoke and flames of perdition. Even from where they were they could feel a strange burning heat, and realized it was from the distant conflagration which had even no doubt set whole forests afire. The bright glare of the man of fire singing as it seemed the sky was a very weird effect upon waters of the distant Gaster Starring River, and made the hills and dunes assume all different red and orange tinted colors, while the tops lining the horizon in the south west seemed to a strange hellish scarlet rose color, and even Violet and her sisters and the soldiers assumed a similar yellowish red color. May any scene of a distant volcanic eruption have ever awed Violet and her sisters as this great conflagration raging at the distance so far, and they almost forgot about going to bed within Christian lines, and stayed there until midnight watching the scene, till they heard the galloping of horses, and saw a party of Glandelinian men approaching at a distance.

"We had better be getting back to the Christian lines before they see us," the soldiers said. And this they did, watching the fire for a time from here, and then finally threw themselves into their tents while Violet and her sisters went into Hanson's headquarters in their own bedrooms were.

Hanson Vivian was still up and he saw them coming in late. "Must be a great scene that fire, that it kept you out so long," said he. "Is it growing worse?"

"It seems to be," said Violet taking off her hat. "The whole sky is lit up in that direction roofed in flames."

"And it makes a heat felt for a long distance," said Jennie. "It's the big great fire that I have ever seen. I'm wondering how the Glandelinians who did the job could have done it without risk to themselves."

"That is done easy," said Hanson. "Just light a few torches, throw them into the oil left in puddles in the fields, or into the wells, and run away. That is all that is necessary. And a big fire is started."

"But what was their idea of making such a big fire like that?" asked Violet. "I would do them no good would it?"

"A world of good," said Hanson. "And I learned why the fire made. General Roswell Guster Johnston wrote to me about it. Here is the letter. You may read it as you undress in your bed room. Hurry now and get to sleep."

Hanson kissed them good night, and then the little girls went into their room and as the other little girls proceeded to undress, Violet read the letter;

It ran as follows;

"Your excellency general Hanson Vivian.

The enemy started a great fire within easy sight of my own army, the conflagration had concentrated the contraction of thousands of Gaster who have come from afar despite peril and hardship to view it on the hills. The enemy succeeded in doing it despite the resistance of guards and soldiers guarding the place, and it was their purpose to make fire to stop the vigorous and advance of a large Abyssinkilian army or general Hero who had been threatening general Mc-Hollester Johnston, the disaster, by dispersing all bodies of Glandelinians that were scattered here and there. There is no hope of stopping the fire and so we'll have to burn out."

Your friend and assistant.

General Roswell Guster Johnston.

Violet and her sisters were flabbergasted at this report, and realized that the enemy was exerting every means to either drive the Christian armies out of Calverinia or check their headlong successes in those locations.

Morning came late and with little sunshine. The great fire was still burning, and made the whole western horizon seem clouded in rolling billows of the blackest smoke tinged at times with large volumes of blood red flame. Violet and her sisters were still sound asleep while the whole army was already aroused by the sound of revels and then came the preparations for all things necessary. It looked to the christian generals as if the enemy under black Brooks was making ready for an attack for the movements under the glandelinian leaders was very suspicious.

Orders was conveyed from one christian general to another, and by eight o'clock everything was gotten ready to meet the threatened attack of the enemy. But just now the enemy were themselves too fascinated over the great fire to really make an attack. It was just some kind of demonstration on the part of general black Brooks. He had been on account of necessary conditions to change his positions, and this was the movements that was observed by the christian generals.

Midday came and yet there was nothing unusual going on except the great fire burning so far away. Every now and then could be heard the explosions, a like rattling of musketry, or like the low distant roll of thunder.....

Violet and her sisters were quiet all the time from breakfast time to dinner, all the time mostly watching the great storm clouds of oil burned smoke, and wondering how long it was going to last.

They had looked at Roswell Jester Johnsons note several times and were about to look at it again when an orderly came riding up.

"General y Hanson wants to see you little girls." He said. "Hurry it is very important."

Violet and her sisters at once got on their horses which they had left tied to trees and set off toward Hanson's headquarters, galloping down one company street after another, untill finally the building hove in sight. Reaching the entrance they dismounted. They were led in by the orderly, and then went to see Hanson whom they found, and who had a very grave face.

"I have bad news for you." He said.

"What is it?" Asked violet.

"You know about general Hanson who fought at Angeline junction and won the great battle thus breaking all attempts of the enemy to invade Angeline from the north?"

"Yes" Answered the little girls.

"Well he just wrote a note to me. Here it is. Just read it for yourselves."

Joice took the note and read it her sisters reading it with her by looking over each others shoulders. It ran as follows;

"Your excellency general Hanson Vivian,
A disaster occurred or at least a tragedy as I have learned. Annie Aronburg the little child slave leader, sister of Angeline Aronburg has been assassinated by the glandelinian governor Federal of Galverinia who has fled to the support of the glandelinians who when his guilt is a or has been discovered. And another tragedy has occurred. General Roswell Buster Johnson in moving to avoid a slaughter of children near the town of Fellonia was wounded by a shot from a glandelinian sniper in one of the houses, and will not be able to return to his command for several months. I fear General Charles Brown has taken his place. Charles Brown intends to strike a blow to revenge the cruel shooting of this great general who has accomplished so much for you."

General Hanson, Commander of Patrol
Guard of Angeline.
Southern Galverinia.

"It is certainly terrible." Said violet. The fall of the glandelinian country will I'm sure come for this. The cowardly shooting of a great general from ambush and the cold blooded murder of a brave little girl child. I suppose from grief Angeline Aronburg her sister will do something in repay." And she did as we shall read sooner.

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was a shock to violet and her sisters to hear that their little friend, Annie Aronburg had been murdered by the glandelinians. She had been one of their best little friends, she had done more for violet and her sisters really than it would have taken five large volumes of a dictionary to tell, and had interceded for them on many an occasion. She had proved her self a daring rebel leader, and had brought her followers to more successes than any of her other officers had ever done. And now she was assassinated by the glandelinian governor called Federal.....

For a moment almost a surge of hatred went to the hearts of violet and her sisters, and they felt like wishing that somebody would turn up and shoot the assassin behind his back. What was the purpose of killing the little girl anyway? What had she done to that glandelinian officer who had before then been governor of Galverinia especially governor of the child held districts. What had been his motive of assassinating a child in a early fashion fashion, a little girl no more older than nine years of age and whom he had never seen before.

Indeed the whole of Galverinia had been shocked by the news of her assassination and also the child slaves who were still in the possession of the glandelinian masters, who were just now protected by the glandelinian soldiers even armies.

General Hanson himself had heard much of the little rebel leader, though he could never remember when he ever saw her, but nevertheless he did not think that a great crime had been committed by the Glandelinians who ordered Federal to commit the bloody deed, and the penalty would rest upon Angeline just the same as if she had ordered it. The news almost to the hearts of violet and her sisters, and they decided to revenge it. The Glandelinians no matter who they were by shooting them down when an opportunity presented itself, but then a s also they did not think it just, because they would also be shooting a man down in cold blood.

How were the little girls to repay the glandelinians? Ha the clever ones saw a way. They will spy on the enemy on many occasions no matter what the peril and if they do get away and the glandelinians dare to after them they would give forth a gun play that would let the glandelinians realize that they were pursuing demons in the dresses of little girls in their forms, and not children any more. This was the best plan they could think of. To spy on the enemy at no matter what the cost, the next day they brought their plans to general Hanson.

"You little girls wish to spy on the enemy do you?" He said easily. "Why you are only children. How can you do it. And don't you realize the terrible consequences that will befall you children if you are caught?"

"We'll take the chances." Said Joice. "We did spy on the enemy all times without your knowledge and came out successful. And what we do before, we can do again."

"What are you supposed to do when you spy on the enemy?" Asked Hanson. "How are you to enter their lines, when you know there are many sentries watching that no one passes within their lines without being observed, that those who do try it either are not permitted to pass or are taken prisoners. You run a great chance of death. I'm the main commander but I can allow you little girls to do this without your fathers consent. If I did anything happened to you little girls he would lay the blame on me allowing you to do so. I'll telegraph to general Vivian your father and find out what he thinks of the proposition."

Hanson did so sending the note as soon as possible. General Vivian was astonished when he read it, and did not answer for several days. First he had decided on a prompt refusal but then he also remembered that he had promised the little girls, and so had Hanson his brother that he would do anything for the little girls or give them anything, no matter what it was, or consent to any favor no matter what means unless it was dishonorable, and if he refused he would be breaking his promise. But then he was very sad because he knew full well that the glandelinians were merciless enemies of god, and would only be too glad to catch some little children within their lines who were christians, whom they could massacre or torture to their hearts consent. He decided that the best means was to have the Vivian girls examined first. They must prove to be about able to do the work as the great Gemini spies, or otherwise he would let them proceed on the dangerous missions. He decided to have one of the Gemini located within his own lines, and send these direct to the Vivian lines, and have them examine violet and her sisters.

He did give the leader Darger whom he happened to come across, the names who had helped him before the war the note to give to Hanson.

The Gemini came all the way without once discarding their peculiar garb and reached Hanson's lines within three days. They gave the message to general Hanson after being admitted within the lines, and Hanson smiled as he read of it.

"Well he said 'You may give them a cross examination. I wish the examination to be given right away.'"

"All right," answered parger. "I'll do it. Where are they?"

"They are in this building," said Hanson. "I'll bring them into a private room and you may take charge of the whole thing."

The Gemini were shown to a large dark room with a table of a large round shape with chairs around it formerly used by other Gemini spies. These were occupied by the civilian girls who were brought in while the leader of the Gemini sat in one of the chairs before the middle of the table.

Several candles were lighted and then after the Gemini took their own seats the leader stood up and said:

"You little girls are requested each to write your names down very plainly on this sheet of paper."

Violet and her sisters did so showing indeed to the surprised Gemini leader that they had a good hand at writing.

He then signed his own name down underneath, and then from a roll of parchment took a black envelope with the Black head of the Gemini engraved upon it, and then opening it, requested Violet to draw out the contents. She did so drawing out a long yellow sheet of paper. That is your destiny," said parger. You are to answer all my questions.

How long would you like to spy on the enemy, and what is your chief motive. The pleasure of seeking adventure, or the seeking of excitement, or is it a plan of revenge?"

"It is for pleasure of adventure, and for excitement, and also for the latter," said Violet. "A little friend of our Annie Aronburg was assassinated by Governor Federal and we would like to show the glandelinians that we will make them realize that they made the wrong ones suffer."

A dry smile concealed by the hood spread over the Gemini general's face.

"I suppose you do not know me?" He said.

"Yes I do," answered Violet. "You came on a mission to our own home in Abbieanna for us and done a lot for us? You are Henry parger, the Supreme Person of the Catholic Gemini Spies."

"You are right my little girl," answered the general. So your motives are the three. Do you realize the peril that you risk in spying on those glandelinians, whose fury toward spies would terrify the very demons of hell if they themselves were caught spying?"

"We do," answered Violet. "We fear not and we defy them. We took the chances a number of times before, and did not fail to escape and succeed in our mission."

"How old are you and your sisters?" asked the leader.

Violet and her sisters told him their ages.

Each of you are a year older than when I first met you," He said. "You know that you would need a lot of experience to do this work. Otherwise you could never accomplish it. Have you ever done a much traveling with your parents?"

"Yes we have," answered Violet. "We know all parts of California from her southern boundary to her northern frontier, and we could find our way alone. We can even run a locomotive. If we were mischievous we could have long ago runaway with a whole train just for a joke."

"Explain the methods of running an engine."

Violet did so. So did her sisters.

"What would you do if the breaks did not hold?" He asked.

"Why I simply would let out the steam," said Violet. "And if that did not do any good I'd let such an avalanche of sand fall under the wheels that the engine would simply have to stop."

"Can you use a gun?" asked the Gemini leader.

"Yes," answered Violet. "We are handy at the pistols."

"Here take mine," He said. "Let's see you shoot down that small Gas tip over yonder down the hall."

Violet fired the pistol twice, and took off two of them without one miss.

"Good," He exclaimed. You are good at shooting alright. Have you any proofs that you have spied on the enemy before?"

"What kind of proofs?" asked Violet.

"Any kind," answered the Gemini leader.

"Well I have none here just now," She answered, but the enemy would let you know if you questioned any of their prisoners we took at Pullawa, and at Jennie Wren Town."

"I believe you at that," said the leader. "Because I remember hearing of your work then. You even spied on the enemy during the battle of the junction as I have heard and got away with not only an important message, but the general's hat as well."

There was a few minutes of silence, and then the Gemini leader added to test their nerve. He produced a large basket, and said:

"Supposing I had you little girls a prisoner here, but that nevertheless that door was left open, and if I let out of this basket a live snake. What would you little girls do. Run?"

"If you have a live one in that basket you will be sorry you let it out," said Violet. "We are quicker with our guns than the snake at striking. We do not know what it is to fear a snake yet."

"We'll see," He answered and dumped suddenly on the table a large garden snake. He had evidently expected to see Violet and her sisters get out of their chairs, and run from the room, but they all forgot themselves, and tried to see who could get possession of the little snake first.

"Well I'll be," exclaimed the Gemini leader. "You little girls are brave as any one could be. But nevertheless I have six more tests for you little girls. He produced a large bottle, which had the word 'DEADLY' on it, and which was written 88 deadly Deadly Germs. Be careful. Under the word was a skull and crossbones. In reality in the bottle there was only a finest jelly that ever could be made.

"If you little girls are really brave you will dare to open that bottle," said the Gemini. "I have here a disinfectant so that nothing will happen."

Violet and her sisters looked at the bottle and then Violet said laughing: "Must think we are geese to be fooled like that. Don't you think we can tell the difference between the jelly made by germs, and the original jelly in that bottle is the purest jelly that could ever be made. Its grape jelly mixed with a sort of dark honey. Here sisters help yourselves to it. He won't mind."

He pretended to act frenzied, and all of the members pretended to be stricken as the little girls opened the bottle, but Violet only

"It's nothing what are you men afraid of?"

They proceeded to eat some of the pure jelly.

This time however the Gemini produced a real live rattlesnake. The rattle made a loud shrill noise, and which he placed on the table, the snake being perfectly tame and even harmless as its fangs were gone. Violet and her sisters did not see that the fangs were gone, and though they felt a queer, they did not move an inch from the table, and proceeded to eat their way. But the serpent never moved toward them, but immediately coiled itself up in front of the table, and proceeded to go to sleep.

Violet and her sisters then sprang for it and had it in their hands, and gently placed it back to where the man had taken it from in its basket.

When the members of the Gemini were astonished at this, and one of them said:

"Cancel the other tests. They are braver than some of the soldiers."

"By the order of the society it cannot be done," said the leader. "The tests must be pulled through. Violet and your sisters follow me."

Violet and her sisters obeyed. The little girls were then blindfolded and led toward the outlines of general Hanson's headquarters. Then they were blindfolded and foot to a post and very securely.

"Now said the Gemini member who had finished the work. See if you little girls can work yourselves free. Make off that you have been tied by the enemy when you have spied upon, and are bound to get free. If you succeed in breaking those bonds you little girls are a marvel...."

The members then stepped back and left the little girls to themselves. Patiently they waited. Just then an officer rode up to them in the dark and addressed some word to the Gemini and from the interest of the conversation Violet and her sisters were forgotten until about five minutes later one of the members felt a light touch, and looking around saw all of the little girls standing before him, with the ropes in their hands, and the cloths taken from their eyes.

"By gracious they all got loose," He cried. They have past these five tests without any difficulty at all."

The leader was indeed surprised, but he had still some harder tests to per-

"I'm going to try you little girls at horseback riding." Said the Gemini leader. I have with me some horses that it usually takes men to ride, and those I will allow you little girls to mount. I'll take a number of horses, and pretend that we are glandelinians. We'll do all we can to intercept you and see if you can escape us. If you do you'll pass this test."

This was prepared for and soon the little girls pretended as instructed to seize something from the Gemini leader which he had in his hands, and then they at once rode away. Within a minutes time the Gemini were after them a tearing, and the pretense of pursuing became a reality. Just as the little girls were gaining on the Gemini they rode bodily into a large squadron of glandelinian cavalry who had been out scouting.

There was no other thing to do so at once Violet and her sisters with a yell swung their horses around, and dashed away toward the Gemini members the glandelinians immediately following and gained so rapidly on the little girls that Violet said;

"There's nothing else to do but to let them know we can do some shooting."

And the little girls immediately drew their pistols and poured a withering fire upon the confused pursuers, bringing down about ten of the glandelinians within a few minutes. The glandelinians who had never seen these little girls were indeed surprised at this for they had not expected to see what appeared to be seven pretty timid looking little girls open fire upon them like that and deal such accurate execution. All of the glandelinians who had been the targets of the little girls were shot dead, the little girls in their wild frenzy not caring whom they shot down either, as long as they saw a chance to revenge the murder of little Annie Aronburg. The Gemini heard the firing, and at first thought that Violet and her sisters had fired upon the intercepting party, but then the little girls suddenly came dashing toward them yelling;

"Look out for yourselves boys. The enemy are dashing furiously behind us."

"Glandelinians eh." Exclaimed the leader. "Well let them dastardly child assassins come on. We'll show them a thing or two. You have stood this test beyond what we thought."

The Gemini allowed the little girls to dash through their columns, and then all of a sudden were gone as if they had disappeared through the air.

The glandelinian pursuers not seeing anything but only the little fugitives, continued to dash on. There was a irregular crash of many pistols, and twenty of the glandelinians dropped from their saddles, and out upon them suddenly as if from the infernal regions appeared a swarm of black hooded figures on black horses, brandishing ugly looking sabres nearly six feet long.

"You glandelinians are surrounded." Cried the leader in a horrible tone. "Throw up your hands and surrender or we'll make mince meat of all of you."

The glandelinians threw down their own weapons and obeyed because they knew full well that it was the most dangerous thing in the world to arouse the fury of those kind of Angelinian spies.

"March on toward the Christian lines." Said the leader with a loud laugh. "So you were chasing the children eh. Well I presume they saw you coming, and led you right into our ambush. Next time I guess you will look first before you will pursue children."

The Glandelinians were brought within the Christian lines, and a large number of Angelinians immediately took possession of them, and they were courtly ordered to dismount, the Angelinians taking away their horses to use themselves. The Glandelinians seeing Violet and her sisters taunting them, and making fun of them scowled fiercely but they could do nothing and had to take the mortification without saying a single word.

So this test of Violet and her sisters turned out a reality. It was found that one of the glandelinians had a suspicious package with them, and when it was examined none of the Angelinians could make it out as it was a peculiar code.

"Take this to one of the Vivian girls." Said the Lieutenant to one of the Gemini Members who had remained to watch the prisoners as they were escorted to the internment camp. "They can make out any kind of codes I'm sure."

The Gemini immediately took the package of papers and went to where Violet and her sisters were standing. First he handed them to Parger who was able to make out all of them except one which was a code. The others were plans, maps and important letters.....

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decided to make this a test to Violet and her sisters not knowing that any of them could make it out, and the man had forgotten to say that the Angelinian officer declared that the little girls could make out any codes.

The Leader handed the code to Violet and her sisters, and they all examined it before Violet said;

"This code must be at once exclaimed to our uncle or we'll suffer a disaster. The enemy intends to make a raid upon our lines to night, to repay Hanson for the raid Jimmie Vivian made the other night in the enemy lines. That is what the code said."

A messenger was at once ordered to report the matter to Hanson. Violet and her sisters passed the other tests easily enough, and they were immediately pronounced as perfect w for the work of spying on the enemy. Violet and her sisters received the permit, and later in as we progress through the great war we'll see that Violet and her sister sisters proved themselves to be dangerous spies to the enemy, and spies whom they could never be when captured.

During the meantime a large and new force of Christian troops under general MacWhirther was besieging the city of Crowley. The city and the immediate vicinity was completely shut in by Christian warships by the Norma River by large Christian armies by the other section, so that not any of the enemy armies could escape, and rejoin the armies of the Glandelinians who are all retreating south. General Hanson had made it his intentions not to allow any Glandelinian armies to cross the border at any portions and so had by vigorous means before his advance toward Gaster starring ordered authorities to guard the border with armies and millions of cannons held off all attempts of the enemy from crossing the Angelinian border from Glandelinia and coming to the aid of those besieged at Crowley. Hanson also had a message which he wished to send to the Christian commander at Crowley, a message that was very important. He did not know whom to send as he could not trust anything in this region just now all the Gemini spies were so busy watching other things concerning the war that they could not perform the service.

He decided to try Violet and her sisters. He sent for them, and when they arrived he said;

"Disguise yourselves as Glandelinian boyscouts, and then come back to have a message to send to the Christian commander at Crowley, and as you go the way well I have decided you little girls are the only ones whom I trust on this mission."

Violet and her sisters were happy over this order, and they could not procure disguises quick enough, and then to them it seemed it took an hour to put them on, and fix their hair so they would look as little boys. They made their faces a little more discolored as if they looked too white they would be immediately recognized by any Glandelinians whom they would come across. As soon as they were ready they presented themselves to their uncle. Hanson gave them the important package, gave them serious instructions, and then the little girls went and caught the first train that was to pull out of the station near the Christian lines. All the way to Crowley nothing unusual happened, and they reached the Christian lines there after a whole days ride. Crowley was only a hundred and fifty miles from where they were leaving, but the train for great precautions, to go slow at certain times, and thus for the long time it took to reach the destination. Violet and her sisters arrived to the enemy lines, but they had to of course be stopped by the first sentry, and were taken into custody, and had a long time in explaining their mission, claiming the Angelinians who they really were, and then succeeding, they were at once brought before the great Christian commander. They handed him the note, and he took it and looked them over.

"So you are the daughters of general Vivian." He said. "Will you are welcome to my presence. Are you in a hurry to return?"

"Yes." Answered Violet. "Our uncle wishes to receive an immediate answer."

"All right I'll see to it that his wish is granted." Said the officer. "A train runs out to night for Jennie Wren's own town, and from there you can transfer to the immediate Mc-Gollester and Pandora lines which will take you to the Christian lines & Gaster starring."

The general immediately wrote an answer to Hanson's message and then handing it to Violet he said;

"Hurry now children and catch the train. And God bless you and be with you on your whole trip."

Violet and her sisters were glad to resume the trip, and they caught the right train. But they had indeed a shocking time of their lives, the first time. It was on the line of a dreadful trainwreck.....

The train going due northeast after having traveled along the tracks going west had been discovered by a foraging party of the enemy and though they had not succeeded in capturing the train which had proved to be a train full of children refugees, they nevertheless had tampered with the brakes, and the railroad train in almost entering Jennie Wren town collided into the rear of a large train going northwest, and which had stopped at the station to discharge a large number of passengers. The enemy had tampered with the switchman at this point causing the child refugee train to be switched on the wrong train, and thus the collision could not be averted. Fortunately that despite the frightfulness of the wreck, and loss of lives no one was killed or wounded on the child refugee train, because the coaches happened to be made of perfect iron, there being no wood except what had to be in the windows.

But over fifty seven were killed in the train in front which had been completely telescoped to the last coach, and the steel coaches of the other train was smashed in the wreckage of the coaches, that were so badly demolished in the other train. Of course Violet and her sisters were horrified over the wreck, but nevertheless the christian soldiers there with the wrecking crew were hastened to the scene, and while the main maimed were being taken from the wreckage, Violet and her sisters took another line to reach Hanson's lines as they had been instructed that nothing must delay their return except what could not be helped.

Nevertheless they had been badly shaken up by the scene, and at first they had even when they reached Hanson's lines and gave him the message, thought the wreck an accident, and told Hanson this, but he soon from later details through reports received from signal stations along the boundary line that the wreck was a dastard scene of the enemy to murder the children of the refugee train, and that the coaches being made of steel foiled their wicked plot, and that the children were taken possession of by the christian troops, and the injured in the wreck of the other train taken care of and the dead persons buried. In the wreck of the other train however many had been children, for the wreck of the wooden train was so complete that all on the crowded coaches had little chance to escape. The main loss in lives however was in the rear coaches, where the people had been more crowded, and in the other coaches, the people had managed to either jam their way out or leap through windows and so averted a terrible fate.

It had been the most disastrous wreck in the history of trains wrecks in Angelinia, and Hanson did not know what to make of it. The train which had been wrecked had eleven coaches made of wood, and the ponderous engine of the other train had ploughed with irresistible force through the rear coaches, the train having been running at a rate of eighty miles an hour when the wreck occurred. The engineer of the train was killed, but the fireman had escaped by jumping. The only thing wrecked on the steel train was the engine which had pushed tons of wreckage before it for two thousand five hundred yards before it stopped, and the six front coaches of the steel train followed until they were almost hidden in the wrecked coaches.

The crash of the wreck had been heard for two miles, and when the solo collision occurred the engine had exploded, thus setting the wreck ago on fire. However heavy rains had been falling at the time which prevented a terrible scene, that of the injured pinioned under the wreck being cremated alive. The whole Angelinian nation was furious over this disastrous wreck, and the whole nation cried out for revenge on Glandelinia. It was the second or third great train wreck during the war. But it was the most disastrous, for more coaches had been demolished and telescoped, and many more lives had been lost, and many were women and children who were in the wooden train.

The explosion of the engine had made a terrible crash, and it was the noise of the sudden crash which had attracted so many persons and thus so many had rushed up to the scene, that by frantic work, most of the injured had been taken from the wreckage before the soldiers and the wrecking trains arrived. Guards had been placed by the wrecked train, so that no prowling Glandelinians could start anything anew, and large parties were sent to scour the region to in the efforts to run down the scoundrels who had caused this disastrous wreck. Even as young as the war great disasters had already occurred. The massacre of children at Crowley and Jennie Wren town, the destruction of Angeline, and Pullaway, great forest fires, and now the great wreck, and the ten mile oil fire that was now raging at its height, and covering the sky in that region with smoke clouds for hundreds of miles. The battles did not seem as bad as those fought in the Glandeo - Abbieannian wars, in which in every conflict, over five hundred thousands fell daily, but nevertheless the armies were growing so large that the war did warn many of a terrible struggle coming, a struggle worse than any before.

who had committed the deed, however were enclosed in a net that they could not get out of, and were captured, by a party of Angelinians who discovered them hiding in a ravine. The proceeding night after Violet and her sisters had safely reached Hanson's lines was a chilly and stormy night. The alleys of the city of tent was covered with water puddles, and the rain was beginning to fall again mingled with wet snow, lightly at first but with the promise of increasing in force as the night wore on. A sort of hurricane was raging. At first during the evening the wind had only moaned but sooner than expected it would roar and shriek and go sweep through the wooded country, and through the camps at a swift gust, driving to shelter those who happened to be abroad, and also giving the soldiers work to keep their tents from being blown away. There were not many soldiers out on this cold and stormy night excepting those who happened to be on guard duty although the Easter holidays were near at hand.

As the storm was increasing in force, and while the lights of distant oil fire still brightened the sky, general Hanson was in a state that suspicious noises were hidden or heard near his headquarters, that there was danger of Black Brooks making an attack upon him in the stress of the stormy night, and under cover of the dense fog which was falling down. At once Hanson made preparations to avert disaster, and gave directions to general Jimmie Givian to make many movements here and there with this cavity and to frustrate any plans that were to be made by the enemy. However nothing unusual happened during the night, though at some places of the other wing of the christian lines, some severe firing had been tried by general Bell.

Hanson was positive that general Black Brooks was intending after the force his way across the Easter Starring, and if the Glandelinian did so there would be no longer doubt of a coming conflict.

The movements of the enemy was accurately watched. Indeed the suspicion was true. There occurred during the late morning some severe artillery fire, and large forces of the enemy was advancing across the pontoon line, and starting to throw up works closer to the christian lines. Now time for some activity. The christian artillery started some activity of its own, and at certain occasions the pontoon bridges were damaged by fire, and the enemy had to go slow to avoid destruction as the shell was unusually heavy.

Violet and her sisters watched the movements of the enemy cautiously, and saw indeed that they were concentrating heavily on the opposite side of the banks, and were getting themselves as close to the christian lines as possible. It was evident that the enemy were making even demonstrations and had every officer out watching everything that was going on. There were some small fires burning, and the Angelinian officers grew nervous by apprehended that the enemy were starting big fires with the intention of forcing the christian army back by the means of a conflagration by attacking. Several sorties however were made by Glandelinian cavalry. These sorties were quit severe but nevertheless did not occasion much loss in lives though the wounded was quite heavy. Hanson learning that the plans of the enemy was severe, and that the artillery firing was very close, decided to make movements of his own. He sent in his artillery to front line works, and made every movement of his own possible, and the next day was already to meet any attack that the enemy would attempt to make. But as yet none came. The enemy were as it seemed quiet. Nevertheless the Angelinian officers kept their scouts out to watch any suspicious actions on the part of the foe. The enemy had captured the town which had the same name as the stream, and had sacked the public buildings and set them on fire, but nevertheless the inhabitants had escaped ere long. This, and so there was no massacre of children as yet. G. In the mean while Black Brooks had made this movement because he had been advised by his superior to do so. He had been instructed to cross the stream, and move close to the christian lines as possible, and that by this he may cause them to withdraw his armies still further back, and if he did so to repeat the movement, but to his disdain Hanson had only changed front, and moved his own army to dangerously close to Black Brooks, that finally he decided best to retreat back across the river.

But he was flabbergasted to find out that a part of Hanson's army had crossed the river during the night, and had destroyed his former works, and provisions which he had accidentally left behind, and had also taken to their own position there, and that his chance of retreating across the river was gone. To retreat eastward, or westward would cause a horrible disaster, and Black Brooks realized that if he was to escape the trap he had run into he would have to force his way through the christian barrier, and let his whole army captured.

Before he started any quarrel with Hanson general Black Brooks decided to not notify to general Mc-Hollester the outcome of his movement. He sent a message to general Mc-Hollester Johnston by wireless telegraph, as he could not do it any other way as every messenger had been captured by the christians, and not long after he received this answer by telegraph;

"You blundered in your movement that is the reason Hanson moved closer to you than further away. You should have delivered a tremendous attack as soon as part of your army crossed, not to start a general battle, but just enough to make Hanson give back a little. Now on account of your mistake in instructions I see no way out for you but to battle Hanson in general and to drive in a hammer like blow immediately. It is the only means. Demonstrate before Hanson for several days, first, and then when he least expects an attack, go at him with his army to pieces, and drive him back. Then you will be able to escape before he surrounds you completely. Otherwise you will make a serious serious break, which will enable him to put us out of commission altogether."

.....
MC-HOLLESTER JOHNSTON.....

Black Brooks decided to make this demonstration as advised, and while he was doing so general Hanson for a time had been preparing to make an attack on the enemy himself, but then as most of his generals did not think it wise to do so as it would cause too heavy loss for the christian armies, Hanson decided to do something that would force general Black Brooks to come and settle the quarrel. In the rear of Black Brooks was a thickly stretch of forests, so dense that hardly anything could penetrate and these the troops behind Black Brooks were ordered to set on fire, so that Black Brooks would be encircled: encircled by the fire and be forced to either surrender or retreat another. This plan of Hanson's which was well executed, indeed caused a battle, but one that Hanson had not expected, and which did not turn out as he had wished. The order was carried out, and with out hesitation, but the christian army there had to retreat across the stream so as to avoid the conflagration, and so had a lively time of it, for at every occasion they had an engagement with the enemy, but they succeeded in beating off their assailants, and Black Brooks seeing the spread of the conflagration became very apprehensive, and yet not wishing to engage Hanson decided to make his retreat eastward. Part of his army recrossed the river, but quickly Hanson sent a division to prevent his crossing from that location, and also barred every means of escape from the west.

Black Brooks was in a thickish position. Fight he must. There was no other means. And without hopes of receiving any reinforcements from the south, as nothing could be done on account of the greater forest fires further further off.

He decided to make plans of attack which if made promptly the christians could not resist successfully. He decided to move his line of attack on every portion of the christian line without making a series of attacks, but these plans were spoiled, because of the fact of the Gemini who happened to be hiding in a secret room of his headquarters at the time, and who having learned of the plans conveyed the news to Hanson, and so the christian army was more prepared for an attack than ever.

Black Brooks decided afterwards however to make the best of it and drive on the attack as he planned, but to make it result disastrously for the christians at the very outset. He decided to concentrate the main force of the attack on the christian center, and to drive at Hanson's headquarters in particular and capture the Vivian girls if they happened to be in the vicinity. He planned this while the demonstrations were going on, but all that while however Hanson's officers were on the watch, and the only reason the battle turned out as it did, was the fact that the enemy had attacked so wickedly that the Angelinians overwhelmed by the onrush could not stand, and thus they were broken up, and in the confusion resulting the great Battle Black Brooks had managed to get away, before Hanson could reform his shattered army and pursue.

After three days time the plan of the attack was well made, and Black Brooks decided to carry it out immediately.

Black Brooks finally on Holy Saturday prepared for his active divisions the attack, and moved them forward, but again unfortunately he was prevented from making the attack. A terrific explosion occurred among his lines which committed great damage, and he was compelled to delay the attack until the next day. And on an Easter Sunday the struggle had raged.

Violet and her sisters had expected every day for an engagement, and were almost disappointed that the enemy had not done so encompassing both the christian armies, and forest fires as they were. All around the region miles away there was a perfect inferno of destruction going on, and it was curious to Hanson that despite his peril general Black Brooks made efforts whatever to escape, or attack, and demands to surrender had been met with a refusal that was exceedingly insulting altogether.

Hanson decided to send the spies to find out what was the cause, but just now however there was so much activity among the enemy that no spies could approach their lines successfully, but nevertheless they learned that delay had been the cause of a great explosion, and that the enemy had decided to wait until the following day.

Hanson decided to play a game of his own however. It was his intention to shell the city of Easter Starring, force the enemy out of it, rush his forces forward to take possession of it himself. So this was planned for and toward evening, the christian guns let loose, and continued a terrible uproar of thunders for over four hours, until the streets of the city were either cumbered with mangled glandelinian soldiers, or others had rushed out for safety. Following this bombardment, came the attack of christian troops, and the city was retaken despite the fact that the enemy delivered some desperate assaults to try and regain it. The city had been battered into ruins. This was the first general struggle since the christians had been facing each other at Easter Starring. Though the rest of the night was quiet something peculiar happened elsewhere, and which precluded the battle the following morning.....

In the meantime the results of the outcome of the war was startling. The glandelinian navy in Glandelinia had made good security for christian ships from Glandelinia should be able to go to other christian nations, and so a rigid seige of the very sea was on. Thousands of submarines infested the seas everywhere along the eastern and western coast of Glandelinia and Angelinia, and mines were laid by thousands in the space of many miles. Tourists living in Glandelinia and who had to avoid the horrible scenes of war found no passage back to their homes, and many had to flee to either Angelinia or Abyssinia, kile by the sea. No one at this critical time could reach Abbieannia.

On account of the war food was going higher in prices in Abbieannia, other troubles were starting in industry. Many ships had tried to run through the submarine blockade but without success, there was a regular hell upon the waters of the sea and were torpedoed as fast as they dared to venture forth, no matter who the passengers, or what nationality the ships belonged to. So on account of these submarines of the glandelinians thousands of persons had up to time of the war found a watery grave. It seemed dangerous indeed this because it was effecting the other christian nations who had not taken part in the struggle whatever. Industry was threatened, provisions stopped coming from Glandelinia, and all provisions also that toys made from and it evidently looked as if another Christmas would be without toys. Vivian wickey was mainly the blame for this. This city with the Mc-Whirtherian fortifications guarding it was in the possession of the glandelinians, and no fruit of any kind could be brought from Glandelinia on account of the efforts of the glandelinians to block every one of the ship owners. The situation was terrible, and Abbieannia who was suffering from the effects of this was enraged, and humiliated, and immediately started her own fleets of warships with the intention of hammering the enemy in the bay of Vivian wickey. The glandelinians had also seized the Angelinian and Boy King islands, and every Angelinian sea port was blockaded by the glandelinian warships, and a famine of all kinds of sweet goods was heavy, in candy, fruits and all sorts of berries, no sugar could be obtained, and one of the smaller christian nations was threatened already with a coming famine, and Abbieannia proposed to force her ships through the submarine blockade and give what could be given to this stricken nation. A giftless Christmas day was threatening the whole world on account of the vigilance of the wicked glandelinians. And worse of all the other nations could not any more obtain any good building material as such came from Angelinia and Glandelinia. So building of houses was slowly stopping. Though all sea traffic had to be finally stopped on account of this state of war on the sea Abbieannia was defiant, and ran her ships wherever

she pleased, always seeing to it that her ships were protected by either her torpedo boat chasers, and warships, and even used all her own submarines to protect other shipping that was necessary. Glandelinian ships, which had been in the Angelinian and Calverinian harbors had been interned by the Angelinian blockaders, nevertheless and these were at times tried for use in forcing through the blockade of the sea, the ships being allowed to use their own flags but operated by different men and Angelinians, but these schemes did not very well work, and God alone could tell the horrible tales of many sickening disasters on the sea. No one returned on the ships which dared to venture out.

The city of Aronburg had also been seized by the enemy at the outbreak of the war, and also the seaport of Federal City. The Glandelinians had closed to the ports of these great cities, and Vivian Wickey which was the largest city in the world and which was enough to hold three New Yorks, Londons, and Chicagos together, was the center of the main stronghold of Glandelinia and which later proved so hard to be taken. The city covered an area of over one hundred and fifty miles in length, and nearly fifty miles in width, and had about one hundred million inhabitants, who had all fled to better and safer portions of Calverinia before the Glandelinians seized the city and the fortifications. The Abbieannians had done much in building these fortifications of Abbieannia after and probably during the bloody war of eighteen. Forty one with Glandelinia, but for the remaining years, the Angelinians and Calverinians had finished them in the same style and made them so strong that all the world could not be able to take these very forts, and neither the city by sea or land.

The enemy had indeed secured at the outbreak of the war the greatest stronghold they had ever possessed, one of the greatest gibralters in the world, and which at the very outbreak held many fleets of Abbieannian ships at bay in the battle of Wickey Bay in the month of April, on the twelfth day of 1912, at the same time that actions were going on during the beginning of the invasion of the Angelinians into Glandelinia.

The main fortifications, that is the largest fortifications were manned by over three hundred and sixty five thousand big guns, or totally 365,999 cannon in all bigger than those ever seen on the largest warships, and over two million other kinds. The foolish Calverinians had not taken Hanson's advice when he had warned them repeatedly to see that the fortifications were well guarded, and when the Glandelinians had approached the city by sea at the outbreak of the war, they found the place and the fortifications only guarded by a small garrison. Despite the outcries, advises, and warning, of not only Hanson the Angelinian governor but Abbieannia as well the Calverinians had not guarded these fortifications as well as they should and so they fell into possession of the enemy.

Of course the enemy did not succeed in taking them immediately.

A demand for the surrender of the fortifications was sent to the commander at Vivian Wickey, but the Angelinian general had or sent the answer back that was startling;

"Go to hell you dirty Glandelinian dogs. We're Christians and have never known ourselves to surrender to an enemy of God who murder Priests, Nuns, Religious, and helpless children in cold blood. Come and take the fortifications if you can. We'll not give them to you or neither will we surrender."

The Glandelinians had been enraged at this defiant refusal and so the warships started a regular drum fire of their big guns, but nevertheless they were found impossible to be taken by sea, and the enemy made desperate forays by land, and after desperate fighting for three weeks, weeks fighting severe battles every day, and facing a storm of cannon fire, that made the world seem to come to an end by the din and the terrific scenes, and explosions, and great fires, the Glandelinians managed to at last take the fortifications, and the defenders were massacred. The Glandelinians had lost heavily in these engagements, but nevertheless they had succeeded in taking what was most important for them, and by this rout their armies had speedily swarmed Calverinia, and rushed headlong southward with the intention of crossing the Calverinian boundary and invade Angelinia but met their first serious check at Angelina Junction. Thus when the war was very young even, but had as it seemed progressed with some slight success for the enemy the city and fortifications was in the possession of the foe, and then followed a different scene. There were in the bay of Vivian Wickey at the time thousands of ships belonging to different Christian nations, and these were at first interned, and then turned over for the use of the Glandelinian navy, and the captains and crews of these ships either slaughtered, or brutally insulted and even jailed, only released when they firmly promised to serve Glandelinia.

The capture of Vivian Wickey of course cut off the whole world from Angelinia and Calverinia, and thus all commerce with Christian nations was stopped, and it seemed that all Christmas happiness would be stopped too.

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All kinds of Christmas presents were only made in Calverinia, and Angelinia, especially all kinds of Christmas goods, and as the McWhirtherian Angelinian seas were now in a treacherous condition on account of millions of Glandelinian mines set along the shores, and of the submarines, and Glandelinian torpedoes, all was nil for the presents being sent to other countries, and a sad time seemed coming for sure. The seaports of Vivian Wickey, and Angelina Pichee, and Jennie Turner, and Madge Evans were the only seaports which the traffic could have been accomplished, but now these were in the possession of the enemy, the transportation of these articles could not be accomplished. Some hopes could have been obtained by the seaports of Angelinia and other seaports of Calverinia, but at this critical time the ship owners did not dare run the chances of sending their ships forth on account of the many thousands of Glandelinian warships and their crafts which were roving the sea, committing more havoc and more fear scenes than as if the sea was swarming with millions of pirate crafts. Conflict between Christian and Glandelinian ships, or with whole fleets occurred so often that it was generally called the "The sea war."

Thousands of ships found a watery grave in these many daily conflicts. Prices had rose pretty high in Abbieannia, the other innocent nations were also predicted to be suffering on account of this worse of menacing disasters. No one in the other nations as it was predicted had a talent of making presents, or not the proper material, and neither could proper material be obtained, as each kind of such material in those nations given a good tests were proved to be useless. Children were dreading the scenes of the sorrowful scenes, and they were wondering what was the trouble, and though parents did explain the children in their grief did refuse to question. It was horrible.

At this critical time the war though quite quiet on land at several points now on land had a hellish maddened fury on the seas. Fierce and damanting struggles raged for the possession of Vivian Wickey, and Jennie Turner, the Angelinian and Abbieannian fleets of warships started a conglomeration of horror and disaster, and most consuming fires that raged, shelling the seaports and the defading Glandelinian batteries broke at a time, striving with might and main to reduce the fortifications and run past them, but time and again they were repulsed and a heavy loss of ships and men. Forty times during the time while Glandelinia was invaded by Hanson did the Angelinians, and even Abyssinkilian Abbieannians make superhuman efforts to retake the McWhirtherian fortifications, and the thunder of cannon for weeks shook the coast for hundreds of miles, and killed millions of fishes in the sea.

Fierce attempts were made to retake Jennie Pichee, Angelina Pichee and Madge Evans by sea, but of no avail, and when the fleets of the Abyssinkilians alone made attempts to capture the city of Aronburg, every ship was either sunk, disabled or torn in pieces by the deadly shell storm from the fortifications or land batteries, and even set on fire by fire rafts burning ships loaded with burning gasoline which were sent down among Christian warships. These desperate sea fights were indeed dreadful scenes but nothing to what came when Admiral in the Zimmermann in the year of the war attempted, when over a million cannon thundered with a shaking din for two weeks without cessation. But even these great conflicts were world shaking bombardments, and still fiercer conflicts raged for the possession of the McHollester and Famine rivers, bombarding many ports at either side of the rivers, making a fiery sea of hell also but of no avail.

At Cedernine Calverinia however, a combined fleet of Abbieannian, Abyssinkilian, Tripontigans, Angelinians, Concentinians, and Abyssinkilians made a severe attack upon the great fortifications on the land side, and from the fleet of Glandelinian ships in the Cedernine River, and this never turned out a success. The Glandelinian fleet was annihilated, the fortifications were blown to smithereens, and the Glandelinian army almost destroyed before the survivors surrendered.

During these great engagements on water a great explosion occurred at McWhirther Run when a light raged on that river, and when Abbieannia almost lost her temper and struck vehement sledge hammer blows against the fortifications of McWhirther the Glandelinian garrison got nervous over the dreadful storm of destruction and only by the aid of reinforcements were they able to repulse the fierce and sanguinary attacks made upon them by the land side. Van Grania and Turner Hill was attacked, by the Angelinians and shelled by the fleets of Christian ships, but these attacks were repulsed with disaster.

In attacking these fortifications the Abbieannians, and other christians were making for a time useless bloody sacrifices,, and even all their vehement violent attempts were several repulses and failures along the coast, scores of thousands of christian ships were torn in pieces, by the severe fire of the enemy, and all of these came into the seaports of Abbieannia for repairs. Abbieannia was enraged, and started immediately by sending large armies into Abyssinkile to repel all attempts of the enemy to force their way across the border here, and all along the boundary through out those three months hell raged supreme.

Thw war all this time had retained a moderate fury from the battle a thathad raged at Pullaway, and now except along the coast for a while the w war had seemed to slacken somewhat, in battles, the ugh raids, and ravages of the foe was plentiful elsewhere. There were a number of battles fought at Anclmiltze and Floider,, and three others and at paddlerton, but these were notging in fury at all.

At already predicted at Bristolcoe Station the christian armies had been shamefully repulsed, but at the sanguinary battles of Angoline Run and Apple Orchards the enemy had not made such good success. The enemy were reported to be concentrating a large army near the city of galverine, on the great Mc-Hollester Run, another army of glandelinians was trying to move on the city of Gedomine to retake itbut met too large a christian army to dare endeavor to make another battle, and fearing disaster at first refused to resume the attack, then seeing the christian army being reinforced fell back, and went south. Mc-Hollester Johnston had left the southern galverinia boundary to move his army on the city of Phelantoburg, and upon phelanton burg also, but he was so fiercely harassed by a following christian army that without a single battle general Mc-Hollester Johnston was compelled to retreat, he was pursued vigorously during the retreat, and for a month he was not able to halt his sadly de pleted army, and by that time he had lost scores of millions in those being taken prisoners, and many had either died of hunger, privations, disease, or being shot down bythe enraged Angolinian soldiery.

Evan geline at St Clair at the same time was threatened by a vast Glandelinian army under general Raymond richardson federal. The vast glandelinian army was about fourteen million strong, but the christian armies at once rushed in his way, and he had to extend his lines, from Narcocellio, To Calverine, and Eva Grania, in an endeavor to opose the advance of these christian armies, but they made all kinds of movements that puzzled him, and he was so flabbergasted, and so annoyed that thechristians always kept on sweeping around him and back and forth in the manner of c flies flitting around a mans head, that he had been expelled to fall back toward pick Girlkneol without any engagement whatever,, and when he attempted to intrench his army at gadge Evans, the Angelinians swooped down upon his rear like a roaring cyclone bre his flank to pieces, captured provisions, millions of arms, and men without a single battle, and caused a thousand earthrending explosions of his provion provision dumps, full of ammunition, and so crpdi crippled his army, that he had to fall back on Zoe Due Rae Bech. Here he had attempted to make a stand, but the Angelinians again rushed his army was an unexpected quarter, and harassed him so fiercely that he was forced to retreat on Fair Oaks, and from thence, to pig Hedda, and then was forced to halt at Big Hedda, and threaten to off battle.

At this point the christian armies were cautious, but a large christian army under general Stanck Gabarton managed to cross the region called the Plain of the Pine Pines, and once more by frekish movements and demonstration compelled general Federal to retreat without fighting a single battle. Indeed general Whilliamsburger zimermann who conducted this campaign against the enemy was playing the cat with a rat or mouse in his mouth. Not a single bat tle had he fought with c federal and yet he forced federal to make many swift and confused retreats.

Federal made a stand at Julio Callio still in the possession of the Angolinians, but again zimermanns army came up, and crossing the Normas Run struck him once more on the flank, capturing a million prisoners, general Federals headquarters, ten generals, and ten trains of privision wagons, and a thousand rounds of ammunition, besides eighty four battle and regimental flags, and two hundred cannon.

This sudden blow staggered Federal, and he had to again resume his retreat,, retreating for ten miles until he arrived to Harischanioe. Here he halted stretching his army along the Mc-Whirther run, and concentrat ing another section of his army 3,789,987 strong at pig Beppe along a por tion of the Mc-Hollester Run. Thus a seperation of a portion of the enemy army enabled general zimermanns swooping cyclone army to once turn general federals flank, in which five million prisoners were taken, and all his barracks destroyed, and he was compelled to retreat with the loss of every tent, three hundred more artillery, and ten hundred thousand rifles. Also a whole cavarly divisions with all their r provisions was captured by the swift footed Angolinians. The army concentrated at pig Beppe was captured.

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General felt stung by these repeated blows, and tried to retreat toward Oamon but was handicapped, and so moved on first toward Jennie unner, and thence crossed the Sunbeam creek and prepared to really offer battle at Jennie pivial. Zimmermann tricked federal here however. He pretended that he could not fight a battle, and started a retreat himself. The enemy taking sarage followd, and moved on until they reached the region of the Erminie and Lillian Marie. Here during one of the same repeated sudden forays zimermanns army which again drove the glandelinian army into a confused retreat a great explosion occurred, which from the concussion wrecked vill ages, committed much damage in cities, and caused awful havoc among the army.

This was the first greatest campaign of Zimmermann and one of the latest that the Angelinians had ever made yet, but nevertheless it did show that the enemy were not making all the progress they boasted of. All this had been going on from April untill May the fourteenth. In Calver on Easter Sunday fell in June. In the month of May general federal had concentrated again in front of the christians at Lillian Marie, and after several weeks had formed immense mines under a number of large towns or cities, and blew these up in the very face of general Whilliams burger zim mann. A score of other towns was wrecked by the concussion of these great explosions, and the scene horrified zimermann.

It was not long after that a large force of the enemy made severe demon strations against zimermanns army coming forward within full view as a man of human beings, and appeared as if their own surging tide was to sweep against zimermann with the fury of a million hurricanes, but zim mer did not wish to cause such a slaughter, and so withdrew his army and went to another quarter, and so avoided such bloodshed that seemed about to threaten. He however made about three hundred desperate for forays and files upon the enemy capturing many more prisoners.

At Henre Henriettaalong the Mc-Hollester Run, general Viviania who commanded general zimermanns right grand division reported that general federal was attempting to mass an overwhelming force of glandelinians against him, and so general Stanck Smith who commanded general zimermanns left division was ordered to watch every movement of the enemy, and without a file he dissilusioned every attempt of the enemy to move forward, while general Hansonia another main commander, advanced his own forces across a field of grass and manuvered so frequently that the enemy was impressed that zimermann was stronger than he really was. However in a fierce skir ish that ensued, general Viviananna on the enemy side was killed, general Hollester Hansonia who tried to come up with a force to the aid was fatally wounded by a musket ball, Marten Smith Stanglin was also killed, and thirty other officers of lower rank were dead, and injured.

Zimermann thinking at first a real battle was on had sent eight million men to oppose Federals advance, with the intention to crush him and he dare make any attack but the enemy finally fell back toward Gallilies after these great demonstrations, thence from there to Mc-Whirther run, and seven million glandelinians were captured, thence across the Aronburgs, and in and out of Collyer and Stanck, where the mighty waves of the fighting glandelinian troops almost charged and ran through a sea of flames and death and destruction when the following christian light artiller y let fly with their broadsides, every moment of the retreat, and glandelinians surrendered. The enemy again threatened to make a stand at Chamberlans, and Ophelia, gave the christians some slight opposit ion at Se Sacramento, then retreated up the Carnation ridge, with the intention of holding ground there, but federal at once realized that if he was surrounded here he would never escape, he changed his mind about mak ing a stand here, and once more resumed his retreat, before general zimermanns army came up. It was general Thams Tamerlines coolness that enabled zimermanns army to escape the pugnacious christian pursuer so often, but in one of the slight frays Tamerline happened to receive a severe wound and was unable to ser serve for a long time.

Federal finally was compelled to make a desperate stand, at General Morr.. General zimermann himself gave a graphic account of the tremendous battle that he fought.

"It was on May Fourteenth 1912. that though the terrible battle was uninviting to me I have to give an account of the loss of the results to the enemy, as many others will relate who have taken accounts of the many events of the battle already past. The enemy were attacking under their generals known as Jam generals James, To Terwilliger, ,crairty, Panama, and Huckleberry, and the Angolinian resistance managed to turn back their charges after long and desperate fighting.

One of my aiding generals Vivian happened to receive a wound while he crossed his forces across a branch of the Virginia run stream, and he will not be able I'm sure to resume command for some time. He had risked much in attempting to force the enemy back at this point, and his chief of staff general Nansin narrowly escaped capture when he attacked the box under Bethel and Phalantenburg. However his movements was a success and he had carried all before him.

I have for the time of my service seen the bloodiest battle of my service thus far. At one part of my center the enemy storm of onslaught was particularly severe, and the assailants were rushing on with a fury that seemed to me that all hell could not stop. Unable to stand the frightful scene, that ensued when the roar of firing broke out with the roar of hell, and the terrific ear-splitting roar of explosions that happened to occur when ammunition wagons and gun caissons blew up, which almost shocked my best troops, and caused frenzied frenzy, many of my troops had followed or retreated. I mean in some great confusion and I was unable for a moment to stem the retreat. The soldiers were not terror stricken, but so confused that they did not know what to do, and still yet the enemy who were victorious here did not dare pursue too close for fear of the Angelinians who would they knew turn on them like a pack of mad dogs.

Just at I reached Jennie's bridge, and was striving with might and main to rally a large force of Angelinians here I was suddenly away aware of some strange being in the location. Drawing my pistol I suddenly wheeled upon my follower intent intending to shoot without hesitation as I believed it was a party of glandelinian surprisers coming to hinder my attempt to rally my troops, and as I always refused to give any mercy to the wicked glandelinian skunks, when to my consternation I beheld before me the prettiest little girl, the most prettiest child that I have ever set my arm eyes on, the very likeness of one of the best of little girls child rebel leaders. I lost my suspicion then, and said rather seriously;

"Little one excuse me for my impoliteness but it is dangerous for you to come in the region of a battle. And you came so quietly that I thought a party of skulking glandelinians was arising with the intention of frustrating my efforts to rally my troops. Who are you my little girl, and who or what do you want?"

As I asked the question there was a great crash in the distant from an explosion, and every thing in the air seemed to quiver from the shock but the little girl seemed to pay no attention to the noise whatever but answered to my utter astonishment;

"I'm little Annie Aronburg. I have come to help you so that you are not worsted in this conflict. I'm a celestial being, and can do all you wish if only you'll follow my directions and watch my movements."

"I answered;

"I'm glad to know that you are a celestial being. And I presume it is God who had sent you to help me against his foes."

"She begged me persistently to be careful how I lead my attacks and then in an angry voice, she declared that the enemy committed a sacrilegious treason against God for their cruel wicked actions, and that for that reason she came to aid me in any possible way.

Suddenly as my troops were rallied she had before my very eyes gave me a bewitching smile, and then suddenly as the enemy burst into view to make their screaming attack she had disappeared. The shock of the blow of the attack shook the rallied line pretty badly, but they were holding, and a large tree that was standing near where she had appeared to me was split by a shell explosion, and fell down among the foe who were now recoiling, the first onset having been a failure. My did I not feel querr at the sudden disappearance of the little girl I left the spot immediately with the purpose of giving further directions to my officers in the effort to hold the line against the second at assault, and indeed all the time I felt as if I had been in the presence of a little celestial being.

It was just at the time when the enemy were hurled all their force against my lines, and were about to break it when again the little girl appeared before the cavarly generals horse who was moving forward slowly with his array of lancers. She was dressed in a long white robe and had her little hands outstretched toward him almost with a pleading look in her eyes and face, and then she began to sway back and forth as light as a breeze, her curly yellow hair looking yet more yellow in the morning sun and she had appeared so suddenly that all the soldiers who saw her were amazed and awed. The generals white horse had always been used to all kinds of children and had instantly stopped without the general telling him to, casting his eyes down toward the celestial child, and pricking up both ears.

The general suddenly cried out to her.

"Why where under the name of heaven did you little girl come from, heaven?"

"Especially in such a storm of battle as this is raging!"

The nearest town wrecked by the shell fire of the enemy during this great battle was three leagues away, and no children or any person was there and all of the soldiers knew it too. The general realized that it was the spirit of little Annie Aronburg, and as she did not answer his question but begged him and his men to follow her they decided to ride along side of her, and all she said, a great awe filling the men as they realized they were in the presence of a celestial child of heaven. As soon as the child started forward, a whole troop of christian cavarly rushed forward too, and the child continued on with the same swaying motion I myself had seen her before, always leading her herself ahead of the horsemen and looking back over her little white shoulder, at the dashing horsemen. I never thought for a moment it was possible for a little girl to go so fast as she did, and she ran until she came to a farm at which the enemy were fiercely attacking my men, and suddenly she seemed to possess a flaming sword, and went through a glandelinian surge, and the cavarly saw it on the enemy being terror stricken at the appearance of the apparition and the furiously dashing cavarly forces. Some of the glandelinians who were trying to rally did not at the child was a celestial being, and they started forward to seize her while others aimed to cut her down but she pointed a threatening finger at them, and when the cavarly of the foe came up to rally the panic stricken glandelinians and repel my counter charge, the child suddenly darted with her diagonally across a road to a line of telephone poles, the wires had been cut down by the enemy before the battle started, and then ran around the pole and peering out from the other side at me, beckoned me to look to my right. I saw the glandelinians already retreating in confusion, but as I was urging my men on I noticed one of the rallied glandelinian soldiers making a dive around the pole with the intention of seizing her but she looked so threateningly at him that the glandelinian did not have the nerve to touch her even with his bayonet.

"Do not dare to touch me you devil of a glandelinian, a friend of the Hell fiends, a child assassin." She screamed. "If you do I'll bring you down to hell."

Here as if all the demons were after him. A nother glandelinian who an officer had drawn his sabre to flourish it toward her, but only to find air. There was not a thing in sight, not even a bird or a cloud to make color and the enemy that in the main line had receded to their own position and there was a lull in the conflict. I myself waited excitedly hopefully for her to reappear, for at first I could not imagine what happened. The wheat was burning by the score of shocks, a having been by the enemy after they started retreating, and though I looked and I could not discover a single trace of her. God alone can describe my rage, when I realized that twice she had helped my men crush the enemy and back with disaster to the foe. I fully believed now that she had been led by the wicked glandelinians and that the Good God had all led her happy and beautiful spirit to appear before me and the enemy after these two occurrences I continued my work of restoring my and placing new artillery to await the next attack. It was when I stood moment at a safe distance watching the fearful results of the crushing fight of my continentian cavarly upon the enemy against the Gmarians the third severe action of the battle that a similar experienced I had been riding toward the small stream called plopper Brook I thought sure I heard a child's familiar voice calling me. Though I was to me above the din of the fierce firing her voice seemed very far away. I listened again and looking toward the placid waters of the beautiful brook I saw the beautiful child swimming as it appeared in the water with beautiful lily pads all around her. All I could see at times was her head face and bare arms, her eyes being large and had such a look in them that I was overawed, and her beautiful graceful little arms were extended as if beckoning me to come, and she seemed at times to appear in the water entirely on to appear again at another point. I rode slowly toward the brook intending to wade in and learn what she wanted, when my utter astonishment I suddenly saw her far out on the road beckoning me to come away from the water at that point. I was more flabber than ever, as I realized that great dangers threatened on every hand and that she had appeared to help me once more. The child's spirit was really persistent in helping me. I obeyed her call, and I indeed indeed did touch in spite of myself, and wondered how God was so good as to allow one of his creatures of paradise to appear before an old humble servant like myself and render to me all the aid she did give to me.

I rode up close to her not expecting her to dart away like she did before and this time she came right up to me with a look of warning in her eyes, and then she was on my horse in front of me before I expected. This time she told me that the battle was becoming a very great struggle, and she begged me earnestly to keep away from all evil desires and so on, and that she would ask God to favor me with all victories in every battle I fought against the enemy. She then asked me to grant her a request.

"I answered:

"My child, I realize your goodness to me and my soldiers, and of your success in repelling those two glandelinians who were harsh and threatening to you. I swear before God that I will grant any request that you shall make or ask. And that I will do if you will reveal to me why you appear to me in such a mysterious fashion."

"She looked at me at this answer with her beautiful face full of smiles and then said:

"I told you before who I am general Whilliamsburger, my friend and great christian soldier of mine. I'm little Annie Aronburg, who was cruelly murdered by general Raymond Richardson Federal white armies you are now fighting. I was not either executed, or neither was I shot to death from ambush. I was cruelly assassinated because I happened to be a leader of the child rebel children who rebelled against our glandelinian masters to gain our freedom and slavery happiness from slavery and misery. As you was the one who had treated Federal as you did before this great conflict you are now fighting, I had trusted that you alone have the situation of both sides in your hands, and so favoring Angelina God allowed me to appeal to you to be one of those to help revenge my assassination, and to protect the daughters of general Vivian called the 'vivian girls', and that you alone can be the one to save the christian nation though I'm not allowed to tell you how you are to do it. But when the time comes you will find out my dear friend of God, and it will be you who will save their fathers armies from ruin, and defeat at the hands of the wicked glandelinian enemies of poor God whom I love so greatly. I appeared to one man a great number of times called Parger but he has as yet refused my request because he lost many things belonging to him, and so to you I made the appeal. If you had refused all would be lost on account of it."

"My death alone will prevent my granting your request and nothing else." I answered her folding her in my arms and feeling that some thing more than a beautiful child was in my embrace. I will do all my best to grant your wish, and that I would do all in my power to insure the success of the christian armies for her sake too. I then continued on my way following my victorious army the child following when just as I was going to speak again I was again startled by the near approach of battle. I then looked around but she was gone. But again sooner after the battle I met her and this time she was attired completely as a celestial child, only appeared for an hour and smiling at me she allowed me to hold her in my arms for all that time, and then leaving with me a beautiful heavenly fragrance she was gone back to her beautiful home of indescribable happiness. I had led before that one of the fiercest charges of the battle, and put the enemy to rout. A little girl spy by the name of Gertrude Angeline is with my army and I have already known her for quite a number of months and she resembles Annie Aronburgs a good deal and is her sister at that. My losses have been very serious nearly five hundred thousand in killed and wounded during the battle, but she had caused the enemy a number of the most frightful disasters. My losses I can predict goes as far as 5,567,789 in killed and wounded. The foe lost about 987,776 in killed and wounded, and over 400,000 in prisoners. I have learned that the children of general Vivian are very young children yet even at the time this war has started. I believed it would have been wiser if general Vivian had sent his little daughters to Abbieanna and had advised him to do so, but I realized on investigation that this cannot be done and that the little darlings are for the time being safer where they are, for I see no chance whatever of their getting to Abbieanna yet, at this critical time on account of the fortifications of the seaports being guarded by the enemy rovers, and so I believe there is wisely more safety for Violet and her sisters to go off under the protection of the christian armies than to Abbieanna, and when opportunity presents itself, I'll find Jack Ambrose Evans their guardian who is somewhere among general Vivian's lines and send him back to them as he ought to be with them now as he is their best friend. I hope also that general Hanson, and his brother will

able to repel the enemy successfully at Easter Starring, and Gabn where their armies are entrenched, and I will pray also that I will be able to see their guardian as soon as possible.

movements of the threatening battle was now more possible than before at Easter starring. There had been reported several times already a severe action at one section of general Hanson's lines, and if it had been for the sound of some heavy firing occasionally heard, the reports would have been believed as false rumors.

At every point the enemy was demonstrating in mass, and scouts in every hour reporting that the enemy were concentrating their artillery, and that Black Brooks was actually anxious for the arrival of morning, so that could immediately storm the christian lines as desired. For the christians it was indeed a lively night. Flashes that were suspicious was often observed in the direction of the enemy's lines, and it was evident that it was their signals, to the officers predicting how their plans were being tried out, and of the renewed movements of more artillery.

It was surely threatening now, the great war storm, and Hanson realized the situation made preparations to meet the crash when it came. Several times during the night it appeared as if the enemy were going to start the trouble then, but the attacks were only severe sorties and with slight losses that they occasioned they did not amount to anything at

Violet and her sisters were advised by the christian generals early following morning to keep out of the range of the enemy's fire, for there was danger of their being shot down by the enemy. At six o'clock there was spirited activity, which at one point of the christian right wing became exceedingly general, and threatened to be really a dreadful engagement, this squabble only lasted for an hour, and the enemy retreated, not exactly willing just now to start a main battle without sufficient orders.

However at every point the desultory firing did not really cease, as the enemy were continually keeping the christians on the edge. Hanson decided to show the enemy a thing or two. At seven o'clock he had all his artillery placed, and when another temporary attack was tried by the enemy it was completely annihilated.

This bloody repulse surprised and enraged general Black Brooks, he opened a considerable heavy fire with two batteries of his artillery defiantly demonstrated once more, and threatened at once to start a full engagement, but Hanson had once ordered the full formation of his army, and as the enemy saw that the massing of christians was becoming more threatening, they kept up some heavy firing of musketry for a while, which gradually became general and caused the christians quite as in men and even officers, but this squabble gradually ceased also for a time now there was quite some silence.

However this is what a person could term 'The squalls before the storm.' Black Brooks was moving heavy bodies of men toward Hanson's extreme left wing, with the intention of really beginning a general engagement and also was hurling forward an immense column of Omarians to take flank of the left wing in the rear. The firing was soon renewed and a few minutes Hanson received this message:

"Be careful your excellency: The enemy are concentrating their forces upon your left wing, and are moving along another large division to strike a blow upon your left flank. Have the wing be on your guard. Any firing of cannons and musketry is reported from another quarter and it seems as if a general battle is now raging. The batteries of artillery of the enemy are concentrating on your whole left wing, and your right wing reported heavily assaulted by thirteen divisions of glandelinians under general Hindenberger. They are also trying to enclose general Halfords army of Abyssinkilians and he is in danger of being surrounded. Send aid quickly."

Hanson quickly acted promptly, and finally by vigorous work repulsed the attempt of the foe but the battle was now in general action and terrible scenes were about to follow:

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE.

THE BATTLE OF EASTER STARRING.

THE RESULT OF THE BLOODY BATTLE.....

The next morning general Black Brooks almost encompassed by forest fires was compelled to threaten general Baldwin's army and this brought on a desperate assault by made by the Christian soldiers. Oh my. Of all the experiences experienced of the Glandelinian officers they could not have believed it possible for the Abyssinkilians to attack with the violence they threw upon their lines, the fury of the sudden onslaught being indescribably indescribable. No one could in full detail describe a horrible nightmare in its proper terrors and it was the same with this great onslaught that was made by nearly a million Abyssinkilian soldiers at once. The assault was indeed a monstrous thing and the most monstrous thing about it was that the more the Glandelinians under Turner Johnson resisted it the more it increased in fury. The Abyssinkilians came on with the seemingly pressure of countless billions of tons of sand tearing at the rate of a man's wildest race. The Glandelinian columns stood their ground nobly and whole long columns of the Christian assailants seemed to rush into the very maws of destruction for they would only come upon the Glandelinians and close with them, and the Glandelinian columns under general Johnson was broken into countless fragments and forced to recede in confusion.

General Black Brooks and his own officers never forgot the three enormous or overwhelming assaults their massive lines received with wicked slaughter. The first great onslaught of the Abyssinkilians under general Frederick Nance and Julio Bengligan had been checked at one point by the crushing to fragments of several columns, but these had been reinforced by Calverinians and Angolinians, and Tripolinians also coming up the assault was continued for two hours, and soon by their immense pressure hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians were shot down the Abyssinkilians making a clean sweep of the opposing Glandelinian Me-Hollestonians under Herdruif Brankitter driving them back panic stricken. In this assault along this hot point Bengligan and Nance fell wounded but the assailants kept right on and it was impossible for the Glandelinians to stop them.

Along Black Brooks' personal left wing the long line of abatis, wagons, and fallen trees may as well have been placed by the Zimmermannians to check God's advance himself, for even little good were they for even the worse of the Glandelinians known as Me-Hollestonians and Ovarians and Zimmermannians, when the millions of Abyssinkilians yelling like a screeching typhoon of tornadoes swept along in a yelling, screeching, cursing mass, the enemy's line twisting and squirming like a long snake as it strove with all the violence known in counter assaults to drive back their apparent insane Christian assailants. The musketry firing roared like a million cannon at once, but to check the Abyssinkilian advance was impossible. The Abyssinkilians in a moments time had filled all the first line of trenches flush with the main one to the rear, tearing and cutting their way through all obstacles, and as the miserable damage of Glandelinians poured back in retreat, the Abyssinkilians hurled themselves upon the Glandelinians overwhelming the whole region like a sweeping tidal wave, there being a most frightful tumult of musketry, sabres and bayonets and the scene was frightful. The two main lines of the enemies formed two human like serpents twisting and squirming back and forth, but it was seen that the weakened and crushed Me-Hollestonian line was slowly crumbling up. Men on both sides fairly used bayonets with murderous and merciless cruelty, and even those losing their weapons in the frightful scum or scumage used their fists, and teeth, and struck at each other with pick axes, trench shovels and spades, and even used the heels of their boots as weapons, others wrestling with each other, scrambling or rolling head first, sideways, feet first, rolling over and over, twisting and squirming with each other, and trying to check check each other to death, and even biting each other like dogs. Many of the Glandelinian officers further back had seen what was coming and did all their best to rally the demoralized Glandelinian columns but they were also swept away before the human current in purple. Six Glandelinian generals fell dead in this death struggle, they being McWhirther Wright, Henry Wright, his brother, Pete Barnum, George Glahis, Claudis Punnerin, and general in chief Antonia Randall.

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of the other Glandelinian officers with the help of his staff tried to rally his writhing twisting line, but one of the giant Abyssinkilian soldiers seven tall feet tall and who must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds brought up against him in a fierce assault, got an arm around his neck during the death struggle and both fell riddled with bullets from the striding fire on both sides. Immediately a new rush of red columns that was coming up to join the others carried all before them at one point, but the Glandelinians could have rallied at this point and checked the fierce Abyssinkilians but under unfortunately for their side general Donald Hanson a new officer fell wounded, and another general Crane Wilberine was killed, and this caused the Glandelinians at this point to become panic stricken. The Abyssinkilians at other portions of the line rushed on with the perfect measure of an avalanche and the front line of the Me-Hollestonians still daring to resist went down in annihilation as one of the Abyssinkilian generals managed to capture one of the Glandelinian batteries swing them around and put them into action, and another Glandelinian general Richard Bell fell mortally wounded amid the dreadful carnage. At other points Glandelinian cannon still in their possession tore the Abyssinkilian assault pieces but little good did these batt

le do. In spite of the most energetic efforts of the brave Glandelinian soldiers a desperate massive gray lines without any reinforcements as yet twisted and squirmed behind their second line of works, their line being in tatters, and also being swept down into myriads of dead and wounded. It was one of the most terrific onslaughts ever yet made by the Abyssinkilians. Me-Hollestonian lines were fairly engulfed in the waves of assailants, and the groans of the wounded was heartrending, and the Glandelinian generals were that their lines would give way before the assault any moment now. The whole line of the enemy resisted this assault but was torn piece, and a having indeed after resisting this tremendous assault, yet maintained stubbornly against four extra ones, but was now in danger of annihilation unless something could be done to relieve it of the enormous pressure.

Hundreds of thousands of bayonets still went clashing against each other, pikes cracked and snapped, and every other weapon clashed against each other in renewed desperate hand to hand fight that went on every time the warring lines closed. It indeed seemed as if the Me-Hollestonian line would be crushed by the angry onslaught or be swept away in a tide of blood, but an hour after Black Brooks had managed to hurl over two million men at the Abyssinkilians, slowly but gradually, and soon the Abyssinkilians were lost fully half of their number in this onslaught began to give way. Glandelinian Glandelinian generals Thomas Nolan and Frank Polen being killed. The Abyssinkilians retired to their own position sullen but not beaten and made preparations for the second assault. A sudden calm had now ended the first crisis of this terrific collision of the Abyssinkilian army. The charge could have been won easily enough if it had not been for the fall of Frederick Nance and Julio Bengligan. And also the situation would have really been favorable for the Glandelinians had it not been so. The facts was, the Abyssinkilians had greater numbers, knew better about military rules, and were better fighters than any Glandelinians or Angelinians together, and having weakened their right wing, the Abyssinkilians despite their withdrawal had gained a great advantage despite their crushing repulse. Another such charge and the Glandelinians would not be able to stand against. And Black Brooks realized it and planted all his artillery in the front line trenches. The onslaught had torn the extreme left wing of Black Brooks' Army to fragments, swept back and rolled up whole divisions and made a raffle of the Glandelinian center itself before the repulse of the Abyssinkilians came. But still they would have come through nicely had they been prepared for the resumption of the battle. So terrific was the repulse and whole sale slaughter of the Abyssinkilian troops, the assault which had really lasted five hours beginning at four in the morning without resting that all the Glandelinian officers thought the battle over, and the Christians worsted this time for sure and for good. But not so. The whole right wing of the Glandelinian army was in a state of stunned, numbed, paralyzed collapse from enduring the impact of the first tremendous assault and all their generals were down. And to make it worse for the enemy the fall itself was only the duration of half an hour. During all the time of the first assault there had not been a breath of air, and after the assault the effect on one who would have observed the sea of dead and wounded in the fields and in front of the works would have been sickening.

indeed during the five hours assault the whole entire Glandelinian army, the entire three wings had been at vehement, titanic, muscular tension, withstanding the fearful pressure of the Abyssinkilian onslaught, who alone made it and not the Angolinians. So loud had been the din of the frightful cannonading that when it was suddenly relieved by silence, Violet and her sisters who had unfortunately witnessed the battle, felt as if though they were about to expand to fly apart in all directions. It seemed as if every atom composing their little bodies was repelling each other atom and was on the verge of rushing irresistibly into space, while thousands of bells seemed to be ring ringing in their ears.

The Abyssinkilians who had abandoned the assault because they willed it so and had not been driven soon came back at it again with the rapidity of lightning. Caught this time unawares, and simultaneously on the front and left flank, and unable to resist the enormous pressure directed against them the Glandelinian columns under burning wheel gave way in the greatest confusion, the Abyssinkilians carrying all before them. Amid the fearful scenes of the battle, there was again the savage roar of hundreds of thousands of musketry, plaintive howlings of the wounded and dying, rattle of muskets against muskets, ring of steel on steel, the clack clash of sabres, and the chopping noise of pikes, shrieks of the frightened panic stricken Glandelinian soldiery and the groans of the unfortunate mortally wounded who bewailed their approaching end. All this tumult did not prevent the officers leading the attacking Abyssinkilians from hearing the shrill serpent like hissing from the storm of canister that moved down their columns, while every flash of shells was followed by horrible bursts of thunderous explosions, which deafening and almost blind blinding those officers who desperately urged their men on. The charge was as furiously as ever at other sections. Along Black Brooks right wing the battle raged severely. The Abyssinkilians came on like a roaring wave of demons. Suddenly three thousand one hundred guns opened a simultaneous fire with a burst of horrible salvos of explosions of drum variety, which rent and split the Abyssinkilian wave asunder, and so terrific was the burst of horrible thunder from those line of guns that several of the Abyssinkilian officers and scores of thousands of men were afflicted for a long time afterwards with weakened eyesight, deafness and blackened finger nails. Simultaneously every flash of the line of shells was followed by horrible bursts of thunderous explosions. The Abyssinkilians in making this success thus accomplished lost three hundred and fifty five thousand men in one hour for their pains. As soon as Hanson, Vivian had heard of the evacuation of the works on the right, and of the Abyssinkilian desperate assault elsewhere still going on, he ordered the forces of the left grand divisions who had arrived at this moment to move forward to the support of the assault, and with orders to give the enemy all the fighting they wanted, but in the meantime the enemy had been heavily reinforced and was holding their ground desperately. General Procile was also ordered to take his troops forward and do what he could to throw off the enemy from the left. General Procile had relieved his command on account of the good work he had done during the Glandelinian-Abbyssinkilian war he being a very old man by this time but still able to fight.

Again however by strong and severe concentration of Glandelinian troops the Abyssinkilians had been hurled back and the enemy now rushed forward to storm the Christian lines for revenge. Violet and her sisters who had been held in high esteem by all the commanding Christian generals who knew them well had expected that the battle would be over after the last assault just made, but by the time the Abyssinkilians were again forced to withdraw and the struggle resumed by the enemy attack this time, the little girls had inquired from one of the officers what the continued explosions of so many hundreds of shells per second meant, and what caused the long rolling crash of musketry at new quarters which seemed to tear the very air. This officer not being aware of the real truth as yet knew not what it was, so the brave little girls decided to go and see, and had no sooner come upon the location where a blasting furnace of musketry seemed to blaze for three miles with a frightful thousand cannon like roar, and then through the thick sea of smoke they saw a heavy hurricane of gray and purple and red coats intermingled in a quivering mass come tearing through the woods on their right, amid a screaming roar of yells, shrieks, curses, the crashing of musketry, the tumult of bayonets pikes sabres, and the crashing noise of musket against musket.

Realizing that something was wrong Violet and her sisters looked for a place where they might get a chance to escape, either the enemy or other dangers of the approaching battle. But in vain. The chaos of squirming and twisting lines came nearer and nearer with frightful fury of yelling, and as Violet and her sisters looked in terror they saw the victorious

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Glandelinians seemingly bristling with bayonets and pikes, and indeed they were hurling thousands of the frantically resisting Angolinians and Abyssinkilians, the whole Christian line swaying and bending, while men on both sides were falling in the most frightful losses. So loud was the din that to the little girls it seemed as if the whole world all around them was breaking it into fragments and coming to an abrupt end. Yet despite all and despite the rain that began to pour down in torrents, neither side changed her position watching the scene of carnage, the deafening noise of the struggle to them being frightful, and increasing frightfully and more furiously every minute. Suddenly a rush of graycoated prisoners passed on and as reinforcements were being thrown upon the assailants they gradually fell back, and the conflict again ceased for a brief spell.

Violet had seen one of the prisoners accidentally drop a piece of paper and had unseen picked it up, and finding that it contained something that would work ill on the Angolinians should Hanson not be warned in time, Violet and her sisters decided to avoid the new coming of the chaos and reach Hanson in time to tell him that he was betrayed, and of various movements of the enemy to encompass his main left wing to prevent the Abyssinkilians to make any further assaults, which as the note stated, he already furiously assaulted by millions of storming Glandelinians. Though at other sections the roar of battle had ceased for the time being, Violet and her sisters knew from the noise they heard that the Glandelinians had made a fearful onslaught, and decided themselves to do all they could to win the battle for Hanson, even if they lost their lives for the attempt. At this moment at a peculiar location Violet and her sisters saw thousands of Glandelinians advancing where they were hiding, and the little girls realizing they were seen and trapped hastily ran toward a barn, and quickly entering, shut the big doors and barred them. The graycoats now came within reach of the barn, and some of their officers at once demanded that the barn doors be thrown open, or the barn would be fired. This was foolish for they ought to have known in this rainy rain that was pouring the logs of the barn were completely water soaked and would not burn. No answer was given to the threat of the graycoated officers, and a few minutes later there came a furious assault on the doors. At once the little girls opened fire through every crevice in the walls, horses reared and backed, while eight graycoats toppled from their saddles. The Glandelinians in the rear being flabbergasted paused a moment, but the others recovering rushed forward, carrying a shield in front of them as a sort of shield.

While they were making a demonstration in front taking good care to keep the heavy padded saddles in front of them, so as to protect their bodies from the bullets, of the party within the barn, there was a puff of smoke from the rear where the graycoats had also managed to get unseen, and to make a light.....

"Pop!" Violet made a hold hole through his hat, and he jumped so quickly that he tumbled over backwards and almost turned a summersault in his haste to get out of the danger zone. The fire died out in a moment the wood being wet to burn without more encouragement than it had received. Bullets were singing from every crevice in the walls of the big barn as it seemed to the graycoats who had no idea of the size of the party within but taking it for granted that it was much larger than it really was account of the demonstration therefrom. It was not long before they had evidently made up their minds that they were losing time for surging Angolinians were approaching, and they now turned their attention to these Glandelinians shouting toward the barn:

"You fellows who ever you in there in the barn put up a good fight and we are proud of you. Good luck to ye, and may the powers of war go well in your favor for enemies though you are we can almost love the brave soldiers or children."

Seeing that the brave Glandelinians abandoned the attack the little girls flung open the doors and darted out but not in time to see the Glandelinians had spotted them as they had come out. But the Glandelinians only waved their hands and bade them go, being good natured graycoats indeed, and not child butchers as some of the others were. And they were Glandelinians. After going a certain score of different Glandelinians who were Mc-Hollestonians appeared, by rushing from bushes, and jumping down from trees surprising and surrounding poor Violet and her sisters. Violet and her sisters were alone in the midst of a score of angry Mc-Hollestonians who were pressing closer and closer against them. Violet and her sisters did not dare to fire their pistols too quick, for then it would leave them defenseless against their most deadliest enemies.....

The men were determined to capture them at all costs, as poor Violet and her sisters could see, while already two or three scowling glandelinian soldiers sprang on the rear of Violet, but suddenly Violet fired her pistols at those coming on her in the front, and wheeled quickly to protect herself from the others coming or reaching for her and her sisters from the rear.....She had reloaded her empty pistols and snatched another from the hostler in the saddle of the horse she was on, and fired again. The men drew back for a second, and then with a howl like a pack of angry wolves rushed forward again and together Violet and her sisters tried to back to one side of the road, but by this time the graycoats had leveled their muskets at the little girls from all sides, and Violet and her sisters were about to give themselves up for lost, when there came several rolling volleys from the distant woods, followed by others in quick succession, and a hundred score of the oncoming graycoats dropped, and also every one surrounding Violet and her sisters. Wheeling their horses suddenly Violet and her sisters emptied their pistols into the crowd of the graycoats coming on behind, and leaped through another swarm, scattering them, and dashing toward where the sound of volleys came from, and galloped into the midst of a thousand Abyssinkilians.

"Go the other way ye little fools." Violet heard a familiar voice among one of them shout. "It was us who fired upon your captors, and we will only be discovered if they knew we came to your rescue."

Violet and her sisters immediately obeyed the brave noble Abyssinkilians cheering them as they went. Other glandelinians had followed the little girls however, and had no sooner reached a dense woods, when suddenly there came the discharge of ten thousand muskets, the flash of so many guns blinding the enemy, and the noise for which they were so intirely unprepared almost scared the foremost glandelinians stiff. For an instant the thousands of survivors made neither motion or sound, and then as if by a single impulse they charged forward in the face of an indulating blaze of musketry fire, and literally cleared the woods of the Angelinians thousands of which ran in their retreating pulling some of their wounded comrades with them. During all this time along the christian center which was not in action yet there was evidences of active activities, thousands of soldiers repairing bridges, clearing channels under fire that had been choked to impede their advance while roads were being reposed over which ammunition wagons were hauled out of the way of the continuous firing, by oxen. Many cannons belonging to the enemy who had retreated after their own onset against the Abyssinkilians were found sticking in the mud, broken wagons were found overturned in the ditches, while the heat was at its suffocating, despite the rain that was pouring, mingled with the ear-splitting thunder rolls which had added to the frightful din of the battle. A gong going on along the left wing and which even now was ceasing. Even despite the rain the glandelinian snipers were everywhere causing a great deal of discomfort to the laboring christian engineers extricating stalled roads and throwing up long intrenchments. It was indeed the greatest difficulties that beset the Angelinians for it was fearful to think of it but the Angelinians had indomitable determination to surmount all obstacles.

The full length of the new position of the glandelinian army was between the East Ester Starring and Norma Burke and here indeed in the first of the battle the Angelinians had won a decided advantage which made black Brooks army jeopardized for his whole right wing was mangled and crushed and he had no reserve reserves to replace the losses. The expected reinforcements were not within sight.

About two hours after the Abyssinkilians had repulsed the counter assault of the glandelinians the Abyssinkilians swept forward to make the third assault and rushed forward with the most indescribable fury, and this time the roar and crash of musketry and thousands of guns drowned out all other sounds, even those made by the terrific long thunderstorms, the rain falling all this time with tropical fury, the rain and smoke at times obscuring everything for the distance of more than fifty feet. Amid the battles roar the Abyssinkilians screamed and shrieked wildly with their yells. All the while after the battle had recommenced the storm of glandelinian artillery and musketry increased with frightful force and fury, the rain of shells, canister and even bullets flying so thick for a minute as to tear and split away thousands of trees, and by the time the Abyssinkilians reached the enemy's lines the battle raged harder than ever in the midst of the pouring rain, the deafening noises of the battle, the roaring elements, and the yelling of the combatants and the incessant thunder making a terrible pandemonium of sounds never to be forgotten.

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the whole battle field the trees torn asunder by exploding shells fell to the ground by scores every second yet despite it all and the rain which roared almost as loud as hailstones the Abyssinkilians though slightly checked by the resistance of the glandelinians continued the advance of their ferocious onslaught. The ferocity of the battle increased no so furiously that the uproar became a splitting and seemed to fill millions of terrible sounds at once. Minute by minute the pressure of the assault of the Abyssinkilians now reinforced by the Angelinians and the Angelinians increased, and became so frightful that it seemed as if it would sweep away all the glandelinian columns and crush them to pieces. Every now and then amid the terrible battle the vivid blinding sheets of lightning with glowing leaders and forks, or sky splitters tore through the lighting up the scene of battle more brighter. followed each time these thunder rolls that seemed to crash like parks of artillery. But all through this noise and fury of the desperate battle redoubled so terrible that a hundred volcanic eruptions could not have been heard. All the while the battle had been raging many foraging parties of both sides were scouring the country around clearing out every bit of cattle, and as they came upon during their advance, and the enemy drove away all the herds and flocks of the christians. A hundred times some of these foraging parties met and clashed. Along the center of black Brooks lines the fierce onslaught of the Abyssinkilians was redoubled also in violence against the battle with the steadiness of a hurricane, and here the glandelinians had all they could do to prevent themselves from being forced to the works, and again both sides surged back and forth in frightful waves despite the flashes of lightning, the thunder rolls and the crashes of falling trees, and every kind of available weapon was used in the hand to hand fight, the glandelinians being driven back again and again only to recover their works, but nevertheless the Abyssinkilians surged forward still more furiously. The screaming yell of the combatants at this time was a terrific sound to rend the air into hells uproar itself, and the awful terrifying thunderous crashes of long lines of musketry was fairly heard out by the roar of yells, and at times it seemed as if the cannons and musketry flashed brighter than the lightning itself. The yelling, the stinging storm of shrapnell, the wind, and all kinds of war missiles, and shouting of the combatants resembling the screaming of a million demons made a sound that could never be described, and who could have imagined of having witnessed such a battle during an Angelinian thunder-storm, and of the exploding shells which tore down trees everywhere with a more blinding uproar even the strongest while every discharge of artillery along extensive volleys of musketry seemed to split the earth.....

However the Abyssinkilians finally suffered another reverse but this time the glandelinians even refused to follow not daring to counter charge them. During the time of the frightful carnage concluding the attack the third time Violet and her sisters had been followed by glandelinians and knowing indeed that death would follow if they got caught by these glandelinians, they immediately dropped to their hands and knees after dismounting and tried to crawl along unseen. They managed to escape these glandelinians, but suddenly as they rose to their feet they suddenly found themselves confronted by a score of other glandelinians who pointed their muskets at them one of their officers shouting:

"Halt you little devils. You are spies, and you are on your way to give general Hanson the purpose of our plans."

Instantly without seeming to do so Violet and her sisters drew their pistols and fired shooting almost seven of the rascals down, and then made a dash. They reached a glen just as the rest of the rascals poured in a withering fire upon the little girls. It was hard traveling for the little girls for tons of wreckage was already strewn about by the surge of the battle storm which had passed through here early in the morning. Here Violet and her sisters found several Angelinian columns with pale stricken groups of fleeing glandelinians far to their front, there being about twenty thousand men altogether. These officers had declared to have one hundred thousand men when they first received the shock of the enemy's onslaught during the repulse of the Abyssinkilians during the second general attack and now looked at them. The generals were glad to see Violet and her sisters, and questioned them regarding the situation of black Brooks center, and Violet and her sisters told them all they knew from what they had read in the piece of paper they picked up!

"Well you are good little girls and are under the protection of the guardian angels, but general Hanson does not allow you little girls to act as spies or spies as it is too dangerous. Don't you know it?"

"That papa allows us to do we do." Answered Violet. "We did this for uncle and not wish to receive any rebuke from any of you officers."

"We are not scolding you little girls," said the general. "We only told you of Hanson forbidden you to be spies."

"Papa is our boss," answered Violet partly laughing and partly pouting. "We do as papa says and no other general no matter how high a rank has a right to interfere unless papa says so. The enemy is every everywhere in great confusion and fury just now. It seems possible that we won't win this battle."

"Well it's up to you little girls," said the officer kind of sternly this time. "We have messengers of our own. If anything should happen to you little girls Hans Hanson would be blamed. If you will give me the papers I'll see that they reach Hanson at once."

"We'll deliver them to general Hanson ourselves," said Violet. "And we'll speak to him on the matter of our being messengers and see what he has to say."

Violet and her sisters continued on leaving the surprised officers behind. A moment after the precious packages were separated between them each being addressed to Jimmie Vivian assaulting the enemy fiercely at Gorma Purkes Gros Crossing, the other to Hanson Proville, Gannonia Aronburg, Francis Gunn, and Germaine Vivian Jimmie's brother who were all making serious desperate onslaughts at other portions of the enemy's lines. Violet took the most distant mission and asked her sisters to deliver their packages as quickly as possible, and then to join her at Hanson's lines. This was done the messages telling general Hanson and the others to force the enemy's lines at all costs, telling that the enemy's right was worsted, crushed, and the enemy's central line almost annihilated, and that if the enemy would fail to hold their ground Black Brooks army would be captured or destroyed...

Germaine the main commander of his own independent army threw his heaviest forces after the lull across the grounds of Gorma Purkes Gros Crossing and here the enemy were being beaten and torn back like the angry waves of a storming sea. Violet herself had not reached Hanson's lines as yet, and as the distant battle was being again renewed and was even increasing she wished to get to Hanson as quickly as possible, and as she was quite acquainted with the country, she cut through the body strewn woods, where the morning's struggle had raged, deciding to reach Hanson before the battle storm should reach its worse, and also its final issue. She had not gone far when her horse showed signs of uneasiness, sniffing the air and tossing its head impatiently. Violet herself caught the scent and knowing by the tramp, tramp of feet that they were a big big force of Gormians and G Zimminians drew back behind the thick shelter of trees and waited. Violet could hear them coming on and indeed there seemed to be quite a hundred thousand of them from the clamor of scabbards and guns they made. The scent of the graycoats seemed to act as a stimulant to her horse for he pricked up his ears, and quivered in his desire to get away. Violet waited until the Glandelinians should show themselves and when she found out that they did not appear, she quickly dismounted leaving her horse where he was, and made her way cautiously over to where she thought the Glandelinians were, and soon discovered them seeing that they were coming on in great force but advancing in another direction, and not where she or what she had her horse standing.

"Maybe those forces are advancing to make a flank attack or some thing," thought Violet. "In any event I shall get to the nearest Christian general as quickly as possible with the warning." But Violet was not going to get to the nearest Christian general without any excitement for as she was crawling back to where she had left her horse standing, she suddenly came upon a tall Glandelinian in the act of hurling a musket at her head. Violet dropped immediately and the weapon crashed against a tree just in back where her head had been but a moment before. Like a panther the Glandelinian leaped upon the fallen child, and took hold of her throat in a strangle grip, but to get away from the half wild rascal she butted him smartly in the belly with her head, knocking the wind out of him, and throwing him over on his back, and then she mounted her horse and dashed off like a frightened deer. The Glandelinian gave a loud whoop, bringing others to his aid. Violet dived quickly into the underbrush hoping to get on her horse again for in the excitement of the wild dash she was thrown, but one of the Glandelinians fired a shot at her and missing sent the pistol after her striking her on the back of the head and knocking her down. But the blow though it hurt did not knock her senseless and she quickly sprang to her feet, knowing the enemy would butcher her at once if they succeeded in capturing her. She shuddered slightly as she thought struck her and opened fire at her pistols at her handsomen but wicked pursuers. It was raining harder by this time and the wind had grown stronger, and quickly the little girl managed to reach her horse and again galloped off.

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was pursued hotly by the Glandelinians and nearly over overtaken, but finally a squad of Angelinians dashed out from a clump of trees on both sides of the road and opened fire mowing the pursuers down by the score. The Glandelinian pursuers gave serious resistance but they were steadily pushed back and Violet was saved. It was toward three o'clock when Violet reached Hanson himself, but the great general had long before known of the disaster along Black Brooks right wing, and had sent general Frank Wallis there with heavy reinforcements to support those attacking the crushed and broken wing, but this time Gannon having before the action over three million three hundred thousand men was now withdrawing with only twenty five thousand survivors, and soon a hundred thousand more were coming from the rear line, and fearing his assault was worsted, he ordered the ragged army to retreat knowing it was useless to throw Black Brooks out of his position any longer, and decided to resume the battle by other demonstrations and besiege him as well. Violet and her sisters had attached themselves to the great Christian generals who now requested them to keep informed of the movements of the enemy along any point of the line so they could observe and observe which was still in action. In half an hour other forces were streaming to the rear, and general Gannon himself came up at full speed saying that their brother Germaine had many fierce encounters for hours, but was also repulsed, and that the main body of the army was only a mile beyond Black Brooks lines, and was advancing with full speed to his succor.

General Gannon Proville and Aronburg Gunn found their forces repulsed and then counter attacked in front and rear and were also forced to give up assault. General Jimmie Vivian at the outset of the bloody assault had found the enemy unprepared for his demonstration, for the Glandelinians had thought that all the graycoated Glandelinians issued from the woods were Glandelinians pursued by purple and red coats; and thus the Glandelinians proved who they were they fled the Glandelinians in confusion. Jimmie himself had made sweeping success for good. At other points the Christian attacks were repulsed.

Soon Violet and her sisters who were viewing the scene discovered perfect waves of Glandelinians moving forward to resume the battle against themselves. Violet and her sisters who were there first were the first to discover the truth. The woods are full of Glandelinians. "They screamed as the roar of terrible cannonade suddenly broke the stillness following the lull and several Christian officers whose men were then digging trenches at that portion were forced to order a retreat, the divisions of trench were retreating single file through the troops of the main Christian line enemy yelling furiously as they rushed forward. The resumed firing of artillery became deafening once more. General Bernard Shoemann had sent divisions of men each of two million four hundred and forty thousand under general Cantluck, and under general Calo Calnog the first to back the Christian rear and the other with Nellies Nellie to meet in the rear, while generals Hubbard and Ten Telma with one million two hundred and fifty thousand men diverted the attention in front. Jimmie Vivian was furious when he found his army attacked on all sides, and yet was amazed to see how easily the Angelinians fought. The Glandelinian officers inspiring their men by their impetuosity soon succeeded in forcing Jimmie's lines to hold their ground hurling them back as if by the pressure of an avalanche and stormed all the works furiously, and advancing within eight paces of the loaded artillery of Glandelinians men. At once these guns blazed forth with a storm of hell as to scorch the air and fill the woods for miles with a most deafening noise, but the Glandelinians though they seemed to go down in whole ranks swarmed to the very muzzles of the guns and mounting to breastworks with Glandelinian men drove the Christians from the guns with frightful loss, but at the same time thousands upon thousands of the Glandelinians fell in one mass into dead and wounded their generals bravely named and Glandelinian being killed by a withering storm of canister and Glandelinian on the Christian side was also killed, Jimmie Vivian wounded, Richard Logan killed, Bernard Bob killed, with the wounding of Shoemann, Calo Calnog, Hanson, Thomas Phelan, Richard Jensen, Logan Perry, and Brown Kiser also. All these officers on both sides fell simultaneously just as the Christian columns were driven from the guns. The whole Christian line dissolving away frightfully before the enemy's fire was a scene of slight confusion, the lines of Christians being broken into scattered columns far apart from another, and retreating toward their own position in good order. In this event the brave Glandelinians had captured the three hundred Glandelinian guns and fifty seven inch guns, besides twenty Glandelinian cannon, and ten Krupp and four centimeter guns....

Onward the retreating columns pressed the long shattered lines in great gray, the scattered christian columns striving to rally, and foremost groups kept up such a deadly fire that soon they had not a single cartridge left. On with amazing fury rushed the gray lines, the foremost Angelinians having managed to rally somewhat, resisting with the fury of demons, taking to their bayonets, trying every means to drive the glandelinians back, but the charge of the gray line was furious and irresistible, the poor Angelinians being literally reduced to a few men at the point where they had rallied, and the survivors had to continue the retreat with the main columns. Cannon and Germaine Vivian themselves had not been driven back and they sent cavalry to try and rally the columns, but the cavalry leaders were wounded the main one general Jackson Baldwin being severely wounded, and then killed as the glandelinian columns crashed down upon him crushing his division of cavalry to fragments, and taking thousands of prisoners. General Bary was simultaneously sending heavy columns of graycoats which also pushed forward and resumed the assault upon germanines line which still held its ground though Germaine Vivian was wounded, and Cannon also, but the foe for a time were only a handful compared to the force that resisted their attack, and they soon fell back under a galling fire and did not attack any more at this quarter.

Rodney Cannon charged on vigorously giving the other Angelinian leaders no time to rally and reform their scattered commands. All along the Norma Burkee Cree creek itself the battle still raged furiously, the enemy at this point also pressing forward. Part of general Jacob Baldwin's divisions now fell back with the shattered remnants of their force, while upon general Parsons christians a furious charge was being made by general Graves glandelinians under the command of Forestry. At one point a battery of three hundred and twenty seven cannon were still standing its ground thundering incessantly, mingled with the thunderous rattle and roar, of so many hundreds of thousands of musketry at other sections of the battle line, the main body of the assailants coming on being under general Germaine yielding attacking the battery and infantry lines defending it, but during this part of the gigantic struggle the glandelinians advanced no further and those under stately had fallen back then their columns crushed and mangled. Hanson witnessed the awful results of the battle with tearful eyes. One of the main divisions of about one hundred thousand men had been annu annihilated in holding the position along the little creek called Jennys run against thirteen onslaughts of the glandelinians, and he there fore was in apprehension of the battle's outcome, for he knew it was undoubtedly the purpose of Jack Brooks and Genia his main aiding general to move forward on to Norma U Burkee Crossing the main importance of the right wing of the christian army already in the hands of the glandelinians, his right wing having been long rolled up from the works they had captured in the morning, and were crushed and mangled to pieces.

Long before orders had been brought to the leaders to advance some parts of their reserve divisions against the shattered forces of the attacking foe and to attempt to turn the flank of the attacking force, but this was attempted in vain for the christian flankers met annihilation, three of the christian leaders directing them being killed. They were generals Huge McGinthy, Laurahine Hannon, and Juges Randall. The glandelinian officers knew too well that these Angelinian generals had been marching forces to the right of their army and to come around and attack their flanks, and so they had opened the annihilating fire upon them.

Hanson had seen the outcome of the flank attack, and said to those officers of his main line which was not as yet attacked;

"If the enemy attack hold your works firmly where you are and do not budge one inch from your works cease what may. Use your guns and bayonets with might and main, and then you will be able to drive off the glandelinians. Meanwhile I will send as much from my inactive left to reinforce you for the attack may not be so strenuous here as the enemy are well nigh exhausted by their losses. And I have more men to throw into action too in case we are forced. We are as many more than they are and as good or better men. It is not our intention to fly when we must cover the retreat and rally of the other columns, and in heavens name let us stand close, and bear the charge for here it comes."

He had by this time formed the newly arrived christian forces into lines thickly rested against the works the front of which was drawn up like a long snake, and the batteries were stationed against the works consisting of long stone walls of low height, the batteries being handsomely arranged.

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Artillery horses were in the rear. The onslaught came after another hour and the conflict again became so severe that Hanson sent messengers to ask the leaders of the left wings to send reinforcements. An hour the bloody conflict went on at this new line and with unceasing fury for the glandelinians came rushing forward with the fury of desperation. Several times great walls of mounted infantry would charge against christian lines but so fierce was the terrific withering fire that glandelinians met that for a time they were checked, having great difficulty of even advancing within sight of the works. But at length with courage and cleverness they succeeded in coming in close through a hail of dashing rain and smoke, and began to pour in such volleys volleys lay about them so vigorously with the butts of their muskets, and using bayonets so effectually, and gave the Angelinians such a storm of cut and sabre thrusts that the foremost line of christians was cut to pieces. It was now every man for himself. When the glandelinians perceived success they only increased the fury of the attack upon the other portions beating down and slaying many more. Thousands of the mounted infantry about them with all their weapons, striking with carbines, sabres and pikes, and trampling terrible numbers under foot treating themselves like gallant heroes. The carnage at close quarters was frightful.

All the Angelinian troops were gathered together in defense of the position, while the other commands were assembled in a clearing, and all these had sent in earnest against the attacking force in gray, six of their batteries pouring three hundred withering discharges of canister, while the many hundreds of thousands of glandelinians all along the line of assault were fighting the christians to hand. General Owens Lynch with general Otto Noordant were as they led a charge against the right of the new christian position in the main slaughter of the glandelinians now occurred, for it must be no man ever defended himself so courageously as the Angelinians. Most of this terrible encounter was sometime doubtful for during the carnage it could not be known which side would be victorious. Glandelinians themselves pressed hard upon the christians and behaved all themselves that those who opposed them were pierced by thousands of bayonets, and indeed all attempts of the christians to drive back the glandelinians seemed to be in vain. The slaughter now became more appalling, general Sandofordes Handons and Sandofords glandelinians also surged over the christian works and by the vigor of the frightful hand to hand struggle whole ranks fell over one another, but all the weight and force of the glandelinian columns was now brought against the christians, and were forced to yield at some points. There were such heaps of dead and that it was melancholy to behold for they were as far as eye could see thicker than stocks of corn in the harvest time.

At this period of the battle and near to a banner of Hanson and the other generals where the conflict was bloodiest fell many thousands of the glandelinians. Many other christian officers fell besides those named, there being about six hundred all told, and more perished by bullets and shells than by any other missile. Courage of three glandelinian generals, Edward Goreoran, Peran Barnard, and Whilliam McGunn and their great coolness was amazing, galloping to different points of the charging columns most gallantly saving themselves, and though their coats were full of bullet holes, they did not lose a drop of blood or suffer a scratch though continually exposed to the most destructive withering fire of artillery and musketry and had ever witnessed during their services in the war.

The sacrifice of so many glandelinians in this furious assault on the christian works that seemed impregnable to these attacks was murderous. Seizing the point already gained, and other points of vantage, and leaving generals Goreoran, and Goreoran to defend the captured works at all hazards a hundred and sixty thousand glandelinians under general Citadel was immediately advanced to help the other assaulting columns, and soon all the works at Hansons very reluctant orders were abandoned after a cruel and bloodless fight, the glandelinians clearing many rifle pits at the point where bayonet. One other long line remained yet to stand its ground but it was the army drawn out from the left wing. The columns of one hundred and sixty thousand glandelinians came on to the assault, and the Angelinians opened upon the glandelinians with musketry cannon, machine guns and centimeter guns pouring a veritable storm of destruction.

ut onward the gray columns advanced at the double quick under this most galling fire, and with better arms and cooler command, though the Angelinian troops made frightful havoc among their lines. The whole glandelinian surge was entirely exposed to the musketry and cannon of the christian line. Along general Henry Vans Mc-Hollestonian line of assault there at once began a very terrific return fire, and simultaneously desperate hand to hand fights raged between the Angelinians under Baldwin and general. Hansonia lameys Glandelinians, the Angelinians savagely contesting the glandelinian assault, standing their ground like bull dogs and prest presenting a wall of bristling bayonets, but could not check the fierce attack... The fierce charge of the enemy continuously drew the fire of all the christian artillery but the whole line was vigorously assailed by the enemys force now at every point, and whose charging lines were now sheltered frequently by so many trees. The flag stations at headquarters kept Hanson in constant touch with the christian forces so desperately assaulted, and indeed heavy was the price paid for this unen usefless defense where the Angelinians were exposed to the fierce fire and shrapnell of the line of captured artillery which the enemy had recovered and the dead deadly bullets of so many thousands of the glandelinian sharpshooters.

Yet with rash gallat gallantly gallantry they held their ground, and while the conflict became more titanic the heavy columns of the enemys infantry about two hundred and ninty five thousand in number was simultaneously moving from opposite the extreme of the defending lines, toward their weakened, and crushed center. The scene of this portion of the enemys attack was intensely thrilling and appalling, and many general officers hastened by general Hansons request to send aid to the Angelinians could see the assault from their signal station.

These officers had secured from the very edge of the battlefield the view of the assault of the enemys troops that were on the charge, and on the further edge of the fields they could exactly see the smoke of the long lines of shells that fell among the gray columns, and they were infused with mingled dread and expectation as to the result. The onslaught of the enemy was indeed fearful, the enemy striving furiously to retake their lost positions and the long lines of bridges adjoining it, and time after time more of the enemy forces had arived and the christians seeing their flanks turned and crushed crushed to fragments, their rear threatened and their main front line cut to pieces and driven back by the bristling wall of the Glandelinian bayonets retreated toward their own main positions. But in this success generals Daniel puckley, James Markey, Richard Ward, Ackermann Edward Conley, James M. Cole, George Eugene Becket, and general B. D. Useless puslee, with two others Charles M. Mindfield, and ponobvan ferns were killed, while generals George Mac-gweeney, and Cummings Johnson, with others L. Lambert, Brogie Reynolds, Brogie Reynolds, Scanton, E. J. Haughey and Kuster Mahoney were wounded.

Seeing it useless to make any further stands general Hanson was compelled to order a general retreat from all of the enemys positions, the christians in their attacks, and repelling the enemy having recieved a crushing defeat and whipped by inferior numbers at that too their losses in the whole battle being 3,455, 000 in killed and wounded in Baldwins command alone but the total loss of the christian army entirely was considered as far as 3,567,999, and over six hundred and four christian officers of all ranks were killed while one thousand and nine of all rank were wounded, many of which suffered mortal wounds. The glandelinian losses in men was greater than the Angelinians being 5,677,998 in killed and wounded and over two million captured prisoners by the Angelinians, and which put Black Brooks in a crippled condition despite the reports that he had won a crushing victory. But all the good the victory as accomplished was to save his army from being encompassed by the forest fires, and also from either annihilation of capture by Hansons overwhelming army. He had all he wanted. He did not care, no he did not dare resume the battle and assail the position of the christian line, for then he would get thrashed and he knew it. Hanson really was repulsed, not beaten. And Black Brooks would have sooner sacrificed all his men in battle than in the horrors of capture, annihilation at a disadvantage or in the horrors of an approaching forest fire, which by this time was half out on account of the great storm that had raged during the battle and which had now passed. In fact on the side of the christians they did not seem to have any luck at all, the glandelinians this time seeming to have the luck on their side, for the weather was in favor of them. Had Black Brooks army been annihilated or captured it would have been a most crushing blow for Glandelinia and the invasion of Galverinia would have been easier.....

They at once returned to the christian lines, and reported to lader their decision. So Glandelinia decided to attack the christian army.

At then general Hanson had not suffered what any one could have termed a disgraceful defeat. In one way Hanson did not suffer a defeat. It was only a repulse. Hanson also did not engage the enemy with all of the army and he only continued the retreat for about two hours, and then halted, and told the enemy to come on and resume the battle. He was only repulsed. The victory, said Black Brooks army either from destruction by the encompassing forest fires, or from capture by Hansons army. And it was the enemy who did follow the advantage they had gained, because they were not fools. Hanson Hansons army is like a rattle snake. A rattle snake when it is pursued to tale does not rush in and show its tail. It shows its deadly head in tail. To pursue Hansons army would have really meant disaster. Hanson was repulsed but not beaten.

And he would have resumed the battle himself only his generals did not to continue the frightful slaughter, as the losses had been more than in any previous battle, and they were wondering what the war was going to turn out to be.

Several days later Black Brooks started to retreat, as he did not to stay in front of the human bulldogs as he called the Angelinians. It was then Hansons evident purpose to follow the enemy, but then he did think it prudent, as he would only be leaving the section of the country larger because the enemy taking advantage of the absence of his army to seize the opportunity, and invade the section anew, and then make an invasion of Angelinia that could not be stopped. And Black Brooks had won the battle in a way, but he had been better off if he had been repulsed instead. He had over 10,000,000 men before engagement, and now he had less than three million men. Those who had fallen in the bloody battle had been taken prisoner, or had deserted. Losses was unbearable, and he did not believe he could stand it, and notified general Mc-Holleston Johnston this report;

"Your excellency general Mc-Holleston Johnston;
I have been in a bloody collision with general Hansons christian army at Anderson or Es Easter Starring. I accomplished some good by hurling him back for a mile, but I could not hold him there for good, and my army reduced to fragments from heavy losses was not able to follow up the advantage gained. I had been forced to fight because I was almost surrounded by Hansons army, and threatened by encompassing forest fires at night. I fought furiously, and it was a terrible battle. I know not what christian losses were but mine in total with dead, wounded, and those lost by desertion or captured, are considered as 7,899,876. I have a fresh force to his aid, and overwhelms me ten to one now even as the thrashing I gave him, and I have been compelled now to retreat, to fight again such a force without proper aid."

General Black Brooks..
I am retreating toward Francis Turner."

I want the battle of Easter Starring, or Helen Anderson. Hansons army completely lost no men as prisoners, and were very slight indeed compared to that of the enemy. Hanson though hurled back as he had been during the battle was nevertheless able to advance any time he wished to do so but then he realized it prudent not to do so unless his brother general Ivian thrashed the enemy concentrating before Gaba. So he waited patiently to hear news from that quarter of the field of war. Erminie Creek or gun was a disaster to both sides. Hanson soon learned that General Ivian had also been repulsed, and that half of the enemy army had been annihilated in that frightful battle horror. Some war songs had been chanted by the christians as they ran as follows/

424.

426.

MOTHER AT YOUR FEET I'M KNEELING.

I

Mother a little girl at your feet is now kneeling,
One who becooves you to save your child
Who has sighed through a storm of war to also save you,
So help your friends mother dear, and show your guild.

Mother soon my country will call me
And oh how I love the dear U.S.A. Fond and true
And My Mother dearest Mother
Chorus. Tell My Uncle Sammy, That as well to him I belong also to you.

2

Lead for me when the Country calls me,
To serve in this war so dark and drear,
To save this country from the wily snares of battle fields,
To shield my country's flag Mother dear.

100-601
500-501
100-101
They at once returned to the christian lines, and reported to leader
decision. So leaderlinia decided to attack.

WHO WILL FOLLOW ANGELINIA. +

--I--

Who will follow Angelinia, Standing for the right,
Holding up her banners, in the thickest fight,
Listening for her orders, ready to obey,
Who will follow Angelinia, Serving her to day.

--2--

Who will follow Angelinia, In wars a horrible way,
Marching with the masters, Giving them the praise,
Earnest in the battlefields, Honoring his laws,
Faithful to her councils watchful for her cause.

--3--

Who will follow Angelinia, amid the battlestorms,
Carrying them before them, to crush the foes main arm,
Trusting in the victories, trusting Angelinias power,
Seeking fresh renewals, or her grace each o hour.

---4---

Who will follow Angelinia On his work of love,
Leading others through the fray, Lifting barrages above,
Courage faithful servant, In the fierce war we see,
On our side forever, Will Jesus our savior be.

Chorus

Who will follow Angelinia, who will make reply,
I'm on the Lords side master here I am,
Who will follow Angelinia who will make reply
I'm on the Lords side, Angelinia here I am.

SCATTERING THE FIERCE FOEMAN.

.....
--I--.....

Scattering the fierce foeman by the way side,
Scattering human fiends by the hill side,
Scattering the foes of children o'er the fields wide,
Scattering fiends of hell by the way.....

--2-----

Scattering the graycoats for the hoeing,
Scattering foemen with freely sowing,
Scattering fiends surely knowing,
Surely the Lord will send us the reign.....

--3--

Scattering the enemies fierce, doubting never,
Scattering hellish creatures trusting ever,
Sowing the cannon storm, with shell and endeavor,
Trusting the Lord for victory and for yield.

Chor Chorus.

Howing in the morning
Howing at the noontime,
Howing in the evening
Tearing the glandelinian waves by the way.

They at once returned to the christian lines, and reported to "lader
Decision. So, laderlinia decided to attack the enemy.

HARK HARK MY FRIEND. GATION THUNDERS ARE SWELLING.....

--I--.

Hark, hark my friend cannon thunders are swelling,
O'er earths green fields, and Oceans wave heat shore,
How terrible the truth, those fierce thunders are telling,
Of that battle where the enemy shall be no o more.....

....
--2--....

Onward we go, for still we hear them thundering,
Come soldiers, come, for our leaders bid you come,
And through the d dark, it echoes loudly ringing,
The results of the battle leads us home.

--3--.

Far, far away, like the judgement at evning pealing,
The voice of conflict sounds o'er land and sea,
And ladne vessels, by thousands swiftly sinking,
Pierce Mc-Whirther turn their dreary waves to thee.

--4--.

Rest comes at last, though fight be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and draksone storm be past,
All conflicts end, with welcomes to the weary,
And Mc-Whirther, the nations true home,
Will come at at last.

ChorusAngels of Jesus Angels of /light,
Singing to welcome the fighters of the night.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of Light,
Waiting to welcome the christ ians of the right.

WHO WILL STAND BEFORE THE KING +

--I--.

We shall stand before the King, With the armies
we shall ring,
By and by. By and by.
Storm the blight and roaring shore, charging foes
forever more,
By and by. By and by.

--2--.

Storm yon cannons of Heaven storm
We shall stand before the dawn,
By and by. By and by.
Soon our forces will be o'er, There our cause they shall
adore,
By and by. By and by.

--3--

Wake my soul, thy tribute bring, as we stand before the King,
By and by. By and by.
Lay thy trophies at his feet, in his likeness, stand complete,
By and by. By and by.

Chorus.
We shall stand before the King, with the Angelinians we
shall sing
Go Glory to our King
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
We shall stand before the King.

They at once returned to the christian lines, and reported to "lader" their decision. So gladerlinia decided to attack the enemy. While the workers were at labor under a hot fire at that from the enemy's batteries, other happening was going on elsewhere in the great field of bloody war. The times were indeed lively. Manley's army was advancing on the threatened cities, more desperate attempts of the fleets were being made to hammer down the resistance of the Mc-Whirtherian fortifications, and a larger army of glandelinians were moving through the cities of Federal and Ironburg under fire to reinforce those already pushing their invasion through Galverinia. The Kintergarden horror was growing in fury, the enemy being divided here in seventeen large divisional armies under various leaders met not meeting any opposition at all for the time, being their advance being checked at all points. Furb purgatorian and the other general far-ahead of Manley were directed by Manley in person by wireless to seize Julo Gallio and all the neighboring towns, and fortified fortifications around the city, while he himself would take possession of the bigger section of Julo Gallio called the city of Norma Catherine, and occupy the both banks of the Norma River.

It was his intention to strike these regions of Galverinia a terrible blow that would stagger the Angelinians' cause. As we will see in proceeding chapters the blows were struck that did really stagger Angelinia, but nevertheless he did not do any better than to bring on the war's greatest ferocity as continued on month after month, and which resulted in the most marvelous and longest, and bloodiest sieges that ever was known to be written that ever happened.

Whether it could be confirmed or not nevertheless it was reported, that other glandelinian armies were coming into Galverinia from the cities of Ironburg and Federal, being landed by their ships, and also from Mc-Whirther which had continually beaten off the christian fleets which had attacked the fortifications.

At the meantime violet and her sisters decided to enter general Judas' army lines and find out some information before the battle should start. Putting on their disguises they set out just before dawn, and succeeded in getting near the enemy's lines but found it just now impossible to enter the outskirts of the camps were guarded too strictly. Nevertheless the little girls were clever and decided to fool the guards. They saw some of the distance marching back and forth, and so hiding in underbrush the little girls threw stones at the guards. The stones hit the guards directly on their faces, and enraged they rushed forward with fixed bayonets to find out who had the nerve to stone them. Taking advantage of it violet and her sisters rushed through the space left open to them, and then went into some more underbrush when they saw other guards hurt her on. They wondered how they were going to get past these guards. Again they saw a way. One picked up a live garden snake commonly called a green garter, and threw it at one of the guards hitting him smack in the mouth. The guard was astonished to find himself thus assailed by an unseen foe, and picked up the serpent threw it back in the grass beyond and yelled;

"Who threw that?"

There was no answer to his challenge, and he started forward to investigate. "How to pass him before he gets wise." Said Jennie in a whisper. "If he accidentally sees us we'll shoot him down then."

They however passed him unseen, and continued on until they came to the third and last guard. He was a tall comical looking man man worse than Charlie Chaplin in his funny disguise, and had shoes on that would have been ready to fit Ayla Atlas. He had a great musket on his shoulder, and two guns in his belt, and was smoking a cigar cigarette hitched to a long stick, or what appeared to be a long stick to violet and her sisters. He walked back and forth in an appearance as if he was the owner of heaven and earth to either, and had such a high stuck up manner that he resembled the glutton told in the Bible. Comical as he looked to violet and her sisters, nevertheless they had to be careful for they could see in his blood shot eyes that he was a dangerous man when aroused.

"We'll have to get past him some way." Said violet.

"I know what we can do." Said Joice.

"What?"

"Make a noise like a rattle-snake."

"Are you sure it would make him leave his post to go and look for it with the intention to kill it?" Asked Angelina.

"I hoped so anyway." Was the answer.

General Parger made preparations to meet the counter charge of the christians, but general Gladerlinia was not just in a good condition now to attack the main line of the enemy, and he withdrew the christian troops before they came within range of the fire of the main line of the enemy. The enemy's attack at this conflict commonly called the Battle of Catherine Kolemman had been roughly repulsed, and cut down, and the Glandelinian army did not resume the attack again, though at occasionally times there occurred some heavy artillery firing which threatened to become a general cannon duel for fair. But when night time came upon the scene all was quiet, and the enemy retreated northward, and Gladerlinia prepared to follow immediately in pursuit. The christian losses in the conflict exceeded three hundred forty thousand in killed and wounded. The enemy lost nearly a million in wounded, and eight hundred thousand in killed, while their loss in prisoners was considered about 987,654 making a serious loss indeed.

Only a portion of the christian army had been engaged, as at the time the main army of Angelinians were nearer Beppo Evans, but nevertheless even at this point general Gladerlinia had two great divisions engaged with the enemy and so overwhelmed them completely in numbers. It was only the christian center which had been pressed back by the attack, and the right and left wings had dissuasioned every attack of the enemy with good success. The Glandelinians lost thirteen generals in this battle but their names were withheld. Officers of the lowest ranks however in the christian line fell, and no generals. Early the next morning Gladerlinia was well on the advance against the whole of Parger's army. The Glandelinian army fortunately was retreating southward, but had moved northward and threatened to make a stand at Beppo Evans, but Gladerlinia flanked him out of his position and compelled the enemy to retreat toward the Calverinian city of Beppo Angelinia.

It was Gladerlinia's intention to force the enemy to continue their retreat as long as possible, so that he could swiftly advance toward Jennie Riches. If he could do so as quickly as possible, he would be even able to march far ahead of the other christian armies, and come upon Julio Gallio way before the Glandelinian army under Hanley reached the city.

But Gladerlinia's plans were all going wrong. His army was growing larger from reinforcements, but nevertheless he had the troubles of Hanson and Williamsburger Zimmermann combined. The enemy in retreating had laid waste to many towns, and villages, had started forest and oil well fires of still greater extent, which harassed Gladerlinia's army, and also bursted the levees of the Erminie river causing some extensive floods in the low lying plains, which not only harassed general Gladerlinia's advance but flooded many towns, and rendered hundreds of poor people desperate and without homes. The war was terrific now, and growing yet still more horrible in force.

However Gladerlinia was determined not to allow anything whatever to stop his advance. He allowed the retreating enemy to recoil as far as possible, and then constructed pontoon bridges across the flooded regions and blasted obstructions with high explosive, and thus was at certain occasions able to continue his advance. All this trouble was soon the cause of the battle of Beppo Angelinia which occurred. He was even now reaching the point, and felt sure that Parger's army would be compelled to make another stand or retreat further northward and suffer disgrace from his higher generals.

At Chappam the enemy made a sort of sortie to check down the swift advance of Gladerlinia's army, but the action was only slight and Gladerlinia was not in the least bit checked. Gladerlinia soon found that the enemy were not going to retreat any further, and decided to throw up intrenchments, and prepare for the coming of another battle. He learned that Hanson and Zimmermann were being checked by the tricks of the enemy confronting their armies and felt considerably worried. He did not believe that these two christian armies would be able to reach the threatened cities of Julio Gallio and Nora ahead of the enemy, and indeed feared that a terrible disaster was threatening Calverinia.

Gladerlinia believed it more wise and to attack the enemy immediately at Beppo Angelinia, and also to try and enclose the Glandelinian army into a circle of fire so that he could either surround the Glandelinian army, or annihilate it if it refused to surrender. He made a consultation, with the members of the black circle the hooded Gemini over what should be done. Should he allow the enemy to attack in like the Glandelinians did at Kolemman or should he cross the Erminie river on boats, and pontoon bridges and attack the enemy. The Gemini members held a hot debate over this among themselves which lasted for a whole night, and finally came to the decision that they should go out and see what was best to be done, and so before daylight broke, went out scouting saw the lay of the enemy's positions, and decided it was wiser to attack the enemy.

688-601
500-501
100-101

"Come up here with your artillery and get them placed." Cried one of the christian generals amid the terrible din and tumult. "Also bring up all the machine guns you have and stop the enemy before it is too late."

Like man men the artillery men went to work, and unlimbering their cannons with a terrible desperation fired them again and again frantically, striking at their guns with superhuman efforts, and yet all their work was continuously accompanied by the tremendous shocks of great explosions here and there, as the enemy exploded large and dangerous mines. Rapidly indeed the artillery men worked, and as fast as the gunners fell others were there to take their places, and each moment saw the christian lines falling back rather and further, until so far was the christian troops forced back that it seemed almost impossible for the troops to recover the lost ground. My God! the firing was something fearful, and it being really the first serious battle Violet and her sisters had ever witnessed.

"Come Violet, Jennie, Angeline, and my other sisters." Cried Joice, and among she led the way, to the rear, for now the christian line was really falling away and one of the higher generals said, "Get away as quick as you can little girls. For the enemy will be here any minute now....."

Several of Violet's sisters had reached the rear of the christian lines safely, and had just reached general Gladerlinia's headquarters, when they found they saw their other sisters not more than twenty yards away.

"Violet cried....."

The little girls hastened their steps, but too late, for quick as a stroke of lightning the enemy had pierced the christian line at all points, and it seemed for a moment as if the very earth had sank beneath Violet and her sisters, and when the smoke cleared away the other christian girls were to be seen.

"In agony Violet cried aloud, Sisters, sisters where are you!!!!"

Here, "They heard the answering cry above the howling yells of the victorious enemy, the crash of musketry, and the screaming of flying shot and shell, and turning whence the cry came saw their sisters in the doorway of Gladerlinia's headquarters having made quicker time than the enemy and succeeded in reaching the building. The waves of men tumbled back and forth furiously, it indeed seemed as if the christian troops would have been swept away, but the main line and the other two wings however had succeeded in holding ground, and Gladerlinia was moving forces around to take the enemy in the rear, and so end this horrible warstorm.

With the approach of another hour the storm of battle along the christian line slightly abated. All the while the christian generals contending with the enemy on the christian center kept a lookout for the approach of the wished reinforcements, but none did they see advancing, the fate of the christian army they did not know, yet dreaded the worse, and when another hour came the generals began to fear that something was wrong with general Gladerlinia and his other division of the army. They had no idea that already forces were within half a mile of the enemy's rear all along the extreme line almost upon the enemy's flank as it were. Another and still another hour passed this time, the generals frantically trying to hold their positions together again and again scanned the horizon in search of relief, but no, the preceding minutes passed, without a vista of anything but the barest hopes upon.

The shock however came. The other christian force came upon the foe directly, and clashed. The forces of the confused enemy closed closed the flanks at once in a most deadly struggle. The other forces of the enemy unaware of the threatening disaster however continued the assault trying burying their divisions within the christian lines trying frantically to press them back still further further, but the Angelinians held grimly to their works, and finally managed to press the enemy back several paces. The reinforcements had also arrived, but for a time they could do nothing, because the wild wildly writhing squirming twisting, and bending lines of both sides were too closely packed to gether in the hand struggle but nevertheless it seemed as if the fight was a battle to the death, for neither side would lose the hold on the position. The smoke was thicker than that seen at a forest fire so terrific was the firing at close range. Then these Glandelinians realized that they were flanked by the other division of the Angelinian army, and at once started to retreat, and within two more hours the Angelinians were able to press slowly the enemy retreated, but as the christians continued to advance their retreat became confusion and a rout, and finally they threw all preparations to the winds and fled in the wildest panic possible back to their main lines.

level his glass at a huge demonstration the glandelinians were making and also at a huge mass of fresh inky clouds, and shoots of flame thousands of feet high. Several times other generals approached him and said something in a low tone which violet and her sisters who were with him could not catch but they heard the generals reply which was;

"See that all our batteries of cannon are ready at once, and order all the officers of their respective commands to be ready with their men at once. I'm positive the enemy are preparing to make an attack, and have started forest fires to cover their attack by."

"To prepare the batteries?" Thought violet and her sisters. "Where and how can any danger come from that quarter?" Violet and her sisters were soon to learn. Half an hour had hardly more passed when general gladerlinia who had been gazing like a statue to windward suddenly became full of life and animation, and calling some of his main generals he gave hurried orders, and saying in elusion;

"Be lively now for the storm will burst on us in a very few minutes."

Up to their works the Angelinians swarmed, the artillery was quickly brought into position, and then at a word of command of the generals ten cavarly divisions quickly appeared, and began to move back to protect the christian real rex with all possible speed. Finally afar off violet and her sisters saw a long gray line of men, moving forward with great fury, a line beyond reach of the eye sight, and with a feeling of fascination the little girls watched it, closely, and never removed their gaze for an instant. Closer and nearer it came, but the little girls stood still and did not move from their post until general gladerlinia laid his hand on violet's arm saying;

"It is not safe here little girls. You had better go back to my headquarters."

"I'd rather stay and watch the battle, and so would my sisters." Violet replied.

"Very well but don't get too near the firing line unless you want to be riddled by bullets."

Standing behind the nearest trees to the rear of the firing line, violet and her sisters watched and waited for the dreadful moment. It came very quickly. The huge glandelinian column seemed as if a huge mountain of graycoats were surging upward toward the christian lines, and already they started a wild tumult of wild yelling, each division of the wave advancing with peculiar movements, each striding at times at times ahead of the other column. A part of this mighty storm wave of men struck general gladerlinia right out of sight of violet and her sisters, and threw itself violently against the christian position, but was gradually torn to pieces by the terrific christian fire, and overthrown by a fierce counter charge. The enemy recovered from the effects of the mighty and staggering blow however, and resumed the onslaught, and the next instant the squall of yelling arose fiercely along the scene before violet and her sisters, and ye gods how their little hearts did bound in their breasts, as both sides with a terrific tumult like millions of demons opened a roaring crashing musketry fire upon one another and then closed in a hand to hand grapple. The bullets whistled through the trees, and past violet and her sisters who were sheltered between seven stout trees, and the notes of the glandelinian yell seemed like legions of dreadful fiends. Wave after wave broke itself to pieces against gladerlinia's army, the battle raged with inconceivable fury, but the pressure of the glandelinian onslaught was so wild and vehement that the faces of all the christian generals began to grow pale. Shells exploded every where in a volume of a thousand crashes per minute and the smoke hung about the scene like a thick fog.

Violet and her sisters heard some of the generals say to one another;

"Never before have I ever met such an attack, but we'll hold out against it if the ammunition of the defenders of the positions don't give out."

Three hours pace passed and still the waves of assault continued and the battle was growing fiercer. Then violet and her sisters noticed a queer recoiling of a portion of the hard pressed christian line, and the whole line was banied back in such a fashion as violet and her sisters had never seen before. Then came a great explosion. Another, and still another and all was confusion.

"O God!" cried one of the generals. "It's all up now. We'll have to retreat unless gladerlinia supports us with the other portion of his army." In less

In less than a minute one of the wildest scenes of confusion ever enacted took place all along the line as three explosions followed in quick succession. A part of the generals headquarters was razed and fires was starting along the trees and shrubbery everywhere from bursting shells.

where the enemy was more especially active. Stanley knew well enough the powers of both general Robert Vivian and Hanson's intentions to check his advance on Julio Callio if possible, and made strenuous means to prevent it. He had many armies to his credit, and these he started forward from quarter, so that in case his own armies did not arrive in time Julio Callio the others would. These armies were placed under general purgatorian, while Purgatorian was placed in command of another army, and two new ones tried to race either other for the places.

The great fury of the storm was now approaching. General Joan of priorians army came to the succor of the fiercely harassed city of Cordine besieged by the Angelinians under Hanson, a siege of the stout character. This was then the second city of importance to the Angelinians and the "tete du pont" the main bridge head, for the passage of the gigantic Erminie river. It was the key to the or of the glandelinian dream access, and the door to the southern part of galverinia a passage direct into Callio and once captured would seal the fate of Galverinia. This glandelinian general rode proudly at the head of his gigantic army of men and his standard of his own design, was white, red, yellow, green, blue, brown and blue, on brodered with all kind of flowers and lilies, on the side the image of gaton and the picture of hell, the devil holding a sword in his hand, and on the other an insulting picture of the mother of god, and to the Annunciation. During the bloody fray that occurred the christian leader was struck by a shell and killed, general philliam being compelled to take his place. Notwithstanding the arrival of the Angelinians under these three commanders, defiantly resisted the enemy all quarters, and for days and days had pushed the siege most vigorously during the city night and day continually. But Joan's extraordinary courage, inspiring presence, and consummate leadership met every assault of the sallies, and desperate counter assaults of the glandelinians covered by severe artillery fire were so irresistible that the Angelinians were obliged to raise the siege, and receded southward, but with trifling loss, compared to the frightful slaughter committed among the enemy. It followed in one single week the captures of Joan, and glipperdan, followed by the grand victory of Patagonia, where Lord jensin Robert called the christian Blahop a soldier was taken prisoner and the Angelinians at these were driven beyond the Mc-Hollester Run. The glandelinian march southward had hardly been impeded, and general troyes was compelled to surrender to the enemy the next following week.

So it did seem now as if the war was in favor of the enemy. Hanson advancing his forces as swift as god would let him, but he had been obliged to halt at Glorinia Run, when confronted by the main glandelinian under Godfrey, and a battle was threatening here for sure. Gladerlinia found for a time an impossibility to advance, on account of frequent opposition of the enemy, and he felt sure that he would never succeed in preventing the enemy from crossing the Erminie and joining hands at Mc-Hollester Run. He realized that something must be done no matter what, and so had requested the members of the Gemini to watch every movement of the fierce glandelinians who were now concentrating at Beppo Evans. Angelinia Agathia as this region was properly called. He had violet and her sisters safely within his headquarters, and several times the little girls had asked him to allow them to spy on the enemy, but he did think it would be wise to let them do so, and told them that the Gemini or "black circle" as they are commonly called would do the work, and save all the trouble. He also stated that Dargers glandelinians were exceedingly dangerous men, mostly all Mc-Hollestinians, and that to spy on them would result almost fatally.

However several times gladerlinia had went out himself with a party of officers on a scouting tour and to satisfy violet and her sisters he had taken them along. He wished to have their company, and thus the reason. But for several days before he received the order to attack at once the enemy had remained very still, not making any movements, and he was assured that general Darger was awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, and wished that Hanson had not told him to wait. However he felt better when he received news that Hanson had cancelled the order and that he was to strike right away.

General gladerlinia was concentrated already before general Dargers for about fourteen days when the indications were of a heavy storm. Evening had approached, and smoke of big fires raging far off in the direct of the horizon were inky in color. So dense were the clouds at times as they slowly arose into the air that no one could hardly see the flames even by night, and the black scene impressed every one in the christian army with great awe. All of the soldiers were watching general gladerlinia carefully, and no one could fail to see that he was uneasy in mind, for he was never quiet in his headquarters, and always stopping now and then to

believing that a small army could successfully hold the fortifications and so this is the consequence. If those fortifications had been strongly guarded, the enemy would have been overthrown long ago and this war would not have lasted a single month. Glandelinia is really without the support of those fortifications helpless even before Galverinia alone, but when she has those fortifications in her possession all of Abbisannia will be required to crush her down now. The enemy are even threatening Angelinia Agathia once more, and not only this but I can get any communications from Zimmermann though I have learned that the enemy are doing all in their superhuman efforts to check his advance, by causing great fires, every day battles, and floods and are becoming quite successful. I'm opposed myself at every step, and am sorely afraid that I cannot myself reach my destination in time. So if I fail to arrive there in the time desired, and that is ahead of the enemy, then God help Norma and Julio Gallio. It is best for you to see that these two cities are strongly guarded by the best and biggest armies you have on hand to spare, and these could probably resist the enemy long enough until I reach there and finish the quarrel with Manley himself. But first of all see if possible that the population of those two cities gets away before the Glandelinian armies arrive, as there will be a world shaking massacre if you fail to do so."

GENERAL HANSON VIVIAN? "....."

Hanson while he continued his advance did all he could to learn how much space between the two points he had gained, how far he must go, and how near the enemy was to the two cities. He ordered his brother general Vivian to move quickly up the Mc-Hollester Run, go by way of the Bendon railway lines and if possible prevent his son from making any communications with general John Manley. If he could hold general Germania Vivian from going any further southward, then the advance of the enemy on Julio Gallio and Norma could be easily frustrated, and all would be well. He also ordered general Gladerlinia not to make the movements proposed before, but to strike general Judas Darger a blow right away. He indeed was very busy during these times. Twice his scouting cavalry prevented the attempts of the enemy to burst levees and dams of the Erminia Run, and once when the enemy blew up a great section of a mountain with hundreds of thousands of tons of T.N.T. to obstruct his path of advance, Hanson went around and short her way quarter of the path, and catching general Rapph Fentons army in the act of making more damage overwhelmed it with disaster, and scattered it to the four winds after pouring an inflaming cannon fire for three days and nights.

Hanson's advance was indeed an every day and night battle. He was opposed in his advance at every step, and at times the enemy tried to even attack his extreme rear, and were so close at times that they could have conversed together had they been friends. In his advance Hanson was suffering terrible losses, and so decided to stop advancing and oppose the enemy in general. He was on the opposite ground sides of the stream called Glorinia Run. The main army of Glandelinians were gathering here any how with the intention of offering a general resistance, and Hanson learned that the main leader Thomas Phelan had resigned his command and that the Glandelinian general Henry George Godfrey had taken his place. Hanson immediately made preparations to oppose the enemy. In fact later in the story we'll read of the terrible battle that raged at this beautiful section which had a scenery resembling paradise almost.

General Vivian in the meantime had moved his forces forward, and having at first relieved the Vivian girls from Hanson, transferred them to Gladerlinia's army for the time being, as they he believed could not stand the strain of the vigorous advance he and his brother Hanson were to make. General Blacklin Sanders Glandelinian army attempted to oppose general Vivian, at Gertrudes Creek, and Esminia but without much opposition general Vivian swept him aside, captured half of his army, and despoiled the rest in utter confusion. General Mike Mc-Donalds Glandelinian army descended upon general Vivian's rear, and took it by surprise, but general Vivian reformed his main army, formed it in lines of battle, and then overthrew this Glandelinian army without much fighting as he was too overwhelming strong for the Glandelinians just now to stop him by any actual fighting.

General Vivian soon reached the region of Gerinimoinian creek but as yet found no Glandelinian army in his path here to oppose him and learned from deserters that his wicked traitorous son was concentrating a large force of Gargolians and Garians to strike him at blow at Mc-Hollester Run proper.

Hanson learned that general Judas Darger was making a movement also to intercept Gladerlinia so that he could not prevent them from crossing the Erminia creek to join general Germania Vivian who was moving forward with a large army to concentrate itself near Abbieann and along the Mc-Hollester Run river. To avoid this general Hanson instructed general Gladerlinia to do all he could to bring on an engagement with general Darger, defeat him and open the path for other Christian armies, so that all means could be obtained to prevent the enemy from marching on, and seizing the cities of Norma Gatherin, and Julio Gallio.

He had hopes that general Williamsburger Zimmermann could oppose the enemy's advance, at every point, and so confident that nothing unusual could happen prepared to do all he could to move his own armies, northward as soon as possible in order to reach the city of Julio Gallio first. It took him about three days to make the preparations, and on the fourth day after the advance was commenced, while general Vivian took command of another Christian army that was moving up from the south after having made some successes in that region.

All indeed seemed strange to general Vivian. The greatest portion of the Glandelinian invasion just now was in the northern part of the Glandelinian country, and the city of Galverine was already in their possession, and only Julio Gallio and Norma Gatherin were yet free. In some measures Hanson had an evil forbidding that his advance would not bring him to the cities at times, for certain bodies of the enemy gave him serious resistance at every step, and certain parts of Hanson's armies were severely active every day. He decided to notify the people of the threatened cities of the great danger of remaining there with the enemy advancing down upon them, and the enemy at all other points had destroyed all the telegraph and telephone wires, and messages by horse, or train was futile though it was tried again, and again.

Hanson made many attempts to learn whom the Glandelinians were that were moving down upon those two great cities, and it was some time before he did succeed in finding out, and he was horrified. The dreaded Gargolians and Zimmermannians, with the still fiercer Mc-Hollestinians. These were considered Glandelinians who were Catholics, but they did not respect the Catholic churches of their own enemies, and worse than that was these kind of Glandelinians who delighted in the horrible crime of murdering children just because they were Christians. And if these cities could be captured then a scene would occur that would horrify heaven and earth. It did occur. Hanson at times during his swift advance, tried to get communication with general Williamsburger Zimmermann, but a piece of the enemy moving that way had got between him and all his communications, and thus all efforts were in vain.

Zimmermann however just now could not advance. The enemy, fighting his purpose, had burst six great dams of the Mc-Hollester Run River and caused a raging flood of great extent which checked Zimmermann and repeatedly every day large bodies of Glandelinians still hampered his advance by making petty but severe attacks, at many baffling quarters, and Zimmermann could not move forward. All attempts to construct pontoon bridges over the floods was frustrated, by shell fire of the enemy, and at other means could be made to bridge such a flood. The enemy at other quarters tried to start forest fires, but Zimmermann by frantic efforts managed to stop this, and frustrated every other designs of the enemy. He tried to notify general Hanson of his precarious position, but as stated before general Germania Vivian's Glandelinian army had rushed between the communications with Hanson, and he could get no word to him. The whole of Galverinia knew that Julio Gallio and Norma Gatherin were threatened, and did their best to hurry forward large armies of former Galverinian rebels to prevent them, and even asked Angelinia to do all in her power to stop the enemy advance southward. Angelinia was doing all she could and Hanson learning of the request wrote this note to the government of Galverinia, which was secured by them at the proper time;

"It is true that Galverinia's critical situation is becoming worse but Angelinia is doing her utmost now and cannot do any more. I have all armies possible to move to the succor of Julio Gallio and Norma, and am advancing my own armies to do all I can to prevent the enemy from taking the places. My plan is to take possession of the Norma's bridges across the Erminia Run at that section, and if possible to fortify all the approaches to Norma by the Norma's Run, and should the enemy approach to do all in my power to check them. But for the situation Angelinia cannot be blamed. Before this quarrel with you, I and Glandelinia started, I had ordered, you, begged you even on my knees, advised, and reasoned with you to see that the fortifications of Mc-Whirther were were strongly guarded with all the forces that could be placed within the forts. You have disregarded my advises

Zimmermann however had the intention to lay siege to one of the Mc-Ghirthian fortifications, but his other army two miles behind was advancing from Madge Evans, with the purpose of preventing general Purgatorians army which was also advancing from taking possession of Julo Gallio which it was his intention. This part of Zimmermann's army moved in the direction of planters, but encountered Mc-Hollester's army and being seriously opposed, was compelled to halt the advance at Standerton. The other section of the Abyssinkilian army then moving from Madge Evans, and Julo Gallio under Zimmermann himself was still moving on when his other army at planters was reported to be stormed by a large force of the glandelinian Hobobnitos under general plantery.

Zimmermann was suspicious, and he crashed upon the enemy with all his four and two hours later the first bloodiest battle of the war raged. Zimmermann received many reports during the battle of complications of disasters, but time and again the fire of his christian lines tore charge after charge of the enemy to pieces, but notwithstanding all the condition of his second army which was hard hit, he finally smashed the glandelinian army to pieces, and drove the remainder back at that section. At this battle a horrible tragedy occurred. Mc-Hollester Johnston the entire main glandelinian commander had been dangerously wounded, and though predicted to be able to recover would not be able to serve further in the war for a very long time.

The glandelinian army was in a dangerous position. With the loss of their main head their cause trembled in the balance but the leader who took his place decided to fight it out to the end, and held Zimmermann back until the shattered glandelinian army could be recovered, and brought out of his way.

At twelve o'clock the dreadful battle was renewed and it was Zimmermann who held the mighty tidal waves of glandelinians at bay, while the other christian division of his army was being pressed back before the enemy attackers at planters, and Madge Evans. If it had not been for general Zimmermann generals Hansonia, and Viviania would not have been able to take the Dandon hills by making the tremendous counter charge. At the time they got to the scene the great battle was at its highest fury, the whole force of christians opposing the enemy at planters and Madge Evans driven back and the whole christian line at Easter Storie badly gapped and torn.

Zimmermann at Standerton was the only one that was still holding while the rest seemed to be in hopeless confusion. While seeing to it that these were being rallied, Hansonia and Vivian threw their own main armies forward, and after repelling thirty terrific charges drove the foe from the region. Zimmermann went forward, crushed his assailants, and won a complete battle. This was generally called the battle of pintergarden.

This tragedy made glandelinia apprehensive. There was opposed to the glandelinian invaders in Calverinia three most dangerous christian generals. Hanson Vivian, his brother, and Jimmie Vivian. And now came a fourth which did worse than the three combined. Placed a big glandelinian army in a precarious condition with the loss of the main head, and imperiled the whole glandelinian cause in that section. The authorities in glandelinia were frantic. Something must be done, to prevent the disaster becoming worse. The reports of victories won by the glandelinians was sneered at.

The authorities answered to these reports;

"Indeed it looks very much as if the enemy are winning. Angelinia cannot be invaded, our own ports in glandelinia are blockaded, and also the seaports of Calverinia and Angelinia are guarded, and great victories have been won by the Angelinian dogs. The defeats they suffered at Erminie and Easter Starring are no more than victories. And now we are placed in a dangerous situation with the loss of the highest supreme general who was wounded at Madge Evans. Who is able to take his place. That is the question."

Indeed over this news the whole of Angelinia.....was surprised. It was the greatest occurrence ever known so early in the war. General Zimmermann had twice already crushed one of the biggest glandelinian armies as ever yet fought in a battle, and it did not seem evident despite her own slight victories that glandelinian was making much progress at all. And indeed she was making great progress. The progress was brilliant. She was moving great armies southward, with the intention of laying hold of Julo Gallio and Norma, and even Angelinia and Jimmie Turner was again threatened. It was discovered by great gaminian spies, and so they did all in their power to first let the Angelinia governments and authorities, know of the fact, and they then conveyed the news to general Hanson and general Vivian that the war evidently was threatening to be a great storm of slaughter.

When he learned of the advance of the enemy under Hanley toward Julo Gallio he at once ordered general Williamsburger Zimmermann to move with his armies northward to oppose Hanley's advance. The glandelinian government learning of the movements of Hanley, and as John Hanley knew more of military tactics than any body else he was declared to be the main head until general Mc-Hollester Johnston should recover.

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broke against the glandelinian positions with inconceivable fury but it was of no use, and the land assaults had been abandoned. These attacks on the fortifications guarding Martha Ford had failed even afterwards in the third year of the war most disgracefully. This time for two weeks over 100,000 men had thundered at this section of the gigantic action alone night and day, incessantly making a tremendous clamor and volcano of flame and din. As and had been a most wild confusion of sound. Other great attempts had been made, in particular the attempts on fort Gedornine by land, the attacks on Turner Hill. These efforts lasted ten days and every assault was repulsed. The resistance of the foe was terrific, pugnacious, and more desperate than the superhuman efforts of the football players in the most furious game, more stronger than the resistance of the Saints against sin. Two glandelinian fleets had been during all this time annihilated in Wickey Bay, one entire fleet of 10,000 Angelinian ships reduced to eight thousand. Admiral Germania lost his flagship, and narrowly escaped drowning when it was rammed by a glandelinian merrimack, and another admiral called George Hollister Saunders was mortally wounded when his ship was raked at every point by a storm of shell fire from fort Vivian, and the Protestentian admiral who led his fleet against the fortifications of Bessie Sun was killed when his ship was blown up. The bombardment caused the worse fires ever known in the world, far worse than forest fires, and for the distance of nearly three miles the whole coast was a regular seething inferno of fire smoke storms of bursting shells, and gigantic explosions per thousands per mile. Vivian Wickey was slightly battered by shell fire, and a number of outside portions of the great fortifications of Seeden mostly protected wooden barracks were demolished, and the barracks and palisades set on fire. As far as the war was now lasting no battle yet had ever made such a mauling shock, for thousands of cities in Calverinia reported broken windows and damaged furniture, which continually leaped about like wild fire, or like the furniture, and dishes on the ship in a storm at sea, but happily no houses were reported in ruins, though people fearing it was an instant earthquake at first did not dare go inside their houses, and either slept in the streets or out in parks and public squares.

Of course the engagement of Martha Ford was the most clamorous at the section of the bombardment but Evan Cranina was second, and never in the whole war up to this time yet, was there ever another battle so undisturbed in all the shocking horrors that it produced.

This part of the struggle lasted fully eighteen days, and was the most extensive land action of the whole struggle for the possession of the Mc-Ghirthian fortifications. It is remarkable to note that only half of the forces of the opposing sides were engaged in the first of the eighteen days of battles, but all the attempts of the christians were unavailing and so the authorities of Abboamnia and Angelinia begged Hanson to change his mind about punishing Calverinia for her folly and do something to bring about the recapture of the fortifications.

Hanson was the chief commander of all the christian armies that ever lived even now and hereafter mustered against glandelinian invasion of poor Calverinia, but nevertheless he decided to see his brother general Vivian in the Mc-Ghirthian situation called generally the Aronburg situation and he did so not long after the engagements at Easter Starring, and Erminie Creek. General Vivian received Hanson's message, and decided to leave his army in the leadership of Laderlinia and come and see Hanson in person on the matter.

General Vivian had some trouble however in reaching Hanson's lines and for his safety had to be accompanied by a strong escort. The council was settled both decided when the first opportunity came to do all in their power to retake the city of Vivian Wickey. While all was quiet now along this section of the struggle Williamsburger Zimmermann was still active elsewhere. Zimmermann had met the enemy at different points without hardly an engagement, of any sort, and through his maneuvers the glandelinian armies who tried to oppose him met scores upon scores of the most disastrous defeats without fighting a single battle, by just being completely outwitted by Zimmermann. Zimmermann however proved himself to not the enemy but to general Hanson and Vivian also to be the most dangerous enemy that the glandelinians ever had. He had been moving for days upon the borders of planters and had pressed back a large force of the enemy there without meeting any opposition, when he was about to resume his advance he suddenly found himself opposed by general Mc-Hollester Johnston and his vast army of glandelinians. Zimmermann tried to move him out of the way by demonstrations and the like, doing the same stunts he had against Federal, and which had made him retreat but at Kittens Lecho Rts Run, or Jimmie Francis River Zimmermann was outgeneralled and so forced to retreat from his enemy which at first astonished even the glandelinian commander.

Of course the glandelinians during the siege had found the fortifications very difficult to be taken. But nevertheless they did take them by continual assault. And only for Vivian was the one occupied. The others had been discovered without a single garrison and had been taken without a single conflict. Fort Gendernine turned on fire, and compelled fort Vivian to surrender to the glandelinians.

When the glandelinians were in full possession of these fortifications it was believed by the Angelinian authorities that they could be easily retaken. Abbisannia tried it at the very outset, and declared that all heaven without gods help could not even make an approach. She tried it fourteen times during two months and knew it. She had her experience. Why should she not know? Has any one tried to make the foolish plan of punching a hole through a stone wall with his fist. Had he succeeded he is a God then. Hanson had been asked after the report of the forti fortifications being captured was brought to him, what he would do on the situation.

"I'll just let the enemy stay there for a time." Was his abrupt answer to the surprise of even Abbisannia. "Calvernia allowed them to take the fortifications, let Calvernia do the work of retaking them. I'll not waste men and ammunition in bombarding those fortifications until I get good and ready. Let foolish Calvernia do her own share first." The fortifications of Mc-Whirther had however during the proceeding months afterwards even beyond the time of the battle of Easter Starring been repeatedly attacked by the Angelinians and Abbisannians with their fleets. But the attacks had been of no avail for the fortifications held out gallantly against all the attempts of the christians to retake them. The conflicts were really marvelous indeed. It did seem as if thousands of Mt Calverines had been in eruption for all those months without hardly a weeks pause in the terrific din. We all know about the long desecrating description of the eruptions of Mt Calvernia, how fiercely the great din had been described, the glaring lights from the flaming lava, the dreadful scenes, and the dark clouds of ashes and smoke, and what ever else.

But the scenes of these bombardments was about either as tremendous for those many months of active bombarding, or about far worse. During the attacks of these fortifications the great Abbisannian fleet under Admiral Simmons Aronburg encountered a dreadful cross cross fire from the fortifications of Vivian, while the other fortifications were not directed upon this fleet at all but upon the others attacking them. The result was the annihilation of the whole of Simmons fleet. The survivors of the dreadful inferno of explosions and fire, were either rescued by other christian war ships, or either swam to the shore and were made prisoners. It was indeed one of the dreadful scenes of these actions so early in the war. The sea was torn into waves by the dreadful struggle, and the wildest scenes of confusion ensued. Every one of these great sea struggles and bombardments made a clamor that would have drowned out at times the loudest crash of the eruptions of a thousand or ten thousand Mt Calverines in eruption at once and at one point.

For nearly three or four months nearly a million cannon were thundering in an unceasing uproar day by day. The whole coast of Calvernia and even Angelia Angelinians and even glandelinians vibrated from the great din as if the concussion was caused by St Vitus dance, but there were no cities or towns wrecked so far as yet. These christian fleets, being una under various admirals of Admirals started the great tempest of war as soon as they had received news that the Glandelinians had succeeded in seizing the fortifications. Martha Ford was the first bedlam and oh ye gods, and how the hearts of all in heaven could have bounded in their breasts from the frightful scenes there. Explosions occurred like volcanic eruptions, there was night and day a scene as if the most terrific lightning display was going on in the sky and land, and also in the water, the fires made a dreadful glow, and smoke was so extensive in clouds that the scenery was like that of hades. The shells whistled day and night for all the time through the air like hellish snakes and creatures, and screamed like armies of demons. The noise had been ear-splitting. The crews of the ships worked like madmen to run past the fortifications but they went to pieces by scores and sank beneath the waves. Martha Ford broke into flames, and a desperate assault on a Sunday morning was attempted on land. The huge columns of christians had advanced like a gigantic wave, and threw itself violently upon the glandelinian infantry defending the approaches to Turner Run, but the glandelinians had amid the dreadful carnage recovered from the staggering blows of the christian assault, and struck the christians back with the suddenness of a squall and forced them to give up the assault and retreat to the cover of the fire of their ships. Wave after wave of Angelinians supported by artillery

and outlet..... Despite the fact of Mc-Hollester and Gendernine being the leading fortifications, the outer fortifications on the southern shores of the rivers mouth called the Vivian fortifications are the most dreaded. They were during the bombardments the main goal of the assailants, as it was as long as those fortifications lay in the way all heaven could not pass upon those waters without dissuasionment. These fortifications supported Gendernine and Mc-Hollester, and with the fortifications of St Phillip and Andrew, were in a position to pour an oblique fire across the river, and into the bay. Fort Gendernine and Mc-Hollester were the strongest of all, in built and had the most guns, but they were shunned as little by the christian assailants, compared to those of Vivian. The Vivian fortifications were however greater in extent and had the form of a long angle of works, with all kinds of high cemented and concrete walls of hundred feet thickness, and armed with a long twenty mile range guns that hurled the most deadliest high explosive explosives at the rate of ten hundred shots per minute, compared to that of the ten hundred shots per minute fired by Mc-Hollester.

All of the fortifications of Mc-Whirther were made of the strongest and concrete concrete masonry that could have been produced. The walls of fort Mc-Hollester stood about forty feet high, and the interior was like a gigantic prison in appearance and divided in series of gigantic buildings, for the distance of about ten miles without a break. Despite their imposing appearance their white masonry was a most magnificent appearance, and if it had not been for the evil omens of the guns protruding forth at almost every visible point the scene would have our outwitted the magnificence of Jerusalem itself.

But the fortifications of Gendernine, on the Turner hills was the most gigantic. Part of this fortifications guarded, Eb Evangeline St. Lane, Melantomburg also, and it also stood in front of Evangeline Granfa, the main section guarded Lighburg Landing. The fortifications on Turner Run was called the fortifications of Ossan Roseanna Logan. These series of fortifications were the greatest of them all and outside of the fortifications of Vivian caused during the war the most stupendous slaughter of christian soldiers that ever occurred. Another of the fortifications was guarded a portion of the gigantic region called Aurandecall, and another Marocellio. The extent of the Gendernine fortifications was nearly thirty miles. They even guarded the great Calverinian city of Gendernine from whence the fortifications contrived their name. The fortifications also guarded Jennie Turner, Logan Zoo Rae Run and Judge Evans. Despite the fury of the Vivian fortifications Mc-Hollester and Gendernine never surrendered during the whole siege made by Zimmerman and had been taken by force. These two were the last to be captured, and held out longest. Helforter was another section of the forty fortifications, these guarded the southwestern section of the city of Aronburg. Gendernine guarded Martha Ford, and so did the Gendernine fortifications.

The fortifications were built on precipices and ravines and gulleys and were hard to get at by abrupt assault by land. The fortifications of Gendernine guarded Julio Callio and Norma Catherine, and the fortifications of Gertrude Angelina, guarded Vivian Wickey on the southeastern quarter. The fortifications of Gendernine also guarded every point of Vivian Wickey except at the extreme north where the fortifications of Gandannan and Mc-Hollester extended.

Besides the great fortifications the river for quite a distance up to the mouth was guarded by a long chain of strong shore batteries, of ten inch mortar guns. The fortifications of Glander was guarded by these batteries, and the fortifications of St Phillip and Andrew, was guarded by the batteries of fort Vivian, and Anderson. The great fortifications of Silverbell, and for Angelina guarded the front of Osmondson and Anna Maria Heights, and also protected the great city of Aronburg. The entire fortifications altogether extended for the length of a hundred miles, and went in shoreward for thirty miles at the widest. The fortifications were of the best make, the artillery was the strongest ever made, and of the best and most solid material. If the foolish Calverinians had guarded these fortifications as advised by Hanson and the others, all Glandelinia pitched against them would have not prevailed. Not only that but the war would have been over by now. But as already predicted the foolish Calverinians had not taken Hansons good advice, and it is well to say that they well deserved what they suffered for their dreadful presumption. They had the full confidence that a small garrison could easily hold out against the Glandelinians. Well so could Presumption hold out for the sinner. Look it up in the bible and the catechism.

The enemy indeed won a brilliant victory on the christians at the battle of Lillian Gaba, or Erminie Creek. The victory was more brilliant than I can describe myself. It was a defeat that christianity will always suffer against the enemies of god. It was a defeat that made the situation worse for the enemy. It was a victory so brilliant for the enemy that it caused just what general Procile did not wish. He had hoped with all his yearning that he could capture the town of Jennie Tery. If this place fell into his hands, general Judas Parger who was opposite along the Erminie Creek could easily advance between general Hanson and Vivian, and thus by giving the two trouble simultaneously, help other armies to hold off the christian armies from pouring down from the north. Then Angelinia could easily be invaded. But he soon not only retreated to Jennie Tery, but struck Procile a blow which staggered the enemy even though the advantage was with the foe. But then the victory was so brilliant that it was more astonishing. It was almost just as brilliant as gatens over god in the rebellion in heaven. The glandelinians met in the war one of the first most terrible disasters in the beginning. Their army from the terrible blow general Vivian had struck it was completely crippled, and unable to follow general Vivian, may could not have done so if the army was even reinforced. Hanson had also ordered reinforcements to come to general Vivian at Jennie Tery, and so these arriving made it impossible for general Procile to dare make an advance, and from fear of further consequences, he immediately sent in his resignation, and general Meldon Picknellian came to take his place.

General Judas had a large army of glandelinians at Spencer, and he learning that general Vivian had strengthened his own position at Jennie Tery, and was now despite his forced retreat of a few days before threatening general Picknellian, advised that general to abandon the position at Gaba at once, and either retreat or make a junction at once. This was not forthcoming however, because general Vivian realizing this plan ordered his main cavalry to prevent at all hazards, the rejunction of the two Glandelinian armies. Surely a new and greater battle was threatening, and general Vivian was compelled to warn Hanson of the danger that general Parger was making, and sent general Gladerlinia, to do all he could to oppose any movements on the part of general Parger, and not allow him to cross the Erminie at all costs.

Calverlinias western shoreline is about ten thousand miles long in this story. It can hardly be realized how many cities strewn such a long coast line, and yet there were many seaports, which were blockaded by the fierce Angelinians, with the intention of preventing the enemy from passing through with fleets of ships, so that no glandelinian armies could be landed from that quarter. So all of the glandelinian armies had been compelled to go by the route of Mc-Whirther, and the two seaports of Aronburg, and Federal. On the central portion of the Calverlinian coast, just about a hundred miles north of Calverlinia is situated the big Calverlinian city of Vivian Wickey. The Abbeamians had builded the city themselves when they ruled Calverlinia before she became a civilized nation, and the city had been declared to be about over two hundred years old, and still was standing. It had been besieged in many great wars, and besieged by glandelinians during the many Calverlinian rebellions. It is well to relate that Abbeamnia easily overthrew the glandelinian power in the long and bloody war of eighteen forty one, and since the ending of that war, the Abbeamians had conducted the building of about forty six great fortifications, and each fort, though not close together, was so crisscrossed in palisades, and outbuildings, also armed with great guns, and all sorts of dreadful cannons, that when they were finished they closely resembled a city of armed fortifications. The fortifications of Mc-Whirther is considered a gigantic Gibraltar. No stronghold in this world has ever been made so complete as this one was made, and if even the wicked Roman Empire had ever erected a line of fortifications similar to that of the great Mc-Whirtherian, all the christian powers, and all the humish barbarians known could never have succeeded in even invading one of the Roman provinces without horrible disaster.

Hanson called the fortifications the St Trecean forts, but no one liked this sort of name, and they were called different names, such as the Vivian Wickey Fortifications, Gaba fortifications, and so on until the Abbeamians settled the situation. General Francis Aronburg-Mc-Whirther a very old general had superintended their building, and on account of his honour they received their christianization and were called the Mc-Whirtherian fortifications. Cedernine and Mc-Hollester are the leading fortifications, the demons of hell as they were called, and the others following are Marcucian, Collyer Stanck, Catherine, and St Phillip. Andrew and the others are on the opposite side of the great Mc-Hollester Run river into which bay she runs into, the long lines of fortifications guarding both sides of the rivers

There was a round dozen or more of the enemy and they were greatly astonished as well as chagrined to find that so few had made them prisoners. The Angelinians indeed captured a number of prisoners, and now the alarm having been given, they after picking up their wounded and sending them ahead with the first columns of Angelinians they rode away just as a large detachment of glandelinians was seen coming up. Away the Angelinians went at full speed and like the wind, the glandelinians fearing to follow them far for fear of being caught in a trap, and at last length the gallant Angelinians with their prisoners with them, and firing a rattling volley at their pursuers they rode on. The Angelinians made their way back to the lines. A number of the Angelinians hearing the firing had come but but pale men were safe at this time, and the prisoners were sent to the rear under a strong guard reporting to Gladerlinia that the enemy were quiet just now but concentrating at some points.

The silent movements of the two forces at Beppo had been going on for several days. Following the fierce disputes about the child slaves held and slaughtered by the thousand, there had come a number of severe skirmishes. General Gladerlinia had marched as far as Beppo but owing to the weather which had followed the battles of Ester Starring and Erminie he was unable to prevent the junction he feared. General Foolshead moved up from the Angelinia junction and the main wings of combined forces were concentrated at Beldons Mansion where little else Vivian another of general Vivians daughters, and Joise and Angelina Daisy, and also Angelina were born a mile from Big Beppo. At the same time a glandelinian force of 6,980,000 men under general Judas Parger had moved the works in front of Beppo with the possibility of co-operating with the commands of Easterbrook Starrings and Foolshead. General Gladerlinia before saw that he was unable to cut off or surround the glandelinian army and did not know what to do. At this time generals Mc-Gone and Mc-Goink Easterbrook whose combined forces of glandelinians was reported to Gladerlinia to number 938,000 men were also rapidly approaching Big Beppo. General Mc-Gone well known as a human demon from his fury to innocent children was in command.

If general Gladerlinia remained stationary there would be a general battle which he wished to avoid, as he first wanted to surround the foe instead of clashing immediately. And if he started to retreat even one tenth of his forces to the Mc-Hollester and Panro Pandora Railroad fifty miles away over rough country they would follow this division, and cut it in pieces in detail and assault him heavily on all wings. On both sides during the time Gladerlinia was worrying about the situation he was being harassed by cavalry and dragoon raids and many had been selected for their great dashing ways and daring. There was general gatens around the mighty army of Angelinia as it lay before Beppo a raid which filled the Angelinians with anxiety for the safety of their great fighting host. There was also a fierce and dangerous raid in around Beppo known as the great silverhair raid in which ten thousand children were rescued after some skirmishing and carried off by the Angelinians.

There was also Lieutenant Cannon's raid up the Envoorens of the Calverlin River to the very point of the enemy's lines and this came near bringing on some real carnage.

During one of these raids made by the enemy Gladerlinias line communications was badly interrupted and the glandelinians had captured some supplies, and to make still heavier losses Gladerlinia was robbed of the services of the greatest leaders which were killed in ambush while scouting. Later Gladerlinia heard of the battle of Erminie and of the fearful tragedies enacted there, but was cheerful to learn that Angelinia Aronburg was recovering swiftly from her wounds and was being sent to his own command for better safety and under a strong escort.

"He was a coward to flee like that." In what general Vivian had said.

In the meantime after his victory on Pyscian and Pyhiscian general leader linia had continued his advances intending to drive all invaders out of western Angolinia. Near the boundary line, and also intended to strike the large army of glandelinians a blow at Big Beppe where it had concentrated after retreating it being now under larger as its former commander Pyhiscian had resigned after his defeat. He sent general pal out with a scouting party telling him to report what ever movements of the enemy he might see. After going a considerable distance he halted his four hundred men within safe distance of the enemys lines to and went forward to reconnoiter. There were two large taverns at some little distance which was greatly patronized by glandelinians and Omarians, and here Hal saw a number of graycoats posits posted keeping an eye on the road.

"There are too many of them for us to engage." He said to himself and then he saw the very glandelinian general who was known as general rock Valve by his men come out of one of the taverns and go into another.

"So there is that gol-darn fellow again." He muttered. "I would like to give him a surprise and I think I can."

Then he rode back to where he had left the Angelinians and went forward with them going cautiously untill in sight of the taverns.

"Now boys." He said. "Dash ahead and rout these fellows. Capture all you can and then get away. There may be some in the taverns. Catch them if possible and in particular."

The Angelinians made a sudden wild dash and in a moment the glandelinians in and around the taverns were greatly astonished in seeing them come up supposing that there were many more. The Angelinians fired a terrific volley mowing the glandelinians down by the three score, scattering the survivors slowly, and who returned a withering fire at close range mowing the Angelinians down in just as many fearful numbers. But Hal and the survivors rushed into one of the taverns sabre in hand and saw general rock Valve hastily arising.

"Surrender." Cried Hal rushing at the fellow.

"Never you impudent christian dog." His the graycoat. Then he rushed at Hal sabre in his own hand intending to cut down the brave Angelinian. Hal was a most expert swordsman and had no fear of his impetuous antagonist. He parried the blow aimed at him, and in the furious fight cut off one of the generals buttons from the breast of his great coat. Then without further hurting the man in the least he cut off one after another untill all were gone. The graycoat was furious but general pal seemed to grow cooler every moment. In rapid succession pal took off first one and then the other of the glandelinian generals epaulettes, and then his hat, and lastly a wig which he wore, the glandelinian being still more furious. Then with a dexterous twist Hal sent the officers sword flying out of his hand and through the window and said;

"I think you had better surrender."

A number of Angelinians rushed in, seized the graycoats and hurried outside with them. General Rock Valve attempted to draw his po pistol when pal said in a quiet tone;

"I would not do that. I'm a good shot myself."

Then taking two silver quarters from his pocket he threw them in the air and fired rapidly hitting both of them before they began to fall. Then he fired at a candle without seeming to take aim and snuffed the candle out without injuring it at all.

"I could kill you in an instant." He said to general rock valve.

"Give up your sabre."

"To a christian dog?" Angrily. "Never. Come and take it."

Hal fired two quick shots and cut the straps of the officers sword belt, causing the weapon to fall clattering to the floor. Then he cut the pistol belt in the same manner and the pistol fell.

"Why don't you kill me?" Asked general Rock Valve.

Without answering Hal picked up the graycoats scabbard, n and flung it into a corner, and then bound him hand and foot. In the other tavern were a dozen graycoats and in a moment the Angelinians leveled their pistols at them as lieutenant g gammon said in a quiet tone;

"Gentlemen you had best surrender. There are more Angelinians outside and resistance is useless." Then Gammon added;

"Put your weapoi weapons on the tabel. You might be attempted to use them later and it would only result in disaster to you."

The graycoats sullenly obeyed and the weapons were collected by the purple coats as the glandelinians laid them down, and then all were marched out and made to mount their horses and ride in the direction of the main christian line.

600-601
500-501
100-101

general herman shosann another superior christian general heard that a little girl had been badly shot in defense of one of his generals he also came to see her, and stood by with his hat in his hand, as he watched her gasping breaths. Another general was lying fatally shot also near by attended by some Angelinians. It was a solemn scene the death of the mortally wounded generals in the green woods just in bak of the field of terrible slaughter, the sun shining softly through the trees, to glof glorify the king officers faces, the Angelinians standing by with uncovered heads. Then suddenly a lightning of the wan face of one of the colonels, the eyes closed the pale lips formed the words;

"My general Vivian. Wife. Children. Then the head settled and in a moment his gasping breath ceased and this colonel had died a heroes death. By the time another doctor had come up with another commander and he came quickly to see if he could ease the terrible sufferings of the child. At last after a hasty examination he pronounced that there was no hope, that the child was dying. All were hushed at this pronounci pronounciation.

A few minutes after general Vivian talked softly to general christinia asking particulars regarding the holding of the positions since he had his three severest wounds and complementing him and all the Angelinians for their valiant conduct. But the deaths of so many of their generals, and the apparent dying of one of the Darlings of the nation had saddened all the Angelinians, and though they were proud of having won the expression of every commendation from general Vivian who was having his leg attended to, did not take pleasure in his words of praise as they would on a less melancholy day or more occasion. Litters were made and all the wounded and officers were carried to the hospital tents, though it took quite three hours to gather all the dead and wounded officers of all ranks, there were so many. It seemed a long journey back toward the forma Purkee and the funeral procession who had the bodies of the dead officers officers made its way to a silent graveyard and here they were buried. Last came the dear child get Gertrude Angeline.

All the Angelinian officers were gathered with many privates, swords mounted on horses with reverse arms, and bowed heads. The last one had soon been dug and the coffin made of branches, and leaves covered with flags was placed above the grave resting on branches. The sun shone brightly on the blood besmeared grass, and the breeze blew softly through the trees that bordered the enclosure, and all now was as peaceful as if death never entered there, except all the military accouterments of the Angelinians who were all in full uniform in respect to their dead general commanders, and for the child who had died for a general she and Angelinia Bourg had failed to save. They all gathered around the last open grave. General Vivian and all his highest staff being present read the prayers for the dead generals while the Priests read the high Mass for the dead or rather, while the generals acted as the choir choir, and then the Priests reread the p services of the dead in impressive tones, and then he read of the child's long term during the child slave rebellion, how she had performed her duties on all occasions to the wounded during the rebellion and how she had entered the army and won the love and respect of all the Angelinians.

He entered the army with Angelinia Aronburg as soon as the terrible war began. He said. "And a ended he her term in it fighting bravely against a selfish invader, and risking her life to save a general, but in vain for he was killed also. Her life with us was long and it was full of promise and ended with a throughout devli devotion to duty, and to the cause of Christ which is most memorable. I and all the Angelinians will hold her in the highest esteem as long as we live and we can faithfully ask her soul to be in now in heaven to request God to spare Angelinia Aronburg to us that she may not die."

Then general Robert Vivian offered a short prayer, the flags were removed and the ear coffin lowered into the grave, and the branches laid over it to madden the sound of the clouds as they fell upon it. Many of the rescued children who were near by attending the burial tossed wreaths of flowers into the graves, and then went away weeping, one of them going up to general Vivian with tears in her eyes, and he gently took her by the hand, and weeping picked her up and embraced her fondly. The grave was filled in and neatly rounded over, and later a cross was placed at the head bearing her name and age and the words;

"Greater love and duty had no other than her."

Then all the graves were fairly hidden in folowers piled on them. The next morning despite his wounds general Robert Vivian had decided to battle Procille once more to revenge the assassination of the little girl and the wounding of Angelinia Aronburg, the latter who was now pronounced out of any danger, but Procille had flown southward and he was too far away by this time to be overtaken.

The glandelinian troops in the heaviest columns fiercely advanced again and again to the very muzzle of the Angolinian cannon. Still they met stubborn resistance, and at last heavy Angolinian reserves were brought up and led by general Fogitt, who made a spirited charge that tore its sweeping way through the glandelinian columns and drove back the glandelinians thus ending the fearful struggle, leaving it practically a drawn fight with the two Mc-Cantlers wounded. The glandelinians under general Aberdeen Proville who had had alone been in the bloody battle had used up most of their ammunition, and after eight hours of most terrible fighting in fierce heat both sides were exhausted. Though it was declared a serious christian defeat because the christians had failed to accomplish their purpose but nevertheless to tell the truth the glandelinian forces had really been defeated for they were obliged to fall back to the right of the stream of Latorie. Proville was in no condition to stand another battle as he had his whole army crushed. And general Vivians army was in no condition to follow the enemy however though Hanson later in his reports had told general Vivian that it would have been better to have pursued the enemy and crushed him entirely. "We were glad to see them go." Was general Vivians comment to general Hanson his brother.

Thus Provilles fury in the conflict had saved his own army from capture, and general Manleys from being seriously handicapped or destroyed at Latorie and it was able to start in a few days on its retreat. The battle of Enaine Creek gained been declared by general Vivian for the number of troops engaged the most bloodiest battle of the war in Angolinia he had ever seen. The glandelinians called it a bushwack fight, hand to hand, and declared it was not a fair fight because the Christians army was nearly five to their own one and there was no chance to win. Proville had against general Vivian about 26,000,000 against general Vivians 44,000,000.

The christians under Christina Hanson lost in killed 912,848, while over 1,197,963 were wounded, while over three hundred general officers including those named were slain, and even a few or more were wounded all being however slain. The total of wounded was about five to six. General Vivian himself with the other commanding officers lost in killed and wounded and prisoners 9,999,873. The total christian losses with fifty thousand more having fallen elsewhere was 12,170,684. The glandelinians under Aberdeen Proville was in his center 2,915,296. His right lost 8,566,752. His left wing lost three million four hundred and fifty six thousand seven hundred seven hundred seventy seven. The total amounted up to 14,933,815. Beautiful loss I'll say. Nearly half of the enemys army gone.

Both sides had over two hundred thousand cannon of which only 25,666 were in action. The position of the seas of dead and wounded on the ground on both sides of the creek showed how terrible the struggle had been. On each side of the beautiful creek were dead soldiers some within five or six feet of each other the graycoats on one side and the purple coats on the other. When the last sound of firing ceased, and the glandelinians were about to fall back general Robert Vivian was informed of Gertrudes condition. The great general was shocked for he had not even seen the incident occurrence, he had been at other parts of the fields at times and to know that the child had so nearly sacrificed her little life for Stevens and in vain at that, inexpressibly touched him to the heart just as if it had occurred to one of his own beloved daughters. He said nothing but hastened to the rear, and finding the little girl just as Christina Hanson had left her with her head in the lap of one of the soldiers. He knelt down by the child and taking her hand murmured softly;

"Gertrude it is your friend general Robert Vivian."

The pretty lids lifted and the apparently dying child looked into general Vivians face, and an expression of satisfaction settled on her own.

"Gertrude for heavens sake and mine live, that I may show my appreciation for your bravery." Said the great christian general whose arm was in a sling and his leg in bandages. The child tried to speak but the only word he could catch was duty.

"Was you did your duty and kept your sacred oath and all the Angolinians shall know it and none will even forget that you recieved the fire of the gathling gun intended for general Stevens."

Other generals started to speak about the poor child and general Vivian deeming what they meant took the childs hand in his and held it fast.

"The child shall be a sister to the Angolinians who will never forget her whether whether she lives or dies." Was what he said.

Though not seemingly conscious the child appeared dissatisfied and one of the officers whispered brokenly;

"She wants to see general Christina Hanson too."

At this moment the general had arrived, and so with the two great generals on each side the poor child lay.

and slaying the hundred men. General Christina Hanson came riding up to the scene of bedlam and inferno of hell at the moment and he at once saw the slaughter of officers and of the seriously wounded child, and dismounting ran by her side in a moment. The suffering child spoke spoke but a single word as she saw his face and realized the supposed helplessness of her condition now. Christina Hanson smiled as he lifted her up and carried her out of the way of the frightful slaughter going on. The child closed her eyes her breath coming faintly. Several of the officers came up at the moment and one of them said;

"Lay her down in my lap and we will see if her wounds are mortal or not." The general sat on the ground so as to receive her head in his lap. Several of the soldiers brought fresh cool water and her laved her face who one of the sergeants opened her waste was waist to look for the wounds. At a moment the child opened her eyes and looking up into general Christina Hansons face tried to speak. He put his ears to her lips but she only kissed him, and then with a tearless sob the general covered the face of the apparently dying child with kisses and stroke her hair and murmured her name. She smiled and again wearily closed her eyes and the general put his hand to her lips but she could not swallow. She motioned the brandy away and then murmured a single word

"Stevens." General Christina Hanson loathed to tell her that the general was dead, he having failed to save him but he had to confess the truth. "He is dead." He said mournfully. "You failed to save him though you tried hard to do so. And now I must go back to my duty. Do your best." He added to the soldiers who were nursing her and I will see if there is another physician with us and if so I will ask him to come to the little girls bedside before it is too late."

The soldiers all nodded and then tried to find the wounds but there were only small holes in her chest and was bleeding inwardly. When Christina Hanson returned to the scene of the fight he found that as reports came that the right had repulsed their assailants but that the battle was still going on along the christian center and with greater fury than it had along the right. Trained by years of fighting the ferocious glandelinians rushed forward with a fierceness that carried them headlong into the fight, and drove back the christian columns only to be slaughtered in immense numbers and routed. It cannot be possible that I can describe the ghastly fury that raged over it for fully four hours only. It was that general Proville greatly outnumbered and suffering from intolerable loss was last obliged to retreat and after this the first real part of the battle hours later fell on general Vivian and his men. General Vivian his face glowing with excitement, his crispy black beard making him his a conspicuous face among the advancing hosts led his men in an impetuous charge and drove the enemy through and out the woods, and put his divisions in a strong natural position.

Chiefly by the help of his regular army batteries general Vivian was able to repulse attack after attack made by the foe, leading his men, calling to them, inspiring them by his example. When his troops were again in motion he went to the head of the column and led his men into action again. Part of the time he was on foot, sending orders or encouraging the men about him. While thus engaged his horse which he was leading was killed, and he himself was wounded in the leg. Shortly afterwards general D.E. Johnston who was besides him recieved a wound in the head which however was slight. To general Vivian about this time Johnston said;

"I fear the day is lost."

At the intrepid general went on fighting through the hot hours of the afternoon as determinedly as if he saw victory perched upon his banners. Another man had been secured for general Vivian, when general Fred Nolan Hanson came up beside him with another force. Fred Nolan Hanson panned with general Vivian as soon leading a tremendous charge, waving their hats and shouting for the men to come on when in the midst of a withering fire a ball struck him in the chest, and general Vivian himself recieved three serious wounds and his whole front line two miles long fairly melted away. He slowly dismounted but the wounds were very dangerous, and sinking into the arms of his orderly he exclaimed;

"I am badly wounded."

General Lion and two men bore the body of the dead general from the field, he orderly following with tearful eyes, carrying general Hansons hat and loudly bewailing his loss. After general Vivian had been seriously wounded he had his command devolved upon general Richard Mc-Cantler and Joe Mc-Cantler. For about two more hours the battle continued fiercely the roar of the guns being incessant.

Despite the fall of so many of their generals in so short a time the Angelinians continued to fight stubbornly fighting the glandelinians valiantly their only hope being to prevent Prociles advance until reinforced by general Hermann Devries and Stevens. But indeed the enemy were even now attacking overwhelming numbers the firing increasing in a most fearful manner, and general Hanson soon fully resolved that the right could not hold out any longer without sacrificing his force and with no adequate results and was just about to telegraph to the surviving generals to sound the retreat, when the officers heard a welcome sound in the distance, heard it despite the roar of musketry and the resounding deep throat ed song of hundreds of artillery, above the din of the shouting combatants, the crash of the wild and storming attack, the ear-splitting roar of the desperate resistance, the clattering clanking rush of monstrous columns of glandelinian cavalry forces charge charging back and forth and battling with the christian cavalry with the fury of opposing whirl winds, the tumultuous clash of steel on steel, the mad melodious cheer of victory, derisive yells, and shouts and screams of defiance, the sharp deafening staccato of millions of musketry, and what he heard was the advance of general Stevens and Hermann Devries until they were almost upon them, and then when they realized that they had received reinforcements, the glandelinians recoiled for about an hour and then came forward in the most monstrously columns charging most desperately in a welter of horror, the Angelinians keeping up a long continuous roll of musketry that tore column after column of glandelinians to pieces, but the enemy were not willing to lose the slight advantage they had gained by the very vigor of their first assault and tried to cross the christian works, but one whole line of the foe two miles long was fairly shot to pieces with the loss of hundreds of thousands, and though at one point the glandelinians did carry the works and shattered a portion of the christian line the slaughter was something fearful along their whole gray line, which was galled and seared by an annihilating searching fire of new christian artillery and musketry. At the sound of approaching troops the brave Angelinian leaders rallied their men, the Angelinians crowding around their generals although they were still in front. The glandelinians after being driven back with their whole line of three million men torn in fragments, rallied on receiving reinforcements, and resumed their onslaught with unequal impetuosity, delivering a terrific storming fire all along their whole line as they came within range mowing the christian defenders down as thick as fields of wheat and grain cut by hundreds of thrashing machines, and during the horrible hellam there was more than one musket pointed at general Stevens who seemed to bear a charmed life, and also seemed unconscious of the danger he was constantly facing in the exposure of the enemy's storming withering fire, which was ravaging the christians all along the line. The whole woods also was dominated by a storm of bewildering bursting shells.

Not so with the Angelinians for they appreciated the peril confronted by their brave leader, and there was not one of them in the division who would not have gladly given up their life for their general. As Stevens had that quality so essential in a leader that of inspiring confidence and loyalty in his followers. The firing on both sides had now increased with redoubled fury and Stevens had his head turned to his men in look of him, when there was a musket pointed directly in front of him. And also a captured gathling gun. No one saw his danger but Gertrude Angelina who happened to be beside him and tending to a wounded comrade under the hail of bullets, and looking straight ahead she saw the musket and the wicked gathling guns deliberately aimed. Quick as thought before the cannoneer had time to discharge the gathling guns Angelina Aronburg fired her pistol and she did get Gertrude Angelina but in their excitement their aim was not as true as usual and the bullets failed to reach their mark. Then came the whirring crash of the gathling gun and Gertrude threw herself in front of general Stevens not both with a score of men and two other generals Aidie Frander, and Hank Ledger went down Ledger and Stevens being killed, the score of men mangled beyond recognizing, and the others seriously wounded. The balls of the canister seemed to also strike a fatal spot in the little girl called Angelina Aronburg, while Gertrude Angelina was instantly killed, and as several men rushed to their aid, generals Fredrick Nance, and general Handonia Debutant reeled from their saddles, and James J. Fred Nancine and general Aronburger Pittleton were on each side of the fallen officers attempted to catch Fredrick Nance before he fell but they were also shot dead their horses being mangled and falling throwing their riders in a heap. General Adia Mc-Pollister and Hanson Mc-Allister saw that the other general before he fell and carefully supporting his fainting form started to ride with him to the rear, and just as general Jaffery Heriodine came up to help with a hundred men a gang-gang shell landed in their midst killing the five general officers out-

CH AFTER THIRTY TWO .

THE TRAGIC BATTLE OF ERMINIE CREEK.
DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL CALLED GERTRUDE ANGELINE,
BUT WHO IS NOT THE ONE ANGELINIA ARONBURG.

Simultaneously as general Hanson had engaged Jack Brooks at Easter morning, general Robert Angelic Vivian with 41,567,988 men all fierce and sturdy soldiers had made their way along a little creek which ran into the great Angeline Run River near the city of Erminie where one of his daughters little Catherine Vivian had been born. Minnie Francis Belle's glandelinians under Dixonia and Hanson Dargin had come up to reinforce general John Hanley who had retreated before Hanson Vivian at from Norma Burkee, where this glandelinian general with his soldiers tried to commit the massacre of thousands on unhappy little children but account of Hansons sudden appearance failed. General Francis Anna who was called Thirsty Blood for his atrocities in other wars and Dixonia and others operating under general Dargin had tried to get rid of more children by rain-raiding country schools and all orphan asylums in the region but these were all fortified by Abyssinkilian soldiers and the glandelinians were shot down by thousands by what they had thought at first were children firing upon them from these buildings. It happened however to be a portion of general Vivians right wing which was also stretched across the region, thus protecting the schools and orphan asylums and making forts out of them also the children having been withdrawn to safety.

Anger over the surprise they met the glandelinians at once made a fierce onslaught raging the battle for two hours but were driven back with all greater loss. Angelina Aronburg going under the name of Annie Aronburg gave general Vivian warning of Hanleys approach, and then warned a little girl by the original name of Gertrude Angelina to keep away from the line of fighting or she might get killed. Then scouts came in saying that general Hindale St Clair, and a general Simon Legree had struck his right wing a second time at a point called Eva's crossing, and declared that a great battle was going on in all its force, and that fifty thousand of the Angelinians had already fallen, and that the assault of the enemy had continued with the steadiness of some great force.

In fact during the struggle which was true general Hindale St Clair was killed and Simon Legree and another general called Simon Legree wounded. General Aberdeen Procile came up with heavy reinforcements just as the Angelinians were about to crush back their desperate assailants. The Angelinians now made a vigorous assault, but as Prociles forces increased general Vivian soon saw that he had met with more than his match for his right. Still he hoped to hold the position until he could bring the other forces to the point. The Angelinians along the right fiercely disputed every inch of ground amid terrific slaughter of men by thousands and officers by scores, but despite all their fierce and desperate endeavor, the left of the wing was forced back step by step more than scores of thousands of the glandelinians having been mowed down however, and scores of officers had also been struck every minute and carried to the rear.

It was here where the many christian generals and Angelina Aronburg were doing their part in the service of their country and she was as brave and as helpful as any red cross nurse in war time. So was the other little girl though the Angelinians had requested both children to stay away from the war storm. Hundreds after hundreds of the Angelinians every second became so badly wounded to take their places again in the ranks, but many were only patched up and eager to return to their beloved generals aid, scarcely waiting to have their wounds dressed before they were back again in the fierce fight only to receive more severe wounds, and some killed altogether. The smoke of battle became blinding, and the sound of firing stretching for three miles in a few hours increased in redoubled fury, and in the midst of it all were many christian generals leading on their brave men and encouraging them to do their best only to go down badly mangled or killed outright amid the fearful storm of carnage. Generals Vittor Vittoriar, Frank Arimondi, Heller Ammeris, Madon Laussen, Giulio Crimi, James Goddard, Radames Hans, Ramfis Stoneman, Amosaro Lieberman, Giacomo Bicknel, Rimini Emilio Venturini, Bratton Hall and general Gioseffis Campanini were all killed, and general Chaparion Peiby was the only one of these to be wounded.....

the chief thing that general Hanson had feared about the recent Crowley massacre was about the safety of Angelinia Agathia and Mc-whirther guarding vivian wickey in Galverinia, for it was found out before the massacre (Though Hanson made no reports about it, the glandelinians had risen against the Angelinians when their interference in Galverinia was at its height, with battle cries of o

"On to Anginia Agathia. Seize Mc-whirther and vivian wickey. Guard the boundary line of Galverinia so Angelinia does not invade." R The glandelinians had long before this declared by all other nations to be out of place in the entire world, and that they should have not had any room whatever on that earth and made that paradise a hell for all other nations who should not have known sorrow at all for though the Abbiannians in their righteous wars they had waged against glandelinia had made a good reminder and brought the latter to her knees, but they had not as yet succeeded in bringing the murderous child slaughter and slavery going on in Galverinia to an end, and now because Abbiannia had not tried to do it, a greater and crueler war had broken out between glandelinia and Angelinia, and yet it did seem as if the glandelinians for all that, and despite overwhelming numbers against her were now on the winning side. Abyssinkile had herself united with Angelinia in her good cause, and all the christian nations had hoped when the war broke out that Angelinia and Abyssinkile in their indignation would punish glandelinia severely for her cruelty. But glandelinia was invading Angelinia instead of being invaded as thought by all the nations.

They also had hoped that the Angelinians would drive the glandelinians once and for all to her own knees, and end all the child slavery she had made up. Cruel immoral treacherous as the glandelinians were, they had not always been a nation of murder, but now high toned in her riches, there was no good thing in glandelinia, no thought, no aspiration, no civilization, and the recent rule of glandelinia under king Lucille Procile had been a curse to every one concerned. It had been tolerated, because the other christian powers zealous of each other for a while had for a time left the wicked glandelinian nation to itself without hindrance to their wicked deeds untill mighty Rome of that world Abbiannia crushed these rivals and made them come to time and realize their foolish quarrels among each other, and rebuked them for letting glandelinia have full sway. Even other christian nations who were even more powerful than Angelinia herself looked on like so many timid dogs in the manger, leaving the unrepentable glandelinians in their places for fear that some other civilized nation or Abbiannian for particular would take the place in his stead.

But the time for shuffling and evasion had now gone for Abbiannia with her great ten years bloody war of eighteen forty one had made a admirable beginning. She had struck simultaneously the christian nations who had refused to punish glandelinia for her misdeeds terrible blows, waging fierce wars with them, and whipping them to a finish, while hurling glandelinia out of Galverinia, and smashing down three hundred of her best cities, ruining their capitol and crushing every army of glandelinians opposing her own. May the other christian power, Angelinia who so long had withstood the glandelinian tyranny in Galverinia with her state Abyssinkile remain united with Abbiannia, and determined untill the cruel glandelinians are overcome, and brought to her knees once more. The glandelinians were in their butchery still worse than the turks, Romans of old, of or the worse kind of yadians. It was always stated that one quarter of the nation did not believe in anything but the Devil, or the Free Masonic Religion and other know nothing religions and their wicked Pomes. The battle had indeed been a terrible struggle, and Hanson had hoped indeed that he would have won so as to capture black Brooks army or annihilate it, but his hopes were in vain. It was indeed a sad occurrence for the great and sturdy christian general to have his army repulsed and outwitted as it was, and it took nearly four days and nights to get his armies together again, and when it time came to pursue the enemy had flown like a bird across the boundary line like a black sword. If Hanson's army had been able to gather quick enough to pursue it would even then been all up with black Brooks army. But black Brooks had escaped and Hanson felt enraged. He had been outwitted and sure enough.

Grabbing some strange pieces of wood together violet and Jennie were able to produce the strange sound, this method and trick having been learned to by the Gemini. At once the glandelinian guard was all attention and he looked in the direction of the sound. Again the rattling was repeated, and fired toward the spot, the bullet narrowly missing violet as it passed within two inches of her head. She heard the whistle of the bullet, and started, but did not betray herself. The glandelinian started to come forward slowly and then unseen by him the little girls darted through the occupied space, and were safely within the lines. They were within the main camp within half an hour, and not recognized by the glandelinians who thought they were Glandelinian boy scouts, did not ask them any questions as yet, and allowed the little girls to go as they liked about the lines. They did not discover anything important as yet but nevertheless they kept their eyes open for some information, and waited for an opportunity to do some thing. They had intended to find the general's headquarters and seize some important papers, but then they saw that every entrance was closely guarded, and that even the irregular boy scouts were not permitted to enter....

Fortunately for them however, general parger was out with some of his officers, and soon came galloping up.

"Hey you boys" He cried pointing to violet and her sisters. "Here there's a message I wish you would take to general Hanley. It's a long distance to go but I'm sure you can find him."

"We'll take it." Said violet and not suspecting anything the general handed her a large envelope of green color. Violet pocketed it and given horses by some of the men started for the end of the lines. They were happy over the fact that they had succeeded so easy, and soon reached the line of sentry pickets. They came across the three guards who had fooled so cleverly, but passed them without being stopped, but really the funny looking one came up and said;

"Where are you boys going?"

General parger sent us on a important message to general Hanley who is passing against the Angelinian dogs at julo callio. Said violet pretend she was a boy and changing her voice. "He wishes us to take the message to him at the quickest time possible."

"We'll that is strange." Said the guard. "Three of us that I and two others have been attacked by some mysterious boys who played tricks on us. Are you sure you are not Angelinians."

"We are not Angelinians." Said violet truthfully, as they were Abbiannians by birth. "And you cannot detain us because general parger sent us to hurry. Here he comes now."

"What's the trouble?" The general asked riding up. "Why are you detaining those boy scouts?"

"You know your excellency we have to be careful." Answered the guard. "I and two other guards have been tricked by some one. The person is no matter who they were threw something at two of the guards, and tricked me by showing me the noise of a rattlesnake."

The general eyed violet and her sisters suspiciously, but could not recognize them as little girls, because they threw aside their childish ways for this critical moment, and he said;

"So the Gemini spies may have tried to enter your lines. Let these go on the mission as they must not be detained. How in the world do you suppose a dirty snip of a Angelinian child let alone a little timid scary girl would dare to enter my lines to spy. Its foolishness."

Violet and her sisters were permitted to go on their way, and they rode off, but was watched for some distance by a party of soldiers who followed, untill the little girls were out of sight. As soon as they were out of sight of the glandelinian soldiers violet and her sisters changed the course of their horses, and made straight for the christian lines. It took some time to reach the position however, but they succeeded without adventure and went straight first for their own headquarters, to rechange their clothes, and then went to see if they could find general parger. He happened to be in his great tent, and they were admitted into the presence of the great christian general.

"I suppose you little dears are waiting for your breakfast?" He said. Violet and her sisters did not know what to say at this for they had forgotten all about breakfast.

But violet said;

"I have a package for you from one of the glandelinian general who gave it to me this morning." And he handed it to the general. He looked at violet in surprise, and then eyed her sisters closely. Then he opened the envelope and drew out the contents.

"What glandelinian prisoner did you get this important package from?" He asked turning around and looking straight at violet.

"General Judas Darger gave it to me to give to general Manley." Answered Violet amused as his astonishment.

If a thunderbolt had struck the tent general gladerlinia would not have been more startled. He had not expected that violet and her sisters could have been in the enemys lines so early and then get out and bring with them such important packages. It took him a minute to recover, and then he said slowly;

"Where---did---you---say---you---got---this---package???"

"From general Judas Darger."

"Did you take it from him or did he give it to you in person out of his own hand?"

"He gave it to me out of his own hand."

"Did you take the inconceivable nerve to enter the enemys lines so early, as this, and come back yet even long before breakfast time?"

"Yes sir."

"Where did you little girls come from heaven?"

"No sir."

"Well it looks like you did. No man or private just now would have dared to enter the enemys lines as you did. How in the world did you do it so cleverly?"

Violet and her sisters told of their tricks on the guards. They also told of meeting the glandelinia general and of how he addressed them, and gave them the package to take to general Manley. They also told of how they were stopped by one of the guards, and how the general interfered, and caused them to be allowed to proceed on their way unmolested."

"Well," stammered the general. "You little girls have me beat. Are you members of the Geminian black circle society?"

"Yes sir we are."

"Do you know any of the leaders?"

"We are well known by the two head supreme persons of the black circle and all the members that are under them." Said Joise. "They even befriended us in Abbieanna before the war broke out, and came all the way over from the United States of America to help us personally. They are great friends of ours."

"Oh so you were the cause of the Gemini being here to help us were you?" Asked gladerlinia. "Well general Hanson your uncle must certainly know of this. You ought to be made the lead leaders of the boy scouts. You are well able to do so when you belong to the Black Circle. Would you like to command the boy scouts of Angelinia?"

"We cannot do it without general Vivians main consent despite uncle being the main general of the christian armies." Said Jennie. "You'll have to ask both."

"That I will," said gladerlinia. "And I'll tell the black circle also what you did this morning too. You have certainly astonished me beyond thinking when I was supposing that you little girl girls were still asleep in bed you spied on the enemy and captured this important package. If this package ever fell into the hands of general Manley, God alone could save Angelinia Agathia from capture. Even if we fail elsewhere that important stronghold must by all means stay in our possession or the war is lost. And you little girls saved the nation. This package has no written messages on it but had maps and plans of the fortifications of Angelinia Agathia, and by all kinds of explanations shows Manley how to get other armies to encompass the christians there and cause them to surrender. General Hanson will be made wise to this and Angelinia Agathia will never be captured. You little girls have done more wonders than the Gemini so far. I'll notify them as soon as I get communication with them. But now we'll eat breakfast together. And then I'll see if I cannot locate the Gemini and have them communicate with your uncle and father, and gain you the commission to command the Angelinian boy scouts whatever army you may be in. Mine, Hansons, your fathers, or who ever may command. This will be your reward."

Breakfast was served, and the proceedings wax was made, and the Gemini consented to see that Hanson and general Vivian both would give their consent. Sladerlinia in the meantime had decided to start some excitement, and went out scouting with the intention of seeing the lay of the enemys position, and decided that to cross the river and attack the enemy would be the best plan and he proceeded to at once begin the engagement. The pontoon bridges had all been finished by this time, and all was quiet along both banks of the river. So he had nothing to fear from the wicked Glandelinian batteries, and consulting his generals about it decided to at once begin the attack, and storm the enemys lines.....

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Elen Anderson, in the province of Annis Van was severely destroyed or razed, and three other towns, Aronburg Junction, Angelina, Vinner, and Gertrude Hoffmann are reported in ruins, while in the city of Norma Catherine any structures have collapsed and every building has windows shattered out. This prevailed at the town of Lucy as a result of the concussion and from Angelina Richee, and Jennie Richee came reports of lives being lost in the town of Meldonia. At Hannon an entire population of the town of Angelina and the village of Hoberter near by was totally destroyed. Serious damage was done in the Maroucian district, where ten towns collapsed with the loss of lives being frightful, but the number of victims have not been ascertained."

This was the report that was spread around like wild fire. Many witnesses of the explosion declared that the scene was dreadful to behold. It seemed to be as if the very heavens was blasting to pieces in an unearthly storm of ear-splitting thunder crashes, the end of the world seemed to come, there being a blinding flash in the direction of the Glandelinian army, and up into the air rose smoke, dirt, and debris of every description, as if all the materials and matter had burst full force out of the summit of a largest volcano in the world. For miles around utensils of every description was scattered for scores of miles, and cannons were found for the distance of eighty miles from where they had been blown. The Glandelinian army shared from the effects of the explosion that some christ christian soldiers placed a gigantic mine under their position with the intention of annihilating them, and thus after the great explosion, had retreated north and horrified at the scene of the disaster. Eighty generals were killed, this calamity and general Aronburg was among them, and half of the army had been wiped out, and all their provisions, ammunition, and all artillery and gun caissons, and provision wagons, and trains destroyed. It had been a calamity to the Galverinians in this district, but it had been equally a severe disaster to the enemy, or probably worse for the total and injured inhabitants among the ruins were found later to be only a hundred thousand, and the enemy over six hundred thousand dead alone, while a million were so badly disabled as to be out of service for all time, and many no doubt fatally injured, while the survivors had lost all their rifles, and battle flags, and famine stared them in the face. And they were leaderless.

Manley was shocked at the horrible news which had been conveyed to him, and he received the report that the crash of the explosion was heard five hundred miles away. Even at that distant it sounded like a booming roll of loud distinctive sound. What really caused the explosion no one, neither the christian investigators, and the Geminian members who rushed to the scene could find out, but they suspected that it must really have been a gigantic mine set to blow up a whole Glandelinian army, and if so the one who set the mine almost succeeded in annihilating the population of the wrecked towns, and one of the Geminian leaders said;

"It may be fair to set mines to trap an enemy but not just to cause such an explosion like this and wrecked innocent peoples lives and happiness just for the sake of checking an enemy advance. The place of this mine, if mine it really was was more of a crime on the part of the one who did the job and they if found out ought to be punished to the full extent of the law. They slaughtered people of our own side as well as the enemy."

But it was found out later that no nobody did place any mine here. After investigations was discovered. Prisoners testified that at the time of the explosion there had been a sort of severe thunderstorm raging, and that the enemy had during the advance captured a large ammunition factory and not knowing the dangerous nature of the contents had set the building on fire so that the christians could not make use of it and to blow up the materials in the building. But it resulted in a greater explosion than was ever expected. This news could not be confirmed, but it was believed by many, though it is said that the Glandelinians would tell lies to even conceal their own enemies who would do something mean for their own cause. At whatever really caused the dreadful explosion remained a mystery for good. In volcanic eruption could not have made a worse scene for that moment.

While gladerlinia was preparing to attack the glandelinian army under general Judas Darger, a terrible calamity occurred elsewhere along the Mc-Hollester Run. The news had spread very fast concerning the disaster, and which had really occurred among the army of glandelinians under general Aronburg though it had taken effect among the Calverinian towns as well. This glandelinian army had been concentrating along this section of the Mc-Hollester Run with the intention of waiting for reinforcements, and while thus intrenched, a great explosion occurred which tore a hole a mile wide in the ground and destroyed hundreds of thousands of glandelinians, and the explosion which was mysterious wrecked many towns in Calverinia.

Sladerlinia early morning had received the report of the news which had surprised and shocked him and which had made him all the more more anxious to crush general Darger and move forward before all chances were lost. The wild rumors were as follows:

'MANY TOWNS OF CALVERINIA WIPED OUT BY CONCUSSION OF GREAT EXPLOSION. ONE TOWN OF NINE MILLION PEOPLE WIPED OUT BY EXPLOSION QUAKE IN NORTHERN CALVERINIA, ALONG THE MC-HOLLESTER RUN. EXPLOSION OCCURRED AMONG THE WICKED GLADELINIAN ARMY UNDER GENERAL MELFORD ARONBURG. DISTRESS OF CHRISTIAN PEOPLE TERRIBLE. ENEMY SUFFERED GREAT DISASTER. GREATEST EXPLOSION EVER KNOWN. CAUSE MYSTERIOUS, THOUGH GLADELINIAN LEADERS SUSPECT CHRISTIANS.

Meldon Greenburg a city of 1,000,000 inhabitants was completely wiped out, scores of other cities, towns and villages were totally wrecked, and scores of hundreds of thousands of lives reported lost in the great concussion caused by the explosion among general Aronburg's glandelinian army which it is reported dug a hold hole a mile wide, and three hundred feet deep and killed six hundred thousand glandelinians, and confused the survivors with horror and panic. Fornical a city near Meldon Greenburg also was completely destroyed with the reported annihilation of all its inhabitants. In this town over sixty five thousand dead have already been identified, and the work of recovering bodies by inactive Christian troops continues. Even the Angelinian and Calverinian redcross has dispatched to the scene of the disaster, millions of beds, armies of tents, medicines and doctors. Other benevolent associations and even the Geminis are contributing to the complete work of rescue, as are soldiers, and private people who have placed automobiles, provision wagons and camions at the disposal of the Angelinian and Calverinian authorities for transportation of the wounded and the distribution of supplies.

The supplies are urgently needed, since 77,000,000 persons are now reported to be camping in the open air, and in danger of the approach of other glandelinian armies. As the reports from the stricken regions of Calverinia comes in over faltering telegraph, and telephone lines, the extent of the great disaster seems to be growing, and there is a possibility that the damage done by the explosion may be greatly more serious than was at first believed.

The regions violently disturbed by the concussion of the volcanic like explosion along the glandelinian front seemed to be lozenge shaped, with Florence gathering at the northern apex, and Norma gathering at the southern end, these two cities however having escaped from any damage, cut side, of broken windows, and the dancing of furniture, in the rooms of houses, and factories of dishes and crockery broken. It extended along a part of the western Calverinian coast, and ran over the Ab u Abyssinkilian boundary line eastward upwards for one hundred and sixty miles. Even Mt Calverine was started into slight activity by the concussion of the great explosion. In this district there are many thickly peopled towns and cities, and no tidings as yet has been received from any of them on account of all communications being cut off. There is every indication that the shock produced by the explosion was a very severe one, and reports from the cities in the zone of the concussion showed that buildings crumbled beneath the strain of the sudden convulsion of the earth. It's a greater disaster than that committed by the gigantic eruption of Mt Calverine. At Hanzal a city of 17,000,000 inhabitants, near Garanza, almost every building was damaged totally, and thousands of buildings were completely destroyed by fires that followed the dreadful overthrow. Among the collapsed structures is the main Geminian building, the Postoffice, the Tribunal building, the three gigantic cathedrals and the building of the Court Courthouse in which ruins are the entire staff who perished.

They at this news had now advanced more cautiously as he feared that the Christians had set the same kind of deadly mines in his own path of advance, and so did the other two Glandelinian generals who were advancing on the hills of Julio Callio, and Norma. Common earthquakes had been experienced in many countries, even in the United States, Italy, Europe, and Mexico, or North America, and these earthquakes have caused a complication of conglomeration of disasters, but never was there such a calamity as caused by this awful explosion which destroyed over half of a whole Glandelinian army and wiped out so many Calverinian towns and villages. It was a dreadful disaster indeed, and the blame was soon mostly laid upon the enemy for the thing was their own responsibility for they if it the report was true had no right whatever with firing a large munition plant which they captured but carefully removing the contents of the buildings first. But what the enemy what they did. They did want to make an explosion no doubt as they had hoped caused a great disaster among the Christians, and the worse of it themselves as the munitions were within their own lines, all the kinds of Explosives that God only knows were stored there.

There were many witnesses to the catastrophe, and their stories were many and conflicting. Some declared that it was something else than explosion of munition works; others yet declared, that an eruption from suddenly opening chasm caused the disaster, and still some more declared that it was the explosion of either a series of mines at once, or the explosion of munition plants. For the fact that the explosion caused many dreadful fires was indeed very suspicious, and did not look as if any mines were exploded, for the ruined remains of large buildings were found in the location of the gigantic oblong crater in the ground whose walls had been strewn with the mangled fragments of dead Glandelinian soldiers and whose bottom was covered deep with dead bodies. One witness stated thus:

'The great explosion occurred when I was a thirty miles away from the scene. It was so sudden that the shock threw me off my feet, and I felt as if I was in a daze. I cannot describe the ear-splitting din of the blowout, but it seemed did look as if the very bowels of the earth was blown up into the air, and the smoke and debris made darkness for several minutes, and dirt and all fragments of dirty stuff rained about me as thick as a dreadful fog, and I was covered with falling mud and blood though I did not know where it came from. I have seen many great eruptions of volcanoes, even the eruption of Mt Calverine but the explosion made a greater scene than that, and the explosion almost gave me a prostration from the shock though I was so far from where it occurred. I never knew what happened until I received the news that it was an explosion, I having thought it was some kind of eruption coming from a gulf that had opened in the ground at that great distance.'

Sladerlinia and her sisters were surprised and shocked also when they learned of the disaster, which happened both to the enemy and the Calverinians, but they were more pleased to know that it was worse for the enemy. They even hoped that such a disaster would happen to Hanley, and halt his advance on the hills of Norma, or to the two Purgatirians so that they could not reach Julio Callio before Hanson or general Vivian got there with their armies to defend them. The whole country was full of the news, Angelinia and even away Abbiannia too, and the whole world, who had at first thought that the war was only a noisy and not a bloody one began to open its eyes and wonder what was going to happen next. Was the war becoming a hell on earth with a conglomeration of disasters, or were they doing something else that would later on shock shock hell itself from its deadly horrors.

The concussion of the great explosion had been very extensive and the large town of Fivizzano thirty six miles northeast of Norma Catherine, had been demolished according to a dispatch to the Angelinian exchange tepegraph.... The dispatch added that goleriarleriantonia, and Pontis Christie were badly wrecked but fortunately that no lives were lost. The east earthquake shook produced by the explosion which was heard at the distance to Norma Catherine and sounded like a dull rumbling, only lasted thirteen seconds but never theless the population were wise enough to flee from their homes at the first evidence of approaching disaster, and shouting and weeping amid the confusion and ruin they watched the houses go tumbling down into clouds of dust and wreckage. The squares of the city of Julo Gallio were soon filled with crowds of panic stricken people, but the greater number fled to the fields. The hands of the clocks in the towers of the big churches in Norma Catherine stopped at 8.55 in the morning proceeding the concussion, bells in various steeples in churches of all towns shaken by the concussion were set ringing loudly by the disturbance, and persons in Catherine square square declared that they saw one large office building oscillate from the concussion..... They had at first thought the region was visited by an earthquake though the noise of the explosion was heard plainly where they were and sounded like rumbling thunder.....

The concussion was indeed of a most violent nature. Castoria, Imotonia, Imporia, Cather,, Nellhelder, glanders, germanie, pansennel, Aberdeania, Catherine Norman, Avesseuice, Martocellio, Marischano, Evangeline St Clare, Angelina Agathis, Vivian Wiokey, Angeline, glorinia, Jennie Turner, Jennie T ory, Gertrude, Hannon, ghannonia, Mary Ann, Beldon, Angeline Beldon, Vivian Francis, Angeline Francis, Francis Atlanta, Brigano, Zannagustopolis, and Helperton were reported badly shaken with all windows badly shattered and roofs, and walls out of place. But no buildings fell fortunately though a number of per people in each place were killed or injured by the severe glass storm which poured down in torrents into the streets from high buildings.

In Angelina Agathis the dead and injured were considered very numerous, and many more were injured by falling plaster in their homes and by torrents of glass.

At other sections along the Mc-Hollester run there was considerable disasters going on for the enemy under general Francis Mc-whirther. The enemy had taken possession of trenches which the Angelinians had poured into millions of dangerous rats, and also lice, then turned loges gas wells into frightful flame and explosions, killing thousands of glandelinians in a death of excruciating agony,, and the earth fairly rocked under the inferno of high explosives set off by the Angelinian Angelinian mine engineers, and the sky was for weeks and weeks aglitter with flame and thunderous explosions of earsplitting din, and adding to the dreadful demoniacal glare and darkness of smoke, mud, and filth in the vomit of hell, came back glandelinian soldiers, with eyes burned out, faces and bodies, mutilated, legs, and arms shattered, while dead comrades had been seen mangled, and many bodies were even blown to fragments, intestines mixed with the dirt, minds of survivors shattered by this horrible disaster, souls shocked to idiotic idiocy, the pitiful efforts to push covers from chests, were where no covers were, as the fearful pneumonia smothered the last heart beat. There were so many fine fellows of glandelinians who dropped like myriads of flies before they had a chance they sought, the battle field battlefied. Who could bear to see the hospitals, the long rows of cots which the thousands upon thousands of upstanding fellows of a while before lay in crumpled and disfigured masses.

Even to day now in the story some thirty war like battles of greater or lesser magnitude, about seven of major proportions, were spreading death, disease, anguish and mutilation over half of the standing Glandelinian armies not as yet being able to move forward. So it did seem indeed just now that most of the disasters were hitting the glandelinian armies, and hitting them hard at that. The great explosion at Mc-Hollester Run, and the series of disasters that overtook general Mc-whirthers crushed and mangled armies before he had one single chance to fight a single battle with the christian enemies. General Manley was still advancing on toward Julo Julo Gallio, but he feared exceedingly that he would not make the passage because general Hanson, and his brother general Vivian were moving northward with all speed possible, and that already both armies were concentrating against opposition, one at Mc-Hollester run or Abbie-Ann, and another awaiting movements of the glandelinian army concentrating upon the Glorinia run.

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the conflicts even now far exceeded any ever known in the great war of eight hundred and forty one, and the activity of the two armies were more lively. The Angelinians were like quick cyclones, striking here and there continually in the most baffling manner, their armies fairly swarming everywhere coming at one unexpected points, and Manley greatly dreaded that his side was now facing a most dreaded disaster. Julo Gallio it must be for himself, and Purgatorian not for capturing the places, but for protection until general Johnston Jacobn Manley his father would come into Calver to help him down the fierce opposition of the christians.

For a time it did seem indeed that even now it was glandelinia it was at state. The number of christian armies in Calverinia outnumbered a enemy ten to one, and the ammunition of the christians was so plentiful that none of it could be used up by was wasting for three months at a time. Manley decided that something must be done to check Hanson and general Vivian until he could arrive at Norma Catherine and Julo Gallio. General Wiley, and Germania Vivian must be reinforced and at all possible speed, also he sent part of his own armies to go to the aid of these two hard pressed glandelinian armies, who soon he knew would fight with the energy of despair, and with the fury of complete desperation.

After the armies were well on the way to reinforce general Germania Vivian, and the other glandelinian army at Glorinia run, Manley moved his force to a forced march, while he ordered Purgatorian to close with the christian army that was opposing him at Ballet and throw this christian army if possible. But Purgatorian for a time was worried for he could not make as the christians while retreating had destroyed every possible means the glandelinian army could subsist on, all bridges were down, forest fires were burning, and great floods had followed, all done by the christians. Purgatorian had managed to push on in his advance however though he met considerable opposition at the Saundersberry bridge which he essayed to cross and which later before any means could be effected to push the christians they had succeeded in blowing up the bridge, and thus the glandelinians could not construct pontoon bridges in order to advance and he was also checked. Finally Purgatorian wrote to Manley;

"Am meeting disasters, and opposition at every step, and though unable to advance my advance is exceedingly slow, for the christians are now retreating after the battle of Ballet have flooded the country front of me destroyed all bridges, and railroad communication, and set fires of considerable extent, and have even mined every line of my march, and my losses have been exceedingly heavy. I believe it would be tant to slow up in our advance before all christianity turns itself against like the sea and annihilates us. I and the other general have met ser resistance for weeks every day, and the christians are doing all work of destruction in their desperate efforts to check our advance. We have been desperate fighting for a whole day at Saundersberry bridge and the christians have din dynmited, and set afire, and have even tried by means to prevent the making and construction of pontoon bridges, pouring dailing a heavy fire upon the engineers, and so on, and the losses have suffered without a general battle, and only during our advances is anything terrific. They even have poured shot and shells, and explosives at the engineers, and blew up bridges as fast as we are constructing them. For my part I'm believing that we made fools of ourselves for starting this quarrel with the Angelinians. They seem worse than the Abbieannians we fought in eighteen forty one. The Angelinians are stepping all over us without fighting any general battle either. So I believe it is very tant to slow up in our advance before another great disaster comes and crushes us at that."

General Purgatorian.

General Manley however despite the critical situation was the more determined to push on, and refused to slow up in his advance. He was confident that general Vivian and Hanson would be checked at Mc-Hollester Run or Abbie-Ann, and at Glorinia run; and if this could be possible there would be no stopping his advance on Julo Gallio, and Norma.

In the meantime the Angelinian governments had discovered what nature of a foe was invading Calverinia. The glandelinian soldiers were worse than any kind of desperadoes or criminals, and would murder priests, sisters, nuns and all kinds of people belonging to religious orders besides helpless women and children, and Hanson having been appealed to not lately, notified the Pope of the situation and the Pope advised Hanson that he had full authority to order even priests and nuns to arm themselves against the invaders, to prevent themselves from being disgraced, and that if the religious refused to do so they would be committing the sin of showing contempt for their country.

At many other occasions it would have been no doubt against the law of God and the Church for a priest or nun to return a blow for glow but in this case the Catholic Pope would have been perfectly justified in ruling that the nuns and priest could defend themselves, as wished.

"The glandelinians are people who know God, but do not love him at all," said the Pope to general Hanson in a message. "They have become degraded degraded it is no doubt from too many privations that came upon their nation in olden times, but then there are also too many rich within their cities and it is mainly these rich that are pushing the war upon the poor Calverinian nation, and which behooves Angelinia to stand up for the rights of the christian nations and that Angelinia will and must see to it that Calverinia will despite her McWhirther blunder be safe from the wicked glandelinian invaders.

All the religious are to be instructed to defend themselves against these devilish invaders who murder children, and care not for the crippled and desitute children in institutions or orphan asylums and massacre them also in cold blood or drive them into horrible slavery. These children of orphan asylums must be protected at no matter what the cost, and glandelinia must be opposed to the uttermost limit."

Hanson took the advice of the Pope and gave forth the degree and thus the reason now why so many priests and nuns were in his army to help in the cause, either rebel the invader, attend the christian wounded, and to instruct others to do what is just. The priests were within the christian lines as soldiers, and to say Mass and administer the Holy Eucharist to the soldiers before they went to fight battles.....

Abbieanna and even Abyssinkile in the meantime had been watching this great war with interest and alarm combined. The situation had been critical it is true, but just now they felt easier for Angelinia was able to move bigger armies into Calverinia than the enemy could, and even kept the enemy armies from crossing both the Angelinian borders and that of Abyssinkile. The nations of the world had at first thought that there was nothing at all to the war. War correspondents which had not at first seen anything of the battles had declared that much of the war was only a clamorous squabble, a scene of great movements, and great floods, and fire, and horrible explosions but that even the lesser wars of olden times could have and do have more fiercer battles. This kind of news made it at first believable that the war was nothing at all in its fury, that the enemy did not do much fighting, and that the few battles already fought were nothing at all but mere skirmishes.

But later on they grew apprehensive when all supplies of goods never came to their ports, again, and worse of all Christmas cheer seemed cut off. The great nation Protestantia which alone had never suffered at all during the war and which though so far across the sea as she was had did her best to render aid in supplies and ships for Angelinia investigated the amount of the war herself through her own secret service men and war correspondents and found out how slight indeed was the war already though it had raged for so many months.

"The war is something terrible," was the report that she had received from the spies and war correspondents. "The recent reports from the other investigators no doubt could not see much of it through so a reason and so have given their false reports. The war at the beginning before Angeline Run, excepting the battle of Jennie Wren town had been slight it is true did not amount to anything at all, but since then there has been a great number of battles fought and just now the battle of Easter starring is one of the worse conflicts ever raged anywhere yet and the losses of the foe amounted to over eight million entirely in killed wounded and prisoners. The battles many of them are fiercer than any seen in the war of eighteen forty one, and even now vigorous activity has been going on, and also great forced advances of the christian armies for the enemy are threatening

McCallio and Norma Catherine. Great concentration of christian armies are stirring at McHollester Run, and at Glorinia pun, and it appears as if the mighty big battles are going to rage at these two points as the opposing forces are larger than ever in strength now. It is feared that the war is going to be one of the worse ever seen if it grows any worse and continues longer."

Her report that the authorities of Protestantia received convinced her of facts, and receiving news also of the horrors of the sea, on account of the glandelinian war rovers, and of the other dreadful accounts of fierce whirther she realized that a great war was indeed started over there. Protestantia being nearer to Abbieanna and directly south of her for a right line notified her and her nearest neighbors of the real facts and soon all christian nations were more awakened and awaited for more reports of the war. They now realized what a terrible struggle it was and what more terrible a war it was evidently going to be.

Sam Vivian was hoping that it was going to be a hot summer this year because he saw full well that the glandelinians would not be able to stand much of the fierce calverinian summers which was hotter than their own tropical country, and then winter would also go against them. But this summer that summer proved to be a moderate one, though fortunately the elements were quite against them.

He had some priests now who were generals in his army, and who were otherwise advise receiving other higher commissions as it was the rule of the glandelinian government for all priests who enter the christian armies to have commissions..... Some of the priests who served in the war later in Viviania, Norc Viviania, Hansonia Johnston, Luckwick Hansonia, Emma McWhirther, Wientien, Ruebaum Hansonia McWhirther, Leonia Bicknell, Cornice Bicknell, Smugotonia, and general Nero Halphin. These generals alone helped Williamshurger Zimmermann later to do what other general could do, and that is crush the enemy's invasion in Western Calverinia, dissilusion the enemy in the south, and crush the enemy in the north and overthrow the Kintergarden horror for good and all..... Of these generals just before Hanson clashed with the enemy at his chosen location held a meeting with many of the private soldiers and addressed them thus;

"You men and young lads here serving the christian cause, are not only serving the God of our beautiful Heaven but also fighting for your ones you left behind, and for the safety of dear old Calverinia. You have easily crushed and overthrown all attempts of the enemy to invade Calverinia either from the south or from the north, and can also hold off the enemy from taking at least Angelinia Agathia even if you do fail to prevent even this, God is with us, and so are all the saints. If our cause is not just then all heaven is not just. If we were fighting a great Holy christian nation ourselves then we would be fools before the eyes of the world. But who are we fighting?"

"A damnable foe of God," was the astonishing outcry for an answer from some christian soldier in the audience and all took up the cry of "on with glandelinia. Wipe her out. To hell with her." And so on until the officers had to command silence so the speech of general Wientien could be continued.

"Well I'll have to admit that that soldier pronounced the right sentence," said the general. "We are fighting a damnable enemy of God, a nation who has turned its back on God for no reason at all, a nation that could do all in its power to crush christianity if possible so the cruel nation could establish child slavery throughout the whole world. It is the child slavery which have started this trouble it is the murder of many children of you soldiers at Crowley and Jennie Wren town, and the lives you have enlisted for the stage of revenge on the foes of God. It was a horrible occurrence, which we all know, and which had aroused the people of Angelinia to the highest point. After the battle of Crowley it took your armies some time to be mobilized probably about two months but now you are now overwhelming the enemy and we all hope for a speedy overthrow of the glandelinian tyrant. Glandelinia is a regular demon nation, and has no doubt hell to back her in her cause. But we have heaven to back us, and the christian nations as well. And though I'm sure many of you are going into battle to morrow just the same I hope I'll see yet the same men as I see to morrow and after, and don't say that you won't return but that you will. We can all avoid destruction to ourselves if we are careful

and can quench the glandelinian hordes if they do dare attack our lines. God is always with the just, and he will always be with the just. Let us offer a Novena to our Lady of Perpetual help and I'm sure she'll help us to conceive our safety, and help us also to make a good and crushing success in our undertaking, and if even we do not get to Julio Gallio in time we can show the enemy just the same that we can force them to leave it again or suffer destruction. The sooner we get through with this bloody war the sooner we'll be at peace. Angelinia did not want war, she had no intentions of fighting war that is why she kept out of the trouble so long, and even stood for the media deators who came to see your governor Hanson and general Vivian. But the war has been forced upon us and we will have to fight it out until its all settled for good and all."

The Novenas was said by all the soldiers present, and then they despaired after cheering the newly commissioned christian general. He was not a Jew despite his name but a pure blooded Abbieannian priest who had come through Calverinia to help serve the christian cause. The situation however was growing rather hard for the enemy. It was only the glandelinian armies under Puraragtorian and Purgatorian and Manly who were advancing. Other glandelinian armies in the south were as well off as ships ran aground on a sandy beach, held well in check by the bigger and overwhelming Angelinian armies, and some glandelinian armies had been compelled from necessary conditions to surrender without fighting a battle, and it seemed evident that the southern calverinian boundary line would soon be even free from glandelinian armies.

Though not captured the city of growley was being more strongly besieged and a strangle hold was becoming so tight on the enemy defenders that the glandelinian governments had become frantic and sent larger armies to make efforts to cross the southern Angelinian boundary to go to the aid of the besieged, but they could not cross the border border to save their lives and efforts had to be method out some other way to relieve the besieged.

A 1,1 the southern rivers near the boundary line had been dammed up by the christian troops and armies, and all barricades formerly made by the enemy when they succeeded in putting down the christian invasion into glandelinia was in possession of the christian armies, and for the whole length of the Angelinian boundary line there was parks and batteries of the strongest artillery.

Manley feared over this exceedingly and believed that something must be done, and so knowing that he could spare some other troops he decided to send these to threaten the main goal and that was Angelinia Agathia. This was a hell for the enemy not a fortress, and Manley had forgotten this. Hanson had been wiser than the wisest owl and the fact that despite some victories the enemy won in battles there later in the war that the stronghold was never captured was that Hanson had strengthened it with all the available guns sent from Angelinia and the flower of sixteen christian armies which were made up all of the best Abyssinkilian, Concentinians, Dombobians, and Abbieannians. There was not a christian force at Angelinia about 56,789,999 strong and how could Manley be so foolish as to think he could capture it now with the force of 10,000,000 men he was sending against it. And a million three hundred and sixty five thousand six hundred seventy six cannons of all makes also guarded the place, and stronger fortifications had been builded there in the past thirty years that would be able to stop any hundred million men that would dare attempt to attack it for years. It could never be captured and Hanson exultantly knew it and had to laugh.

The great stronghold of Vivian wickey had fallen into enemy hands and on account of the presumption of the foolish calverinian government, but Hanson had made prompt action and made it impossible for Angelinia Agathia to ever be captured. Another important point for the enemy was the great fortified works confronting the beautiful city of Evangeline St. Clare. This Hanson knew, and had also so well fortified that it could also stand any assault as much as Angelinia Agathia, and if it could be captured, well then the devils could also overthrow heaven. Dreadful was the scene once already during Manley's advance on Julio Gallio. General Geddines glandelinian army had advanced upon the town to seize it, that is the town of Banderline, when they found it deserted and no one there. They forthwith took possession of it, and then setting it afire, made a direct advance on Evangeline St. Clare promising Manley that god and all his angels could never even protect the place. It is not stated here what occurred but it must have been something terribly unusual, because this glandelinian army was like the mysterious disappearance of a ship at sea, it was never heard of again. So for a time Evangeline St. Clare was dreaded, and many glandelinian armies throughout the second year of this great war kept their distance from this ominous place, a place of dread, of inconceivable dangers, a hell upon earth for wary and reckless glandelinian armies. Calverinia was a hornets nest for glandelinia and why she kept up the invasion so long as she did was a prompt mystery.

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then a shell went over the top of a house and exploded fiercely on the making a most informal noise like the crash of the loudest thunder amid rending of timbers and the falling of mortar and bricks, the confusion scattering all the horses, and in the mixup, as one of the privates was facing general, the soldiers horse could not march backwards, he became tangled with the general, and impeded for a moment his progress. Turning to the soldier with a most savage expression he hollered;

"Get the hell out of my way you darn fool." "We all know where Meldonia is this morning." "Where is general Meldonia now? Who in the hell are you now that you dare get in my way?"

Amid this confusion there was lots of music, but it was no bands playing at the glandelinians had their swift parade through the streets of Angelinia to the music of hundreds of booming cannon, screeching shells, and the sharp notes of thousands of musket volleys every minute. The kind of music was in the air all around the retreating glandelinians accompanied by the groans and cries of the wounded and dying men, who were piled into the courthouses, churches and all the other houses convenient for holding all the disabled glandelinians. One of the glandelinian generals managed to crowd his horse through the dense masses of soldiers, wagons and every other thing, who were surging toward the main line. Many of the generals were indeed gratified to see general Bainberry sitting on his horse quite alone in the lot to the right of one of the farm gates, while a group of generals were standing across the road from it.

All of this time the glandelinian soldiers which in the retreating way had been coming steadily across the stream either broken down pontoon bridges or crossing in the way water like so many that follows a leader blindly over a high fence and it never did as if the confused glandelinians would come to a halt then, and it seemed as if many of the glandelinian generals did not make any efforts never to stop the rushing to the rear of their men, who not only swarmed across the river, jumped up the road but came straggling through the by and every field like many fleeing gray ants, skipping over all kinds of fences and umoles unmolested, and kept on going farther back, as if there was no hoping to stop them at all. General Aronburger stopped on one of the road near general Perryville, that he might look around from this point to see how things were going on, and to his consternation discovered the wilder musketry and confusion ensuing that the Angelinians were going it lively over toward the extreme right of the retreating army of glandelinians, and moving irresistibly in the direction what is known as the main ford. The general realized that the Angelinians would get around the side he had come down on, and capture the entire retreating glandelinian force at Seminary Run if something was not done right away to stop their hasty advance. For obvious reasons he did not intend to allow his division to be made prisoners, if his horses legs could help him fast enough to bring aid, and thus by severe resistance keep his out of the grip of the Angelinians. While he was making his way back to the main road he ran across general plain-ightlinger who had just been up in search of general Aronburger. T. Blainightlinger--brilliant, dash glorious plainnightlinger--rode across the way to general Aronburger, who had been standing silently by his horse biting his finger nails, evidently as much rattled as it was possible for a good soldier to

"Aronburger" said plain-nightlinger in a voice and with an emphasis that attracted the attention of the crowds of soldiers that had gathered there, "let's get our forces behind those stone walls and fences, until I can send us reinforcements and then I'll assure you that those christian dogs will never get us out of the new position."

Aronburger looked surprised, and said something in a low voice, trembling with excitement, then there were some more words between them and began to explain with excited gestures the importance of securing the position. Then Aronburger at a glance, taking the importance of this, talked together for another moment, and then said to the lower generals who had come up at the moment;

"Now put all your men behind those fences as quick as possible, and don't let another man get back or it, or continue the retreat."

Then turned turning to the staff of assembled officers that were there he said;

"Don't allow another man to go to the rear, drive them all to those stone walls and fences."

Some one then asked if they--the staff should use force immediately.

Who then would dare declare that general Hanson was no fit commander for the great christian armies. He had declared thus in one of his statements to the Angolinian governments;

"It is my purpose to see to it that these two most important cities are to be guarded against the enemy even with the strongest position, the strongest armies, and the greatest numbers of artillery, and great amount of ammunition. Even if I or my brother cannot reach Julio Gallio and Norma Catherine in time, the security of these other two strongholds will insure the complete safety of Calverinia, and as long as Angolinia Agathis or Evange line St Clare never can be taken by the enemy, the enemy in some time will be made happy enough to get out of Calverinia as fast as her armies can retreat.

The glandelinian general Seminary confronting glandelinian army had had a sort of brush with the Angolinians for quite a while, and he had intended to go back to the Mc-yarran woods which he had recently left, thinking it the very best place to get a view of the battle field. The glandelinian general was steering his horse in that direction down the main road under considerable shell fire, when for a while he saw long lines of white smoke and before he knew exactly what was going on, there came suddenly from another direction that awful sharp din of volleys of musketry, and then he discovered that seemingly everybody was coming hastily away from the mysterious woods. It looked as if a show was over, and the crowds were rushing along the roads, and over across fields, as men and women who are anxious to catch the last car or the last train. He did not realize that it was a panic and confused retreat of his glandelinian soldiers until he saw riding up the road in a direction away from the scene of battle a large cavalcade, which he knew to be the other general and all his staff. It was general Lanteroy. Suddenly a shot took away a part of his head and he fell. On looking through the dusty and battle torn woods that dreadful afternoon toward Seminary which he had so recently left some distance inside the glandelinian line, the glandelinian general was astonished beyond measure to see several Angolinian batteries right in the middle of some broad roads firing like all nation toward the retreating hordes of glandelinians. It has always remained one of the greatest surprises of the glandelinians to understand how that Angolinian battery could have possibly have gotten through the glandelinian army so suddenly and have been firing volleys of shells down the roads into the retreating columns from their own position, when they knew well indeed before the batteries had been two or three miles out of the road on their own position. None of the glandelinian troops could hold out against the pursuers and indeed they were glad to get back to the main line of Dargers army, and gave some slight resistance and thence the whole army fell back closer closer to Beppo Angelinia.

The glandelinian generals were distressed to see that their own men were beginning to pour into the main streets of Beppo Angelinia in such confusion and seemingly from every direction, and it seemed that all were eagerly making for the main roads, and it was surprising that the frequent shots from the christian batteries did not hasten the glandelinian generals to pace a particle, for they kept on giving their orders in sullen ill natured tones, and walked their horses as slowly as if heading a funeral procession.

But the real retreat of the glandelinians was severe nevertheless. It was very much as if a great showhouse or church or gigantic theatre had been suddenly on fire, and had been blood bedaddled in a frightful panic, the people who were in the side aisles were rushing down on the crowds in the main entrance, so that everything became blocked by the confusion worse confounded. As a glandelinian soldier indeed one of the generals felt that it was disgraceful to allow a retreat for a crowd of christian dogs as he called them go so far, and to abandon their positions to the christian invaders, and with such thoughts burning within him, and fired by the great excitement of the scene, and remembering that in his ride he had passed the twenty fifth corps under Meldonia only a little way out, he rode up to general galdersbury the main commander of the routed force, and facing the stately general said after saluting;

"General I passed go general Meldonia only a little way out of the road. If his forces could be brought up maybe we could check the rout and bring the christian advance to the da immediate halt."

The general without halting said gruffly;

"Where is Meldonia?"

"My out on one of the roads a little piece."

"When did you see him out in the road?"

"Early this morning."

Arnhurger retorted violently.

"Yes shoot any man that refuses to obey. We got to check those christian dogs who are advancing on us and shall."

Blainightlingers and Arnhurgers very presence seemed to inspire most of the men who had now began to gather in front of the newly picked out positions in great crowds, attracted by the excitable manner of the two great generals. Some other officer turned to all the under officers now, took command and ordered every officer and soldier to draw his pistol and sabre and prevent another man to continue the retreat. No more men went back over, and the position was guarded by a force of over three million men. Nevertheless the christians just now did not press the attack thus far despite the rout of the glandelinian army the battle was mostly only a salutary scrimmage that happened as suddenly as a violent collision and though the losses on both sides was general there however was no general activity. This was however the first real engagement at Beppo Angelinia and only a prelude to the general storm that was really coming.

However every body of the glandelinian officers had done their level best, had done their utmost to check the panic of the shattered columns, which had been doubled back from the right, and the officers and men soon into confusion, and the few men of the staff did have a hard time to rally these demoralized demoralized glandelinian soldiers, for as is well known to everybody who has any connection with the army, a body of men broken into total rout by the effects of a shock coming from the irresistible charge of an enemy are about as hard to control as a resistless mount in torrent.

On the occasion when the christians were being all slightly checked, and when general Franklin felt that the batteries had killed every christian over there, he was startled to see coming toward him two fellow fellows carrying, or rather rather supporting, a third between them; and getting closer the glandelinian general observed or discovered that a man they were carrying had his leg off; indeed, it indeed seemed as if his whole lower body had been torn off at the hip by some shell explosion, leaving his bleeding flesh hanging in shreds to his light gray pantaloons. The glandelinian general naturally stopped when they got nearer, when he perceived to his abject horror, that the poor mans bowles were actually rolling on the ground. He was yet alive; his eyes were fixed upon the glandelinian general in a sorrowful longing way, that he could never forget never get out of his mind again. While paralyzed by this horrible sight, the general was so sick that he almost fell from his horse, by seeing one of his men accidentally tread on his bowles which served to draw more of his straits from his torn and bleeding body. The fellow was then past all earthly aid. The general hurried forward to get away from the horrible sight, only to come to a dead boy in purple who was lying flat on his face as if he had been literally biting the dust, all choked up, dead.

Sladerlinias attack however was great in this conflict. It was far more than both Pickets at Gettysburg and a Mendes at Fredericksburg combined was the most greatest event of the war up to this time. With a branch of the Erminie river in the main rear, general Sladerlinia had a portion of his army across the Erminie and over a plain under a very artillery fire, and in the face of a line of musketry fire twenty miles long, and broke the celebrated stone wall glandelinian frontal position to pieces, and penetrated seven miles beyond the foe line caused and causing the great confusion that had occurred. If the enemy had sustained the following fury of the other battle would have been avoided. The enemy during the same time had made charge after charge against an absolutely impregnable position, and this division of glandelinians went into the very jaws of death, though they did not reach the christian position, but they got nearest to it and kept their ground while the other glandelinian force had been routed, and did not retreat until they were ordered to fall back.

Indeed what would have been the result if general Franklin of the christian line during one of the counter charges. And if Sedwicklin had been properly supported by Landers Hookerline during the portion of the engagement when the christians captured the almost impregnable works of Virgin Mary's Heights. If once more if general Pickerton had succeeded and broken into the christian line, and had been supported by general Streetlong, then if the sixth division of Abbeannians, and Abyssinkilians, which had scarcely been engaged in the great fight had turned in on these glandelinians on the flank, if any of them glandelinians had gotten back to tell the tale it would be a complete astonishing miracle. If on the other hand general Leads had taken general Arnhurgers advice, and turned the reserves and sixteenth

corps loose after general Pickerters routed division the battle that came late later would have been avoided, and general parger would have been compelled to retreat..... If the enemy were to try the attack on the christians now as they planned they would be whipped worse. If they don't believe it just fire on general gladerlinia's headquarters. If we had not been born we would not have to die.

In the meantime some map of the christian army all new soldiers were continually imploring general laderlinia to let them have just one chance at the wicked glandelinians. They continually begged that they might have an opportunity to distinguish themselves before they returned to Angelinia. So the general told one of his under generals to put all of these men out on the main picket line, which was just now really a most dangerous place, for they were in close quarters and in close proximity to the rear guard of general Dargers hard pressed army. Thorear guards of a badly cornered Glandelinian army, as was general pargers at that time, is indeed an ungly 1 place to put any number of new recruits, and general laderlinia knew very well that in yielding to their request, he was subjecting them to a very great danger, but then general gladerlinia concluded that he would have some little fun out of the new recruits, and so he placed them on the advanced line, and watched to see what they would do if they were attacked.

All the officers who followed dismounted, and were watching the lines of the glandelinian soldiers, the officer of the guard protesting against having these new men on his line, saying that they would be surely likely to raise ahornets nests about their own as well as their comrades ears; but general gladerlinia told them to let them try their hands for a little while. These men went up the hill a little distance, when their brilliant uniforms attracted the attention of the glandelinians, and, as they acted as if they were going to drive pargers army across the Exminia, they let these recruits have a few shots by way of warning, which was answered by the Angelinians, who became excited with a ho excited with a broadside.

The glandelinian fire had injured some forty men of the recruits, one big fellow keeling over and yelling like a little boy stumping a sore toe. Instead of continuing up the hill, or even falling back, they all crowded together where the wounded lay, and began to console with them while the others took defense behind trees and continued firing at the enemy in return. They were finally brought away, with the loss of a few more scores of men, and they did not bother general gladerlinia again to be placed in the front rank of the army.

Indeed the times were lively during the war all around. Manley learned that general parger was not successful in holding out against the attacks and movements of general laderlinia's christian army, and feared that he would be able to carry all before him if something was not done pretty soon he felt confident that he would have to send him general reinforcements too. He wrote to general parger the following:

"General I'm sending you more troops and as soon as you receive them for the sake of the country you love hold ground against the Angelinian dogs and give them general battle for once. Do not retreat from Beppo Angelinia by all means, and do all in your power to check general laderlinia. All depends on your holding out.

General John Jackson
Manley.

Surprising to say Angelinian scouts had secured this message by capturing the messenger while they with the Gemini were out scouting in their hoods and regalias and thus this note was conveyed to general laderlinia who at once sprung all his cavarly in the direction where the enemy reinforcements were to come, and so if they appeared general laderlinia had instructed the cavarly to oppose them for all their were worth. The cavarly never needed to do a thing however. The reinforcements never came. They got into contact with one of general laderlinia's divisions which was extending its lines a, along the Mc-Hollister Run, and was scattered after a small battle at Bridalve Bridal Veil falls. Thus parger was not able to receive reinforcements, and which if he did it would not have done him any good either. The cavarly could have easily cut the reinforcing army to pieces before it ever reached Dargers army.

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Violet and her sisters had in the meantime been saying on the enemy again and had been pursued in the dark for a very long while. The little girls had through the darkness wild and wildly, recklessly and as fast as they could scarcely knowing where they were going, and only feeling that each jump or step led them further and further from the pursuing cavarly men. The night was quite dark and very rainy. The little girls raced across a plowed field a fence over which they managed to climb quickly, and plunged into a thicket or wood of small pine trees, and far behind them all the while they could hear the yelling and hot hooting of their wilder pursuers. Once into the cover violet and her sisters plodded along slowly being obliged to watch their steps. It was blind traveling indeed, and the little girls avoided from running into the briar bushes, that were so plentiful in that part of Calverinia. Through this thicket at every step the noise of breaking twigs and bushes seemed dangerous and liable to betray their presence to the pursuing enemy. They did not know where the unbroken paths would lead them, did not know where they were going, but they could not for their lives keep still for a single moment, feeling impelled by some power to keep going on, on and how long the little girls dodged and scratched through the briar bushes can never be told. They only remembered that at every step they would be obliged to halt, having time and again ran their very heads against some low thorny limbs of the heavy growth of saplings, that almost brought the tears to their eyes from the smart pains inflicted.

They carried their bonnets in their hands like they always did when hard pressed, and their long hair like that of Absalom gave the little girls a great deal of additional trouble.

They however were soon beyond sight and hearing of the pursuing cavarly men as they had left in the road. But violet and her sisters nevertheless did not despair of getting far enough away from the glandelinian position to prevent capture before daylight would come. When the little girls would stop for a few minutes to untangle themselves from the bushes, or to feel their way of over a fallen tree, that heard all kinds of curious noises in the silence of the night in the woods, and they were indeed the echoes of pursuing glandelinian on foot. Above all things violet and her sisters feared that the glandelinians would procure some bloodhounds that would be used to track any fugitives in the deepest thickets. In this way indeed violet and her sisters passed a most miserable night. Though they feared the glandelinians nevertheless feared more the dogs. In all their adventures in the camps violet and her sisters had always carried with them their little colts these they knew how to use, and the little girls had resolved that they would be used freely against either glandelinian soldiers or bloodhounds, and that the rest of the bullets would relieve them from further pursuit. For their first experiences I must admit that violet and her sisters were frightened, they were scared half to death, and would have given the world and that was in it if it belonged to them to have gotten out of the miserable place in which they had unintentionally placed themselves. Under such conditions even a frightened boy will become desperate. Violet and her sisters fully determined that if pursued too closely they would see sell their lives as dearly as possible, and if the glandelinian pursuers had not led them they felt that they themselves should feel perfectly justified in doing the business for themselves rather than take any chances in the hands of those bloodcurdling slaughter hounds. This was the way the little girls were feeling while for the moment they were sitting on one of the logs indeed when any person is haunted down they can accomplish some wonderful feats in quick traveling, even if the difficulties to be overcome are distressingly innumerable. Violet and her sisters now looked very much like seven little match girls. They each had but one shoe, their hair was tangled, their clothes were badly torn, bare and cold, and Jennie had a sore foot incurred from a bullet wound when closely pursued before darkness had set in. But she had forgotten all her about her sore foot on which she had limped a few minutes about with before. Her wrist on which a window sash had fallen was most painful and had threatened to give her trouble. Though she and her sisters had been on a terrible jaunt for twenty four hours, and had not yet found the christian lines, they did not at that time feel, tired, sleepy, or even hungry though they had eaten a bite for all those hours. While they were waiting for a rest on a log a peculiar sickening smell had come to the little girls which almost made them sick at the stomach, and then all of a sudden they were startled, and their blood chilled, by a rustling noise in front of them and glancing ahead in a terror of fright, the little girls saw gleaming through the intense darkness something that they thought and believed might be the glaring eyes of a Blengiglonian creature who may mistake them for Glandelinian boyscouts as they were in the enemy's location. That dread was in their minds, but the next instant the eyes had disappeared, with a rushing noise, and the object whatever it was that owned the terrible

eyes flew off through the woods, it being really a plengiglomenian creature a young one who had seen the little girls knew they were fugitives instead or f of enemies and so had left them alone. For the moment the little girls were so stunned that they could hardly move forward or backwards, but on second thought, realizing it was probably some bloodhound, that had surprised them, the little girls gathered courage to move ahead now that it was gone. As it had been in their path the little girls were obliged to approach it despite the horrible sickening order, which was everywhere around now. It a warm May night it was like-- well old grave diggers can imagine what it was like. S Desiring to avoid the stench as much as possible, the little girls started to climb over a log, rather than wal walk too close to where they supposed the eyes had been, hurrying alone, and holding their breath, with one hand to their noses, what was the horror of oice to find she had herself stepped from the top of the log right down on the decaying body of a ----man. Oh horrors of horrors. Who can bear to write it again. No one who really really would experience this could not bear to tell the story to any of their friends. It was too dreadful to even ocm contemplate, but the naked disgusting facts were, that as she stepped down on the soft o soft object---her foot slipped, as it were from a rotten slimy substance, throwing her partly down, and as she had one hand of on her nose, and in her efforts to recover herse herself, plunged both her hands into the soft decaying flesh of the head, causing the hair to peel off the scalp.

"What did she do? What would you have done if you was in her place. She was for that moment in her life as wild as ever a lunatic could be, and cannot remember further than that she was straight ahead toward the road toward which her sisters had gone and were waiting for her, which they had first been so careful to avoid, and after reaching it she scaled the fence like a scared dog or sheep, at two bounds and ran---oh dear me--- she did not care what she should meet after that. Her steps were long and quick, and it was not until until she was completely exhausted did she stop for a rest. She rubbed her hands in the dusty road, she polished the so shoe in the dust of the road, that had slipped off the slimy bones, but the smell would not come out it seemed only to penetrate everything, and she became deathly sick from the exhaustion. The experience of that horrible hour had so turned her head and stomach that she was for the moment a weak and helpless child. In this condition she lay down in a fence corner not able to hold her head up another moment. Perhaps she fainted, though she claimed to have never fainted. She knew however that the dreadful object was a half buried man. She knew this bu because some of his hair was in the sleeve of her shirt t or waste the next day. I cannot hardly write anything more about it, and will dismiss it with the report, that it was most likely the unburied body of some glandelinian soldier, who no doubt had died in misery and agony in the recent battle that had raged. She lay curled up in the fence corner for an hour or so with her sisters hunting for her in distress and fear a that something had gone wrong. She imagined everything. Dear me I could fill up a whole history miles large with the thoughts that whirled through her excited feverish brain in that dreadful ral ny night. She felt that this would also be her fate. Every stick of wood seemed to be come to her a snake, and they soon seemed to become so numerous that she seemed to be surrounded by them on all sides. The trees seemed to be a mass of living laughing blowing giants, who ww were there to laugh at her misery,---and the noisesappwell all know how a little frog can scare a big man when it darts in the puddle of water with a thug especially if it is night and he is all alone in a dangerous country. I've often myself been scared when a little boy by the suddenness of their jump, but that one night for Joice ivian in particular it seemed as if all the wild animals, and fiends of creation had gathered about that country, attracted by the smell from the distant battlefil of Seminary. There were indee indeed plntly of unburied and half buried bodies o all over the country about Seminary, the very air was laden with the odor from decaying horses, mules and the like. One can imagine far better than I can describe the own sensations of an over-sensitive little girl as she lay in a fence corner in Calvernia, forced to inhale the odor and obliged to hear all the dreadful noises that came out of the dark woods, and add to this the certain knowledge that if she should become prostrated, and her sisters never loc locate her, then all hope for any relief for her from this vertible hell in Calvernia would disappear.

It was toward morning however before Violet and her sisters discovered who were Joice was and then they all set out in the rising sunlight to find their way back to the christian lines, and report what they had discovered. There was just now no glandelinians in sight, but at times occasionally there could be a good view of plengiglomenian creatures flying far overhead and making a noise like a thousand whirlwinds with the roaring hum of their giant wings. The little girls had proceeded a certainly distance down a road toward finding the river bridge and crossing, as it and were seeing the christian lines in the distance, and thought themselves safe when all at once great dogs, two mighty bloodhounds that they had not seen rushed savagely toward the littlogirls followed closely by a large squad of fierce gollustinians. They had been tracked by the dogs, and it seemed indeed if they were going to be torn in pieces. Violet and her sisters drew their pistols and shot one of the dogs, down but three others appeared,, and they ran on the little girls with a fearful storm of barking and roaring, and foremost onesprang up, placing his feet n on violets breast, and tried to reach her face or throat, but only succeeded in inserting his teeth in the fleshy part of the muscle of her left arm before she fired and killed him. She had only the thin covering of the waist, the dog tore this in a most distressing manner rendering her almost naked. All her life she had the scars of those lacerations on that arm. The wound had been a pain none for many days, but it did show that dogs are fierce when aroused to in pursuing escaping spies or prisoners.

Joice and Jennie had boldly grabbed one of the other by his hind legs, and succeeded in throwing him on his back, which Angeline time to level her pistol, fire and kill him outright.

The remaining dogs attracted by the scent of the dead man on Joice's dress and dress could scarcely be overcome they were so wild but the little girls also managed to kill these, and then terrified, they rushed through underbrush wildly, blindly and the glandelinians now coming up and seeing dead dogs gave a shout and pursued furiously.

They would have overtaken the little girls but fortunately a party of christianians had been out scouting, and they came to the rescue, and when all worsted by the enemy were aided by three young plengiglomenian creatures attacked the glandelinians in the most ferocious style and caused them flee for their lives. As soon as the little girls were brought into the christian lines, the bloody arm of violets was washed, and bound up in a piece of gauze gauze, and without being questioned the little girls given a good cup of cog coffee, and some hoo cakes, with toast, and Pork Chops, which they ate with a relish.

Jennies wounded foot, wrist and arm was also attended to the little girls were given better clothes to wear, as those they now on we were in shreds.

The Angelinians it seemed while violet and her sisters had been away secured an awful lot of cannons, and cavalymen in bright purple and red forms were flying about everywhere, mounted on their own fine horses stirring up a dust in such a way as to impress violet and her sisters with the idea that the woods were full of horsemen. The infantry camps with their immense city of tents were pleasantly located, in fact everything was brighter from the midst of the christian army than it had from rear, but there was everywhere present, along the roads, or in the outskirts of convenient houses, the same group of bright fierce looking soldiers and officers, who were probably awaiting their time to join in some excitement. There were numerous fortifications, earthworks and batteries to be seen, but still the very atmosphere seemed to be thick and heavy with a disgusting smell which filled the air, the air of half buried, and half burned horses and mules, the bones of which were to be seen in many places covered with carrion crows which would fly making their ugly noises continually, as they hovered about in a way to make the heart sick.

I have not much to say of the many poor fellows whose toes were to be seen above ground, and now and then a piece of purple cloth showing through the thin covering of the earth, and one hand laid above the grave from which the fingers had been a actually rotted and eaten off. It's an ugly subject to write or think about now, and I dismiss it from my own mind with the same feeling of disgust and sickness that poor Joice experienced that night she fell on a dead man already worm eaten.

It was stated that when violet and her sisters had been learned of by general John Mailey a reward of over fifteen million dollars was offered for either their desc destruction or capture whatever it may be. But though Mailey though he was a good general and worked hastily had a general who called him called panderbury who always talked too much.

"He once during the great advance of the Manley on Parma wrote to Manley which by the way is the only instance on record of the recognition of the Almighty on the part of Glandelinian general officers in the conduct of the cruel war;

"I have got general Hindernines large christian army in such a tight place that God Almighty their god, and all his heavenly host could never get him out no matter if he threw upon me all his mighty hosts of armed angels and demons put to gether."

And yet to think about it----I have to laugh too to think of it, that within two hours after he had sent this message to general Manley, he was running his 13,000,000 men away from general Hindernines six million. The eastern glandelinian armies had comparatively speaking a free field for all these months, they rode hundreds of miles unmolested by any christian army, while the glandelinian armies in the west did not even dare show a finger without danger of getting it hit. The cavarly forces of Angelinians made a horrible reputation, and did much to check many glandelinian armies, and it even now seemed to Manley that the back bone of his cause was broken and that the head of his serpent of war was of course only alive and dangerous but it was scotched. During the lull of gladerlinias activity the cavarly raiders of the Angelinians was destroying the railroad tracks at this location belonging to the Mc-Pollister and Aronburg railroad lines.

The rail railroad line running between Evangeline St Clare and Angelinia Agathis was also torn up thus making all railroad routes for the use of the glandelinians nil. The destruction of tracks went as follows; A number of rails were lifted at a certain point, the cross ties were then taken up and built into a sort of open work brick kiln shaped piles several feet high, being quite narrow at the top. On top of this pile of well oil soaked weather dried logs were laid the iron rails which had been lifted from them, and these were placed so that the middle of the rails rested on the ties, the long long heavy ends being balanced over the sides. A fire was then kindled in the tie pile, the grease in the ties, perhaps aided a little more by combustibles of other kinds, soon made as hot a fierce fire as comes from the top of a furnace. The ties of course burned up slowly but with such a constant heat that the iron rails would soon become red hot, and while in this soft condition the over hanging weights of the long ends caused them to bend and twist out of shape, thus rendering the rails utterly useless for railroad tracks. They only became old scrap iron, and must be worked over at a mill before they could be used as rails again. They could not be straightened out by any process that will admit of its being used again in rebuilding the destroyed tracks.

At many points on the tracks where these hot rails had been lifted off the fire they were twisted around the trunk of trees. After they had cooled in that shape, the only way to get the old iron was to cut down the tree, and lift the loop off the stump. Of course if given time the glandelinian rebels could repair the tracks but to do this would require several days in which new rails would have to be transported to the spot but then they could not get any trains as the government had shut off all the roads, and all trains were just now being held interned in Abieanna. Glandelinia would have to use her own trail trains which were in danger also of being taken or wrecked. One of the purposes of this raid was to destroy the immense munition works on the Erminie River, for if this large establishment was captured by the enemy it would supply the glandelinians with nearly all kinds of ordnance materials, such as cannons, shells, ammunition of all descriptions, bridge materials, and a thousand other articles necessary in war. To have effected its destruction would most seriously cripple pargers advance in this region.

All seemed well for general parger for a time anyway because the christian army did not seem very anxious to make a general attack. But this was only gladerlinias method of obeying Hansons orders. He had already attacked him immediately and defeated pargers army in two battles, and was even worrying the Glandelinian general more than Hanson had ever expected. It had seemed certain at times as if parger would have attacked the christians himself, but then he dared not as Gladerlinias position was just not unassailable and to go and attack his positions would bring annihilation on the defiant Glandelinian army. Thus it did seem impossible for parger to make any kind of a movement that would get him out of the danger he was in. Without fighting any general battle as yet he found his own armies exceedingly hard pressed, and yet he dared not attack parger. He was only hoping that gladerlinia would attack him.

Glandelinian armies had been somewhat advanced during the few days and it did seem difficult for many glandelinian commanders in general Purgatorians armies to find a certain regiment or brigade which had been left in snug camps in well known locations only the few days previous, rigged up and beautifully laid up and decorated as if they intended to make it their quarters all the time of the war or probably never, but had been suddenly ordered during the night or perhaps to some distant point, and this could have been very confusing to any one who did not know army lives.

It happened on another occasion when violet and her sisters for the last time before the battle of Peppo Angelinia again took courage to go on the enemy and had been successful in carrying away the most important plans, and had been pursued like ghosts pursue their victims, and the little girls having outdistanced their enemies had at length taken shelter in an old abandoned house half ruined once by some cyclone and thinking themselves safe here had prepared to lay down to sleep when they saw through an open window to their great horror, that a whole troop of glandelinian cavarly who were Quarrians had approached the house, and you cannot imagine how eagerly violet and her sisters watched their every movement. The officer in command of the troop halted his command, and calling a trooper by name said to him:

"Sergeant conolen you go right up to that old ruined house, and see if any of those pisky children spies are in the place hiding. We have to cap them."

This was enough for violet and her sisters. Oh god those fierce Quarrians. They left the window as if suddenly as if a gun had been pointed at them, and ran frantically across the little room to the back windows leading to the roof of a porch, and pushing them open, they placed a customary blow stick to hold up the sash. The little girls got themselves through the sash with celerity, and Angeline who was last was about to let herself slide on the roof so that she might catch on there like her sisters did and to allow herself to further drop gently down one of the supporting posts, where her sisters did she could slide down to the ground. Stretching herself in a feeling way on the roof, still holding on to the window sill almost afraid to let go, when down came the window sash, striking her across the tender wrist so suddenly, and severely, that she was compelled to let her hold, and of course slid down the roof foremost feet foremost like a sled on an iced track, and landing kerflop over the side, and down to the ground, and in her sudden decent catching hold of yon morning glory creepers trailing with blossoms half closed that were trained up to the roof and up the side of the back porch and so had pulled them down with her, and lay in an instant all tangled up in them.

If there is anything that will startle a man or woman it is the sudden fall of a window sash, because in most cases it makes such an infernal noise, and does so little damage, but in this case lucky for Angeline, her poor hand was made to answer the purpose of a buffer, and deadened the sound of the falling sash, otherwise it might have falling as sashes usually do, and the noise have attracted the cavarly who were on the road at the other side of the house. Her quick chute from the upstairs of the ruined old house to the ground was softened a little by the mass of yon morning glory vines that she had carried down with her and which had broken also the force of her fall though at first she was stunned and had felt like crying as most children do over a fall. The house stood between her and her sisters, and a troop of pursuing cavarly quickly realizing their precarious predicament, she gathered herself up and the little girls dashed straight back and through a barn yard into the darkness and into the dense woods beyond. What happened at the house she never learned, as the little girls did not stop to hear another single word spoken by the glandelinian cavarly men.

As the little girls in the darkness reached a certain road they suddenly heard coming along the road the tramping and galloping of horses and the shouts of men in pursuit. Lying on the ground one can hear the horses feet a long way off, and believing that these were the same cavarly men who had turned them up to the very house, the danger served to rouse the little girls all the more, and the little girls got their trusty colts ready for work.

In truth for one way the little girls felt that they did not care and had become so perfectly desperate that they were ready and indeed almost anxious to shoot down any number of glandelinians even in cold blood as they longed to revenge the assassination of little Annie Aronburg one of their best friends who had been murdered by the glandelinians.....

The glandelinian horsemen were up roaching rapidly.....Violet and her sisters placed their backs against a high stone fence, cocked their pistols, and waited for their appearance. They trotted up, talking among themselves in an angry manner over the escape of their fugitives, and without seeing the little girls continued on their horse as sliding past. That was not very wonderful, because violet and her sisters were so close to the fence as to become covered by the shadow of a big tree with long branches full of christmas leaves overcrowing overhead, and the night was too dark for objects to be seen even at the closest distance, especially from a party of rapidly a trotting horsemen.

The passing of this cavarly detachment before violet and her sisters as they stood with their backs against the fence, served to arouse their drooping spirits somewhat, and the dust which they had raised had scarcely settled, and the sound of their horses' hoofs were yet to be heard, when the little girls became imbued with a new strength and hope realizing that there was yet some hope for their escaping the enemys extensive lines which they were still in.

The little girls thought and knew that it would be safe enough to follow along the road in the wake of the troop of glandelinian horsemen! A and the hope that there were no infantry pickets further along this road was evident from the fact of the cavarly being out on the search for them. Violet and her sisters stepped out into the road, with renewed energy, glad enough to be moving to a place or any place, that would take them from the sight and smells of such scenes they had witnessed once again on this spying trips the dead decaying bodies of men and animals.

Violet and her sisters did not know how long that walked, but they had to stop very often to rest as they could not stand as much walking as men could. The little girls were even becoming so weak that they could hardly hold their heads up, and every time they sat down they would drop helplessly, and soon find themselves going to see sleep on the road side amid all the danger they were in, being lulled to oblivionness by the queer unearthly sounds from the woods---the effect being pretty much the same that I once experienced when taking laughing gas in a dentists shop. Violet and her sisters roused themselves often with a greater effort, and had the daylight been delayed a little longer they would surely have been obliged to succumb. The appearance of the gray dawn in the east seemed to them as a sign or token of encouragement, and from its appearance the little girls took fresh courage, and kept moving as if impelled by an unseen power, for the christian lines.

It is said that the darkest part of the night is just before the dawn dawn! so I have alw always found it myself! and it has been my observation too when I was in the army itself, that the safest time to scout is just before or at dawn, then all animal nature seem asleep, or at least be off their guard, thinking perhaps everybody else like themselves are sleepy. This was one reason why violet and her sisters were able to travel some distance after the Glandelinian Ouarrian cavarlymen in such apparent safety. The little girls knew that if they returned along this road, they should be able to discover their approach a long time before they could get up to them, and so could get out of the way being before being discovered themselves by the foe. The little girls judged rightly too, that they would be the only trouble they should for the time have to overcome as it was evident their assignment to look after that particular section for the escaped fugitives.

Violet and her sisters were tired weak and hungry, but nevertheless the little girls moved along rather hopefully, not intending under any circumstances to approach a house within the enemys lines or allow themselves to be seen by any one until they were safely among the Angelinians and had given up their captured papers to general gladerlinda.

The little girls had discovered at about sunrise a house, but they dared not approach from the road, and so they crawled wearily over the fence, and rather reluctantly began their old tactics of flanking the place and advancing in the rear of it. When they got through the woods and came to the opening nearest to the house, the little girls found themselves almost behind it. The house was larger than any they had previously seen, and they gathered from the appearance of several outbuildings, that the place belonged for the time being to a glandelinian general and his staff for the place was surrounded by half sleepy guards. There was no some coming from the chimneys of the large house, but some came from the chimneys of the smaller buildings, which no doubt was an out kitchen. The general and his staff were evidently still asleep. Three glandelinian soldiers were prowling about the woodyard gathering up some chips. The pangs of hunger and thirst was almost

giving the little girls pretty near wild, and being so dreadfully weak and exhausted, they felt they must have something to eat, that even a piece of pie would do for the rest of the day. But they must have something to eat to keep themselves alive. Desperate and believing it being the safest time to take the risk, the little girls walked boldly up from their hiding place straight up to the quarters, and seeing their chance, took some pies found at the top of a table in one of the open windows within their easy reach and at it from the place before the glandelinians were aware of their presence and did at last have something to eat. They trotting on managed to secure a look from a small small brook near by.

Violet and her sisters had discovered also that they had caught up to their pursuers, for the cavarly men were seen sleeping here on the ground in the yards or on the front and back porches. This violet and her sisters thought to themselves would give them an hours start and of the glandelinian pursuers, and so they gathered renewed courage in the belief that the glandelinians would return from that point. Violet and her sisters struggled along through the dreary desolate pine forest, skirting the roads, and avoiding all the houses, and distant camps observed, and side stepping the numerous sentries they saw, suffering sorely from a wounded foot obtained when Angeline fell from the house roof at night before in her hasty escape when the shash fell upon her hand, and her wrist and arm was also sore, but unfortunately the houses and camps the enemy wore many and large, and the little girls were not able to use the roads freely. It was about noon, when the little girls heard the loud distant bayoning of bloodhounds, and reaching the top of a small hill they ran an obstruction in the shape of the great Erminie River, which had to be crossed by a ferry to the other side. Of course everybody who crossed this river would have to be scrum scrutinized closely so that no prisoners or they could escape their pursuers. This river at this point was about ten twelve miles across, and the glandelinians controlled all the means of communications to the other side. Dargers army then violet and her sisters sized was extremely immense and covered an immense space of ground. The Angeline was forty miles distant, and the Angeline, Bondinia and Erminie railroad tracks was seen crossing the section at this point.

Violet and her sisters decided to wait for a train, which came along in due time, and they having some money got aboard with great difficulty because they were quite stiff and weak. Taking the first seats in the rear of the rear car, the little girls noticed at once while being waited upon by the conductor, that there were in the forward part of the same car several officers in the Confederate confederate gray uniforms of glandelinian warriors. This was not very reassuring for violet and her sisters and rather settled their nerves, because violet and her sisters just now had in mind a holy terror of anything in gray clothes. It was a Sunday and as they were probably off on a leave, they were engaged in their own pleasures, and not seem likely to disturb violet and her sisters.

The glandelinian conductor informed the little girls when they offered to pay their fare to their destination that he was required to report children traveling on glandelinian trains, to a certain guard, and asked the names of the little girls and their mission. Violet and her sisters showed their passes which they had secured from the glandelinian generals headquarters, but this did not do any good, and the little girls were compelled to give their names. Violet and her sisters watched him expecting that he would go straight to the Glandelinian officers, but he did not, and they were greatly relieved to see him go out of the car, slam the door behind him, and disappear in the car ahead.

Just at this moment while the train was dashing forty miles an hour there was a whistle and while the train slackened violet and her sisters decided they had better get off, and before the cars had stopped altogether the little girls slipped quietly out the door, and dropped themselves down on the ties. The little girls stood on the side of the track tracks long enough to see a number of soldiers get on, the conductor jumped aboard, and the whole train pulled off, leaving violet and her sisters standing on the track. Violet and her sisters were again it seemed free, but for how long they could not tell.

Violet and her sisters decided to swim the wide river at this point no matter what the consequences of drowning, and so in they first waded fearlessly, but when they found swimming impossible for the current was too strong, and only the good Providence of god allowed them to spy a pontoon bridge unguarded which they took to and managed to cross, but when they got across and to fields they had extra labor for their tired legs to climb more fences, and crawling over logs, as well as scratching through briar bushes and trampling ploughed fields, but they soon again took to the main road.

All that day and most of the following night they had now been going steadily in one direction, as they believed toward the christian lines, which

they had figured could not be more than twenty five miles distant from their starting point the early night after escaping the glandelinians. Feeling that they could not be far from rest and glorious relief from the dreadful strain or suspense, in which they had placed themselves since leaving that old house so hastily they recklessly pushed along the open road through the darkness. Up to that point the little girls could not have retreated and saved themselves but now that they supposed they had gotten outside of the enemy's lines, no explanation would answer if they were captured.

Violet and her sisters were so fully satisfied that they were now outside of the enemy's lines and became so exhilarated with the feeling that came over them upon the thought that probably the next soldiers that they should meet would be the Angelinians that they started up a small hill at a brisk trot, feeling now almost as fresh as when starting out in the morning..... The road they were on went through a strip of dense pine woods. You all know dimly dark it is especially the path seems that leads through a deep and dark lonely wood on a cloudy night. Violet and her sisters felt as they forged along like the ostriches with their heads in the sand, that as they could see nobody, nobody could see them, and were feeling comfortable enough, notwithstanding the dreary loneliness of the time and place, to have whistled Hurran for Angelina, even although they were not out of the woods..... Violet and her sisters were not afraid of the black horse cavarly of the guerrillas in that darkness and gloom, because they knew very well that afoot they could easily hear the approach of horses along the road in time to get out of the way by running to the adjacent woods. In their minds they planned their forthcoming interview with the christian officers, whom they would soon meet face to face.

It is a rule that Angelinian scouts or spies must report direct to the first general commanding they should come across and not talk to any one else for fear that they may be glandelinian officers in disguise. But violet and her sisters had planned to do better than this, they decided to report to general gladerlinia, and show the evidence that they carried, that there were twenty five per cent of the glandelinian army sick with a strange plague, were absent on sick leave, or deserters, or straggling, and that no advance of pargers army was possible, while an attack by gladerlinia on their rear would demoralize them badly.

"HAIL!"

That is the word that violet and her sisters heard coming from the darkness and interrupted their plans, and which shot through the little girls as if it were utter either by a ghost, knell or of doom or by demons, or spirit of any kind from another world, and put them in a tremor of dismay. Violet and her sisters were so taken by surprise that they could not at the instant see the object that spoke like a deathknell this dreadful word. In another instant a fire flared up from seemingly nowhere, and a soldier in a dark purple uniform appeared pointing his gun at violet and her sisters as he said;

"Stand there you children. If you make a break you die."

Then calling to a comrade who evidently been asleep as he did not immediately answer, Violet and her sisters recovered themselves sufficiently to from fear and rage rush upon the guard and throw him down by a vigorous push his gun going off in that discharge as he fell head foremost upon his sleeping comrade. Violet and her sisters could not be tricked by the uniform it was a glandelinian guard who had stopped them and to be made prisoners even for that one moment would at that moment be their very last on earth, and so they made this quick rush overthrowing the guard and dashing speedily into the dark recesses of the woods before the guard had time to get to his feet, and answer the hurried questions of his officer who at that moment came up on hearing the commotion.

Violet and her sisters had again escaped by a miracle and still thinking of the fact that the glandelinian army could not advance because thirty per cent were sick, and a great many absent on leave, and the rest were as much demoralized as if they had never won a battle the little girls decided to reach the christian lines if they even had to hop onto the back of a flying Blongiglamean serpent if they came across one.

In starting off so suddenly after being surprised by the glandelinian guard Violet and her sisters had neglected to properly take their bearings, and so plunging down recklessly, over the rocks and through the bushes only knowing that they were going on in one general direction which led them the furthest away from the glandelinian camps that they had left on the top of the hills.

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Violet and her sisters kept going on blindly, they thought straight ahead, but making little progress, and from voices, and outcries they realized they were being vigorously pursued in the dark, and men were bringing lanterns as they could see the glow of the swing swinging lights. Violet and her sisters now indeed did not feel a bit tired then from fear and excitement, and it was only when they climbed down off one of the big forested hills and had plunged like scared deer into further dense growth of the woods that they were stopped almost abruptly by the sudden appearance of darkness, which seemed to drop around them like a black curtain. The curtain was not pinned with a single star, because they could not see the evening star on the horizon on account of the trees, that were as thick here as the black berry bushes had been on top of the mountain.

Violet and her sisters could only occasionally times see the sky by looking straight up. But I don't believe Violet and her sisters did look up either, for their recollection was, that they were only concerned about where to put their little feet, and as a consequence, they were obliged to look down pretty much pretty much all the time, and pretty sharply. Violet and her sisters should have appreciated it then more than anything else; "A lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It took violet and her sisters a great while to get used to it with the swing glandelinian soldiers pursuing behind as if they were seeing everything in the dark, and with the baying of bloodhounds which seemed to grow nearer. Violet and her sisters have many times read very nice poetry about the "Pathless Groves, and ("The pleasure in the pathless woods where we intrude" and all that sort of thing about the grandeur and majesty and silence of the woods at night, but they did not relish the breaking of this dreadful silence, by the yelling, and cursing of glandelinians, the baying of bloodhounds, and the rustling of leaves and swinging of tree branches, and to tell the truth they have never learned to appreciate the same grandeur since. Not with glandelinians around. Violet and her sisters had well enough to be in the darkest woods in a cloudy night, if they were in a camp, and twenty five thousand Angelinian soldiers are looking out for the glandelinians that may be prowling through the majestic woods. It alone and pursued by glandelinians they did not like one bit. In fact nobody would I'm sure.

Violet and her sisters were alone in a dark deep wood, somewhere between the outpost of two Glandelinian armies, in the neighborhood of the mine, and pursued by the glandelinians with the aid of lanterns and three bloodhounds. Oh how Violet and her sisters longed to come across Blongiglamean creatures abode and hide it if or if discovered call only for aid. A childish scream would in no time bring one of those creatures to their aid but none were in sight this dark and cloudy night, specially in this dense woods. Everything around them had become obscured by the thick darkness that one can almost feel on a dark night, but never unless the little girls kept going as they supposed straight ahead, clambering over fallen logs, stretching out their hands before them as they stepped cautiously ahead to guard against a too sudden contact with the trunks of trees, stumbling over exposed roots, or becoming tangled in undergrowth. All by the sounds the dogs and glandelinians were coming nearer and nearer every moment and the noise of their thrashing through the brush could be plainly heard. This was the tiresome den dreadfully tiresome and discouraging path that violet and her sisters had ever trod upon that night or hour after hour in their efforts to escape the pursuing glandelinians and get back to the christian lines. Almost exhausted violet and her sisters began to grow impatient at not meeting with any encouraging outlook. Violet and her sisters felt that they indeed had enough to this and were entitled to a change. Violet and her sisters were sure they had traveled over enough ground to have brought them at least a couple of miles nearer to the christian lines, but they did not take into consideration the fact that they had been going blindly, and had been merely stub stumbling for miles already way out of the way of the christian lines, and were hard pressed by the glandelinians who were shouting with all their force now. Violet and her sisters realized with a shudder of horror that they were lost—lost probably forever—in that dark woods nearest the enemy's lines because violet and her sisters knew very well from the observations of the country that they had made from the mountain top that they should have come out on the road that led on toward the christian lines of pickets before long, if they had kept the course that they had so carefully laid out before dark, but as bad luck would have it that road happened to be guarded by a Glandelinian sentry wearing the Angelinian uniform.

What did poor Violet and her sisters do? What could they do? They felt like sitting down and crying like a big baby but then to delay would be dangerous as the pursuers were very close indeed, and that is probably what the reader would have done if she or he had been in their places for this moment. Violet and her sisters were not so scared as they were demoralized, tired out and discouraged. Violet and her sisters first attempted to ascertain the great darkness, by feeling with their little hands, which side of the trunks of the standing trees the moss was growing on. Violet and her sisters knew that if they could establish for a certainty this fact, from several of the highest trees, they would from this circumstance, have been able to locate the point point of the compass, but it failed them, because of the utter darkness of the night, and the absence of such a trifling thing as a match with which to make a glimmer of light in that overpowering gloom. Matches are cheap enough, but if they have had the money then, they would have been willing to give as much as cash for the little stick of wood, with a light on the end of it, as if would brought all the logs, contained in that forest of timber. There was another sign that never failed the lost and the distressed, from wherever looked up to up to, when the sky was not clouded. The North star. While at school Violet and her sisters had been thought how to find this, the only true and fixed star, and that night while lost and in such dire distress in that dark and dismal woods with the rain not starting to pour down in torrents mingled with occasional flashes of lightning and thunder and the howling of wind and the noise of swaying trees, and rustling leaves, along side of the pursuing enemy and the their baying bloodhounds, and their weird shouting and yelling, who had learned of their escape, they looked up through sodden scalding tears for the dipper and the pointer, but could see nothing as the sky was covered with the heaviest clouds. But the storm was growing in violence, the lightning was becoming brighter, and it appeared that at least the lightning was a bright beautiful emblem to them then if it did not strike any trees close to them which was the danger of a thunderstorm in the wooded country, and now Violet and her sisters felt as much relief at the discovery of the lightning revealing their way as if they had found a lost trail in the sky. Violet and her sisters felt that somehow if it continues they should be able from this fact, to come out all right, though they were sorely puzzled to discover that in appearance the lightning seemed to be almost directly overhead and along the horizon. This was indeed for the little girls one night of holy terror. The storm was not a thunderstorm but a swiftly growing hurricane. It was bad enough to be lost under any circumstances, but at night, between two lines of the enemy, in a deep dark forest, with the certainty of an ignominious death pursuing them as a thousand phantoms, and the roaring of the growing hurricane, almost mocking them, through the screeching hooting wind blasts through the trees, the baying of blood hounds, mingled with a peculiar diabolical laughter of glandelinians seemingly at their distress, in having failed to reach the goal that was in sight before dark, were audible above the din of the severe thundercrashes.

The pursuers had however ceased following to the relief of Violet and her sisters for amid the weird horrible sounds of the storm there was the noise of queer rattling sounds and signals all in chorus, and several times something long and lythe with glaring auto like eyes flitted past the fugitives on wings, and just as the little girls came to the opening in the forest, they were aroused by the sound of person's voices, and before Violet and her sisters could step back to the shelter of the woods the glare of a fitful sheet of lightning revealed to them two horsemen in red, armed with carbines, their saddles or abres rattling, and they were almost up to the little girls before they realized the near approach of the troopers. In front of the two cavalry men walking along, not like captured prisoners, but gaily laughing and talking with the mounted men were what appeared to be two glandelinian colonels. Violet and her sisters were perfectly stunned. They dared not, could not move an instant, when they quickly came abreast of them, and Joice had jumped so suddenly toward a shelter as to scare the nearest horse, so that it shied against its companion. One of the vivian girls spoke first, with the desperation of an outlaw challenging a helpless traveler:

"Are you Angelinian or glandelinian?????"

Before he could answer Violet's question which had been put as pointedly as if demanding money or life colonel Ianard with a shout of pleased surprise came over to the little girls saying:

"Bully for us boys. You little girls are all right. We have been scouring the whole woods for you little girls." And turning to the cavalry man who seemed to be getting ready for a combat or a conspiracy he said:

"These are the vivian girls whom general gladerlinia had missed and who sent us to look for them." Then turning to the little girls again for they were

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at yet fully satisfied in their own little minds, "Why in the name of heaven did you little girls go off spying on the enemy without telling general gladerlinia so that we could have come back together?"

Then after seeing that they were indeed O.K. at last, and sure enough after the guard of some of the troopers of the Angelinian army, Violet and her sisters were ready to do an Indian dance even though they were so tired that their legs would scarcely carry them along. The youngest of the troopers was a handsome boy of about nineteen or twenty who informed the little girls that he was a general and that his name was Gerald Starring and was of the company of generals of the cavalrymen in the Angelinian army. He introduced his comrade who was also a general and whose name was Jack. The two men on foot were two Galverinian colonels, and they had been out riding with their privates who were at another quarter, and that they had in the fitful glare of lightning the little girls came out into the road at almost under their horses feet.

Violet and her sisters were brought back swiftly to the christians lines taken before general gladerlinia who received the startling information of them of the condition of the enemys army, and then gladerlinia said: "You Vivian girls have got the Gemini beat four ways. You have spied on the enemy three times in quick succession and were all these times successful."

General Ianard and his other aids had been marching forward toward the enemy had sent large forces which had been arriving from McArthur to make most fierce attempts to capture the strongholds of Angelinia. So a force of about 30,000,000 men with the help of eight hundred warships moved forward, both land and water to attack this gigantic fortress. The glandelinians moved forward under general causewellian in the conflicts that ensued the glandelinians received the worse of it though the soldiers fought bravely like lions against great odds. At last their mighty army of glandelinians advanced to the aid to help subdue the fortress, and shortly afterwards general Claudius Hanneysay arrived to take command of the attackers himself. They did little to capture these fortifications, and in the battle he himself was killed and another general named Turner was dispatched to take his command.

Some of the smaller fortifications submitted just to draw the enemy further into the dangerous Angelinia Agathia trapp, and then a christian general Caractacus Henryson drove forward with a new christian army from an unexpected quarter, and the struggle was a death struggle for days. Time and again amid frightful firing of cannons and musketry the glandelinians rushed wildly upon the Angelinians but the strong christian concentration, and the dreadful firing all along the line, and the roar of cannons from the main fortifications were too much for the glandelinians. They suffered a horrible inconceivable disaster, and the glandelinian assailants were routed. The brave main glandelinian general was taken prisoner, two other great generals were compelled to surrender their hands to save them from annihilation, the captured forts were abandoned and general Aronburg Turnerson who tried to escape with his fragment of troops was shot to death in an ambush which he and his command ran into and faced annihilation until they also surrendered. Kill the other forces of the glandelinians would not yield. They drove forward again and again day by day, and died by thousands as word in hand and attacked on every possible occasion while all the while from the fortification of Angelinia Agathia a volcano of flame and din continued. The victorious christians burned to death the glandelinian captives who had slain children. To revenge this injury to their cause the glandelinians arose with all their might in their fury. But the counter attacks of the christian forces also defending Angelinia Agathia drove Catus pomervetter, and Gaulbertons divisions of quarters out of the region in a total rout for twenty miles, they laid the glandelinian provisions in waste, they forced the glandelinians under Gingersnap out of the location of Beppo Turner and slew during the conflict over seventy thousand glandelinians in a few days. General Claudius of the glandelinians brought up still another fresh division of cavalry and gave battle more furiously, attacking the christians and the fortifications with the utmost fury of desperation. Roadicean on his grand horse with his long hair streaming in the wind drove among the glandelinian troops and cried to them for vengeance on the christian dogs. The glandelinians fought to the very last in their endeavors to capture the fortifications but they were again vanquished with still greater slaughter, and the unlucky glandelinian general seeing himself thus defeated took poison.

Still the spirit of the wicked glandelinian armies were not broken. When general S e Suetonius was killed in a bloodcurdling encounter with his cavarly and a christian dragoon, the Angelinians fell upon his remaining troops retook the fort of Angelsay, the glandelinians retook it once more, and were annihilated, and fell fighting in such great numbers that certain hills near Angelinia Agathia were supposed to be vast heaps of grave stones piled up above the graves of the fallen glandelinian soldiers. Hadrian came several days afterwards with other glandelinian forces, and the Angelinians resisted him so furiously that he was mortally wounded, and the christians worried his great army like dogs, and rejoiced to see them die by thousands in the bogs and swamps of the christian positions around the vicinity of Angelinia Agathia.

During the fierce fighting stons at Angelinia Agathia another foe armies that were advancing to relieve the attackers at that particular place burned all the crops of that section of calverinia during their headlong advance, farmhouses, barns, mills, granaries,, killing the labor laborers in the fields, prevented the seeds from being sown in the ground, and threatened to cause famine and starvation, leaving only heaps of ruins and smoking ashes where they had found rich towns.

And now during this advance a terrible deed was done in poor Calverinia. A massacre of 100,000 children occured, young and old even, babes and soldiers, men and women, every christian inhabitants of small towns were killed. They were all slain even to the town of Gumbilda, the three hundred Catholic Sisters of St Vincents orphan asylum while defending it against the glandelinians who were first obliged to see the murder of six good priest, the children, and was then themselves killed.

When the Angelinian commander at Angelinia Agathia heard of this deed of blood he w swore that he would have a great revenge. No glandelinians were to be taken prisoners but slain untill the exact number of glandelinians had died to relieve the number of those massacred.

General Harold who was commanding one of the christian armies was ordered to go against the army who was committing the massacre, and he did marching with his whole army, and such a fight did the christians throw against these glandelinians that the main glandelinian commander,, general Norwegianian, and every chief general of note in all their host were left dead upon the bloody field, and the glandelinian army dissilusioned and scattered to the four winds. The victorious army of christians marched back to Angelinia Agathia. Proposals for a reconciliation were made between the two opposing foes at Angelinia Agathia but abandoned, and soon the glandelinians and Angelinians came together in a night-tier crash. All night the armies closed together in a frightful death grapple and amid the full fury of the desperate battle arose the christian battle cry "God help us."

Fifteen times during the night the glandelinians hurled fearful onslaughts against the christians, and the christians kept in large bodies forming long solid lines, and when even the glandelinian cavarly rode against them with the fury of a whirl-whirlwind of men they cut men and horses down in dreadful numbers. The glandelinians gave way, and while the Angelinians pressed forward a cry went up from among the glandelinians that their new chief leader Whilliam pastor was killed and it was true. The glandelinians though demoralized turned to face the crushing christian surges, but a large body of glandelinian horsemen were captured by the Angelinians in that overwhelming crush, and another body divided from the rest, and which would not surrender but still fought bravely to the last were annihilated. The main body of the glandelinian army still remained firm heedless of the terrific irresistible fury of the christian onslaught, and with their bayonets, and pistols, and light artillery cut down the masses of christian horsemen and infantry, but again the foe were compelled to yield. The Angelinians eagerly followed amid a storm of firing and closed again with the panic stricken glandelinians, fe falling up upon them with greater slaughter.

There were hundreds of thousands of glandelinians at as firm as a rock around their general who had taken the place of the main commander and his name was Harold Johnston. The sun following the arrival of the morning rose and then sank in the evening, and still the thunderous earth tearing battle raged seeking to have nature. Explosions tore the very air, cannons crashed like millions of reports every hour, and the smoke was so thick that nothing could be seen while great fires raged here and ht there. For a distance of twenty miles seen in the red sunset and in the white moonlight almost hidden in clouds of smoke heaps of men lay strewn all over the ground amid broken guns, carriages, and shattered tree trunks and muskets. General Harold was wounded, and his two other generals were killed. Twenty thousand Angelinian cavarly men led by the hooded Geninian members whose battered armor on the backs of their horses had flashed fier, and golden in the

machine all day, and now looked silvery in the moi moonlight, dashed forward to seize the glandelinian banners amid that seething inferno, and in the case of the firing of the whole battle general Harold was killed, and finally the glandelinians hard pressed from all quarters broke and fled and the Angelinians once again carried all before them.

It seemed indeed as if this war was going to make poor Calverinia a vast grave.

It was also evident now that even general gladerlinia was preparing for general battle against the glandelinians under general parger. The plans which violet and her sisters in their last spying trip had secured at such error and dangers had proved to be of very great importance, and these the general had looked over very carefully. It had been a message to general Manley for reinforcements, and the other documents had been plans and maps of the christian positions, and other notes proved the statement of violet and her sisters that the enemy army was much seasattered demoralize by the effects of their first two thrashings and also from epedemics which had broken out among their lines.

General gl gladerlinia knew nevertheless that to force general parger out of his strong position at Beppo Angelinia would indeed require very fierce battle, but then general gladerlinia decided to go to it as hard as possible, and made up his mind when to strike. He knew from the information of the Vivian girls the very location of the enemys positions, how they lay, how strong in force general parger was, and also how the positions for glandelinian batteries were forced. General gladerlinia knew by a number of swift and simultaneous movements against general pargers army he would easily sweep him for from the works, and be able to advance on with person upon to stop the enemys advance against Norma Catherine and Julio Callio.

He told his plans to his under officers, and only two disagreed. So general gladerlinia decided to act immediately the next morning, to cross the Erminia by every ford within his vicinity, and made a simultaneous attack upon every one of the enemys positions. It was his purpose also to move all his artillery across before he began the attack, to move the artillery across the stream on the pontoon bridges under cover of the night, and so have them ready in case the enemy attempted to make counter attack of any great violence. General pargers army he had learned was about sixteen sixteen million strong, and divided into sixteen large bodies at different and separte points thus making that many positions and camps.

Gladerlinia had an army about eighteen million strong, more artillery than the enemy had an a most impregnable position to boot, while the positions of the enemy through inconceivably strong could nevertheless be carried by a simultaneous headlong assault upon every one of the sixteen forts. So during the night under cover of the darkness the artillery and cavarly went swiftly but noiselessly across the wide stream at many secret points, and prepared to throw up new positions so as to flank the enemy. General gladerlinia changed his own frontal positions, and leaving decoy means and ruses as a so as to make it seem possible that the christians were still there, made preparations to cross the Erminia as soon as possible in the morning.

These movements however general gl gladerlinia had to be careful for could the enemy discover his advance across the river too soon, in general the enemy would retreat without being able to suffer a single blow and the general gladerlinia wished to avoid. He must strike, and then let the enemy retreat if he can. Gladerlinias plan was to surround pargers army if possible and captured the whole camp. So all the movements began and the battle was about to start. Violet and the sisters were ordered sternly by the officers to be careful not to go too near the enemys region or the lines of action during the battle, and a were also told not to spy on the enemy again unless told to do so by their main friend and general. They were advised for their own good, because reckless bravery is foolish and a crime, and none of the generals wished anything unusual to happen to general vivians daughters if it did occur would be a double trade tragedy to Angelinia and a terrible disaster as well. All of gladerlinias men knew what happened at the bloody battle of Erminia Creek when a little girl by the name of the brave Angeline was shot to death by the glandelinian machine gunners. He enraged by losses and dangers the glandelinians would be wild beyond description and did not care who they shot down or who they massacred, as long as they had their own satisfaction.

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE.

GENERAL JUDAS DARGER IS KILLED IN THE THREE DAYS OBSTINATE, DESULTORY FIGHTING AT BEPPO (ANGELINIA), WHICH RESULTS IN ANOTHER CRUSHING GLANDELINIAN DEFEAT.

FIRST GREATEST VICTORY AND ANOTHER LONGEST BATTLE IS FOUGHT TO A BLOODY END. GLANDELINIAN FORCES OUTNUMBERED BY THE ANGELINIANS, CHECK ADVANCE OF ANGELINIANS ON NORA NORMATOWN BUT FAIL TO CHECK THE LONG.

ALSO BLOODY BATTLE OF THE GLORINIA'S RUN. END OF INVASION OF THE GLANDELINIANS.

The battle that was opened at Beppo June 21st 1912. with the crossing of the gramine run by the army in four columns was started as soon as possible by the christian troops. One was gladerlinias troops proceeded by Glorinias at gramine Fords, the second general simpson cannon and general galdwin the friends of the vivian girls led by shraeder at gatherine's lonely home. The enemy pickets were brushed away, the pontoons laid down, and the troops with their immense trains were moved to the south side of Beppo, apparently before general Darger realized the fact. As soon as the crossing was made Simpson Cannon was fiercely attacked, and also found himself for the time being separated from the main Angelinian battalions, and confronted by a strong force of glandelinians and Omarian guards, as dreadful in fury as the christian pomobians.

These had engaged Cannon vigorously and after a few hours of hard fighting, the Glandelinian force began to press him back. The opportune reinforcements of four Angelinian divisions from Failen Thompson came to his aid and the fight raged on with unabated fury, and soon increased with redoubled ferocity, and in another hour the field was again in the possession of the christians. However a more determined effort was made by the glandelinians under general galdwin, who had then arrived to get on the right and left and rear of Failen's forces tempted by the rich prize of fifty thousand five hundred tons of ammunition, and over three hundred provision wagons. Cannon and Failen were pitted against galdwin, and the struggle became very obstinate, and the losses very heavy on both sides. Indeed the battle of Beppo was the first of the series of battles that general gladerlinia in personal command of the army of God and Angelinia fought with general Darger during those three hot scorching days of the Angelinian summer of 1912. In his fierce attempts to flank general Darger's army, and so place the armies of Angelinia between the glandelinian army, and Beppo.....

In less than four hours the first bloody assault of the glandelinians all along the impregnable line of christians made by the glandelinians with all their violence was driven back with terrific losses, and in the first fifteen minutes of those four hours more men fell on the christian side than in any other similar period throughout the whole terrible war in gladerlinias army.

The first great assault of the enemy had been made on June twenty third nineteen twelve. In killed wounded, and missing the glandelinians lost as reported 978,998 and the ground had been strewn with hundreds of thousands of brave men on both sides. The first of the fighting in the battle had told heavily on the enemy as it must be necessarily against an assaulting army in such a place. A gleam of victory had come when the glandelinians carried the works on the right of Beppo, but during Mack-gomes assault, a failure elsewhere and conflicting orders had led to the abandonment of the works and the guns and about 10,000 prisoners remained as the only sole of their temporary success. In the meantime general gladerlinia had inspired the army with new hope after repulsing the assault taking forty thousand more prisoners by a brilliant counter dash but the slaughter that followed in holding the works for an hour had saddened his success.

C Glo om and discouragement had also taken hold of the great army because of the death of general Glorinias and the wounding of general Baldwin who was worth more to the christian army than a hundred million men. Many other great leaders had fallen whose names were familiar to the rank and file but the Angelinian cavalry divisions although commanded by general gladerlinias most trusted guardian general Henry podger an able and gallant general officer seemed like an orphaned household. Cannon's fierce fight and also galdwin had been terrific, and most sanguinary but very ineffective resulting only in horribleslaughter of which as usual a sadly

disproportioned share was the poor angelinians. The crossings and the works of the enemy's position at this point had been at first forced but the progress of the Angelinians had been barred by the enemy in the stronger positions. The three divisions under galdwin, Failen, and Cannon which had crossed was forced to withdraw the enemy commencing a movement toward the Angeline run river. The passage of that river had been completed before the battle began and after a day of marching interspersed with severe skirmishing the glandelinian army on the night of June 19th had found itself confronted by gladerlinias army. During the time that the battle was with Failen, Failen, Baldwin, and Cannon, gladerlinia who was on the left flank of the christian army crossed general Cannon's main position at the norma Creek after some considerable fighting, and here the angelinians carried a strong position and also a crossroads known as old Beppo's road, and these christian assailants held it against the counter charges of the enemy with great fury and determination. To this point the action marched general Cannon's vanguards Angelinians over roads that were many inches deep with mud from the swollen river. The day was sultry and cloudy, and oppressive, many of the Angelinian horses, and even men dying of the heat, and many of the glandelinian soldiers also were prostrated. Yet they had to be forced through streams without halting to drink and many other horses died of thirst. Frequent messengers from other generals during the sultry day of battle came in urging the importance of very rapid action saying that the enemy were attacking like blazes. About ten o'clock the morning the head of these christian columns reached general Bernard's position which was also given way to the hammering onslaughts of Omarian forces, and these soon went to his support increasing the action to a bloody fury. All this while the enemy had been threatening general gladerlinias force very seriously, but now some of the forces after very severe actions had withdrawn from the immediate front of the christian army somewhat of their advanced position. It covered the approach of the Erminie run river which was the last formidable obstacle the glandelinians had to meet before standing in front of the permanent works at Beppo....

This whole large divisions composed of battalions and other Angelinian troops under general Shraeder had advanced toward Florence's Court house, and was expected to connect that morning with the ninth and ninth corps under Paul Saunders. A mistake in orders caused an unnecessary delay, an unnecessary march of two hours. At ten thirty o'clock however Shraeder in position on the right of the ninth corps, which were hard pressed and used.... The glandelinians at this point was making a vigorous attack, and other line on the front of the right of the ninth corps, and the left the other forces were carried brilliantly after a hot fight of several hours before Shraeder had arrived, and the enemy almost forced back the line with the loss of five thousand prisoners of their own side before Shraeder. On the right where Shraeder had advanced to the rescue the christian losses were very severe. The brave Christians went forward under terrific withering fire all along the line until they were ordered to lie down under such shelter as was afforded by the ground, and the enemy penetrable slashing to which they had advanced. Shraeder was wounded butained upon the field all day.....

On the left the wall and the mansion in the rear of the christian line, and right the Angelinians in front of the most formidable position yet held by the enemy. In front of the glandelinians was a wooded country intersected with clearings here and there sparsely populated and full of ferocious swamps. The whole christian army was fully within sight of the spires of the city of Beppo and on a part of the same ground where general vivian had fought the battle of Erminie Creek, which the whole of gladerlinias force was now trying to capture. At eleven o'clock the christian fronting line on which the burden of the day would necessarily fall consisted of general Wickey commanding the infantry, on the left the sixth corps, on the center general Francis Turner and Jake Marcus commanding the battalions and seventh corps, the eleventh corps being still farther back to the left their lines refused and drawn back to the neighborhood of the Erminie Convent but not confronting the Glandelinians as there were none there as yet. The character of the country was such that at no point could the general direction of the various corps be seen for any distance.

The enemy's line although refused at certain points and with considerable salients elsewhere because of the character of the country, was like that of a serpent which their cavalry rider toward the Angelinians overlapping on both flanks of these christian forces intending to attack.

The line of advance of Marcus's command holding the center was therefore straight to that of the enemy.... Wickeys line connecting with that of Marcus's left extended obliquely to the left and rear.... A movement upon his part of the front must necessarily take him off obliquely from the line of advance in the center. The same was true of Jake Marcus command upon the right. No reconnaissance had been made other than the bloody one of the morning just past, and every one felt that this was to be the final struggle for the city of Beppo.

No further flanking marches were possible. The city of Beppo full of suffering wounded soldiers brought from Angeline junction and prisoners were already dead in front. No further wheeling of corps from right to left by the rear, no further dusty marches possible on that line....

The general attack was fixed for June the twenty first in the afternoon and all preparations had been made when a violent attack of the enemy at other quarters interrupted them and the order had to be countermanded, and the attack postponed until the onslaught at that point would cease.... But it did not cease. Not only this but heavy columns of the Glandelinians moved from a slight cover on a long line of rifle pits thrown up during that quiet night, with steady determined advance and there rang out suddenly on the sultry air such a crash of musketry and cannon as was seldom heard since the battle of Crowley.....

No great importance of the advance could be seen from any particular point but those of the glandelinian divisions that passed through the clearings were feeling the fire of the christian lines terribly and were going down like leaves of a forest before the gale.

Not much return was made at first from the glandelinian batteries although the fire of the glandelinian batteries was becoming incessant. The time of actual advances was not over ten minutes..... In that little period more men fell bleeding and mangled as they advanced, than in any other like period of the entire war in Angelinia.

A strange and terrible feature of this long and cruel battle was that as the three gallant Angelinian corps came up to support those those assailed, they placed the glandelinians under an inflade, and so that every Glandelinian division that came on was infladed, while receiving the full force of the direct terrific christian fire in front. The christian shot and shell were also ploughing frightfully through poor Wickeys christian command from the foe batteries, as he rushed up to support those assailed, and also from the left and right simultaneously a destructive withering fire was poured in upon Marcus, and from both flanks of the seventh corps, in some points of the center also, but at the same time the slashings and obstructions in the christian front had been reached by the enemy, and Wickeys command had his infantry driven from an advance position, but the enemy was soon driven out by the fire of the second line of christian works. Fierce brigades of the same infantry swept over the recaptured advanced works with dare-devil-recklessness, capturing several thousand prisoners, though at the risk of his life, for he fell riddled by bullets.

Another general seizing the colors of one of the regimental regiments from the dying color bearer as he fell, succeeded in reaching the parapet as the enemy were slowly receding, where he planted his colors, and fell dead near the ditch bleeding from many wounds. Seven other generals of Wickeys command and many other officers of all file and rank died within those three minutes also. No christian troops could stand before such a withering fire of the enemy and the order for the christians to lie down was given all along the line. At points where no shelter was afforded the men were withdrawn to such cover as could be found where they returned the enemys fire in deafening volleys. Each corps commander reported and complained to general Wickey that the other corps commanders on the left and right as the case might be failed to protect him and his Angelinians from a return inflading fire by silencing batteries in their respective fronts. The conflict along this point was indeed heartrending. The fire of many hundreds of thousands of sharpshooters was incessant, and no columns of men could stand erect and live an instant upon all the christian lines.....

As the battle progressed an hour along this point the enemy soon pressed on capturing the works and opening fire with artillery and musketry all along the line. To the left about five hundred yards of the enemy could be easily seen emerging from a piece of wood and forming for a fierce attack. A short distance to the left an irregular line of graycoats could be seen advancing rapidly and from the enemy came lively volleys whistling through the trees and starting the dust in the road. The graycoats were armed with muskets like those of Austria with sword bayonets. These flashing through the trees caught the eye of the christian commanders and they ordered their men to hold firm. The glandelinian sharpshooters redoubled their deadly fire the main columns of the enemy coming on at the double quick and as they charged the christians the bloodcurdling yell from the Angelinians rang through the forests in frightful echoes. Then a blazing sheet of flame came from the whole christian line defending the works and for many hours the din was deafening. The repeating rifles raked the flanks of the hostile column while the artillery kept up a steady booming roar. The whole thing was over toward evening. The enemy surprised, stunned demoralized withdrew more quickly than they had come bringing unaccountable numbers of their dead and wounded in the hands of their christian enemies.

Simultaneously to this assault, the enemy had on other parts of the line opened a heavy fire from two hundred and forty pieces of different caliber placed in the fields and bearing upon the whole christian front under Wickey. And these terrible number of guns in fierce action on the enemys line was subsequently increased by over seven hundred other field pieces placed on the opposite side of great Erminies Sallet. This withering fire of round shot, shells, spherical case and canister was continuous with extraordinary rapidity and without ceasing for three hours during the battle the hundreds of guns consisting of the known field batteries of Jones and Dargers.

No time could the Angelinians bring more than four hundred and twenty twenty pieces against the more than a thousand guns of the enemy to return the fire. Yet the fire was returned and with so much spirit and energy as to make this terrible artillery duel rendered peculiarly interesting by the character of the fields and its hilly surrounding ever memorable to those who beheld it.

The reverberating thunder from the guns on the surrounding hills was grand in sound. When the heavy cascading was at its worse general Darger gave the signal for a severe infantry attack on the left of the Angelinians. Three divisions gained the heights and tried to charge the flank of the Angelinian trenches when they were met by such a withering fire from rifles and artillery that the Glandelinians were forced to retreat in confusion.

This great assault of the Glandelinians made that afternoon was the result of general Darger attempt to place the Glandelinian host in a fierce flank movement between Wickeys army and the city of Beppo but had resulted in crushing losses and a complete failure. The titanic battle was fought for hours that afternoon all along one point of the christian line and was immediately followed by the series of terrific and desperate onslaughts which caused the most frightful loss in life and the loss in some more commanders.

The three great and terrible incidents of those series and onslaughts were the deaths of the commanders of the seventh corps of the army Angelinia. Major general John Sparr on the second hour, during Dargers attack on the right wing of the christian host under Cannon which though reduced with severe loss was renewed for a while with partial success, and the last and famous incident of all was the celebrated hand to hand fight at the Calverine roads known as the bloody Calverine roads and which lasted for four hours in the darkness of the night and resulting in a crushing and frightful repulse.

The christian breastworks at this point were on a high elevated position somewhat forced from the general line like the breastworks of the Confederates at the Bloody Angle and the christian breastworks there making a great angle with its point toward the Glandelinians. Just like at the bloody angle this point was occupied by the christian commanded portions of the enemys lines. This silent for such as it was was on the left center of Molderf Dargers line and it was with the idea of breaking Dargers line at what was held to be the key point that general Glandelinia ordered the bloody assault on that big salient which led to the most severe hand to hand fighting of the entire battle. The trenches all along the line seemed to run with blood and more than three times it had to be cleared of the dead and wounded bodies.

As I said before the gray and yell w a line broke off at an angle of ninety degrees like the Confederate breastworks at Spottsylvania, the right parallel about the length of a small brigade or so being occupied by general Homers divisions of Ovarians and Siminians under Simmermann and Stanek. This point was considered to be the key of Dargers position.

Just at the next day was breaking Ball's and Gake's Marcus's divisions or Glandelinian corps pressed forward upon the foe who did not readily expect their sudden advance and after a hand to hand fight with the bewildered enemy in which guns were used as clubs, leaped the breastworks and possessed themselves of the intrenchments.

over forty thousand prisoners were taken including general Welford Dargo Darger judas Dargers brother, and general Rudolph J.B. Homers. One hundred and twenty two glandelinian cannon became the permanent trophies of the day, twelve of them belonging to a glandelinian general called Emory Page-lock-upside-down and the rest of general Fell-down. Upon reaching the second line of general Dargers works held by Hander Suicides division who had by this time become apprised of the disaster to their comrades, gladerlinia met with fierce merciless resistance. As Darger during the severe contest had been hurrying troops from fishman to the right and Me-Gullick from Zoe Raes, and these were hurled upon the christian line with such fury and impetuous as to drive them back for a long distance with mangled and cut up columns. Sladerlinia enraged over this gathered great numbers and swept on again with greater fury. Immediately in front of the onrushing christians was a fearful abatis which had been arranged consisting of all kind of sharp branches and limbs interwoven into one another forming the most dangerous foot sakes. But there the works of the foe were and over hundreds of the charging christian platoons went never to return. Among the killed was general Ernest Balls. At this moment the strong line under general Darger hastily selected for the work of retrieving ill fortune appeared through the smoke of the long zigzagging battle line. The Angolinians received their bolt bolts losing nearly fifty thousand within half an hour and this lasted for fully four hours. General Sladerlinia saw all at once that at all hazards this point must be held for if general Darger should ever recover this angle he with his whole force of girlish looking glandelinians would be enabled to sweep back the entire christian line and the fruits of victory already gained would be lost.

The order was at once given by all the christian commanders for the Angolinians to lie down and recommence firing. The rest of the christian divisions soon resting against the works they had captured, while the rest of the Angolinian columns greatly refused rested upon an elevation in front and now again began a pertinacious and most desperate struggle. Under cover of the smoke the furious glandelinians looking like little girls with their long, bobbed or braided and curled hair were pushing forward in monstrous bodies determined at all hazards to regain the lost ground.

"Could my Angolinian forces hold out until I send the remainder of my veteran divisions to their assistance?" Sladerlinia wondered.

Regardless of the destructive withering fire of the enemy that was thinning the poor christian line terribly they stuck to the positions they had captured, and returned the fire until the veterans came up to their support, while an infantry corps came in on their left, and thus reinforced the Angolinians redoubled their exertions. The smoke which was awfully dense at first, was intensified to such an extent by each discharge of firearms all along the line of battle that very uncertain became the aim of both sides. But nevertheless knowing where the enemy were they kept up the firing, while under cover of the smoke the glandelinians were crawling forward, some columns even rushing forward in perfect legions and all the time raising a yell that was worse than the yell of an Ojibway Indian, and they gallantly charged up to the very muzzles of the christian cannon again and again in the most heavy masses, and though their lines were torn to fragments, or annihilated at times during the fearful and vehement struggle, they soon reoccupied a part of the angle. The girlish looking glandelinians upon reaching this part of the breastworks had the advantage of the Angolinian troops and for a few minutes at least made good use of their firearms and pistols point blank. The Angolinians went down in many platoons, and in big masses continually every moment, the glandelinian fire cutting down all the poor dumb artillery horses, and so many officers in generals went down on the christian side that there was not one in sight. General Zoe Raes who led the bloody onslaught with hat in hand bravely cheered his men, and begged them to hold the point they had regained. All his own staff had been either dismounted, killed or wounded, and he was the only mounted Glandelinian officer in sight, after nearly a hundred before had showed themselves above the christian works. While the open ground in the rear of the christian works was checked with furious glandelinians to troops which were giving forth yells which no one ever imagined of hearing in their lives, or if once heard was never forgotten, a section of christian batteries under Lieutenant general Donald Hanson was quickly brought into action upon the surging lines in gray, and by opening at short range with double shot shotted canisters increased the terrible carnage, but could not and did not stagger or confuse the exultant enemy, who only drove in at the battery in frightful numbers making charge after charge.

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the guns were run up by hand close to the angle in the maze of the terrible moment and fired again and again delivering the most horrible broadsides at the furiously charging enemy, cutting the gray columns down completely and were only abandoned when all the drivers and cannoneers had fallen with their officers and horses. After the recapture recapture of the works by the glandelinians and while Donald Hanson's artillery were being annihilated, another line of artillery was put into position under a hill facing the Erminia Creek, which fired broadsides of solid shot and shell before their own artillery men were annihilated, and the guns captured by the charging girl children as we may call the glandelinians on account of their appearance, though they in truth were the fiercest Zimminians ever known. Lieutenant general Donald Hanson had seen the two destruction of two of his batteries of artillery, and his mind also being threatened with annihilation he dashed over to the artillery and gave the command above the frightful shrieking yells of the wicked glandelinian assailants;

"Lifter the guns. Drivers mount. Cannoneers mount. Cassions to the rear."

Away went the artillery line, went past the hill under a storm of balls and canister, and at this moment general Donald Hanson who led them was shot dead in the midst of a terrific withering fire before the artillery got into its new position, and even here the artillery could not live long under such a withering fire as the charging columns of the enemy were flitting through there in incessant uproar and pandemoniums of tumults, and a whining din of hells warfare, and hundreds after hundreds of the gunners were shot down in short order.

Six hundred and sixty guns on the left of the artillery line which were not under any great fire of the enemy until the last moment, fired sixteen broadsides, their general Van Varner firing fourteen shots with the right, consisting two thousand two hundred guns, before the enemy was within close range at this point and charged with great force and fury killing the artillery horses and gunners with Varner, wounding another killed Varner and capturing the guns, and driving back the supporting infantry lines after the most terrific slaughter of the battle at this point. General Varner was assisting in the last five rounds by general smiling all of an Angolinian artillery regiment, both of whom were shot as the glandelinians charged with fire irresistible force.

The effects of the Angolinian canister from the artillery lines upon the glandelinians was terrible, the glandelinians having been doing their best to strengthen their first lines when the Angolinian artillery men opened upon them, and you my dear readers cannot imagine the terrible execution at that distance, when the foe was compelled to charge those murderous masses to silence them, which they succeeded in doing but at the most fearful costs. General Glorinia LaBaldwin and Lieutenant general Christian could not serve the guns any longer, and they ordered the surviving artillery to withdraw from the nest of "Hell" as it was afterwards called, and as a shell exploded near them bringing them and the horses to the ground mangled. Of all the artillery generals and officers not one came out sound, and the three batteries were completely put out of commission, and their cannoneers and drivers all annihilated, with every poor horse which was killed outright, the guns themselves being so cut with bullets that they could be of no further service either the Angolinians or the enemy. Hundred balls or bullets passed through the lid of the lumber chest, of cannon number six, while the cannoneer of number six was getting out of commission and he was wounded in the face and neck by the fragments of the red and lead. The sponge bucket on Glorinia Baldwin's gun had forty eight holes in it being perforated like a sieve. The force of the small bucket balls can be imagined that when I saw say that the bucket of Baldwin's gun was made of one eight inch iron. The battle at the angle was now at quite heat the thick smoke hanging over the scene, while like angels against the scene, the Angolinians stuck stuck to the works determined by their own withering fire to keep the enemy from capturing any more trenches. Many of gladerlinias staff who had until this time performed service in conveying ammunition to the gunners before the enemy captured the artillery and annihilated the artillerymen, fell themselves each officer pierced by several bullets at once. These brave generals had seemed to court death as they rode back and forth between the caissons and cannoneers with clouds of ammunition or canister under their gun coats.

"Give it to the glandelinians." "Give it to them boys." "I'll give you the canister and other shot." Said general John Mary and as he also turned to cheer the gunners he also fell from his horse pierced with a hundred bullets from the enemy.

In a few minutes the whole line of abandoned artillery cut and hacked by the bullets of the enemy lay unworked with their muzzles projecting over the works of the rear line and their wheels half sunk in the dust and groups of dead bodies. Near at hand and between the lines lay the poor horses of these guns completely riddled with the bullets of both sides, and the dead and wounded themselves were torn to pieces by the canister of the enemy's gathering guns, as they swept the ground where the soldiers had fallen. The dust mingled with dry blood was nearly knee deep, and the fallen were almost buried by the constant movements of the Angelinians. All this time the furious Zimmermannians had closed their shattered and mangled lines, and settled down to their tasks, renewing their onslaughts with redoubled fury but terrible was the slaughter for as fast as the surges of graycoats poured above the trenches still in the hands of the christians they would only melt away. In the meantime the brigades under general Shrader Johnson went into fierce action on the christian right, and the battalions and dismounted dragoons were hard at work in the center at times counter charging the assailants amid the most horrible carnage. General Benjamin D. Staneklinians forces of infantry under general Henry D. Fisher which had been sent to the assistance of the christian forces at the angle soon reached the work, and general Collyer himself came up with strong forces, which went deep into the bloody struggle. It was now twelve o'clock at noon of the second day of the battle when finally most of the christian forces were concentrated so heavily upon him that general Darger was forced to withdraw leaving the Angelinians in possession of the bloody angle. During the time of the desperate conflict hundreds of thousands of other Angelinians made strong demonstrations, while great columns had been drawn along the banks of the Ermine creek to prevent the enemy from coming upon them suddenly. However during the rest of that day all was quiet.

In the meantime there was dulling the lull of the second day of the bloody battle five men in a large rowboat all generals making their way along the Ermine Creek being on secret scout duty as they all belonged to the terrible Secret Service Spy Society called the black Circle of the Gemini. The Glandelinians at this time were in the neighborhood advancing secretly to overlap the angle. General Jack Evans a fierce looking general with a face like a ferocious Bull dog with others mostly all high generals of rank and general pick Darrell his first lieutenant were out upon the creek. In their regalias and hoods making their way up to the main grm Ermine Run in search of any signs of the peculiar movements of the enemy which must be watched at all hazards. It was a wonder how they lived through it once when they were seen by enemy enemies along the shore and bullets had been whizzing past them incessantly for several minutes, and once in a while a few shells had exploded on the banks on either side of them. The distant roar of firing arms and artillery while they ran that gauntlet for those three minutes had been deafening but they had escaped without accident and now were out of range.

As they had reached the mouth of the Ermine creek they heard noises and General Jack Evans said; "There is some one coming up the creek." Just then around a turn in the beautiful creek there appeared a common dugout manned to their surprise complete a ten year old child which was occupied by a number of others who were so exceedingly pretty that the generals felt dazzled and awed. "Do you know any of those pretty little girls general evans?" Asked pick. "They seem more prettier than any picture of children that I have seen. The eldest one is pretty but has a vicious face, while the others look grave and timid like."

"No I do not ever remembering of seeing them before, but then it does seem like as if I had seen some just like them and just as pretty and graceful. But I do know the older one. She looks to me like Annie Aronburgs sister Angelina Aronburg the fierce little Abbieannian tigress. But the others I have known were the daught daughters of the great general Robert Vivian called the Vivian girls. I can tell more when they come closer."

"The eldest of the prez prettest one who is rowing looks like a bright child general that is the one that is rowing not the eldest lot in the boat, and the others too. And my what eyes they have. It seems they could read our very soul and look into its very depths. Beats Eva in 'Uncle Toms Cabin' a thousand times. I feel awed and kind of sacred of the eldest one though." The children in the dugout came nearer and seeing the young generals in their back regalias and never having seen such garbs before, the eldest one suddenly drew in her paddle and drew a pistol like a flash of lightning.

off with our grey uniform grey uniform before the little girls start shooting "Gaspod Jack. "They evidently think we are Gargolina scouts and may shoot us down without warning." The generals immediately obeyed showing their real uniforms. The child who had been paddling then gave an exclamation and sent the boat along untill it ran along side their boat, and then again she checked her speed and said in a sweet pleasant tone;

"Good morning general." "I see you are Angelinian officers out scouting and not Glandelinians as I thought you were in those regalias you discarded. And I believe you do not know there are countless numbers of Glandelinians on the river a little below here."

"On the river or along the bank?" Asked Evans.

"On both banks and river too. Some are on foot, some on horseback, and some in boats. There must be hundreds of thousands of them. There has been a great battle going on, but between what christian leader, and the Glandelinians we do not know. We ourselves were sent by general Hanson to learn."

At this moment a big shell went screaming over their heads narrow by a them and exploding on the bank showering them with a storm of dirt and small stones. The generals expected that this would have frightened the children but they certainly were as unconcerned as if it never happened and one of the little girls said laughing;

"That reminds me that I must tell the christian generals that they may have guns near at hand. Seeing that they were heedless of their danger general pick continued; "Do you know whose men those are on the opposite bank and on the river little girl?"

"I think they are some under a general called Zoe Rae, but I am not with them and where he is I do not know." Another shell burst near the boat nearly upsetting the two of them and now the generals began to realize their great danger. Bullets were whistling all about them again and it was only by gods mercy that no one was struck and they had to row fast to prevent being hit as they were discovered by waiting enemy parties.

"Did they see you?" Asked one of the other generals as they were rowing with all their might.

"Yes and as we were dressed as Glandelinian children, they asked where we were going, how we found our way into Angelinia, and if we were Glandelinians, and if we knew where the Angelinians had their main and best stronghold."

"You surely did not tell them?" Asked general evans with a smile.

"No for I did not want to. I told them that and they said they would kill me if I did not find out and let them know."

"That did you say to that?" Asked general evans giving the sea child a searching look.

"At first I said that I did not care. Then I told them it would take more of their whole bunch to kill me. You do not think I would tell them do you general?"

"No I do not but why do you call me general?"

"Because you have a generals uniform on, and I think you are."

"Well I go under that name of general, but in reality I'm a major general but wear a plain generals field uniform for in my hurry to put it on, and even my men called me plainly general just now. My name is Jack Evans. Is any truision to ask you your name little girl?"

"You say your name is Jack Evans." Said the little girl without answering the question. Why I have heard that name before. Were you not one of the men who caused my sister Annie Aronburg to force on the child slave rebellion and bring it to such a good success for their cause. For certain reasons I will reveal my right name."

"Yes I was the man." Said Jack Evans. "You are one of the Vivian girls?"

"I presume?" He asked with some feeling of awe coming over him.

"Yes I'm." She answered. These in the boat are though. I do not reveal my right name but you may call me Gertrude Angelina as I go by it. I live in Angelinia, but I had captured a number of Glandelinian prisoners a few hours ago while spying, and with the help of these little girls in the boat with me brought them to the camp long ago, and then went down the creek with them apace."

"You are a good stout sturdy little girl, and I'm not surprised that you want to do something for your country. Where were you going?"

"I find general Vivian to tell him of the general advance of the gray coats." Answered the child with a toss of her hair.

"And do you know where general Hanson is, and are you sure you are not looking for the wrong one?" Asked general pick with a smile.

"No I do not." As another shell exploded, "But I thought I might find him and tell him that the chr & christians at Beppo are having a hard time with the enemy. General gladerlinia had captured an angle of works, and now the enemy had been trying to force him back again despite the terrific slaughter."

"You don't say." Gasped Jack Evans. "Well I do not think you can find Hanson for he is not in this region at all. But if you will wait I will show you where our own respective forces are, and send you to general gladerlinia on a mission. I will first bring you to my own respective general. There is too much fighting going on in these quarters now, and to bring you there too soon would only result in the death of all of you little girls. Though you do not know it I knew the yivian girls when they were three years old the youngest at least. He has been attacked fiercely as I well knew but did not think he had made any success at all and I was out to see how I could turn the enemy's flank with a good attack of my own forces. If you little girls want to go right away we will have to find a safe way to get you little girls to him without being under a heavier fire than we are now."

The child smiled like an angel turned her dugout and went down the beautiful creek, Jack and Dick following with her the rest of his generals but keeping hidden by the trees so that any of the advancing graycoats could not see them. Leaving the creek and gliding out upon the river under a fire of shells Dick presently saw a force of graycoats moving across at the lower section of the opposite na banks, and saw that there were considerable numbers of large columns, and the foremost lines were concentrating upon a position.

"With a large regiment we could manage them easily enough." Said general Evans to his aiding general Dick. "But probably there are more behind and I think it is better to send scouts to inform general gladerlinia while we prepare our forces to assail the enemy's rear. If there were fewer of those fellows we might get a chance to capture them, but there are too many for our smaller regiments singly."

Beckoning to the little girl spies general Evans said to Gertrude as he placed a gentle hand on her head;

"Go on Angelina and see if you cannot find any more of these fool Glandelinians, and then come and tell me." Will meet you and your assistants in the creek. I would like to know how large a party there is and under whose lead they are. If you learn this you will be doing me and God a service."

"All right general." Cried the little girl saluting and she went on general Evans sending his own boat ashore as a shower of leaves fell about him but nevertheless despite the peril of reconnoitering under fire he and his assistant hauled it under some bushes on the bank where it would not be seen by any prowling Glandelinians advancing either on the river, or along the bank....

"I'm going to see what I can learn myself Dick." Said Jack Evans. "The little girls are trusty but there will be many things which she or her guides will not have time just now to notice, and I want to make a few discoveries on my own account."

Jack Evans waited among the trees, and soon he stole rapidly ahead, and stealing behind a tree trunk not far from the slowly concentrating graycoats watched and listened. Gertrude went along in her dugout and was presently hailed by one of the graycoats who had just appeared and who wore the uniform of a major general and who said;

"Have you found out where those pestilent Angelinian centepedes have taken up any new strongholds?"

"No I have not." Shortly.

"You said you were going to find it." Impatiently.

"Well I did not and cannot. Rome was not builded in a day you know."

"You told me you could find general Hanson yivian who is reported to be advancing reinforcements to gladerlinia's rescue, but I know you have not found him, and it is just as impossible to find the Angelinian strongholds or works."

"I saw five of them."

"You did?" Eagerly. "What did they say and where are they?"

"They asked me lots of questions."

"Were you near their advanced lines?"

"I do not know but one of them told me that I could not find Hanson yivian just now without taking me there."

"Ha we will defeat God and his hosts, and find the christian intrenchments and Hanson too if he dares to come and interfere with our progress. Darger is already after the wily christian rebel gladerlinia and will find him never fear."

"They have got a right good lot of christians I hear, but but I never knew knew they had a general by the name of God." Said the child pretending to be a little stupid.

"I don't mean that." Said the Glandelinian laughing. "I mean the King of all worlds who is said to live in the heavens and who rules all christians and wicked alike. He leads the christians against us whether he does it secretly or openly. But at hand we have eight or seven hundred thousand. Even though they are ten to our one what is a lot of Angelinian fools to that?"

"We have learned something at any rate." Thought Jack. "The little girl is certainly clever. So he thinks he can defeat God oh! Well I would like to see him try it. Why talk about licking God, when they themselves at times cannot lick us."

"Where are they asked the little girl in an incredulous tone. "You surely are not that many here. You even have not fifty thousand."

"Oh that is only the advance guard." With a laugh. Darger to morrow will be wing on the right engaging one of gladerlinia's crippled wings no doubt and will force him to give way pretty soon. General Talking-Machine gladerlinia is below about half a mile looking out for dangerous flanking parties, while to morrow we will be contending with a general Donald Hanson's artillery along this line."

"I do not think or I suppose he did not think you were smart enough to find Hanson and so he has sent you to hold this position against these christians or rebels whatever you call them?" Said the child rowing the boat slowly.

"Are you not going to look for their strong position?" The officer asked patiently.

"How do you suppose I can find it with the Angelinians watching me. I've got to wait until they are out of sight. Perhaps it will not be within miles of here." And Gertrude worked her paddle slowly and glided down the river.

"But you will find it!"

"Of course sometime, and you will not hear where it is." She muttered under her breath.

"But you will tell us. Remember I will kill you as a traitor if you don't."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't." She muttered. "I'd like to see him just try it." And the little girl went on and general Jack Evans shortly lost sight of her and stole back to pick who was nursing two of his comrades who had been injured in a fall of over a box which had been so thickly covered with broken branches and leaves that they did not see it.

There are seven to eight hundred thousand of them concentrating along this line under a guy called Talking-Machine." Said Jack Evans. "The little girl has gone to look for the main line of their formation and positions, and it is already concentrating about half a mile away. I think she will find it and then return if not captured. It is dangerous work she is doing and I think we can press some of these fellows back by making a lot of noise and concentrating a severe attack so as to give gladerlinia time to strengthen his crippled right. If there are a lot more of my regiments very soon we could probably scatter the foremost of the column."

For general Nellion spoke of going out with a party on horseback to try to strike the right of these monsters, and if the other portion of his advance christian force were anywhere in the neighborhood they could be brought to help in the attack."

"We could but the question is whether we can find the force at once." "I could make my way to the road general." Suggested Dick. "And if I see or hear anything of him I will signal you."

"All right general Dick." As to say we do not want these Glandelinians hanging about or pressing on too far at this point."

He himself hurried away, and Jack himself stood behind a tree and watched and listened, presently hearing the cry of a hawk which he knew was a signal to Dick. Dick reaching the road with the heavy coat covered with dust had tried along taking care not to be discovered by the Glandelinians, and presently heard the tramp of horses, and suspecting that from the direction they came that they were the horses of the advancing Angelinians. He signaled to Jack and then hurried on signalling to the approaching troopers as he had no doubt were Nellion and the Angelinians with him. Then the horses were heard coming on faster and in a few minutes Dick saw a redecoated general on a big black horse followed by an endless stream of redecoats, all well mounted. They were under general Nellion but were Abyssinkilians, not Angelinians as he has thought but all the better nevertheless.

"Come on Nellion." Said Dick. "I see you have come with a force of Abyssinkilian cavalry. Good. There is a force of graycoats we want to attack immediately. There are a lot of them and Jack does not want them to advance too far or concentrate too strong upon us. When you see them come on with a rushing all the noise you can...."

"All right your excellency." Said the major general as the young lieutenant general hurried through the woods to rejoin his superior Jack Evans. However, he had been discovered by some glandelinians who were out scouting at another point of the fields and a volley was poured upon him which brought down his horse, and as he rose to his feet, and started off again the glandelinians hastily erected a pursuit.

"Wellion is coming your excellency." Dick said as he joined the young general. "You can hear him now in fact and I'm pursued by glandelinians. They killed my horse the fools. I must have been discovered...."

"Yes" Answered Jack Evans. "I hear them coming also, and also the pursuing glandelinians. Come to the boat pick and you other generals. We must make those fellows think there are Angolinians forces on the river as well as on the road."

The five generals two of which were slightly wounded hurried to the boat under fire from the nearest of the pursuing glandelinians, shoved it out, jumped in and rowed down stream just as the glandelinians reached the waterside. They fired a volley at the generals in the boat but only hit two of them most of the shots going wild.

"Jove there are more of the Abyssinkilians now." Said Dick as the survivors of the boat were returning a hot fire, himself looking up the river and waving his sabre. Seventeen hundred large rowboats containing one hundred and thirty men apiece were seen coming down at that moment, and general Evans uttered a shrill cry which immediately attracted their attention. On went the boat containing the four Angolinian generals, and coming in sight of the pursuing glandelinians again who were trying to head them off. The general fired a shot which went through a glandelinian soldier's wig, and shouted amid the crash of returning volleys:

"Come on comrades. Here are the enemies of god. Here are the graycoats. Down with them."

Then Major general Wellion and a portion of his column of Abyssinkilians appeared and dashed down upon the pursuing glandelinians with a tremendous clatter shouting and delivering a withering fire that mowed down hundreds of the graycoats. There were soldiers in boats on the creek, and soldiers on horseback on the bank, and the part of pursuing glandelinians imagined that there were many more of them at hand than was just the case, but they resisted stubbornly for a few moments mowing down nearly five hundred of the christians, then those of the glandelinians who had horses quickly sprang

into the saddle once more and those who were on foot took to their heels in an instant to warn the main line which was still steadily concentrating, there being great confusion at once. In this skirmish the whole christians lost three hundred and sixty five soldiers in killed, and nearly eight hundred and fifty six wounded. In killed and wounded the enemy lost one thousand.

Away went the graycoats at full speed taking no time to fire any more at the Abyssinkilian troopers but doing their best to get away as soon as possible imagining that the whole troop of gallant Abyssinkilians were upon them. To most Angolinians they did not care at all but to meet the fiercest Abyssinkilians was as bad as wicked people to meet red devils. Down the road and through the woods they made their way, Jack and his Abyssinkilians pursuing them for a short distance delivering volley after volley, and mowing down great numbers of the foe at every discharge of musketry. Then with great difficulty he recalled the Abyssinkilians and ordered them to dismount and take positions behind logs, and behind bushes and keep up a rattling fire at more of the enemy who were coming on to the rescue of the others whom they had rallied. They obeyed going into action. So though glandelinia was not now being engaged for the rest of that day the battle was recommencing at another portion of the field with the enemy against general Evans corps. Then general Evans said to Wellion:

"Darger and a considerable overwhelming force are below here and I have sent a little girl spy with seven others of remarkable beauty to find where they are going to attack glandelinia to-morrow. And to find their line. This here is just an advance party, but the way they are or were pressing forward, and the way they are concentrating gives me the impression that they are vastly superior to ours being more than eight hundred thousand at least. We'll have to send a man to bring on our main army. I intend to take the enemy in the flank if possible."

Then the general told about meeting the child and that he expected to meet her again if the glandelinians had not captured her, the generals being greatly interested. The fire along the gray line that was repelling the attack of the Abyssinkilians was so terrific now that general Evans ordered his men to lie down but not to cease firing, and told them not to charge again until told to do so. The fight soon went on fiercer the roar of fire arms being deafening, and as the enemy were unlimbering a number of gathling guns Jack who had been doing his best to encourage his men heard a child screaming and saw a little girl in his rear coming running toward his men

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pursued by three or four platoons of glandelinians and five officers in lead.

"Are ye rebel beauty ye got to his." Cried one overtaking her and catching her child by the throat and choking her as hard as he could until her tongue protruded. "I told you you got to his."

The child struggled fiercely, beating at his face with her wee fists and trying to kick him but he choked her so hard that she soon hung limp with her head thrown back and her tongue sticking out as far as it could go. The blood began to run from her ears, nose, and mouth. Jack Evans recognized her as the same glandelinian general who had talked with Gertrude Angeline. "Charge them about a regiment of you boys no matter what the cost and kill the murderer." Shouted one of the Abyssinkilian captains.

Amidst horrible screams of yells the Abyssinkilians rushed forward like racers just as the gathling guns were discharged, and down went many of the boys, and Dick and Wellion were wounded. The attackers of the other quarter rushed on, and the Abyssinkilian lieutenant dashed forward and struck the graycoat a blow on the head with his sabre hitting his head open. The other forces of glandelinians seeing the numbers crushing Abyssinkilians gave one withering discharge of musketry and fled but not before the Abyssinkilians poured in a fire that mowed nearly all of their number except fifteen down. The remaining glandelinian officer would have followed but the Abyssinkilians closed in on him on one side and three others on the other side, two more being in front, and they would have ran him through only for the fact that the Abyssinkilian officer restrained them.

"I think you had better go with us general." Said the Abyssinkilian lieutenant. "You were looking for one of our main positions and I shall be pleased to show it to you."

More than that little girl in the dugout with the other seven were rebels for all, and she made my general think as she would find the position." He stared the glandelinian as the far receding firing seemed to increase in doubled fury as more columns of Abyssinkilians at other locations joined in the pursuit. "And she said she was no rebel."

"She is not any rebel but a christian." Said the lieutenant. And with a sigh. "We are no rebels, and you will die if you insult us Abyssinkilians. So that again. You were lucky I restrained my men. You are rebels yourselves for turning against God. You ought to have known better than to attack little child right in front of our very faces. The very idea."

A poor old child suffering from the effects of the choking clung to the lieutenant and pleaded pleadingly begged him to save her.

These glandelinians seem to think that they can butcher every helpless little child they see because they are christians whether they like it or not. "Sputtered one of the Abyssinkilian soldiers looking daggers at the prisoner. "This fellow got himself into trouble by joining her pursuers. He ain't worth taking prisoner."

was brought up to general Evans.

"So you are with Darger are you, and he has something of an overwhelming force with him probably within reach of our fire now?" Asked one of the prisoners.

"I shall answer no questions put to me by an impertinent rebels." Said the glandelinian contemptuously.

"You do not have to." Laughed general Evans. "I heard you tell the very little girl these things so it does not matter. She will be back before long and give me all the information I want."

The gray coat looked greatly chagrined for he remembered that his general had boastfully told the little girl in the dugout these very things not supposing that any one was listening. Two of the Angolinian scouts had gone into the woods at the risk of being under heavy fire, or running into an ambush, but they soon came racing up in a hurry one of the captains saying: "Get your whole force in position of defense. There is a lot of graycoats coming as fast as they can come and-----"

Jack Evans saw the graycoats coming many from the river, and many from another road opposite the Abissinnian line and said hastily:

"To those cabin boys some of you." The rest of you keep up a telling fire. It is your only chance. Take the prisoner and the child some of you and follow me. One of you go and hasten on a portion of my main army. Don't delay a moment."

The boys ran into the cabin carrying the frightened child followed by sixty of the Abyssinkilians taking the prisoner with them and very roughly too shutting and locking the front and rear door, and taking a position at both doors and windows, and putting wardrobes, beds, and every kind of furniture as barricades against the doors and windows so as to defend the place with all their strength. The little girl was thrown gently to the floor one of the men placing a two mattresses on top of her to relieve any bullet that might come her way and then he was close to a window and ready to fire

fire when ordered. There were thousands of the fiercely yelling graycoats and they came on in a body and attacked the Abyssinkilians, while three score of them came in a body toward the cabin, some rushing toward the door expecting to force it and kill all within. During the firing a man standing by a window close to where the child lay under the mattresses was hit and instantly killed he falling over the mattresses, and soon three others fell on top of him.

"This slaughter of my boys is horrible, but we did not intend to come out, and we must expect to keep up our courage for we expect help shortly, and then we can give them a reception they won't forget in a great hurry. We must not expose our selves. Then we won't be picked off so fast."

Now hundreds of the glandelinians dashed up, and the surviving Abyssinkilians firing with good aim brought down the whole swarm at one volley. Another hundred glandelinians had in the meantime made a dash for the rear doors, but also many Abyssinkilians were posted there armed with double barreled shot guns which they knew well how to use, and fired into the crowd of glandelinians bringing down nearly fifty of them, and causing the rest to hesitate. The Angelinians inside the cottage were indeed mowing them down fast, but they also were going down fast, man after man every minute, the whole force of the enemy now surging toward the doors and windows at the lower portion of the cabin and hammering on them shattering out the remaining glass of the windows, while others stood and crept close to the house keeping up a hot fire and mowing the defenders in the house down in frightful numbers, the bullets reaching in through the windows and cracks of the doors. The surviving Angelinians fired from loopholes, cracks, in the doors, from windows, and even the keyholes doing terrible damage among the assailants mowing another hundred down, but Evans could see that his garrison was threatened with annihilation for he had only a hundred more left and had already lost two hundred and fifty. The enemy managed to force in one of the windows, but every graycoat that tried to get in that way met instant death. Then suddenly with cheers the enemy forced one of the doors by means of a heavy cannon they had brought up, and then one of the christian captians pushed the prisoner forward and said;

"Go ahead and shoot if you want to."

The graycoats hesitated seeing one of their generals presented as a target to them at this moment, and suddenly there was a storming yell from the river and general Jack Evans saw a lot of Abyssinkilians led by Gertrude Angeline to his complete flabbergasting astonishment, with the vivian girls come rushing forward, the Abyssinkilians opening fire on the foe.

"Give it to the graycoats boys," cried general Evans.

"The Abyssinkilians had muskets and rifle rifles and were accus accustomed to carrying them and now as they emerged from the cabin and rushed forward they delivered a withering fire at the swiftly retreating foe, the Abyssinkilian forces under the "Terrible Gemini Supreme Person" General Henry Joseph Joseph Darger at the same time coming up and attacking the graycoats furiously despite their terrific losses in if inflicted by the enemy's galling fire. The din of musketry was appalling and the smoke for a few minutes became like a pall.

"I saw the fellows coming general," said Gertrude and also I had seen the Abyssinkilians, and gave the alarm bringing them to your rescue in a hurry.

"I heard the graycoats say something about rebels at a cabin on the river bank not far from the glandelinian rear position and this row of cabins were the only ones I knew of, so I came quick."

"I was very fortunate you did Gertrude," replied general Evans as the Glandelinians who had attacked the cabin were falling back to the main line."

"We have a prisoner here, a lieutenant of their's perhaps and they were coming to rescue him no doubt. Did you learn anything?"

"Yes general."

"Hullo you have company with you?" asked a dashy looking major as the Abyssinkilians emerged from the cabin. "We don't receive glandelinian officers very often do we?"

"Why this fellows general wanted to come and see us so bad major?" laughed one of the Abyssinkilian lieutenants "That I supposed I had better bring this man along and introduce him. His general indeed certainly wanted to come but he is dead now. Why that rascal even threatened to kill this little girl Gertrude Angeline if he would not show him the way...."

The graycoat lieutenant general as he really was but whom the Abyssinkilian officers called him Lieutenant for short, whose name the men learned was Cookeyspiller Spieler was put under guard, and general Evans questioned Gertrude concerning the enemy. She had heard all that general Evans had learned from the graycoat general who was dead, and more besides having been near the advanced line of concentration and picked up considerable information.....

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"I heard that glandelinian general tell you something Gertrude," said general Evans. "But I thought that you might learn more and it seems that you indeed have."

"You have done very well and I think that if you had been a boy instead of a girl you would make a very good christian boyscout or young soldier as you do everything thoroughly and are deeply in earnest. These are the kind of boys we are trying to get at all times and I'm happy to say that the latest number of the Angelinians and Abyssinkilians are of that sort."

"I will try to do my best general," said the child modestly.

"I'm sure you will Gertrude," replied the Angelinian general.

Abyssinkilians seemed to pay no attention to the prisoner in the cabin as they kept watching upon him all the time knowing that he could not get away even if he left the cabin. The creek at this point was too wide to leap, but then at this point it did not seem to be very deep, there being rocks sticking out of the water here and there, as if there had once been a dry land where there was now water. The stream indeed looked to be harmless especially to those who did not know about such things, but was an extremely treacherous place, there being dangerous quicksands at many parts, and deep gluey mud just below the water. The Abyssinkilians had means of crossing if necessary, and safe guards in case one fell in by accident. The prisoner looking out of the cabin saw the Angelinian, saw that his fierce glandelinians not attacking now was far off on the other side, and just beyond the woods and safety. There was no one near the cabin for all the Abyssinkilians were now preparing for further attacks against the glandelinians pitched against Jack's Jacks men and it suddenly came to him that he could make a sudden dash across the stream, and away to his men. Watching his chances he suddenly ran out when there was no one near, and hurried to the stream, the wind carrying off his wig. He then jumped in with the intention of wading across the stream and making his escape across the stream, but for his wickedness, and for his cowardly assault upon the little child he tried to choke to death, the child's Angelinian angel took revenge. The water was deeper than he thought, and he began to sink in the gluey mud being quickly up to his waist. He exerted himself to his utmost, leaped forward and caught an old stump protruding a few feet out of the muddy water. Jack Evans saw him leap in as he was encouraging his boys to do his utmost in repelling another fierce attack of the enemy amid a fierce firing of hellstorm of battle once more. He knew the danger the fool had run into. Though a glandelinian he did not let him go unaided.

"Get a rope some of you men," he shouted to those who were not in the stream.

Three Abyssinkilians appeared on the other side and in another moment without line went whistling across, being caught by three boys on general's side. A lieutenant jumped into the water and swam toward the line which quickly put under himself. There were dangerous quicksands here and the Abyssinkilian officer knew it, but the line if not cut by flying bullets struck by a shell would keep him up, and he had no fear of sinking. The graycoat was clinging desperately to the stump amid whistling bullets fly around him fired at random by his own comrades who did not see him or his rescuers, and which at times were cutting small locks of hair from his head filling him with terror. He was doing his utmost to keep himself above water. Struggle as he would however he was rapidly sinking his head now up to his arm pits, the stump being slippery and slipping and difficult to keep a hold on. The brave Abyssinkilians regardless of the flying bullets and booming shells grasped the ends of the rope on each side and held their lieutenant up as he swam toward the glandelinian officer who was clinging to the tree trunk for dear life.

"Help," he yelled. "I'm sinking."

The three men on either side of the creek kept the rope up and walked along the banks keeping their lieutenant from sinking, the graycoats cry for help being still heard despite the crash of musketry and cannon.

"Hold on," cried the Abyssinkilian lieutenant as his hat was suddenly carried away by a bullet. "I will get you out. You won't try to escape us again I assure."

"Help help," cried the general as a shell burst high above him. "The stump is pulling me down and I can't hold for the stump is slippery." "It was not so easy to get away as you thought was it," asked the lieutenant with another line in his hand which he now threw over the water. There was a noose in the end and this fell over the graycoats head and upon his shoulders.....

"You were lucky to have gotten among us general." Muttered another soldier as a shell burst below on a tree root bringing the tree down with a crash. "Some would let you drown or be taken and smothered under the quicksands-."

"And you would not find no lie lieutenant going to your aid either." ZSputtered another as his hat flew off hit by a stray bullet. The lieutenant reached the stump as four shells exploded simultaneously on the bank, slipped the noose around the graycoats waist and said shortly; "Now swim to the shore. You must do something to help yourself." "And there will not be any one near the next time." Sputtered another one of the Abyssinkilians. "So don't make any more foolish attempts to escape." Colonel Paul Marcus and Ben Logan who afterwards became generals also, took hold of the line themselves and the excited graycoat was taken ashore. Then to his great excitement the Abyssinkilian lieutenant swam a yard or so farther and walked ashore without any trouble the sand being hard here, and the water just a trifle above his waist.

"You don't know this creek very well." Said one of the Abyssinkilians. "You jumped in at the very worst spot you could find. Better not try it again. You might not get lieutenant Jack Slater to help you the next time." Jack Slater walking to the shore went to the cabin to change his wet clothes, the line being drawn in and coiled away out of sight, and the prisoner taken to a tent and placed under a strong guard, Jack Slater paying no attention to him. There was no gratitude in the Glandelinian however and he only abused the boys saying that they caused his trouble. The officer was next taken to the cabin looking and feeling very miserable and deeply chagrined that his plan of escape, which looked so simple should have failed him so signally. He was covered with black and yellow mud up to his waist, his wig was gone, his face spas splashed with mud, and altogether he was a most bedraggled looking object. One of the redecoats took a the Glandelinian officer a suit of ordinary clothes and said; "The colonel says you are welcome to put these on. One of the men will bring you a clean bucket of water y to wash yourself."

The luckless glandelinians scowled sullenly and went inside to change his clothing making himself look as respectable as possible. His uniform was dried and cleaned and returned to him in an hour by another Abyssinkilian who really was a Mormonian by rights who said; "You should put these on right away. And then you are to go with some of the boys to general gladerlinia."

"You are not a christian dog." Said the graycoat fiercely. "What are you doing with the Angelinians?"

"You are a liar." Sputtered the Angelinian or Mormonian soldier. "I'm a good christian and so are all the Mormonians and I'm an Angelinian too. I love the Angelinian country too and God, and I fight for him. Well that makes us a christian dog as you call it at will and Angelinian, does it not. What are you talking about?"

"Hurray for ye Joe Angelion." Cried another Abyssinkilian. "Sure that's the way for ye and ye is as fine as a christian as myself."

Jack Slater and some of the soldiers soon set off under a scathing fire toward Gladerlinia's angle with the prisoners. Along paths where seemed no room for horses, tangled thickets and over stretches of swampy ground where it seemed as if the horses would sink at every step rode Jack Slater, and the dozen soldiers with him, the prisoner wondering how they could live in such a place and how they could find their way, and being utterly bewildered as to the road, till at last they entered an open road and wood, where the main christian lines could be seen at a distance a mile, and here they were challenged by a girlish looking fellow wearing a long purple coat, and carrying a long bayonet and wearing a sabre at his belt.

"Who goes there?" He demanded.

"Colonel Jack Slater of the Angelinian national guard with a prisoner for Gladerlinia." K Jack replied. "Is general gladerlinia near?"

"Reckon he is colonel and he will be mighty glad to see you. You have got there as I see an infernal graycoat. Well us Abyssinkilians would rather shoot them down than take them prisoner. colonel."

The boys rode on and were challenged further on by another sentry and finally rode out into a large open space where there was only a quarter of a mile away rows of cannon with many gunners and other men cleaning them while far in front of the artillery were long lines of infantry at drill. Not far from this point before the morning's battle had raged were long lines in gray had rushed forward in gigantic surges upon the gunners for all those morning hours, where the glandelinians had fought the hardest in the defense of their own country, and where it had seemed as if every one of the gray lines had been given giving up their very lives for it. The battle was lulled.

Jack Slater dismounted and went forward. At this moment general gladerlinia giving commands here and there to officers, went forward to relieve him.

"Good day general." Said Jack saluting. "I have brought a prisoner and some information concerning the graycoats on the left wing where my regiments are in action. And this officer if he wishes to save his life may give you some more."

"Glad to see you colonel." Said gladerlinia. "Come with me to my main lines and we will talk it over."

Jack Slater followed gladerlinia to the main line the prisoner being led away and placed under a strong guard, the Abyssinkilians dismounting and mixing in with gladerlinia's men. The graycoat noticed how Jack Slater was received by the great christian general and it somewhat made him respect the young colonel although he still obstinately called the christians rebels and said to one of the Angelinian soldiers with him;

"Your great rebel general seems to take a good deal of that young rebel colonel doesn't he my rebel."

"I know he does and by gosh he has a right to, but you don't want to talk about rebels here general. Of course I or others do not care one bit what you might call us Angelinians but our general or all Abyssinkilians would hang you at the stake or even crucify you if he or they heard you call him one. You glandelinians would not like to be called intruders, invaders, and wild butchers I reckon, but to the imposition of our general he declares it right to call you Glandelinians that, than y to have you call us rebels rebels. We are not rebels because we do not join any rebellions."

"What are you then if you are not rebels. Don't you want to overthrow the government of glandelinia over the massacre at Crowley and Jennie-Wren-Town and dispose of our king?"

"That does not make any difference. We are not subjects of glandelinia and have no authority from there, and he is not our king. We don't care a rap about your old demon government and your kingdom, for all can go shake them selves, but we want out our own country free from invaders, and Calverlinia also, and we are going to revenge the butcheries of the poor children that were murdered at your hands at Crowley and Jennie-Wren-Town, and we are going to free all children no matter where they are enslaved if we have a play waste to the whole country of Calverlinia and glandelinia to do so."

The glandelinian officer said no more and the rough spoken but honest fellow left him in the rear under guard and went back to his duty.

After the graycoat was sent for and questioned closely by general gladerlinia, but despite all his threats could not get a word out of him.....

The graycoat was sent back to the rear under a strong guard and gladerlinia said to Jack Slater; " " "

"Take your men back colonel as fast as you can and meet a party of my force at your general line under Evans within an hour." "I think to morrow morning I will charge the stubborn position of the enemy, and try to dislodge it." "Very good general gladerlinia." Replied Jack, and then he ordered his boys to get into the saddle at once. On the way back to the position of the Abyssinkilians Jack's companions heard that gladerlinia was contemplating an attack on the stubborn glandelinian position a mile across from the bloody angle, and they were greatly excited over it, being very eager to have a final rush with the enemy.....

The Angelinians went on and reached their own main position within an hour and kept on the lookout for the reinforcements that gladerlinia had promised. It was scarcely a minute before they heard the tramp tramp of horses and men thousands of feet at once and in a short time lieutenant general Emmet appeared with many scores of thousands of Evans most dashing veterans, all eager to charge the enemy's position the next morning when the battle would recommence. It was determined however to drive back those which were attacking Evans advance guard and so these Abyssinkilians made a charge in double line, and in the heat of the fierce conflict which raged for twenty minutes the armies of both sides surged back and forth and soon the enemy gave way. The christians had lost five hundred men and the enemy a thousand. As Evans was directing one of his cavalry squadrons he met Gertrude Angeline, and even the vivian girls coming along the road.

"Good evening general." Said one of the little vivian girls herself her self. "I did not expect to meet you. That is general Emmet?"

"Yes, and he and our smaller portion of our force have been charging the line, and though we have been successful I fear that later on they may throw upon us such heavy columns as to cause us to give serious resistance." "Listen to the frightful discharge of firearms and artillery. It's horrible." "By the way Gertrude and your companions, would you like to be regular soldiers as long as you live through this war-?"

"Yes general and what is more we are more than spies already, and under the service of general Hanson Vivian our uncle, and general Robert Vivian our father. We have long before this sworn to serve our country in scout duties, to give up our lives if necessary, and to stand by the Angelinians in all that is right, and that they will stand by us."

"Good for you," said general Evans. "You beat me to it alright. Well I want you to do your services now. Will you. Of course you are under instructions of wit either the great supreme commander Hanson Vivian or his brother, I may have no right to give you orders, and only ask this as a request, which if you refuse will be given to someone else."

"Fire away those orders and we'll take them through and through and follow them to the utmost," said the one who appeared to be Joice.

"All right then come," said general Evans with a laugh. "Maybe we some day will be the greatest of friends eh?" He added.

"We are already great friends," piped the one who was Jennie. "When we are among the christians we are always friends then."

The fight was again raging on fiercely, and Jack Slater and a few of the boys set off to see if the main body of the enemy were making a second advance of or if they had received any reinforcements. When they had reached the Calvinian Crossroads, Jack sent fifteen of his men off on one road, and went on the other with Gertrude Angeline and the Vivian girls. All had horses for the little girls could ride them even more better than the men and with perfect grace. The two generals and Gertrude, and the Vivian girls rode along at an easy pace and had gone some little distance when they saw four girlish looking Glandelinians who were Zimmermannians approaching, and swiftly followed by thousands behind, the first four being supreme supendant generals.

"Those are some of the supreme Glandelinian generals in chief," said Gertrude. "And though they look like sweet girls, and have their hair like little girls they are hard characters. They are the worse kind to butcher children, because they are not strong and able to defend themselves. I like to see them start anything with me though."

The four girlish looking Glandelinian generals now came up and one of them said as he looked them up sizeingly;

"Hello ye little girls. Ye are rebel spies aren't ye. Think ye look fine don't ye. Huh ye y rebels are no good. Come on let's butcher them and take their horses."

"There are only eight of them child rebels and we have the men who are coming behind to back us up," said another of the generals.

"Yes and here comes more of us," said a third as some others of the same sort were seen coming from an opposite direction armed with the long bayonets.

"See here you fellows," said Gertrude. "Do you imagine that you are going to capture us children without a fight. Get out of the way you rebels yourself or we'll ride you down and do some unpleasant shooting."

"Come on fellows let's capture the rebel rebels and rebels and kill them too," yelled the biggest of the Glandelinians. "Come on hurry up."

The little girls suddenly dashed ahead as the second batch of Glandelinian troopers came up and also footmen with fixed bayonets. Gertrude on her black mare was in the lead, and now as she and the other little girls drew their pistols as if to fire the four Glandelinian generals scattered firing at random as they did so, but the Glandelinian officer Spurlock Faillen reeled in his own saddle and fell to the ground dead. Gertrude Angeline and the Vivian girls escaped unhurt and followed the Angelinians whom they met, and the four Glandelinian generals now stood their ground and started to open fire on the brave Angelinians who lay low on their horses necks to escape the storm of bullets that would follow their dash. Every one of the shots told on the poor horses that Jack Slater, Gertrude, and Jennie were riding, and down they went throwing their riders sprawling over a high barbed wired fence.

"Go on at the rest," howled one of the officers assuming a bold front. "What are ye skeered of? There is only five of the rebel children left and the little girls only. Pull them off their horses or shoot down their horses like-I did the other three. Come on don't be skeered."

The Glandelinian officer who had the most to say, and talked the loudest, made a dash for the horses and for a moment there was a lively mixup, but Violet and her sisters fired deliberately and six of the graycoats and the loud talking general himself dropped stone dead in the road. The survivors tried to bayonet the christian children, but in their frenzy to get at the horses they fell over each other and so many were trodden under the horses hoofs as the little girls dashed on, some of the Glandelinians rolling into a ditch which was half full of dirty water, the others running from the woods setting up a terrific ru yell.

As the Angelinians children including Gertrude Angeline Jennie, and Violet kept on at a gallop the latter having secured other horses, the Glandelinians running from the woods poured in a withering fire, the muskets making a fearful crashing roar that almost stunned the children, their horses every one of them going down riddled with bullets, while several bullets slipped a gash in Violet's neck making the blood spurt, while every one of the other Vivian girls had minor set scratches on their legs, arms, chests and necks and even on their foreheads, but the bullets had failed to penetrate anything and so their wounds were not serious. Violet and her sisters and Gertrude had seen where Jack and Jennie had been thrown over the barbed fence and over this they leaped even at the risk of tearing their clothes to shreds which of course they did worse than supposed, and scratched themselves badly in the bargain. Despite their wounds from the horses they climbed down hastily on the other side, and scampering away into the bushes disappeared out of sight of the enemy but immediately came upon Jack and his other two girl companions.

"Are there many of the Glandelinians following us?" asked Jack. "Yes quite a lot," answered Violet reloading her empty pistol.

At that moment however there was a wild clatter of hoofs and an unearthly start and then nearly a thousand Glandelinian cavarly men came in sight at a full gallop.

"Hello things are getting lively for us," muttered Jack. "What are we going to do now. If we run they will surely shoot us down, and if we say we will be caught, and you children murdered anyway?"

The Glandelinians had not discovered them yet, so the Angelinians boy and his little girl companions dashed away as if they intended to get so far as possible in a short time, passing a smith shop where a man was at work firing heavy broadswords, from mill swords, but halted around a turn in the road where there were trees and thick bushes including vines, which concealed them and watched to see what the graycoats would do. The enemy came and halted and the leader of the cavarly said very haughtily;

"You harbor the christian rebels and furnish them with the means to fight against us. We are going to pull your shed down about your ears, and take away as a prisoner of war."

The smithman picked up a white hot saw blade with his tongs and putting himself in an attitude of defense said with determination;

"I'll let me see you do it. Come on the whole lot of you. I'll mark a few of you in a way you will remember I reckon. Well why are you hanging back you rebels yourself yourselves. Why don't you enemies of God come on and make good your threat?"

"You miserable rebel of an Angelinian dog do you mean to defy us?" roared the leader his manner being quite of variance with his words, never it being clear that he did not dare go ahead, and his graycoats waited about carrying out the threat of their commander, the chances being seared with the glowing sawblade not being one which invited them to advance, brave as they be.

"That is what I'll do," returned the smith. "Before God and everything in heaven I'm a born full blooded Zimmermannian myself, but I'll put a mark on the first man that dares to even touch a thing in the smithy. And a mark that he will never get rid of."

"Shoot the rebellious scoundrel," stormed the Glandelinian officer backing out of the way. Just then there was a shout from the turn of the road and nearly five hundred Abyssinkilians, and two hundred Angelinians were seen coming on at a dash followed further on behind by a perfect endless stream of christian soldiers all on horseback. It was the sudden and unexpected advance and approach of general Evans whole army. "Hello there is general Miller Antonice coming with his Abyssinkilians and Concentinians."

Exclaimed Jack Slater. "Come on we must help the smithy for here comes

the hundred more boys of my own regiment also."

The boys and the little girls rushed up to the approaching Angelinians who were far in the lead of the main column, and just then there were three rolling volleys that seemed to fairly shake the earth, and now the Glandelinians coming from an opposite direction, and this party having several squads of bohscouts followed by others, and not knowing how many more of them there was behind, and knowing that the whole christian army was advancing, the Glandelinians after delivering a rolling volley all along their front which cut through the christian columns like six sieves, and caused more than two thousand of the Angelinians to sprawl from their horses, with a sudden bolt, for the Angelinians coming on in their rear, the two parties meeting at the Smithy, and there was immediately a lively and confused mixup of horses and men plunging in every way, many Glandelinians being trampled under the horses hoofs, sabres and lances crossing each other

and pistols and muskets rattling and cracking in the liveliest fashion imaginable. The glandelinians however were overwhelmed and after fighting desperately to get through the massive lines of christians in vain the most of them surrendered there being three thousand captured, and four hundred shot down.

"You certainly came in the nick of time." Said the smithy to Jack, and now the main column came up in an perfect endless stream and passed on saluting the colonel.

"No we did not bring the forces." Said Jack. "We were hiding behind some trees watching the proceedings, when ahead of this main army now passing the Angelinians themselves of my command suddenly appeared from an opposite road just as the glandelinian officer had ordered his men to shoot you. These other immense columns of passing Abyssinkilians must have seen those fellows advancing from the rear of my fighting force and no doubt came with a party of six thousand seven hundred men to see what the glandelinians were about. They were some flanking party no doubt and we may as well keep together now for a while at least."

The Angelinian soldiers now went on untill they got to the other road general Schriller having halted his army staying by the smithy, and while Jack picked up his sabre which had been knocked out of his hand by a bullet he said to his lieutenant;

"I think you may as well go back a pace. Gertrude and myself will go on for a few rods. It may be better not to leave too large a party just now. AND we will need you before long I'm sure."

The boys turned and went back by the road and suddenly hid behind trees and bushes, while Jack, and Gertrude with the Vivian girls proceeded listening to the sudden strange detonations as if shells bursting in the distance and wondering what they could mean. They had ceased to hear the tramp of the other horses and were going on at an easy pace when Jack heard someone coming toward him, the sound of voices being very plain.

"Maybe they are some more of those glandelinians." Said Gertrude. "I will go and see what I can do with them."

"I will be near if you need any help." Said Jack.

Then Jack dismounted led his steed into the bushes and was out of view in an instant. Gertrude Angeline went on at a short distance, then four or five ugly looking glandelinians to her surprise seized the bridal reign of another little girl who she recognized as her friend Jennie Turner, one of them saying;

"Huh we've got one of the younger rebels anyhow. That's a timid girl too by gosh. Now we can see what is inside of her."

"Wait a minute." Said the leader. "If she will tell us where the christians have their strongest and weakest points, we won't touch her, but let her go. Do you comprehend that young lady?"

"Yes I understand it." Replied the child as a shell to their surprise suddenly exploded in the branches overhead bringing down a shower of leaves and twigs, and one huge branch, and made them jump.

As soon as they saw to it they were safe the officer asked eagerly;

"Well what do you think of it?"

"I don't think anything of it."

"What?" In great surprise.

"No I do not and will not tell you where the strongest and weakest point of the christian line is, and what is more I really do not know."

"Maybe you will find and show us the weakest point. Then you can say that you did not tell us nothing, and you will be telling the truth."

"I will not find it, and I will not show it or show you where it is either." Firmly.

"We will thrash the very insides out of you if you don't." Threateningly.

"It does not make no difference how you kill me. I shall not betray any point of the christian line no matter what you do."

"Then we will hang you by the neck and two thumbs simultaneously, and cut you open at the same time." Snarled one of the glandelinians.

The child paled for a moment but answered gravely;

"You can do the dreadfulest things to children because they are too helpless to do anything for themselves, but there will be several of you dead also before you can get me off from this horse. I won't show or tell you glandelinian murderers anything no matter what you do to me."

"Get a rope or something like it." Said the leader. "There is one in that small cabin over there. Hurry up with it though for maybe the little eight year old mussy will change her mind to save herself from having her little soft belly cut open and her body cleaned out."

"I will not change it." Said the child. I have sworn to do all I can to save the Angelinians since I escaped your child slave pens, and I will not betray them no matter what you do to me. I will tell you nothing, show you nothing."

One of the glandelinians had already hurried away to get a rope and others drawing their huge sabres and surrounding the little girl to prevent her escape and even by force taking her pistols away from her for she too was armed. Strange to say the child though she had seen the Angelinians in hiding had forgotten all about them, and yet she did not fail, nor once give the matter of yielding a single thought. She had also sworn to stand by the Angelinians, and she meant to do so no matter what happened, and even in the shadow of the most horrible kind of death her resolution was not changed or weakened. In a moment the glandelinians were running up with the rope, and one end was thrown over the limb of a tree. Then as they dragged the little girl from her horse and was about to put a noose about her tender neck, when there came a puff of smoke following by a crashing volley, and one of the glandelinians had a pain in his shoulder, another lost his hat, and had a bullet in a furrow along his scalp, and a third was hit in the right arm. Two others were fatally shot/ lying outstretched on the road.

Then on boys shouted Jack and Gertrude as they suddenly came dashing forward toward of their steeds. "Down with the glandelinians."

Slightly wounded glandelinians made a stand to meet the onrushing Angelinian and the little girl, but the whole score were completely mowed down by soldiers elsewhere hiding in ambush and in a moment Jack and Gertrude Angeline, and the Vivian Girls at his side was by Jennie's side, the regiment suddenly appearing and standing still where they had appeared.

This was a test that I did not expect but you stood it bravely Jennie." Said Gertrude placing her hand on her head. "And we never meant to do you to your fate."

"I could not break my oath colonel." Replied the little girl bravely to the officer, and thanking Gertrude at the same time. "I saw you and one of the Angelinians and then forgot all about you again, but just the same I could not betray you or any other of the christians no matter what happened."

"I know you couldn't little girl." Said the colonel himself. The little girl got upon her horse. "And we are proud of you for you showed real courage, and when general Hanson hears of this he will be proud too. An Angelinian no matter what size who will not flinch in the face of death will never be a traitor."

Jack now sent his regiment to scout on the enemy and Gertrude, her friend the Vivian Girls he took with him and went on presently striking into the woods along the Erminie creek. At length he and Gertrude, Jennie Turner and Vivian Girls heard sounds ahead of them, and leaving his steeds and going among the trees he went forward cautiously bidding the little girl to stay by his steed, and come to his aid somehow if he happened to be caught. Judging from the sound of voices, he believed that there were several of the glandelinians coming on. He was not mistaken for in a little while on the river bank he saw a number of graycoats there, there also being several boats further up the creek, and two graycoats sitting in the boats.

"We have got to get hold of the young rebel leader and make him tell us the way to the weakest point of the christian line." Muttered one who was very girlish looking. "They are altogether making too much trouble for us in their crazy attacks since they repulsed our assault on the angle yesterday, and sooner we get them out of the way the better it will be. Then we must catch those little rebels called the Vivian girls, and that little Gertrude with them, and assassinate them if we fail to catch them openly."

He crouched behind the bushes on the edge of the bank and listened anxiously hoping to hear some of the enemy's plans.

And in the meantime the troops on the other side of the river will be searching the christians, and will search out the great christian general and that Gertrude you will know them when you see them. They are the most indescribable and their manners are so holy and sweet as they pray themselves at every step. Now when we have them little girls in our hands we can torture them to death, clean out their bodies of every thing, wrap them in heavy paper and send it all with the opened boxes to-----"

Jack had not heard of any force on the other side of the river and he was greatly interested. If there were other Glandelinian forces advancing he must find out about them and let the general know about them, and perhaps attack them himself, or convey the news to general Evans. Leaning forward to hear all that was said and not knowing that the bank beyond was undermined, Jack was suddenly precipitated down the bank by brush and all right in the midst of the group of Glandelinians all of whom were generals of the highest rank, many soldiers rising at the scene having been close by and with a demon like yell four of the privates sprang to their feet, and before Jack could get away he was surrounded by a score of fierce Mc-Gollestonians and seized.

"By jove here is one of those Angelinian rebels now." Cried one of the Glandelinian generals striding forward.....

"And in a colonel's uniform. By George its Jack Slater himself."

"Jove we are right. We could not have had better luck." Cried another.

"Now we will find out all we want to know." Added a third.

Seeing that there was no immediate chance of escape Jack sounded a shrill call which his black steed knew and which would send the intelligent creature back to the Christian lines at a gallop.

"You are Jack Slater the Angelinian rebel: colonel are you not?" Asked one of the Glandelinian generals with a scowl.

"I'm not an Angelinian rebel whoever I am." Jack returned.

"Then why have you got on that purple uniform?"

"Because I am an officer in the Christian army." Proudly. "We are no rebels no more than you are for real. We are true Christians."

"Ha you are an Angelinian rebel." Said the graycoat impudently. "You are Jack Slater of the Angelinian cavalry and one of the rankiest young rebels in the rebel army. We ought to hang or butcher you for a spy, but we will keep you as a prisoner instead on condition that you-----"

"Need not name any conditions." Interrupted Jack. "For I will not accept none."

"We want to find the weakest point in the Christian army, you damn rebel. And we will." Snarled the graycoat savagely.

"I have no doubt of it." Answered Jack drily.

"And if you will tell us how to find it we will not only refrain from butchering you as we do the rebel children-----oh how I would like to grab one now----- but spare your life and-----"

"I will tell you nothing. Some of your rascally Glandelinians made the same proposal to a little girl, and she the brave little girl that she was, refused though they threatened to clean her body out. Do you think that I the colonel of the Angelinian cavalry will do what the little girl refused to do? You should know me better."

"Then we will butcher you as a spy. You were caught listening to our conversation, and every one knows that you are a famous spy. Will you show us where the weakest point of the Christian line is?"

"No I will not."

T V "Then show us where Hanson is advancing to reinforce general Gladerlinia."

"I will do nothing of the sort."

"Perp Perhaps if I offered you a large sum in rich money, large enough to tempt you it would bring out the information. You Angelinians are not rich and any of you will sell his country and defy his God if he sees a big pile of money in cool gold coins and in silver, and he; 88" The insulting fellow suddenly found himself upon his back, Jack having struck him a blow in the face that floored him.

"How dare you say such things in my presence." He demanded.

The graycoat got up and gave Jack an angry look and said in his harshest tones;

"You will regret having struck me you young rebel."

"Never." Returned Jack. "I should have regretted it if I had not resented such a wicked insult."

"Take the fellow away." Said the graycoat. "We shall find means to discover the weakest point of the Christian line, and without their leader, the young Angelinian cavalry regiment will find it impossible to hold out against us. We will bag the whole lot of them before to night."

Then Jack was hurried away his chances of escape apparently growing smaller every minute. As Jack's steed suddenly left Violet and her sisters, and started galloping down the road alone, Gertrude and her sweet companions also having heard the shrill call had ample suspicions that Jack was captured, and therefore when they heard the sound of scuffling, and saw the tall growth agitated a little on one side, they were far enough to be able to observe without being observed.

There was water well willows half in and half out of the banks of the river, and she and the vivian girls, and Jennie Turner drew in behind the thick screen of leaves unseen by any passerby, but above to peer through the foliage and see what was taking place. In a moment the little girls saw several Glandelinian generals appear amidst soldiers, and in the middle of them was a slight boyish figure that the little girls could see wore the purple uniform. It was not long before they recognized that it was the young colonel of the Angelinian regiment himself, that was in the grasp of the Glandelinians, and they were amazed for what would the Angelinian regiment do without their brave leader, perhaps be cut to pieces, and probably Gladerlinia's army with them. Not only on account of the efficient aid that the other column had given her at Ermine Ermine Creek where her friend Gertrude Angelina had been killed and she herself severely wounded, but also because of her interest in the Angelinian troops. As Gertrude was very much alive to any incident wherein one of the Angelinians may be concerned whether he be private or an officer. The bright ruddy color on her cheeks faded and Gertrude had a curious sensation in her throat that she did not recognize, and her breath was short and quick. It was not for herself that the brave little girl feared, but her thought was entirely for poor Jack Slater, and she watched with bated breath to see what they were going to do with him. Jack was quiet seeing the futility of trying to fight so many enemies, and he waited quietly down the river bank whether the Glandelinians led him, and until one of the graycoats gave a whistle, a shrill whistle, and then looked up and down the river. The whistle was repeated and in a moment two there was heard the sound of oars and a boat appeared coming down the stream. The boat was quite a long one and contained several seats being manned by four Glandelinian rowers, and into it Jack was taken, the five of the Glandelinians stepped in with him, the others returning to the place from which they had first appeared. Gertrude and her companions seen that one of the graycoats who wore the uniform of a high officer gave directions to the five men who accompanied Jack down the stream, but did not hear what was said as the distance was too great. The Glandelinians used rowing as soon as the five newcomers had taken their seats, and fled out into the middle of the stream.

Gertrude waited until they had gone a little ahead, and then she and her companions began following to see where they would take the young colonel. Her idea was to notify the Angelinians as soon as she could find out the place. When Jack had been put into the boat, his hands were free, and Gertrude and Violet and her sisters hoped that he would make a sudden dash for liberty, when she or any of her companions would be near enough with a horse to help him get away. But they had not been far when the little girls saw one of the five graycoats lean forward down to the bottom of the boat and bring up some ropes and with the two of the graycoats tied Jack's hands and feet so that the little girl saw all hopes for Jack being able to help himself in vain. Then Violet and her sisters determined to see what they could do to help even in they had to ride to general Gladerlinia himself and beg him to call out some of his force which not in action now to save the young colonel of the Angelinian cavalry. The day was terribly hot but it was not heat that caused the perspiration to stream down Gertrude's face or that Violet and her sisters, and get into their eyes to prevent them from seeing clearly at times, for never had she been in a state of abject terror as on this occasion, for the danger threatened another, and one whom the welfare of a score of thousands of soldiers depended besides Gladerlinia himself. They went on for a quarter of a mile or so and then the boat was turned up shore out of reach of the water but on the opposite side. Then all of the graycoats stepped out leaving Jack with only the Glandelinian who rowed.

"If some of the Angelinian boys were around." Was Gertrude's main thought but she did not seem to know where their main line was, having been lost following Jack. Should she ride away in search of them? But they might take Jack away while she was gone. No, something must be done at once, and by her and her followers. The creek lay between her and the prisoner and she was way of crossing. If she could shoot those two men with her pistols without the shots causing alarm and bringing others she would do so. But there was danger. She looked up and down the river for signs of a boat, and saw several away in the distance but not near enough to be of any service to her, besides they all seemed fully occupied. She had no money to hire a boat, and knew of no kind Angelinian ferryman around the neighborhood who owned one and would lend it to her, and companions for acquaintance sake.

Still she had to do something to get over to that boat gently rocking against the opposite side and from which she could see that the two wicked Glandelinians of the five who had been left in charge were stepping on shore which would leave Jack alone in that boat. That fact made her and Violet and her sisters desperate. If she or her friends could swim in the stream, but no one could swim in that river good swimmers they be for like the Erminio Creek it was full of dangerous suckholes, strong undercurrents, and quicksands, and mud bogs. Again she looked about her for some suggestion in a way of getting across the wide stream. She was almost tempted to make the try, or make her horse swim over, and she turned his nose toward the bank but the experienced animal simply refused to budge in that direction. Then she dismounted, tied her horse to a tree, and with Violet and her sisters still riding walked along the waters edge. She and her companions heard plainly heard the dip of oars and pees peering out from a tangle of growth she saw some Angelinians in a long boat rowing, while ten of them were standing with shouldered muskets.

"Hello," she exclaimed. "There's some Angelinian soldiers but not boys. Gracious there is a whole lot of the boats coming. I'll ask those in the leading boat to take us across."

She waited until they were nearly abreast, and then putting her nose to her mouth called lustily.

"Hail Christian soldiers. Come over here. We want to get across....."

The Angelinians in the advanced boat stopped rowing and looked toward the place whence the hail proceeded. At first seeing nothing, one of them called.

"Hellow who are you and wa what nationality are you?!"

"I'm Gertrude Angeline, and have with me the Vivian girls. We are Abbieannians."

The leading boat pulled in slowly toward shore but did not come in closely to the bank fearing that this was an ambush, but soon they observed a number of pretty children, one of the eldest which was beckoning to them, and their curiosity being exceedingly excited, they came nearer and nearer, and the little girls waded out to the boats and were helped in.

"You know Colonel Jack Slater?" she said leaning toward them and speaking in a low tone.

"The leader who was a general," he nodded.

"Well he is in that boat over there a prisoner, and I wish you to rescue him from the glandelinians....."

It indeed did not take long for the first boat load of Angelinians to row across the stream which was not very wide at that point, and soon the first boatload drew up alongside the boat in which Jack lay bound hand and foot and she got in, the glandelinians who were still guarding Jack and who were asleep giving a start as she entered the boat. The Angelinians in the meantime were in hiding waiting to watch the proceedings and render aid if possible as they did not wish to create a scene which would only hinder her purpose. The glandelinians were amazed and one of them said;

"You're a cool one indeed my beauty. Who in the devil invited you into our boat you dare-devil rebel. We have got you now all right."

"You know this prisoner?" she said paying no attention to their threats. Some of the glandelinians nodded while others cowering up scowled fiercely.

"Well he is in your boat all tied up and there is five of you to slaughter him."

"Why he is a rebel Angelinian and so are you little girl."

"No I ain't no rebel and never was."

"We supposed you was," exclaimed a tall wiry built glandelinian.

"You may think so but I ain't," and she nodded wisely.

"Been playing 'O possum' little girl?"

"People do not always act the way they think. But you are losing time and before you know it the fierce Angelinians as they are called will come upon you and then your chances are lost. He is in the bottom of the boat and lying as still, and probably he is already dead."

This seemed to be a perfectly legitimate desire on Gertrude's part. Gertrude though really only ten years was a very shrewd little girl, and her mind had worked very quickly, and as soon as she had gotten into the boat of the glandelinians, which was indeed rushing on her part, she had resolved to place two of the off their guard if she could, and when she deceived them under such circumstances she had not hesitated in doing so. She had not told any liemorely leading the glandelinians to believe that she wanted to watch them kill the prisoner. The soldiers indeed believed her, to be a Glandelinian girl, so they presented to fall in love with her. And if they had indeed found out the truth her plans would have been useless even if she herself had succeeded in escaping them. As they were now in deep conversation, Gertrude gave a sudden cry and exclaimed;

"I have run a sliver into my poor finger and I can't pull it out for it is in deep. Have one of you men got a knife to lend me so that I can get it out before it goes in deeper?"

One of the glandelinians dug in deeper and brought out a Jackknife which he handed to Gertrude who proceeded to work at her finger which really had a bad splinter in it, she having put it there on purpose so as to get the knife, and she made a little gash just to bring blood, and then giving a little scream, and wrapping her finger in her dress, and pretending to forget the knife and starting to cry like a baby. The glandelinians did not become suspicious over her actions thinking she was merely sweetie afraid a little cut, and so dozed off to sleep again, but before they knew it Gertrude had cautiously drew an oar from an opposite boat which she had come in, and seeing her chance, knocked one of the glandelinians over the head with it, throwing him on into the water, and then had hurled herself with all her weight of her little body against the rest flinging him backwards with terrible force before they had awakened causing the boat to career dangerously, and swinging away from the shore collided with the other boat. But Gertrude did not hesitate, and in a twinkling was hacking away at the rope that bound Jack's hands with the knife she had got from a glandelinian. As soon as his hands were free, Jack cut the rope around his legs and before either of the glandelinians had recovered from their disorientation at the summary way they had been treated by a little girl, he was free and ready to attend to all. He did not stop to ask questions, but seized another oar, while one was still floundering in the water and the other four glandelinians had not yet recovered their equilibrium, but Slater paddled away with his one oar which he used as a paddle for he could make better progress.

By this time however the other glandelinian had been picked pitched overboard by Jack but was soon scrambling out of the water onto the bank, and as Jack paddled away from the shore with Gertrude in the boat with him, he set up a shout that fairly shook the trees. Then it was explained that Jack Slater had been left in the boat, for a little back from the waters edge was a stockade whose close proximity, the glandelinians were fully aware of and of whose hospitality they were as anxious to avail themselves. For a moment hundreds of men were seen running toward the water, armed with muskets and darting hither and thither in search of the missing boat containing the prisoner for they had no idea that he had been rescued from his precarious position, knowing that all the foe were in possession of that part of the river. As Jack saw that his escape had been discovered he pulled his boat up against the bank at a place where it shelved under a heavy growth of bushes overhanging the water, and completely concealing the boat and those in it. They heard the glandelinians on the river bank calling and shouting to one another and also heard voices of the men. Gertrude had overcome to rescue him, and then everything quieted down.... Instantly instead of pulling out to the middle of the stream Jack drew the boat to a spot where he could step ashore, the other boat containing the Angelinian soldiers having passed after the Vivian girls had went back on the Christian side of the shore, and telling Gertrude to wait a few minutes for him, he went cautiously to the bank, for he had heard enough to be sure that the small stockade which his captors had gone was a rendezvous of the glandelinians. With his knowledge of woodcraft it was not a difficult to worm his way to the small fort unseen, for being in his uniform he did not wish to get caught again, or being in the face of too keen a fire that the glandelinians might open on him. He saw the situation of the place so that he could reach it easily. Again should he think it best to disguise himself and visit the place, but he saw that the stockade was only a small prison filled with children, and guarded by many Glandelinians and fifteen machine guns. He did not waste much time about the place therefore but proceeded to make his way back to where he had left Gertrude, deciding to make an attack on the stockade as soon as daybreak began and rescue the innocent ones. The pleading look in their faces for they had seen him, was always before his eyes, and he decided to capture the stockade, or have it captured even at the risk of sacrificing his whole command if necessarily. He found Gertrude impatiently awaiting his arrival, Gertrude having possessed herself of two oars and stepped into the boat, then he himself leaping in, they both took an oar and pulled out. But their coming out had attracted attention on shore and again men came running down to investigate the cause of the commotion. Scores of shots began to whiz past close about their heads and struck the water around them, but Jack and Gertrude made quick progress and were soon in midstream out of reach of the bullets of the enemy. But their danger was not over, for they were gliding swiftly along although obliged to pull up stream, for Jack was heading for Erminio's creek on which the Christian line was situated, several rowboats suddenly darted out above them, between them and the entrance of the creek, and then as Jack would have

changed his course there were a number of men in each boat, no other score of rowboats show out below so that they were caught between two fires.

"Oh colonel they are in front, and in back." Exclaimed Gertrude. "But I won't allow them to make prisoners of us. I'll show them." And she suddenly looked had that look of fierceness in her eyes.

"What ever can we do?" Asked Jack as though a child she was his leader.

"Pull for the nearest shore and hide." Was her answer. "If they find us I'll shot every man that dares to approach."

As they were nearer the shore where the enemy's side was situated, Jack was obliged to pull for that side, and managed to dash into a little cove where there were several friendly trees with their foliage growing close down to the water. He did not know whether either or both sides or lines of rowboats filled with all king kinds of queerly dressed men were in pursuit of them or not, but he meant that they should not catch him or Gertrude if he could help it. One line of boats passed them going down stream, and presently met the one that was coming up, and the party of men in the first line of boats hailed those in the other, which fact Jack could see, but he could not hear what was being said for the distance was too great. The first line of boats turned around and they both proceeded up stream, one line on one side, and the other on the other side of the river evidently with the purpose of preventing Jack's escape.

"They will surely see us colonel." Whispered Gertrude hiding down in the bottom of the boat. "Do hide yourself too, they may begin to shoot again, and then you might get shot and killed."

"They've got to see us first Gertrude." I have been in tighter places than this many times and always got out of them, as this morning before I met you and the other little girls when I was in the boat with the great Abyssinkilian generals, and this afternoon when you came to my aid, and I'll get out of them."

Gertrude was reassured altogether though not relieved of her fears by Jack's confident manners and she kept her eyes on the four hundred boats watching for any movement that might indicate that any of the graycoats were going to use their muskets.

"I have learned one thing, and that there is considerable divisions of the enemy on this side of the river, and that we have got to look out for them or they will get us." Jack muttered to himself.

By this time the boats had gone on past the spot where the two Angelinians were but still in sight, and so Jack did not venture out. Late however when they had disappeared from view he pulled cautiously out and then headed across the river reaching the opposite side in safety but a considerable distance from the place where he had been captured, and where he had left his faithful steed. Gertrude's horse was also not accessible for in order to reach her they would have to go considerably out of their way either on foot or by water so Jack concluded the better way would be to keep to the river until the creek or the Christian line was reached, and then to turn in there. When Jack had at length got back to his regiments he found that they had retained their same position that the enemy were not attacking any more Evans line. The battle had ceased at all points for the night but not for Evans who had on being informed by glater about the stockade had an indescribable temptation to attack the stockade full of children, and so an hour after the glandelinians there, to the joy of the children were doing their best to hold back a force of several hundred men, which were attacking. The children were horribly disappointed for the enemy had a regular concealed works at this point, and all the few hundred soldiers were shot down. Evans learned from this that the stockade was not at all a fort only a prison containing the children, and that it was protected by a long line of works, and so he threw forward a immense column of troops commanded by thirteen generals, and these were thrown heavily upon the position in front of the stockade. For many hours the battle along this point raged furiously, and terrible was the slaughter within the Christian lines. Time and again the Christian assaults were repulsed with the loss of 10,000 fifteen to sixteen assaults being made and ten thousand falling every time.

General Evans at first after his sixteenth assault had been repulsed decided to cannonade the enemy's position but then he feared harm would come to the children from the exploding shells, and so making a strong demonstration in front, he crushed the rear of the glandelinians defending the position, while simultaneously a heavy force was hurled pell-mell upon the prison, the gates being smashed down, the palisades set on fire or hacked down, and the building captured before the glandelinians were even thrown out of their works. Scores of thousands of the glandelinians threw up their arms and begged for mercy, while others managed to escape, but none of them who escaped were able to carry off the children, the Christians rescuing them all. Two hundred thousand of the foe fell to that of the Christians one hundred ninety six thousand.

During the time that the assaults against the enemy's position at the stockade was in progress, a scout came in to report to general gladerlinia, who said that a large section of the force of glandelinians had gone up and the city of Beppo with the intention of destroying a large and long bridge well upon the Angelina River, and joining the main forces defending the works on the outskirts of Beppo, and also said that on the morrow Darger was going to launch the fiercest attacks on his main right wing. Darger thinks your force is much smaller than it really is. The scout declared. "And has included that to morrow it would be wiser to attack in all force himself, than to make a stand any further, and be attacked himself by a general force."

gladerlinia saw that if he did not send a force to the bridge and check them and his own lines would be in danger of complete defeat. So he then ordered all his available forces to march for the region of the bridge, and had general Evans his main assistant, and a general really higher than himself to take his nine divisions of Abyssinkilians, and two divisions of Angelinian cavalry, with the squadrons of Concentinian cavalry to the other side of the river by the ford he knew of, and to go down rapidly, and without any noise and to await Darger at the region of the bridge which was the river crossing of the Mc-Hollester and Pandora Railroad, and to assail him as fiercely as possible.

"Don't let him know that you are on the other side of the river general." Said gladerlinia. "And let your attack be a perfect surprise. I will follow you on the other side, and make plenty of noise to start him, and then you halt and light my fires, as if intending to remain..."

Your plans are very good general gladerlinia. Said general Jack Evans. "But while I will do the best I can you must join as soon as possible."

"I will join you in good time your excellency." Continued the great Christian general as he shook hands with his friend Evans.

Evans as sure as I make the attack a surprise you must hasten. "Advised Evans. "For if Darger knows I'm there he may go on and try to get over at some lower point. As for our general Francis Hanson Stevenson, he had arrived during the early part of the night he is going to attack the main works as I advised at Beppo, and will strike apparently at the same time."

He said something else, and then hearing other information from gladerlinia Evans concluded;

Very good general, and Darger shall not know anything until I attack him."

As they were about to start it being about four o'clock in the morning and still dark Gertrude Angelina with the vivian girls came riding into camp in a great hurry and said to general Evans;

"What do you think your excellency? The glandelinians under general Darger, and Hanson Van Stanek have set down the river in a hurry, and I think you won't see any chances of saving Beppo for they are already ahead of us."

"Good gracious." Gasped the general. "We must hurry. Sound the bugle." He called to his bugler. Then turning to her and the other little girls he said;

"You had better go along with us. You will be safe enough. We will go by the ford. But you are strictly under obligations to stay away from the firing line understand?"

"Oh no we won't dare go near the firing line." Answered the little girls. "It was just four thirty o'clock when the forces set out making their way across the number of fords, and then going down rapidly on the other side at different portions, but keeping out of sight and making no noise. The river at this point was narrow enough to fire across and the Abyssinkilian advance would have been seen if they had kept along the banks where there were good roads."

They kept a good way before them and at times between them, and the river however the artillery and cavalry taking up the rear. So swift was their advance that they had passed Darger who was resting a portion of his army for a time, but they would not stop, for they were able to move more rapidly than the enemy and so being sure of getting to the bridge ahead of them. Gertrude was with the Angelinian cavalry and very proud of being with such a jolly lot of fellows as the Angelinian cavalry. The others the Abyssinkilian and Concentinian cavalry were also very jolly and full of heart and merry for the children. They were at their breakfast which was eaten during the march and as they continued they were all of a sudden startled by the sound of heavy firing down the river, and knew that gladerlinia had followed. Baldwin had also come down with them on the opposite part of their side of the river being quite narrow here and as the enemy was in plain sight they were enabled to charge them several times though at great loss.

A number of dead destructive and well aimed broadsides of musketry miles long were fired in quick succession the enemy receiving a galling fire whole lines of the enemy being cut to pieces, and though repulsed the Angelinians kept up a long unendurable attack, but this all disgusted Baldwin who had hoped that his enemy would have continued his advance. Now he was sorry that he had attacked. And besides he could not get at his bull like enemy without a great massacre among his columns for now the foe had occupied a good part of the river, and though Baldwin launched charge after charge he was only repulsed with the loss of ten thousand every hour. The fierce fight was kept on for four hours without cessation that morning until four thousand had fallen on both sides, and then Darger's attackers being overwhelmed by too heavy forces that were last concentrated again at him was at last compelled to withdraw, and retreat to the other side. Darger then decided to continue the advance but leave a large force to oppose Baldwin and frustrate his movement. So after an hour's lull the battle with Baldwin was resumed with redoubled fury.

All this time the columns under general Jack Evans continued their advance not knowing of the fierce attack that Baldwin had made, and the delay caused by this, gave Jack Evans an hour's start ahead of the enemy for the bridge was already within sight of them though many miles away as yet. This same general Baldwin had also been a good friend of Violet and her sisters and he had also shown himself to be a great veteran fighter. Darger supposing that Baldwin also had been checked and not knowing of the other divisions of the Christian armies, which he believed had stopped advancing, and with no apparent intention of leaving his camp while engaged with his other forces, hurried on down the river, congratulating himself upon having gotten away so well and having as he supposed outwitted the Christians altogether. Meantime general Jack Evans and his whole force heard the severe firing, and as it was continued so long, and was added by a perfect salvoes of cannon and explosions, kept a sharp lookout for the other portion of Judas Darger's armies, hundreds of advancing savor cavalry men being posted on the river banks to watch for his coming and to give warning as soon as he appeared. Then came the signal from one of the cavalry men on the bank that a strange force of Zimmermannians was approaching swiftly on the other side or on the side of the banks they were on, and the Angelinians in the rear quickly extinguished all small fires they had made and then proceeded with the utmost caution so that their presence might not be detected, for they did not want to engage the enemy too soon especially on their own side. When they came to a point where they were obliged to go along the river they were ahead of the enemy, and here in immense forces they went at a walk being all out of sight by the time the Glandelinians appeared, and started to cross the stream by means of planks there also being pontoon bridges. It was better for the Glandelinians to keep along the river banks, and then they did not know they were being watched and proceeded by great Angelinian forces. Without the slightest noise the Christian forces pushed on rapidly some of the brave Christian soldiers being again left behind to keep watch on the enemy and to send word forward if the Glandelinians halted or changed their position and course in the line of advance, but no such thing happened as yet though the long and continuous firing was increasing steadily and seemed to spread more extensively and fairly make the ground tremble. But Baldwin himself and his greater force which were at first not in the action were also compelled into the action, but the forces under the general called Hanson were advancing at another point but not rapidly and the Abyssinkilian armies, but fast enough so that they would be sufficiently near to keep the latter in sight in case they would need help. Gertrude Angeline did not hurry on as the soldiers did but rested with Violet and her sisters in one of the baggage wagons which went on at an easy pace so that the little girls had all the chance to get all the sleep they wanted. They were used to taking things as they came, and it was no hardship for them however to travel in this fashion. Toward nine o'clock in the morning in broad daylight the Abyssinkilians rested in a body, general Judas Darger having rested also probably thinking that there was no danger of Baldwin following any further as he was checked by the bloody engagement. Indeed he was really checked but Hanson Stevenson was advancing and this he did not know. The Angelinian cavalry men made a temporary camp and kept a sharp lookout for enemies, not knowing who might come along and not wishing to take any risks. There were some of the boys on the road leading to the Jennie's bridge when someone was heard coming along on foot.

wonder who that can be at this time of day. "Thought one of the Angelinian soldiers whose whose name was Joseph and who was at the side of the road mounted on a roan. Harry Dagit on a sorrel not far distant and the sound of childish feet and judged that there was at least two children approaching. The children were taken to the rear of the line as soon as they came upon the men situated on the roads, and after the men had rested and embraced them fondly for several minutes, the poor but happy children having escaped from the Glandelinians who had been pursuing them. Eleven o'clock Jack's forces were in their strongest numbers at the bridge waiting for general Darger to come up with his forces of Angelinians. General Hanson Stevenson was further down the river with his force also with every apparent reason of remaining there, and not knowing evidently that Darger with his brave army of Glandelinians were marching and the great bridge. Wholly thinking he had gotten ahead of the Christians the Glandelinian general was rapidly making his way toward Lydia's bridge first with the intention of crossing them and then destroying them so Angelinians could not follow and then join the Glandelinian forces striking against the other Christian forces at Beppo and if winning, to destroy the Christian population they found in the city if they captured it. Darger found however that Lydia's bridge had been wrecked by the Angelinians and so he hurried for Jennie's bridge. General Darger had not the slightest suspicion that he was awaited by a large force of Abyssinkilians, the march of the Abyssinkilian armies on the other side of the river having been rapid and silent, and it seemed that a great crisis was in store for him.....

The Abyssinkilians and Angelinian forces were drawn up in regular order but the advancing enemy did not and could not see them until they were almost upon the Abyssinkilians and then it indeed was too late to retreat. Darger would have liked to retreat, for he was outwitted even though he had not as yet begun an assault but in his various position Darger had no idea of retreating when he was confronted by a much larger force which would then pursue so furiously as to cause utter destruction and so he deemed it wiser to attack the Christians though they were Abyssinkilians, than suffer the disaster that would follow if he allowed himself to be attacked. Darger realized that he or his army would never cross that bridge if the Christians were not only fierce Abyssinkilians, but outnumbered ten to one. He sees that he must fight to make his escape. He also realized that Hanson Stevens was also advancing and that almost the whole Christian army excepting Glandelinians and Baldwins were assembled at the foot of the bridge and all there in wedge formation to dispute his passage. Darger could have indeed hoped to succeed against overwhelming numbers if they had been Angelinians, as the Angelinians really were no match for the ordinary He-Gollestinians and Zimmermannians which he had in his army. But they were almost barbarians in redcoats which his men confronted, a savage mob of fighters that would appall the devils in hell themselves. The bridge was very long and nine hundred feet broad, and after strong cannonading to cover the attack to be made, the Glandelinians pouring forth their bloodcurdling devil yells made a vigorous onslaught on the stream, the Abyssinkilians suddenly pouring in a withering fire across the bridge which swept all before it cutting down every single man, but along other points Darger's men were increasing in numbers faster and faster, and the Abyssinkilians screaming like wild cattle counter charged cutting their way through the Glandelinian columns, and the Glandelinian leaders soon realized that they were completely outnumbered, and dispatchers were at once sent asking Darger to hurry to the main force not engaging Baldwin, saying that they themselves had been suddenly counter attacked and by heavy numbers of Abyssinkilians. To hold the bridge the Angelinian officers in command of the Abyssinkilians saw that they must, and this they did while general Evans was hurrying toward all his artillery, and so the Angelinians continued to dispute every inch of ground with the fury of demons themselves, and amid the terrific slaughter on both sides, while the Abyssinkilians were cutting their way through the Glandelinian wave. The battle did not rage altogether on the bridge as the enemy had no hopes of crossing it at all as it would be as already seen soon when the first column was annihilated, but engaged on the opposite banks of the river the Glandelinians charging across the creek time and again in terrible numbers only to be decimated and driven back by the Abyssinkilians. Nevertheless the poor Angelinians fought themselves despite all their endeavors to seek cover from the enemy's killing fire were mowed down in columns, but though they suffered terribly they held their ground, while another regular tug of war happened on the bridge again as the Abyssinkilians pushed across in overwhelming numbers.

It was a fearful struggle and hundreds of the ambulances were kept on the run while thousands of wounded who were so badly hurt that they could not return to the fight were dragged off by their glandelinian comrades who had the chance of doing some acts of mercy before joining in the fight themselves. The whole scene became a smoky inferno. The dead fairly choked the creek itself and lay in monstrous piles on the bridge, the enemy on the opposite banks increasing the terrible carnage by opening fire at once with a perfect chain of gathling guns raking the christian line like a comb does through a head of hair and repulsing the Abyssinkilians with horrible loss. But still while the Angolinians were holding firm by despite their own losses despite the terrific destruction among their lines general Evans hurried forward his fierce Continentians, and heavier concentration was made, and while the Abyssinkilians pushed forward across the creek the fire along the line of christian artillery was simply dreadful and annihilating. In the midst of all this withering torture of hell from the christian artillery the glandelinians had fallen back a short distance, while Evans by mere force had succeeded in pushing the Abyssinkilians clear onto the bridge, pressing on his boys in overwhelming numbers, and never before did general Evans see such a desperate hand to hand fight as this. Darger fully realized that he would not be able to hold out any longer without sacrificing his whole force of troops to the christian annihilating fire, but then from the pressure behind from coming reinforcements he was not able to get them to retreat, and there was immediately a conglomeration of confusion. He realized also that if the Abyssinkilians would cross that bridge he would be flanked. Soon a sound which filled him with more hope and which was heard despite the terrific discharge of musketry and artillery and even above the worse than devilish yells of the Abyssinkilians, and he realized it was the advance of his other force. Being reinforced the enemy had increased their terrific fire and all this while also fully realizing that reinforcements were also coming for the christians, he threw forward about a million men at once which charged the Abyssinkilians with the roar and fury of a tornado and for a few minutes the slaughter hand to hand was too indescribable to write, but at one portion of the field the glandelinians had really swept back a force of Abyssinkilians ten to their one in the greatest confusion, but bad luck to Darger the Abyssinkilians had forced their way clear across the bridge with the force of a wedge of iron having the whole thing in their possession, and back at this point in the wildest panic the enemy were thrown all out to pieces having been torn in tatters as their flanks were turned and galled by a cross fire, and the glandelinians then even trying to rally were crushed to fragments and routed with the loss of thirteen generals. At the point where the Abyssinkilians had been driven back Jack Evans hurled forward the three divisions of christian cavalry and they fairly trampled the glandelinians under the hoofs of their horses. In this frightful melee with the Glandelinian infantry and christian cavalry, though the cavalry loss was really insignificant, poor Jack Evans was wounded seriously and so were treated by Gertrude Angeline and Violet and her sisters who mourned the loss as he really was beyond medical aid. The Glandelinians were not willing to allow themselves to be worsted his way and receiving that it was general Evans who was mortally wounded, they rallied, and by the very vigor of their renewed assault hoped to carry the day. The result was fearful to behold. Forward came the big wave of glandelinians, back they went to their own lines a mere handful of survivors. This ceased the contest for a while. Baldwin himself however did not have as much luck as expected. A portion of his works had been captured when the battle along his lines was renewed, he himself was seriously wounded, and his right wing was crushed to fragments and routed and it was only the Omarians who attacked him too Darger having brought the best of his force with the intention of crossing the bridge. Had the Zimmermannians attacked Baldwin instead of Evans probably Baldwin would have ran so fast with his army that he would have reached the end of the boundary line in a few hours. While his aiding general who took his place was flinging thousands upon thousands upon the enemy amid the greatest slaughter ever seen he himself fell dangerously wounded.

Indeed the enemy had made a terrific assault on Baldwin's men attacking all in one long line simultaneously and with fury indescribable and general Hallia who took the other fallen generals place saw his own officers go down in scores upon scores. The firing along his lines resembled the discharge of cannons from the bowels of the earth itself so loud was the din of the crashing musketry, and when his heaviest cannons joined in almost simultaneously all along the line the guns made a such a concussion that the surviving generals themselves could hardly keep to their feet the ground shook so.

General Hanson SE Stevens knowing that Evans had too big a force to even engage Darger all at once, and knowing that Evans could not even be forced, decided to reinforce Baldwin and so came to his support and as his lines concentrated the terrific christian fire being redoubled caused such terrific havoc that the glandelinians went down in thousands as fast as they came on. General Jack Sanders of the christians was killed by a bursting shell, and Jack Anderson, and Henry Hanson were mortally wounded as they strove to regain the position they had lost and while the other generals and cavalry were trying to rally the routed wing, the glandelinians came in a headlong fury and filled the whole scene into an inferno of firing. It first who could imagine the delight of all the christian children who in their prisons which had been stockades captured by the foe who could see the battle, when they had suddenly saw the christian forces advancing so far, and what was their sorrow and disappointment and fear when they saw the enemy along Baldwin's portion come off victorious and carry all before them, just before Stevenson arrived to repel them Hanson Stevens having been killed just as he entered the conflict with the foe. They had not heard anything of the other conflict which had happened so far away, of or the two separate conflicts the two previous days, and thought that no christians would come to their aid. But when they saw Stevens's christian forces were advancing the children were delighted and only sorrow and fear came when the forces of Hanson Stevens were defeated by the enemy despite being in overwhelming numbers against the glandelinians, and when Manley Jon Johnson. Sladerlinia had threatened Beppo with the main part of his forces twelve miles away and started and finished the engagement then a messenger came riding up to him and handed him a note which read:

Your excellency general gladerlinia;
Need reinforcements badly. Enemy have annihilated one of Baldwin's wings, Baldwin is wounded, his successor killed, and his army in danger of being crushed to fragments. All his officers are down. He was hard pressed and fiercely engaged when I came and even Hanson Stevens is dead. If reinforcements do not arrive within another hour the new enemy will annihilate Baldwin's army though overwhelming in numbers against the enemy as it is. Darger has been moving southward and have been defeated disgracefully by Evans at Jan Jennies bridge. Another army of glandelinians under Manley Jon Johnson have come up from the south and immediately attacked the armies under Baldwin and the other two generals, annihilating whole brigades and driving the survivors back. Hurry please, and for gods sake, before the other force attacks for if you don't the christian force will be annihilated. If you think you cannot reinforce him in time order his army to at least withdraw and leave the christian armies alone.

Yours truly,
General Hanson
Stevensen."

Sladerlinia had read it with surprise and disgust as well and then another messenger came up saying that Darger's main army had withdrawn from attacking him as he realized the position could not be carried, and that he had turned around and was advancing northward again to give Baldwin's battle. Baldwin's army in battle in full force and cross the river by that point. If this was successful all would be lost. By some it was decided to recall him. Immediately he rode up to general Hamptons headquarters.

"Your excellency general Hamptons," said gladerlinia;
"A part of my army is engaged with a portion of Darger's at Beppo, and other places as well and I cannot spare a man. The Abyssinkilians under Evans have crossed the bridge themselves, but the enemy at another point are pressing Baldwin back. If he is not rescued or withdrawn all will be lost. And even if I withdraw Baldwin the enemy will cross the creek and my army will be beaten."
"Engage Darger all you can," was Hamptons abrupt answer. "I'll go myself and give help to Baldwin. In the meantime warn your superior general Jack Evans."

At this little time was lost in getting ready to meet Darger, and with gladerlinia at their head the first wing of the Angelinians went forward at a rattling gate. The hundreds of thousands of men all made a fine appearance as they advanced, and soon they were assaulting the works at Beppo defended by Zimmermannians and Omarians. The main columns of the Glandelinians had already arrived and pushed forward to repel the advance of the Christians. The Angelinians however enraged by their former losses at the angle were determined to cause the Glandelinians all the havoc they could and gladerlinia at once ordered them to charge as soon as he was in action.

"Give it to them Omarians and Zimmermannians and Curdes general Camillia" Said gladerlinia whose men had first met the advance of the enemy reinforcements and having cut them to pieces, when they counter charged and had behaved themselves most gallantly.

"Very good sir." Answered general Camillia and on went his men at a whirlwind pace.

"Charge men." Shouted gladerlinia himself as he waved his sabre "Give it to God's enemies. Scatter them all you can."

The Angelinians quickly rushed forward and within fifteen minutes the whole line was surging forward and as the order rang a o along the line to open fire with when they came within musket shot range of the foe who can imagine or describe the din of musketry which rolled along the whole advancing line of Christian Christians. The whole Christian front extended for four miles seemed to roll forward clouds of thick smoke and darting sheets of fire and countless gaps were seen in the enemy's lines when the smoke had cleared away, and long lines of men dressed like Tripoligon lians and Dandobians were seen to be falling back slowly and their own bloody firing did not seem to waver in the least. 100,000 of the foremost of the brave Angelinians rushed on in an impetuous charge surging over the enemy's work works, and the Glandelinians at this point strong in numbers as they were and seeming to be literal giants in size were compelled to fall back before the irresistible pressure of the immense Christian columns. X Coming to the support of the Glandelinians however were girlish looking men by swarms, there being a series of horrible volleys of musketry for many long miles and the Christians were mowed down in thousands upon thousands, and the rest of the charging bodies of Angelinians were compelled to halt and then their own lines seemed to flash fire and smoke thus again causing the reinforcing Glandelinians to recoil, but being pressed by those behind behind the enemy were forced to go on. The gallant fellows under Camillia had held their ground stubbornly against the Omarians and fierce Zimmermannians for some time but were at last obliged to fall back, despite being superior in numbers to that of the enemy.

The Angelinians under Camillia had fought well however and it was no disgrace to fall back even against inferior numbers for one Glandelinian was as good as ten to one of an Angelinian. But Camillia was soon reinforced and he resumed his side of the conflict with terrific and ever increasing fury. General Jake Marcus had during the time set out to reconnoiter intending to go through a pass and see what kind of an advance the furious enemy was making. Reaching the pass he found that it was not occupied, and there were no defenses for the enemy or to prevent the enemy from coming on and that one of the most important points in the entire line of defense had been neglected.

"Something must be done." He said to himself and then halting on a high ground he saw the gleam of silken gray uniforms and bayonets and knew that the enemy were approaching in great numbers. All this while the sound of the most terrific firing in the neighborhood of the Angelinian river where general Gannon was posted was heard, and general Jake Marcus knew that the battle was increasing. Urging forward his steed, he rode back to his own line, with all speed, and aroused his men sending a few to inform gladerlinia of some of the threatened danger, and taking the rest to defend the pass aided by general Sander Mulby who just arrived and reported that general Darger was assaulting gladerlinia's position with all his might and main and that the battle was already lost. The Abyssinkilians reached the pass none too soon for the enemy were already about to enter it. Marcus posted about fifty thousand of his men behind a low stone wall, while he advanced with the rest of his three hundred thousand to meet the Omarians. Already the sound of firing had increased and now the green and gray coats began pressing forward in a rush and firing heavy volleys as they came on. General Saunders bore the beautiful beautiful Christian colors amid the dreadful carnage and was the proudest general of all the troop as he advanced waving them over the heads of his brave men who followed. The Angelinians advanced steadily, resolving to check the enemy until reinforcements

arrived and returned the enemy's fire with destructive effect. General Darger stood at one side while the surviving Angelinians steadily advanced close behind the stone wall watching them closely. On and on came the enemy in great numbers, the finest troops of Glandelinia Glandelinia of whom all were veterans and indeed Jake Marcus saw that it would be impossible for his brave men reckless as they were to hold them back. Indeed the great struggle was a most fearful one. General Saunders bore the beautiful flag bravely and did not observe that general Jake Marcus had ordered the Angelinians to fall back, the deafening din of the fight preventing him from obeying the order given. The Angelinians steadily but slowly fell back and as the enemy had carried the pass and general Jake Marcus was obliged to ask for help to prevent his army from being annihilated. General Jake Marcus' divisions continued to retreat keeping up a clattering fire and as reinforcements were seen coming on at a rush they took defense behind a rocky ledge of ground on the plains where the enemy would be fully exposed, resolving to dispute every inch of ground and not to give way now no matter at the cost for this would bring on disaster. And yet no aid was coming to him. The enemy was looking out for that.

Though most of the army within half an hour had already taken itself behind the defenses the others had not as yet got to the walls of stone, and suddenly amid the dreadful carnage a shot struck Darger and he was seen to fall, the beautiful flag with the picture or emblem of the sacred Heart of Jesus Christ trailing upon the ground. At that moment all the stragglers, thousands of them who had not yet reached the shelter of the works were seen to drop in a body. A few escaped the lips of more than tens of thousands of the Angelinians they saw such a number of their plucky fellows fall at once, and they already been about to go to their assistance. General Jake Marcus hurried the other straggling bodies on, and then as they fell like sheep in an execution, he himself fell severely wounded in the shoulder, and wounded as he was he saw another general who acted as a color bearer also wounded and resolved to save him at all costs, and as wounded as he was, he flew across the open space toward general Saunders, who was lying on the ground, not having been killed only wounded. The Glandelinians in a solid tidal wave were pressing on in the face of a withering fire which tore their lines to fragments, determined to capture the colors thus have something to make fun of and to boast about the expense of the Angelinians "Rebels" as they called the brave Christians though why they called "Rebels" is not really mentioned. The Angelinians watched with the greatest anxiety knowing how much depended upon his reaching the wounded general in time. Jack or Jake Marcus fairly flew, the enemy firing forward eagerly firing volleys along their whole line incessantly. There was not a man who did not see general Marcus's brave attempt to reach the sacred colors and all sent up a prayer for safety of the general as he flew across the open space with the bullets whistling dangerously close to him. The Glandelinian troops were almost upon the wounded general as general Marcus raised him, lifting him to his shoulders, seized the flag and ran for the stone wall. The Christians fired fiercely all along their line as the gray coats advanced, and just as they were aiming at general Marcus to shoot him. It was general Marcus's bravest deed and now the Angelinians and Abyssinkilians cheered as he ran toward the stone wall bearing general Saunders across the shoulders and waving the colors triumphantly. The colors were saved and the Angelinians amid the deafening din of renewed firing volleys from both sides cheered with all their might as they witnessed the brave deed of their general.

General Saunders was borne to the rear where he could be taken care of while the Angelinians defended their position with all their might firing and fighting as fast as they knew how. There was indeed an overwhelming force contend with however and the Glandelinian generals saw that they were indeed unable to capture the position in the face of such numbers, although their men were brave and though while advancing the enemy had the advantage of every protection afforded them the Angelinians had literally moved down every line that appeared through the pall of smoke. General Darger had come up during the meanwhile at hearing of general Stevensons escape, so made a detour reached the pass in the afternoon, the firing in the neighborhood of the Angelinian river being done by Gannon's long line of artillery and artillery to keep off the attention of the Glandelinians from any danger at Jennie's bridge, and to hold off their assaults as well. But nevertheless Emmet Darger and the others made a fierce and bloody fight but were under orders not to advance in general until the sound of firing from Gannon's orchards and Sardinia Run showed that Emmet had forced the pass.

The Angelinians when which Jake Marcus had led into the pass as well stated before had done their duty well but as it had seemed impossible to get troops in time the enemy had carried it though at frightful loss, for the retreat was only a feint a portion of Marcus men having moved around entering the other end of the pass and the enemy thus trapped were given no quarter by the fierce Abyssinkilians who fell upon them at the other portion of the pass and the thirty thousand glandelinians were massacred.

If the enemy also could capture the position facing the widely exposed plain then ask Gaten and his host to force his way into heaven.

Meanwhile the fight along the portion of the Angeline river three miles away waxed hotter and hotter Gannons men fighting valorously against the Omarians, Omarrians, and zimernannians, who were obliged to at last recoil and during the retreat many thousands of the glandelinians were shot down in the swamps of gardinia Run while attempting to make a desperate stand, but nevertheless great numbers succeeded in getting away before the rising ocean tide of the Abyssinkilian surges cut them off. Ten times the glandelinians struck in the same fashion against constantine Gannons force of Abyssinkilians and ten times they were swept back as scum before the storm wave.

Beppo indeed was a desultory battle or a succession of separate and bloody conflicts Angelinia's Gettysburg as it was afterwards called. At another point the battle had raged with greater fury, especially during the assaults of gladerlinias Calverinians on little white roseanna hill. This Abyssinkilian force was commanded by Francis Hanson. This general seeing that the enemy's line in front of him though storming with musketry fire and artillery in their fiercest discharges did not dare to make an advance decided to make an advance himself and capture that portion of the enemy's position at White Roseanna hill. He sent all his main columns upon this glandelinian position. Six hundred gathling guns and cannons of centimeters and kruppt guns and heavy calibre cannon were captured by the Abyssinkilians before they could be primed to open a single broadside, so swift was the Abyssinkilian rush, but another line of cannon at a different portion of the hill opened a storming fire upon the other portion of the advancing Abyssinkilian columns under Evansville Hero, while general Richard Logan at another point who had drove back the foe along his own line of advance captured a park of artillery which had not as yet been unlimbered for use. He and the gunners placed them in position unlimbered them and swept the remaining portion of the enemy's lines with a perfect stream of canister added by shells, and grapeshot, covering the continued charge of the Abyssinkilians. As his guns opened fire it seemed to him at first that he swept down all the glandelinians within his view. General Carter Harrison had simultaneously assembled his whole force and announced in stentorian tones;

"Men there lies the beautiful city of Beppo where thousands of hundreds of poor defenseless people are in danger from these cruel invaders. I want you men in honor of the dead children already slain by the cruel glandelinians to help charge the enemy on those salients over yonder, to go into them hard and make them respect the flag of Angelinia and its designs."

The whole force gave a hearty cheer that was fairly deafening and while shots were whistling a, all about him Carter drew his sabre flourished it in the air and advanced forward with his stern Abyssinkilian forces. Then he gave the command to charge and what a charge it was. The enemy fairly plowed their columns through and through with shot and shell, but on up to the works rushed the big swarms of survivors and over went many scores of thousands never to return. The glandelinian musketry fire, and cannonading was most terrific. The glandelinians met the christian force with such stern resistance that some of the Abyssinkilian divisions had to withdraw from the enemy's salients but took post behind a strong rocky glen and commenced pouring a terrific destructive fire into the gray lines mowing them down in whole columns. General Carter had been wounded twice during the early part of the struggle, but his wounds were slight, and he retained his command and ordered his men to keep up their terrific fire.

The Glandelinians though assailed fiercely elsewhere were pressing forward at this point where the christians had taken defense behind the rocky ledges of the large glen coming on in long straight lines toward Carters strong position and no one could imagine even how Carters Angelinians even how their wounded general could survive the sharp withering fire storm of the enemy's musketry that swept over their works, the firing being so severe that it cut grass like a lawn mow, even splitting the blades of grass

between the crax cracks on top of the stone wall, the minnies moan in a furious deafening screaming concorsy concert as they were picking off victims by many hundreds per second now. The glandelinians yelling incessantly came on furiously but the Angelinians waited until all the whole of the enemy were well within range and then the immense stony glen seemed to turn into a blasting furnace, as the christians let loose a great rattling storm of musketry, and the whole gray line withering to fragments. The fire the second wave of glandelinians did not seem to heed for they charged up to the very works and assailed the christians furiously hand to hand but they were repulsed however with their second line crushed to fragments, leaving many of their dead and wounded behind. In the meantime general parger had fallen mortally wounded on the main part of the battle all where general Sidney Schmalldt had made a fierce and desperate counter attack rolling up general pag Dargers left wing, and crushing it out of existence entirely, while the right was also driven in and the center overwhelmed. However the center stood its ground to the very last and retreated when night fell to close the scene of carnage, a having killed the christians in thirty desperate onslaughts, which the christians made on their crippled and cut up lines. The christians lost about ten thousand during those thirty charges.

In the meantime despite contending against overwhelming numbers the glandelinians still attacked but Hanson Stevenson who took command in Evans place was restoring order all over, and so the Angelinians were holding their ground like St Michael the Archangel did against a devil and his angels and during the frightful carnage general Stevenson saved a note stating that his left wing was overwhelmed, and that violet ether sisters had betrayed the christians to the enemy, and he knew a note made him furious for he knew it to be a black handed lie for they were with him right by his side all the time the battle had raged, and decided to find out who the writer was and send him in disgrace to the mad prison as a slanderer on little children. To think that any one should accuse general Vivians beautiful daughters of turning against their father and God through either meanness or cowardice, when they were with him all the time giving him all the information about the enemy as they knew and even warning him by flag sig' signals when a point was about to be seized by the assailants, and then to rush in the gap themselves at the risk of their lives and cause them to rally and drive back the enemy. He bravely tore up the letter and threw all the fragments all around, and gave orders to his officers to watch out for the writer for he believed it was a real glandelinian spy who had written this just to cause him to have the little girls put out of the army so that he could take them himself and probably give them up to the glandelinian generals to be slain.

One of the officers came dashing up and announced to general Stevenson that a large force of the assaulting enemy had taken possession of christian works on their extreme right, and that the enemy were again assaulting the other parts of the christian line with terrible violence. This news was certainly astonishing. Also the officers said that the enemy had received heavy reinforcements under a general called Germanniesin and that Germanniesins right wing under Lions power was already moving forward to flank his whole army and capture the christian trenches full of the children rescued recently from the enemy by Evans. This news certainly startled general Stevenson to the quick. It was not only the danger of the helpless children but if his right wing failed to hold its ground the enemy would be enabled to sweep back his fire line before help could come to him and then his part of the battle Beppo would be lost, and all the children rescued before by general Stevenson be recaptured and murdered. General Stevenson instantly realized the great danger to the christian line and sent general Jack Baldwin who was with him over there with all his force and under instructions to hold the enemy and hold his ground at all costs. In the meantime the children were in the yards of the stables sitting in groups around the officers, listening to the intense firing in the distance never fearing of the danger which was threat threatening them. It was about four thirty in the afternoon when one of the little boys came running from the gate and told the officer who he met that a great swarm of men was wearing graycoats were coming.

He understod the childre simple words well enough, and to him it seemed too late for the graycoats were already swarming through the gates and the panic that ad seized the children was beyond control. But then the men seemed not to be hostile though all were gently seized and carried away while the rest of the thousands burned the stocakdes down. But over the fields on the opposite fields suddenly came the gleam of other columns of graycoats but whose uniforms were of a different gray, and these rushed headlong toward the graycoats who had the children and who wore on horses by this time, and off they dashed after firing a storming volley that brought the other party of graycoats down by the hundreds.

"On, on and away as quick as possible with the children," shouted the leader furiously. "Hurry before the rest comes up."

Away the whole party dashed but the other graycoats came on with fury and those who did not have the children were forced to make charge after charge for four hours in a pandemonium of slaughter routing the persue persuers time and again only to be pressed hard by the others who were coming on in terrible numbers. Suddenly other parties of graycoats similar in color to those who had the children appeared in the direction those who had the children were heading for and these were armed and primed and opened fire others caving up with gathling guns and opening a fire that mowed down 2,700 men on the persueing side, and as they tried to come on mowed down 5,678 more. The glandelinians returned the fire and mowed down 8,378 of the other graycoats.

To the children it appeared as if it were a fight between two forces of glandelinians trying to take the captured children from one or the other, but suddenly a mighty swarm of purple coats appeared on the retreat ing graycoats who had the children and dashing upon them the leading graycoat suddenly wheeled his horse and waving his sabre shouted, "On my brave Angelinians. Down with the glandelinians. We have saved the children and we mean to keep them safe. Forward go into the glandelinian persuers hard."

Indeed those wearing gray were Calverinians who had seized the children but the glandelinians had come up too soon to allow time for the galver inians to get back to their main line without trouble, and they had fought hard to recapture the children from the rescuers. General Baldwin as he dashed on with the other graycoats and purple coats together was thinking of his schooldays when he was achild himself among thousands of oth other innocent childre children, and remembered when he first saw ans and defended violet and her sisters from some raffians when wee little girls only three to four years old. And the thought that the children had been in danger from murdering glandecinins glandelinians made his hatred indoecriable.

The charge he made carried all before it but in the dreadful carnage and while the christian columns crushed the enemys persueing line to fragments, the glandelinians deliberately showed them that they would have the children in their possession and did too slaughtering not all of them but the Angelinians also numbering forty thousand, another christian column of fifty one thousand had been reduced to one thousand and Baldwin himself was among the severely and most dangerously wounded, the glandelinians also having captured thousands of prisoners and him also. So at times it does prove that the enemies of god can and do have the upper hand once in a while especially when the Angelinians are so rash as to try anything within the heart of their very lines. In the meantime the battle reopened furiously on Luckwicks center the glandelinians attack ing stubbornly in the face of the heaviest fire of artillery and the carnage was now most terrific. The struggle was very obdurate and bloody but the glandelinians at this point had succeeded in hurling the left of the central wing out of its position crushed to fragments, the enemy having made in one half hour four great onslaughts in which there occurred the greatest slaughter that Stevenson himself had ever witnessed. The glandelinians in coming on had gathered in great numbers and swept up to the very muzzles of the christian cannon hurling back their whole line at this point and turning the captured guns on them. Recovering their formation the brave Glandelinian columns giving forth their horrible "Devil yells" continued to sweep forward in the face of a destructive withering fire. The glandelinians in assaulting the other section sections of the wing were mowed down by thousands but on, and on, they pressed with rush and roar of blazing musketry and the clash of steel on steel. All along the christian line the firing had become frightful by this time, and the destruction among the assaulting lines more dreadful, that at the point where they had succeeded, but this only maddened the brave survivors clean through, and desiring only revenge they again swept up to the very muzzles of the guns, and though mowed down in myriads were soon swarming over the breastworks.

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the enemy themselves as they swept over the works kept up a withering blaze of musketry all along their line point blank, and now the slaughter of the poor christian soldiers was more frightful..... Division after division of the christians were rushed into the positions to reinforce the endangered lines, ready bended backwards by the pressure, and these new comers met the foe with the most stubborn fury yelling like demons themselves.... The smoke became blinding, and an incessant roar of firearms and artillery was heard at other points of the line, and this was an unfold told warning warning that Baldwin's left wing was again assaulted by the glandelinians furiously that it was threatened with destruction. The christians holding their ground at this point were under a most destructive fire from the enemys assaulting lines which galled their lines frightfully, and the whole scene of battle along this point was like an immense forest fire there was so much powder smoke. The enemy seeing general general pismarks christians mortified, made one sweeping charge after another in quick succession, and slaughts of such violence and desperation that the whole left wing of Stevenson's army was fairly shattered and cut up. The fury of the enemys slaughts was awful, and the whole christian line was driven into fearful confusion and broken into many parts... Such a scene as witnessed could never be correctly described..... Among the whole confused christian army, thousands of horses reared and plunged, men were in a tumultuous mixup as the whole line crushed an' and mangled was displaced in many parts. But still it was not retreating. Bismark knew that it would be fatal to make retreat while his troops were in such confusion, and then it would take more than an hour for the officers to reform them again.

At this critical time general Henry George Mc-Hollester with over 114,555 men had arrived with Mc-Hollester Haddoninnian and general Francis with other forces, and these stood their ground against the wicked glandelinians, who suddenly made a regular sledge hammer onslaught, and these three armies deployed in three immense columns still held their ground and stubbornly, while general pismark and his officers made desperate efforts to rally his men..... An hour passed and they were not fully organized yet, and then at this moment the three other columns had been completely crushed and swept out of the way, and again the glandelinian huns struck pismark a stunning blow with all their force, but general pismark gave such fierce resistance that this time the glandelinians suffering from a murderous fire from a million muskets, and from walls of boiling bayonets and pikes, that the glandelinians though refusing to be pushed had to relent in their pressure just the same and generals pismark and general Henry Madonna were wounded.

Condition along the left wing of the christian line was indeed critical. Fifteen hundred thousand Angelinians were defending the works with three thousand three hundred cannon out of six thousand which they had only retaken,, but twenty hundred thousand glandelinians were on at a rush that seemed entirely overwhelming. It seemed at first possible for the Angelinians to hold their ground despite their own overwhelming numbers. Yelling like fiends the glandelinians charged up again and again to the very christian guns only to have their lines crumbled before the iron hail of cannon. Thousands swarmed over the breastworks but the Angelinian sharpshooters picked them off, in their numbers committing horrible slaughter indeed. Part of the glandelinian columns at such frightful carnage were compelled to fall back leaving windrows of dead wounded and dying on the ground outside the works. At the main columns of the enemy continued the assault, all the cannon mowing the christian works blazing away again and again increasing the carnage among the foe but the enemy only enraged by their losses rallied after each repulse and came rushing forward again.

In the meantime the large forces of the enemy had been renewing their sledge hammer onslaughts on Stevensons center, and to make matters worse great forces had come down upon its rear the christian army being placed between two fires. The carnage was murderous, the christians being slaughtered in whole divisions per hour, shells exploding everywhere, and the yelling was deafening. With their bayonets and pikes assaulting columns in front cut up the center driving the survivors upon bayonets of the others in the rear, and their leader being wounded he was forced to order a retreat.

It took a long while for the surviving Angelinian columns to retreat through the fierce gauntlet of glandelinians, fighting stubbornly as they were fairly paving the ground with many thousands of dead and wounded glandelinians. Stevenson and Stevenson had in the meantime hurled reinforcements to the crushed and mangled center, and they were soon rallied and the struggle soon became more stubborn. The furious glandelinians however could not be checked their onslaught being so irresistible, and the whole

center having been completely crushed to fragments and driven into incurable confusion was impossible to be rallied so the other christian forces had to contend with the assailants alone. The slaughter was not war but murder. General Stevenson himself had been wounded but he was able to retain command and strove with might and main to rally his shattered center, but in vain, the enemy charging with sledge hammer force, and relieving such a fire of musketry and canister canister that hundreds of thousands of trees in the way of the line of charge were riddled by the storm of lead, and so terrific was the slaughter along their lines that some confusion ensued among the gray columns but they speedily rallied as the confusion of the christian center increased. The whole center had extended for three miles and the whole length besides the whole vast plains plains along side of it was fairly covered with dead and wounded glandelinians alone.

All to this a critical danger was added by a disaster on galdwins right. The whole right had been rolled up with one of its main divisions annihilated and general Raffaello was wounded with two other generals graves and Wye k Wyekoff Seemann. At this point where the enemy was assaulting with such terrific fury they were over one million three hundred thousand strong, while four hundred thousand more were coming on swiftly to reinforce them. The battle raged along this wing with the most murderous fury, Baldwin Gordon throwing in all his rear reserves ordering them to go in on the right and left of the right wing, and to hold their ground at all costs. The conflict was general all along the line, the continued onslaught of the enemy being resumed with greater fury than ever, and at last the new columns were even pressed back from their position and thrown into utmost confusion. General Hanson himself being engaged with a great force of onz garian gurdas suffered fearful losses in the struggle, but his men despite all the confusion around them held their ground as if it depended on the safety of their souls, and fought with dreadful fury, their artillery keeping up a frightful roar, though one large column of Glandelinians after another pushed forward in solid lines, and with bloody fury, and with bloodcurdling yells threw themselves against the christian lines and amid the crash and roar of musketry and cannon hundreds of masses fairly tumbled into the christian lines. Hanson Hanson however had overwhelming numbers, but nevertheless suffered such heavy loss that he was obliged to retreat. Under a withering fire all along the enemy's lines the retreat was started but soon became a stampede, the glandelinians charging their shattered line and sweeping forward with terrible fury. Scores of columns of the retreating Angelinians were literally reduced into heaps of dead and wounded.

To add to this another large force of the fierce Glandelinians under general Jimmie Gammon had attacked the main rear of the retreating right wing, making charge upon charge upon the christians and keeping up the terrific confusion among their lines. At every charge made by the glandelinians, the christians were driven further and further back, the whole of this portion of the glandelinian army having concentrated in fore force against Stevenson and advancing with the fury of a hurricane. General Mc-Hollester's army had long before this in endeavoring to make another stand was threatened with annihilation, the glandelinians having pressed him back simultaneously, and twenty of his brave divisions of men had been shattered almost to fragments, and the ten divisions consisting of the christian center had been completely wiped out of existence. All of the cannon of galdwins army now under Stevenson had been captured by the enemy the roar of the captured artillery fairly shaking the tops of the trees in the region of the firing-line.

In endless fury one charge followed another, the glandelinians encouraged to the utmost by their successes pressing upon the shattered and crumbling lines of christians, the shrieks of agony being terrible while the discharge of musketry on both sides, and of the artillery in possession of the foe mingled with the constant yelling made a frightful tumult of sounds. Everywhere shells were exploding and the smoke hung over the battle ground like a great fog. The whole of Stevensons line was slowly but surely yielding their ground shamefully before inferior numbers, and now it seemed as if the battle was lost, and Stevenson did not believe that general gladerlinia had any intention to send him any assistance. General Gammon was the first to withdraw his forces being enraged and sullen, and though he had crashed upon the enemy in a murderous counter charge he was repulsed in that attack, and the enemy returned such a sweeping charge that Gammons army also was crushed to fragments and Gammon badly wounded. Indeed general Stevensons whole army was in danger of being completely routed, and it was only the desperate stand of the other forces that prevented the disaster.

Nevertheless for Stevenson a retreat was the only thing for his defeated army and the darkness of the night seemed to favor this materially. W Stevensons army had hundreds of thousands of boats and indeed it was late when his forces began their retreat across the stream some by land, and others by marching and crossing bridges a made from boats everything was conducted in the most strickest silence, and without slightest confusion, the troops of Angelinians taking all the baggage nearly all the artillery not captured by the enemy, very little being left behind. There were over five hundred thousand Angelinians that were across over (There being over 2,000,000 in galdwins command alone before the engagement began with the enemy) in addition to baggage and artillery but the boats were more larger than any of our sailboats and well manned by many oarsmen. Toward midnight all the troops, horses, provisions, artillery, ammunition and so on were crossed over, and little left behind for the enemy, this being only what the enemy had captured during the battle and the centimeters and kruppt guns, which were too monstrous to be carried over in so short a time. General Stevenson who at one of the ferries superintending every movement sent an aid to go forward all the big army of troops who had covered his retreat, and who had not crossed, but the aid made a mistake giving the message to general gladerlinia as well although this general was supposed to remain at the lines and to see that the foe did not follow, and who was not to move and every one else had as he was to form a covering party for the rest.

A hundred thousand Abyssinkilians were with general gladerlinia, and moved forward with him. All the rest of the lagging Angelinian columns arriving at the ferry in the midst of some confusion. The army had been left deserted and if the glandelinians should discover this most disastrous consequences would follow. The Angelinian generals were mainly excited, and they realized that a mistake had been made, and general Stevenson sent for general gladerlinia or rather sent him back to get the lines which had been deserted for an hour, the darkness and wild fury of an approaching thunderstorm preventing the glandelinians from discovering this however. The Angelinian troops had all left the dangerous side and reached the remainder of gladerlinias army by the time the thunderstorm broke in all its fury.

gladerlinia however had been victorious in the battle despite the failure of galdwins army to hold its ground. It was because of galdwins being hard to oppose at Jennies bridge. The glandelinian losses in dead and wounded during this battle was 1,284,941. The christian loss was heavier being 2,479,478...

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR.

CONCLUSION OF THE INVASION IN SOUTHERN ANGELINIA. HANSON VIVIAN'S FIERCE ONSLAUGHTS AT GLORIANA'S RUN AND HIS GREAT AND CRUSHING VICTORY.....

During the time that gladerlinia had been victoriously fighting the three days series of battles at Bpp Beppo, general Hanson Vivian had pressed on forward with his own forces after his recent victory, and was confronted at the last of the glandelinian armies opposed to the christians. It was under Mc-Hollester Johnston. General Hanson did not delay a day as was expected and hoped by the glandelinian generals, for his arrival had been complete surprise as the enemy had not expected to meet any christian army at this location and believing that Hanson was being held at bay at Angeline junction. His sudden victory over picknell, and his sudden appearance disconcerted general Mc-Hollester Johnston's army, but the glandelinian general had no time to retreat. He had to act quick for by the approach of the next morning Hansons army had come up in all its force and immediately ordered the Angelinians to charge the glandelinians, being determined to drive the foe across the boundary line at all costs. The Angelinians swept forward, and after a struggle raging for four hours the glandelinians along the left wing were panic stricken, the main army striving for all that day with might and main to stem the terrible wave of disaster that was sweeping at them. However Mc-Hollester Johnston had strong positions and gave Hanson bloody and stubborn resistance. This conflict raged along a stream called the gloriana's run.

Along the extreme left the Angelinians carried a position, position after a countless number had fallen, the main columns later moving forward to the attack, the battle after the lull raging still more furiously. General Godfrey on the side of the glandelinians made a desperate counter charge and though repulsed with bloody losses made another attempt with the same result. The struggle had been fearful and along a stretch of half a mile at one point over 25,000 had been killed and wounded on the side of the christians. The enemy had held the position like titans before the incessant attack and such frightful numbers fell that it became a regular slaughter pen many miles in extent.

During a lull in the morning while the Baldwin who was with Hanson's army was concentrating his army, general Godfrey on the side of the glandelinians struck at Hanson suddenly. He threw huge armies across the main region of Glorinia's Run, and engaged the Angelinians fiercely all along the line, a roaring battle line extending for six miles but his aiding general in chief Pemberton Phelanton was killed as he cleared the line of works on his front destroying everything the army needed on which to continue the fight with. But the disaster had been so sudden, and christian reinforcements had moved up so suddenly that the glandelinian forces attacking there suffered from terrible losses that became almost intolerable. The suffering from the christian fire was indeed terrible. General Lenna and Elsin advanced with great bravery in the face of the terrific fire along the christian line, and strove with all their might to drive the Angelinians before them but they were cut down in frightful numbers, and many were taken prisoners, and their two commanders wounded severely. General Meldon Aronburg assaulted Marcucians line of christians with still more bloody fury but in the frightful carnage he also fell, and general Francis Marcocellio coming up with 1,197,444 glandelinians attacked the Angelinians but over 355,000 fell in a short time, the glandelinians being held at bay though of course poor Marcocellio was killed amid the terrific slaughter!

The result would have been a complete for Marcucian also, but heavy reinforcements under Beldon and general Richee had swelled their ranks and these swept out of the forests, the cavally hidden behind the infantry and Marcucians assailants were completely overwhelmed and driven back with great loss with their divisions literally cut to pieces in short order. The battle line at one point moved on toward little Evangelina gunbeza creek, toward the crossroads of And Angelinia Beldon, and on to the Angeline Richee Run, and forming into a general carnage at Jennie Turners Run, before Marcucians assailants had been driven back the battle line at this point extending ten miles, and was fairly drained in blood. Over one hundred thousand on both sides fell in one single hour. And it lasted four.

The christians had also succeeded in routing the enemy from a strong position on the right the latter being thrown into hopeless confusion. At the same time the glandelinians under general Souller attacked with great loss general Zoe Wickey's Abyssinkilian forces. Though the tactics of the Angelinians seemed to be much superior, there was a moment when their defeat seemed certain, had not the right wing of his assailants been rolled up by the Abyssinkilians. Leon Anderson at the critical moment sent forward large bodies of glandelinians to rally this demoralized wing, and he came up with these men, and delivered the initial attack backed by Anderson, and though general Costello's forces were nearly annihilated the glandelinians on account of the arrival of more Abyssinkilians could not force the christian lines and suffered horrible excruciating losses in men and officers. An Abbeaunian commander in the meantime had made a southern move and attacked Meldon Aronburg pushing him backwards in one of the fiercest conflicts, and great reinforcements of christians coming up also, Aronburg was compelled to retire, while general Bernard Zimmermann and Godfrey resumed the attack. The slaughter was more terrible now but a part of the christian line being overthrown near S Josephine's Run gradually retired. Simultaneously a whole Glandelinian force under general Duponia was annihilated with the death of their leader and general Cardinal Costello compelled Allens glandelinians to recoil also, their leader being wounded.

Through all this action already the Angelinians being supported by a strong force of Abyssinkilians and Calverinians were as unbeaten as ever. General Andrean Andenia and Callio gave Godfrey all the fight he wanted, and had Godfrey followed his own judgment the results of his onslaught which raged in general fury would have been decisive. Then Godfrey himself was seriously wounded. His glandelinians were checked with the most heavy losses his aiding general Granburg being killed as he tried three times and the most excruciating slaughter to force general Adeleves Abyssinkilians back from their works.....:

Glandelinians losses were tremendous the whole battle line being smothered with blood. The heat of the day added to the fury of the christian fire, and in the fierce fighting during charges thousands dropped at every stride of the foot, the horses going mad from the din of battle, and stampeding, and the scenes of the struggle was indeed heartrending. General Daniel Curren and Gielow Arontonburger on the christian side were killed during the mighty struggle and their commands lost 365,000, in killed and wounded. General Godfrey observed a strange apathy. His tactics had been absolute and hopeless, and seeing his men mowed down in such frightful losses or numbers did not know what to do next. Even word came to him that general Hanson was advancing his forces in overwhelming numbers, that a good portion of his army had already retreated south southward and that his armies were facing much larger than his own. He again tried to reverse the offensive and engaged his christian enemies in one of the fiercest conflicts of the battle but was again beaten at every hand, and fatally wounded in the bargain, and his broken army was enshrouded in darkness and defeat. Mc-Hollester Johnston had long again ago been forced to give up the contest and retreat. The retreat began toward the main line of footsore troops rushing on harried by the christians who killed the miserable men who fell behind in the general rout. Depleted to 700,000 out of three million the retreating columns of Godfrey was to prevent themselves from being hard pressed and so twice gave battle. He however though losing 17,850 out of his 80,000 troops managed to break through the christian line which assaulted him, and Henry, Tom, and Frank St Clare defeated with excruciating losses 811,000 glandelinians killing and wounding three hundred thousand of them.

The battle had caused great losses for the christians a loss of 1,478,000 during the remainder of the battle and a total of 2,458,000. During the other portion of the battle the enemy lost 2,345,789, killed and wounded and prisoners, and their total of the whole battle was 5,707,639..

In the meantime general Robert Vivian had gathered new armies to the one already had and having requested Violet and her sisters to come back to him from gladerlinias army started an advance to cross the boundary line of Calverinia as he had learned that now the invasion of northern Angelinia was crushed for good and that the last two armies were driving into glandelinia and that Hanson was also going to move northward and in invading Calverinia. General Vivian learned that a great force of his army was assembling to oppose him at the northern Angelinian boundary line, and that it was his son's army it being his traitorous son general Annia Vivian. It took nearly four days by train to reach the Calverinian plain which general Vivian had intended to invade with the purpose of driving out the glandelinians, and his intention was to move on Calverine, first and strike the glandelinians there a blow, but he could not advance any farther across the boundary line than toward the town of Abbie-Ann near a stream called the Mc-Hollester Francisanna run a river over sixteen miles wide at its narrowest point, and over eighty at its widest. Next to the Erminie Run it is the widest river in the world.

This particular river in later years was to be the scene of the fiercest conflicts that world ever seen. Here general Vivian's advance was met by a glandelinian force of 10,000,000 men under general Mc-Hollester and Dargin, the same leader who lately displayed such gallant courage in the sumperham struggle at Beppo Lansin, Glorinia, or Angelinia Agathia that worse battle of the war was called.

General Vivian thought it more prudent to let the enemy attack him first, and so he waited without making any further chance. This was the blunder which caused the enemy to win the battle. A peculiar stillness rested above the trees just in full leaves after a hard winter just passed. Squirrels that had come out in search of food and their chatter, and the sparrows their twittering. Birds and other creatures and even squirrels know when a battle is impending. There was not a single breath of air the last of June being terribly hot in Calverinia despite her hard winters have hotter weather in summer than the whole torpical region of Angelinia, glandelinia and Abbeaunian put together.

Indeed on that last day of June the temperature registered one hundred and twenty in the shade, and the glandelinian soldiers unused by to such weather had dropped by scores overcome by the heat. To get relief possible they had to get a rid of as much clothing as possible. And for weeks since May despite Calvernia being a flood country for her frequent rains, there had not been a single drop of rain, and it was generally only the swampy banks of that mighty Mc-Hollester Francoisanna river that kept the trees and grass from drooping. This terrible stillness was indeed a sign of terrible carnage. Indeed on July 1 with the battle began. The glandelinians began their advance at three o'clock in the morning being determined to break the christian lines and drive general yivians army out of Calvernia if they could. The first of the advancing columns consisted of zimmermannians, Zimmermannians, and gmerian gudes, and these were pressing on the christian lines under general Robert Nolan. Violet and her sisters who had been out playing in the shade of some of the trees despite the fierce heat of that first day of July discovered the advance of the enemy who seemed to be dressed in clothes like little girls and wore the round sailor hats of little girls but with large flumes hanging from the middle indeed looking like graycoated Scotsmen than common glandelinians, though the caoves of their legs were dressed in shining silver stockings. They were the fierce zimmermannians.

Violet and her sisters knowing that the glandelinians dressed in this fashion were more dangerous than other kinds quickly gave the alarm and ran inside of a large building for safety followed by many other children and Gertrude Angeline. The glandelinians seemed to be armed with all kinds of gleaming weapons and were in heavy force on the left and right of general Nolans divisions drawn up in lines of battle before the long line of intrenchments, and even all this while Nolan heard a fearful incessant rattle of rifle and musketry fire further off toward the west of the line near Abbie-Ann, the christian line facing the south and southeast. Violet and her sisters, and the other children were quite alarmed, and heartily wished that the battle would not rage for they did not want to see any slaughter, but Gertrude Angeline the fierce little amazon could hardly restrain herself from rushing out to the Angelinians and help them fight the enemy. She was a little girl, but had the brave heart of a man, a higher general than Hanson himself if there be any.

The sound of the deadly firing was very distinct as the furious attack in that far distant location seemed to progress, and violet and her sisters could hardly stand the deafening drumming of the far distant cannons, and other kinds of big guns, and the peculiar horrible noise of machine guns, and above the distant incessant heavy rifle fire mingled with it. Occasionally they heard the fierce crashing roar of some mighty sudden explosion. It was apparent the Angelinians were mining the plains. At the point where Nolan was situated the enemy were coming on slowly, and these zimmermannians as scouts reported were under general Hickoo Poo-poo. Where the fierce firing was heard the battle was already raging along general James Cannons lines and which became so deeply involved in the bloody engagement, that a portion of the christian batteries situated at that point was sent to the scene. The christians here were however overwhelming in numbers and were confident that they would win. These glandelinian assailants were under general Ah-pickadee Powad Aniewad. Soon there were spurts of flame from the gathling guns along Nolans line itself, while shells by hundreds came from the quick firers followed in rapid succession, while the millions of rifles added to the uproar. The once placid landscape along the Mc-Hollester Run was now marred by thick columns of madly rushing glandelinians yelling, halting, firing, kneeling, down, rushing forward once more, and firing anew, while the air fairly quivered with the rattle of a withering discharge of big centermeters, centimeter guns, the drumming crash of smaller artillery, and the great deaf demoniacal drumming of gathling or bigger machine guns. Many columns of the Angelinians were behind log barricades, and from the wide cracks between the logs the Angelinian infantry opened a destructive fire on the advancing enemy along their front, and though they made terrible havoc, they only succeeded in returning a hot receiving a hot return fire that continually peppered the works, and swept the ground all around it killing the defenders by hundreds.

1,100,000 Glandelinians were advancing at this point and they immediately rushed the barricade in an immense swarm opening fire anew point blank, the fierce withering fire of glandelinian batteries, and two divisions on a hill was also raking the christian lines.

CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE.

MC-HOLLESTER RUN SERIES.

THE BATTLE ALONG THE MC-HOLLESTER RUN, KNOWN
AT THE BATTLE OF ABBIE-ANN. THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE
AT ABBIE-ANN AND THE CONCLUSION OF THE BATTLE RAGING
ALONG AND ON BOTH SIDES OF GERONTIOAN CREEK

The glandelinians were advancing furiously determined to sweep the christian lines under Nolan and Nolan before them. The ranks of the advancing force were in splendid formation. Still further to the left a score of batteries of field pieces under general John Markus of the glandelinians were raking the heavier lines of the christians and who were fighting fiercely to check their advance, the christians having three thousand two hundred and seventy field pieces behind a low stone wall a mile or, mile or so long and this was literally firing diagonally across the glandelinian front and partially infiltrating the left of the assaulting columns at this point. As a melodrama the whole scene did not seem to be so terrific as dreaded at first though the glandelinians swiftly advanced toward the christian lines, while the grim and silent Angelinian cannoners were firing firing with all their top speed, but not mowing down so many as it seemed, many of those who seemed to fall rising again and dashing forward with wild yells while these glandelinians evidently dropping to the ground to avoid the fire of their christian enemies, and succeeding in doing so. The continuous popping of the many revolving guns, the steady drumming of big guns, the whirl of gathling guns, and the constant succession of crashes from the big field pieces, their shells flying dangerously from the armoured hills, and hurling steel rails and wagon loads of earth and debris into the air from giant explosions, the thick film of smoke rising along both sides of the opposing positions, and the air filled with a dust thrown up by bursting shells made a scene that could not fade from ones memory in many a life time if he was to witness it. The christian works were fairly swarming with men, and the glandelinians crouching low opened a heavier fire straight down the trenches infiltrating them from end to end and the Angelinians were well protected by traverses and the roofs of steel rails covering the trenches like those in Eurp Europe. However a portion of the christian line saw that if the furious foe got too near they would be among them, and having been terribly shaken by the terrible withering fire poured into them, they began to vacate, not across the fire swept open but along the trenches leading to the rear. The glandelinians advancing on the Angelinians soon found themselves in a veritable hornets nest. The whole portion of Nolans trenches was a maze of positions, and the glandelinians now received a murderous fire from three sides that tore ten of their divisions to pieces. The nearest trenches of the brave Angelinians was within a stones throw of the enemy, but the fierce zimmermannians could not rush them because of the heavy fire, and they went down in many hundreds per second.

THE FIRST ASSAULT REPULSED:

As soon as these glandelinians numbering one million five hundred and fifty thousand had slowly broken into the open, the Angelinian soldiers had been ordered to lie flat and fire from their position as otherwise they would have lasted about as long as a flake of snow in a blast of wind. The return fire from the glandelinians who had received their body surprise was fearful. The glandelinians though having the hardest fight of their lives were under perfect control and now their officers changed the front of the left flank of their divisions in order to bring a heavier fire on the trenches that were incessantly infiltrating them, and all the trenches that all the glandelinians were engaged with, were of the open standing variety they were able to accomplish little in the way of keeping their occupants down.

But the situation of the fierce but brave glandelinians would have been hopeless had it not been for the splendid support rendered by their own batteries, machine guns, and infantry on the higher ground, the fire of these troops and guns inflicting some of the trenches whose defenders the fierce Glandelinians were fighting so furiously. But at this time a large body of christians were advancing to the rescue and these kept up a more severe fire that cut the graycoats down fearfully and slowly but surely the glandelinians began to yield their ground having suffered the loss of nearly five hundred and fifteen thousand in killed and wounded in this first assault on Nolans line of christian soldiers. The christian losses was 365,499 in killed and wounded.....

This first stiff fight had raged over two hours, along Nolans line itself, the struggle having been somewhat fearful the army enemy having kept up the onslaught notwithstanding the heavy withering fire of Nolans christian line, and had charged up to the very works, and so ran into a the hornets nest and then being fin infiladed fearfully, they had to go give way.....

CHAPTER THIRTY SIX. FATHER AGAINST SON.....

In the meantime general peldon by orders of general germania Vivian who was in ignorance of the strength of his fathers position had placed Deldons troops more to the right than to those of his fathers army who had opened a heavy cannonading upon his advancing wedge of graycoats. Germania Vivian believing that general vivians left wing was facing him started a return cannonade that was destructive,, but the cannonade was aimed for other points instead and the only success the glandelinians made was to draw a more terrific cannonade from the christian line itself.

Germania Vivian then taking command of his left wing, and under a heavy fire at that, having with him a officer called Hellstorm, while general Wide-Awake was in command of his center, and Estrabrook Holnk, and Melhonnin Oxhead of his extreme right. General Vivian had placed himself in the center of his line of christians general Frander Kimberlineia commanding his right, and general James gannon his left.. Derivious from his inferiority in artillery to fight out the battle hand to hand germania under a most terrific fire from the entire christian line advanced his forces through the scenes of the recent great storm of slaughter to attack the t Angelinians in general fury bang bound to win at all costs, and even drive his father out of Calverinia if possible.

His main conception as to general robert Vivians position which had general vivians troops from the effects of the cannonade was now disadvantageous to him for Oxheads right greatly outflanked his left, that when they came into bloody contact kin Kimberlineia found himself nearly surrounded by a vastly superior force. His wings fought valently for four hours amid the most blood bloodcurdling carnage ever witnessed by heaven itself, but by the fury of their firing they also being in a hornets nest, and running out of ammunition were in danger of annihilation. Their officers did their best to send b brave men for ammunition, but every wagon load of an unitin ammunition that came was blown up by the enemy who set bonfires in all the roads leading to the battlefield annihilating the wagons and their horses and drivers..... So despite the gallant defense with the bayonet and clubbed muskets Kimberlineias army was at la length cut to pieces and broken into scattered columns by Pemberton federal divisions he being the man called Oxhead. All the survivors of Kimberlineias army were driven out of their position with their dead and wounded fairly paving the ground for the distance of ten miles. BGeneral germania Vivian himself let led the onslaught on his fathers center and having his best troops at his command pressed forward with such force and vehemence, that after a terrific fight in which blood met blood he pierced general vivians lines and threw the Angelinians into confusion. Just as Germanias left had outflanked Kimberlineias army so his own left was outflanked by general Aberdeen Marcus. Germanias troops fought with merciless fury, and despite of the learned disaster to the christian center were holding their ground in the face of a most severe withering fire untill Oxhead or Pemberton Federal returning from his pursuit of Kimberlineias troops came back through the fearful pall of smoke caused by the firing. Kimberlineias emblem was a flag with a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that of Oxhead being of a child slave with two flag backgrounds with crosshatched pictures. The main flag of glandelinia resembles that of the Confederates excepting that the colors were red yellow green and purple.

They were flying at the same time in Oxheads army, and his men having cap and thirty of the christian flags besides those of Abyssinkilians and Calverinians, and so in the thick smoke all were mistaken by hundreds of thousands of germanias men for the device of the Angelinians, and believing that general Oxhead was far away pursuing Kimberlineia, and on the main left of general vivians christian line, they recieved him with a terrific annihilating fire of musketry and artillery, the artillery having been captured b from the christians. This was at once returned by the survivors with bloody fury, and Oxheads army charged germanias forces driving it into panic and confusion amid the desperate death struggle. At last as the smoke clear away the mistake was discovered, but the confusion was irreparable. Germania and Oxhead suspected the other of treachery untill the reason of the mistake was also discovered and then Germania claimed that it was a blunder and did not deem it wise to prosecute the same. The christian center had by this time rallied and pressed on with a terrific fury the confusion increasing, and the advantage which had nearly been so easily won by the Glandelinians became a complete and bloody repulse ending in disaster, and the slaughter among their l n lines was greater than usual. The christian losses was 556,777. The enemys loss was twice as heavy as they had lost during the first assault.

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN ONE QUARTER OF GENERAL VIVIAN'S ARMY RUN'S OUT OF AMMUNITION.....

Nevertheless the Angelinians were not to have any respite. Other great forces of glandelinians had during the third assault made great advances but with great difficulty, the obstacles to their progress being so many and various that the foremost divisions were brought to an abrupt halt before they came in contact with the christian defenders. He therefore brought up thousands of his field pieces and reopened a heavier cannonade upon the christian position. He also supported his guns with dreadful discharges of musketry. But the Angelinian cannon returned an awful fire inflicting a dreadful loss upon the glandelinians, that the zimmermannian leaders were compelled to take the offensive. Having foreseen that they were obliged to do so, they had early in the engagement carefully examined the ground in front of them and had found some lanes by which they could make a furious attack on the christians. Moving his their forces down these lanes through the trees and hedges completely hid their advance from the Angelinians they rushed forward, and general sidelights glandons forces fell suddenly upon general vivians right right grand division which taken by surprise at an unexpected attack was driven into confusion and clean from their own position with as awful loss. Germania was quick to take advantage of his success and simultaneously l sent large forces against other portions of christian lines and these also fell upon the Angelinians and after a frightful struggle was equally successful in the attack upon this point.

Had the Glandelinian center moved forward to his support the victory would have been assured much sooner, but general germania lay inactive and it seemed as if germania was engaged with the whole of the christian forces. But even under these circumstances he had gained ground despite his frightful losses, when suddenly the whole part of the battle for a time changed. Before the fourth assault was made general vivian had sent one million six hundred and fifty milli thousand to a wooded region near the enemys lines, as he thought the graycoats might see a large force there to take him in flank, as they attacked him in front. He ordered them if they found the woods unoccupied to join in a fierce fight as soon as opportunity would offer. The woods were occupied and the christians seeing the divisions of their comrades who had only held it driven backwards and being therefore cut off from their comrades issued from the woods like a stream of human beings on horses as they charged forward in an immense body, fell suddenly upon the rear of the assailants in a bloody attack. Astonished and confused by an attack from such a quarter, and believing it was an act of treachery by one of their own officers the glandelinians who had hithert o been fighting with the greatest bravery and fury fell into confusion.....

General Vivian's quick eye soon grasped the opportunity, and allying the divisions which had been in confusion before, he charged them furiously upon the glandelinian scoundrels hot ly.

The disorder among the glandelinian columns speedily grew into a panic, and the divisions broke up and fled through the lanes to the right and left but were slowly halted by other big forces of glandelinians which were speedily advancing. General Vivian's army from the fierce firing they had kept up caused heavier losses among the glandelinians, but one quarter of the charging columns had run out of ammunition and were unable to hold out against the counter assault of the enemy at this point. Despite the gallant defense with the bayonet the glandelinian forces poured over the christian position driving the Angelinians back with great loss and capturing many prisoners as well.... The glandelinians were sweeping forward with all their fury now, and yells of rage and alarm came from other christian defenders as the monstrous columns of the fierce zimmermannians came into view. There was a stir and a movement in the rear of the works, and then from the sides of the works of general Vivian's main line extending for five miles there came a rolling sheet of smoke followed almost instantly by a general discharge of many hundreds of field pieces and gathling guns, and a storm of shrapnel, shot and canister poured upon the glandelinians plowing ragged avenues in their lines, but nevertheless there was no pause in the advance of the survivors, and soon the second general discharge of artillery was added by a withering storm of musketry. There was no response from the glandelinians as yet but the enemy raised their loud "Devil Yell" a war cry that was never heard without striking a thrill of apprehension among the christian-soldiers.

As the mangled and torn columns of the glandelinians neared the works they discharged their musketry in return, and headed by their commanders leaped on top of the works.... With the fury of tigers the Angelinians outnumbering their desperate assailants, and knowing that the rest of the force would soon come to their aid, threw themselves in a body upon the Glandelinians. But in the hand to hand fight like this the rush of the Glandelinians was irresistible. Though they were shot, cut, bayoneted and torn by hundreds, and dropped in platoons before the point blank discharge of the christian pistols and gathling guns, the surviving foe with clubbed bayonets and fixed bayonets maintained regular order, advancing like a thick gray wall over the works, and drove the christians before them, and the combat would soon have terminated, had not the reinforcing Angelinians arrived. The glandelinians furious over this redoubled their exertions and fought like demons.

The Angelinians endeavored to rally seeing that help was at hand, and that but a small body was now opposed to them, but their numbers availed little. The Glandelinians using their bayonets kept their line, and hewing their way forward, with pikes, bayonets and with well aimed pistol and musket shots point blank, and pressed the purple forces so hotly that the christians were compelled to break lines, spring over their works and recoil. The fight along another portion of the line was

was still fiercer, for the assaulting enemy strove desperately to capture these works, swarming forward like bees. For hours the Angelinians strove with all their might to keep back the surging lines in gray fairly sweeping them with a most terrific fire, the space being wide enough to give each enemy fair play with their firearms and bayonets, and for some time the enemy strove in vain to obtain a footing. At last to the sorrow of the Angelinians general Johnston Marcus and Henry Joseph Pogodger fell severely wounded while general Bandecoe parger was killed, as he hurled large bodies of Angelinians forward in a vain attempt to drive back the enemy who had soon obtained a footing at this point. The Glandelinians pressed on furiously and general Progress was also wounded....

"Fall back comrades, fall back but keep together." Shouted the surviving christian generals. "General Costelloe Snider is advancing to our rescue and will be soon here. Ah!" He exclaimed looking over his shoulders as general Vivian himself retired a step. "We are all overmatched...."

This was indeed the case. Stoutly as they fought the Angelinians were unable to guard the whole line of works, and the glandelinians pressed forward with irresistible force obtaining a footing on the breastworks. The discipline of the Angelinians stood them in good stead. Drawing closely together as they retreated most of the foremost columns made a stand on the opposite side of the works, and were here joined by fresh troops, and now the Glandelinians endeavored in vain to break the christian line.

Again and again they flung themselves upon the christians only to be beaten off with terrible loss. At length a loud cheer arose from the rear and Costelloe Snider having arrived with his force fell upon the assailants and after a desperate struggle the glandelinians were again beaten back the christians recapturing the works they had lost ..

At the battle was still raging elsewhere, and by the sound of artillery musketry which was so frequent that it showed to the other leaders who were nearly inactive that a severe engagement was being fought. At the main christian center the Glandelinian columns were making assault after assault, and at every attack the Angelinians fairly infiltrated the assaulting lines with a terrific musketry and artillery fire.....

A very ground in front of the works was crowded with the fierce three Glandelinians who for a time were striving in vain to carry the position. The Glandelinians kept up charge after charge, their cannons firing not only shots, but throwing bags of burning bullets among the standing Angelinians destroying the christians by scores of thousands. These forces seemed unable to carry the works new and bigger columns were sent forward by Germania Vivian and these soon pressed forward to the attack advancing in dense masses, and with blood curdling yells rushed toward the christian position and swarmed quickly up the slight rise of ground until at the very foot of the breastworks, they countered the thick purple lines of the defenders, and for three hours the terrible conflict continued. As fast as the head of the glandelinian columns broke and melted away against the obstacle they tried in vain to penetrate, fresh reinforcements took the place of those who had been mowed down by the christian fire and in point of valor and devotion the Glandelinian was himself a worthy and winning antagonist of his enemy the christian. It was not only at the breastworks that the bloody conflict raged but at other points the Glandelinians made tremendous charges, and desperately strove to capture the christian works, the combatants at these points fighting in comparative silence, that is they were not yelling their battle cries. The Angelinians exhausted by their long efforts beneath the scorching Galverinian sun still showed an unbroken front, but it was only occasionally that their own yells rose in the air as a fresh force fell over the ground. The yells of the Angelinians rose less frequently as they sacrificed their lives as freely and devoutly as those who died the first onset had done, but as the hours wore on the assurance of victory died out, and a doubt arose as to whether they could successfully carry their assaulting force line gained ground. Indeed they were to lose the battle. The cannons still continued their fire on the christian side and the contest showed no signs of ceasing as yet. To add to the discomfiture of the Angelinians the Glandelinian generals had brought up heavy reinforcements, while the defenders grew more fewer and more exhaustive. The christian line was rushed by the heavy reinforcements and with such violence that the christians were driven before them, and flinging themselves on the second line of works drove them also back in confusion also capturing another fearful number of prisoners.

"Here Galverinia from invasion or death." Was the cry of the Glandelinians and it resounded fierce and deep through the other parts of the Glandelinians assailing the christian lines. All the efforts of the fierce Glandelinians were also concentrated upon the main right wing of general Vivian's line and for five hours at this very point also the struggle had been tried on with fierce determination on both sides until the powerful artillery of the Angelinians succeeded in mowing down all their assailants at close range, but at one point the Glandelinians had made a serious breach and picked men of various Glandelinian divisions were brought together and ordered to charge for the breach.

"Galverinia or death!" Was the cry again but the brave and gallant Glandelinians only dashed forward to be met by an annihilating fire from still more gallant defenders which withered a whole front line of the Glandelinians. Hundreds of officers of all rank tumbled from their saddles because ranks of veteran soldiers had hit the dust, and now an incessant fire was opened upon the gray line from several batteries. Notwithstanding the galling fire of the christians, the Glandelinian survivors pressed on with all their fury and succeeded in driving one portion of the christian line back and captured a battery. Though they were mowed down in immense numbers by the fire of the christian batteries, the hundreds of thousands of survivors rushed bravely on, and though many thousands leaped the works in the furious attack, they were either shot down or taken prisoner. It was very heavy work though for the Angelinians, for the more they shot the more swept forward to resume the attack.

Every minute fresh troops under general Cosmopolitan were arriving and flying in on the christians from another direction and the conflict became fiercer and the losses on both sides still more heavier. General Folet was forced to go to the aid of the Angelinians, but so dangerous was the attack of the enemy that he was forced to send a messenger for help. General Vivian was at his headquarters tending to his wounded generals when the messenger arrived, and he was amazed when he learned of the great danger.

General Vivian had all he could do to hold his own and even just now to send one regiment would cause his utter defeat and probably a total rout if the enemy broke through the gap so he regretfully refused to spare any man, and learning that general Richard John Kindernine had a large army further south sent the messenger to this Christian general. He was not the Richard Kindernine who fought with Zimmermann in Glandelinia against the enemy, but another and his brother at that. By the time the messenger arrived there the left wing of the foe under general Dileator had advanced upon Gannomian a part of Kindernine's force, but Kindernine had managed to hold them off without any serious fighting. Gannomian had been in serious action in the early part of the morning however having mowed down thousands of the gray coats under general Smart Setting killing their leader and carrying all before them in a few hours battle. Kindernine himself though not in action could not spare one single man either though he would gladly have done so but he was able to spare ammunition and did so. The Angelinian soldiers under general Folit had for four hours kept up a drear dreadful withering fire and had completely ran out of ammunition, and was again forced to send three messengers to tell the alarming news. When these messengers arrived to general Vivian's headquarters they saw that the struggle along his line was raging with the fury of hell, large local divisions having arrived there there being one million three hundred thousand men attacking the Christians here facing the terrible fire of four hundred Christian cannon. Long lines of the girlish looking Glandelinians under Geranna Vivian were literally mowed down by the terrible Christian fire, but on came the monstrous surviving divisions and general Cald Cald Calender on the side of the Glandelinians had received three severe wounds, while four other generals Pa Papayan, Principal, Mellon Willow, and Vertigo were also wounded, and generals Alcoholism and Pregnancy were killed.

When the messenger reported to general Vivian that Folit was out of ammunition general Vivian answered:

"Tell general Folit to hold his position at all hazards and do not give an inch of ground. Use bayonets if necessary."

As the messenger sped away general Vivian was surprised to see Gertrude Angeline standing by his side. Violet and her sisters had crouched together in a corner to avoid the shells and bullets which constantly roared about the place. One shell had recently flew through the door which had been open and exploded but now the door was closed.

"What does the little angel want?" He asked.

"Sent me to get the ammunition for general Folit." Answered Gertrude.

General Vivian fearing that she did not know the way either to Kindernine or Folit at first refused sternly, but she would not stop begging or teasing until he was forced to consent, but sending soldiers with her so that she would not get lost. As Kindernine had all the ammunition wagons Gertrude went toward his lines but I cannot explain the many thrilling experiences she had with the Glandelinians as they discovered her shooting down all her soldier guardians and even her horse and even wounding her badly. But despite her wounds and amid the bullets that flew thick and fast, and the ear splitting crashes of exploding shells she continued on and in an hour managed to reach general Kindernine's army and after being let through the lines was brought before general Kindernine and she reported to him of general Folit's danger, and told him that general Robert Vivian had sent her after the ammunition. Kindernine was surprised when he saw that it was a little girl who undertook the dangerous mission but he recovered saying: "I cannot spare but fifteen men to go with you, but I can spare much ammunition and firearms. I'll send a cavalierly escort to guide you."

He sent only fifteen men to take charge of driving the fifteen ammunition wagons, Gertrude escorted by the cavalierly preparing to lead them toward general Folit's endangered position. Many skirmishes occurred on the trip and out of the entire train of fifteen wagons only five were saved from the foe, the rest having been set on fire and blown up by the enemy who set bonfires in every road known. In the meantime general Folit's men had met the onslaught with their bayonets and long pikes, and the Glandelinians were about to overpower the Angelinians when the five wagons of ammunition arrived the ammunition being handed around to the men, and soon the foe received a galling fire that withered every column that surged above the works, the survivors being driven back. A quarter of an hour later the reinforcements arrived and crashed down upon the retreating foe carrying all before them, and before the other Glandelinian forces in the rear could rally the panic stricken columns, they were also driven back by a tumult of bayonets and again five Glandelinian generals Bell Efficient, Indigestion, Nausea and flatulence were wounded while generals Pain-In-The-back and Flavoring were killed as they vainly strove to rally their crushed and mangled columns.....

Just as the enemy were about to retreat a huge gang-gang-shell crashed against the door sending it flying from its hinges and landed into the middle of the room where twenty of the generals including general Robert Vivian were standing, exploding with terrible violence, but the generals had saved themselves by diving into a deep cellar. The whole uppermost part of the building caved in from the concussion and the part of the building where the shell had exploded was completely torn asunder from the storm of flying fragments and from the force of the explosion. Every one of the soldiers in the rooms above and in the one where the shell exploded were who were not killed were seriously injured, including Violet and her sisters who were buried in heaps of wreckage and nearly smothered to death before the soldiers who rushed up to the scene could dig them out half besmeared with blood from their injuries. General Vivian and the other generals had recovered from the shock of their fall and in going back up had seen the squads of Angelinians rushing up to the now blazing wreckage, and he at once directed them to attend to Violet and her sisters first of all for they were the only ones left alive of the many soldiers in that fatal room. General Vivian felt heartsick at this horrible disaster.

While general Vivian's forces were in action other parts of his immense armies rolled on over low hills through windpipe gap and down along the Gertrudes plain and thence southward in a fierce assault upon the wicked Glandelinians who held the strongest positions here. Thus began the fierce fighting now for Abbie-Ann in general. During this great assault general Bernard Vivian on the side of the Glandelinians received many reports of the approach of overwhelming numbers of the Christians and of the great progress of their attack, and also declared that his flank was threatened. General Marks and Lieutenant general Bernard Bowser were sent to intercept the flankers, but the flankers had gotten ahead of these two divisions and the Glandelinian columns were crushed to fragments, and their leaders captured by the Angelinians. Up to now before the fighting for Abbie-Ann began both sides had lost three million five hundred and sixty six thousand in killed and wounded.

Then officers rode up by scores to the Glandelinian general reporting that by a ruse, the Angelinians had forced one of their wings in a series of fierce attacks. All attempts were made to intercept the hostile Christian divisions moving for nearly twenty miles in length upon unprotected quarters, and from all information obtained they found that the assaulting armies were assaulting simultaneously for the distance of seventeen miles. Without a great this long Christian surge had advanced and a more resolute body of men despite the frightful carnage among them, their leaders had never seen go in to battle before.

As they pressed on across the rolling plain in front of Abbie-Ann under a dreadful fire of cannon the Angelinians were laughing and joking and many even singing as they dashed on:

"What will you do for the nation called Angeline?"

Very one of their leading generals were the pictures of dashing cavaliers as they led their monstrous forces into action, the whole line forming warring waves charging the enemy again and again, the fighting and slaughter being more horrible than before, and for the distance of seventeen miles at once, and frightful was the loss of general-officers on both sides. In the bloody struggle general Punning on the Glandelinian side was killed while others with names withheld on both sides fell either killed or wounded. The Glandelinians had thrown themselves on the ground beside their works and kept up a most galling and scathing fire.

During the frightful onslaught the Angelinian officers greatly underestimated the strength of the hostile Glandelinians and their positions and strong exterior columns in moving across one of the wide plains was almost mowed down. The command from the east and the west moving southward in their assault were also cut to pieces, and larger forces of three hundred thousand men came upon an impassable region, made impassable by the fire of the enemy, and they had to withdraw. Soon however the whole assaulting line had to withdraw from the terrible slaughter, being badly swatted by their Glandelinian foes. General Vivian had frequently called his officers together and urging them to act in harmony, and not become separated, telling them that he wanted to end the terrible war as soon as possible, believing from its fury that it would only last perhaps four or five months. "Indeed it lasted more than four years up to Beppo Lamsin."

General Kindernine who had been scouting the country saw that the Glandelinians confronting him did not advance any more and so he decided to attack. He formed his large command for action in three parallel columns within deploying and supporting distances, he himself moving with the right column, with his aids commanding the right and left. General Kindernine rode forward to a high bluff, and discovered the location of the enemy's lines, and just before going into action sent an order to one of his generals, which would have changed the formation, and brought his command in the center instead of on the left. Kindernine waved his hat to the first line of troops as they were going into action, and then moved to the right to attack the enemy's left. After sustaining frightful loss the Glandelinians at one point were forced to abandon a very strong position and retreat in a demoralized condition, having lost many officers as well.

Other monstrous columns moving to the rescue, checked the retreat, and hurled themselves in frightful numbers upon the exultant Christians, making the battle line at this portion almost a massacre. The Glandelinians fought the Christians furiously, and repelled even our overwhelming numbers. Other columns of them coming a, along the river banks and massed opposite the left of the foremost attacking Christian troops fighting them back and forth, and only withdrew when they were threatened with annihilation. At other points the Christians charged the Glandelinians with such great vehemence that they rolled this gray line from left to right, but were rolled back again literally like a bouncing wheel by a furious counter charge of the Glandelinians. General Geron on the side of the Glandelinians was wounded.

Geronian Creek lies between the Tripolygonian plains on the west of the great CatarraU Catarrh's Run, and here the fiercest contest of the battle of Mc-Hollester Run or Abbie-Ann raged with general Vivian and Germania once more, after general Kindernine had been repulsed ten times in his own desperate onslaughts, and Germania was able to see from a high hill the complete retreat of Kindernine's men, and he immediately sent orders to general Cosmopolitan in command of the left of the line to follow up the success if he found it practicable, and to occupy the works and positions that general Kindernine's army had abandoned. This was followed out and general Vivian was compelled to throw heavy columns of infantry in the enemy's way to save Kindernine's army from destruction. General Deldon was following general Wide-Awakes corps of the Glandelinian center as fast as possible and he with Wide-Awake went into the attack with all the determination ever seen in warfare. He was repulsed with the loss of three hundred thousand men in killed and wounded.

During a lull of the fierce engagement general Deldon had rode up to general Germania and said;

"If we choose a point to meet our bloody operations I think we will not find a better one than the position upon which we are now on the point of assaulting. All us Glandelinian generals have to do is to throw our armies around by their right, and we shall interpose between the army of Angelina, and then crush general Vivian. We have a very strong position, and as we know all the Christian attacks on us have failed, and now as they have failed, we can do our best to beat them in further battle. Then the probabilities are that the fruits of our success will be good."

Germania believed that Deldon was right, knowing that his father was already on the verge of defeat, and that it would be best to attack him before he could rally his army. General Deldon suggested that such a move as he proposed would give the Glandelinians control of the roads, and if they had fallen behind Gannonian and had insisted on staying between and and escape, he would have been compelled to attack, and then would be badly beaten. General Germania answered that his plans were correct and answered that he would try them out, for he was bound to whip his father on for once during the war, and not let his father whip him. He soon left Deldon and rode off to see how general Cosmopolitan's assaults were resulting, and to examine the ground on the Christian left with a view of making a fierce attack at that point. After making the examination he determined to make an attack on the right also, and to follow out Deldon's plans simultaneously and announced his intentions to general Deldon. His staff officers had been along with the still inactive lines far enough to find a road by which the Glandelinian troops could move, and he concealed from the signal stations of the Angelinians

At about two thirty in the afternoon general Germania ordered the march and put it under the conduct of his staff officers so as to be assured that the Glandelinian troops would move by the best route, and encounter the least delay in reaching the position designed by him for the attack on the left of the Christian line, at the same time concealing the movements, then under orders from view of the Christians, who on the left held a very strong position. The divisions under general Lawless and Underlaw was in advance, with general Francis Hannis, Hank, Hannis, and Daniel Hannis, following. After marching some distance there was a delay in front of the main Glandelinian columns, and general Deldon rode forward to ascertain the cause, when it was reported to him that part of the road in advance of the gray line was in plain view of the signal stations of the Christians on Lyall's Hills. To avoid that point the direction of the Glandelinian troops was changed. Again general Deldon found that there was some delay and in ordering Hannis's division then in the rear to move on and double with the division in front so as to save as much time as possible, he went forward again to see what was the cause of the delay. It seemed as if there was doubt again about the Glandelinians being concealed, when Deldon stated that he could see the signal stations, and that there was no reason why they could not be seen. It seemed to Deldon useless therefore to delay the troops any longer with the idea of concealing the movements, and so they again made advance.....

Failen said;

"Sir I shall lead my divisions forward....."

He then remounted his horse and rode back to his command. Deldon mounted his own horse and rode to a point where he could observe the Glandelinian troops as they marched forward. General Alexpie had set a battery of one hundred guns to advance with Failen but general Prunee from whom they were borrowed recalled them just before the charge was ordered. This was a blunder but though it did not cause a defeat for Germania it caused his army intolerable losses.

General Alexpie told general Deldon of the one hundred guns which had been removed and that his own ammunition was so low that he could not properly support the charge. Deldon ordered him to immediately stop until the ammunition could be replenished; replenished and he answered;

"There is no ammunition with which to replenish."

In the hurry he got together such guns as he could to move with general Failen. That day at Geronian Creek was one of the saddest and bloodiest of general Deldon though the Glandelinians did come off as the victors. He foresaw what his men would meet and would gladly have given up his position rather than share in the responsibilities of this fatal day. It was thus he felt when Failen with three million three hundred forty five thousand six hundred seventy eight men marched over the crests of the hill and began his descent of the slope. As he passed Deldon he rode gracefully with his hat raked well over his ears, and his hair in the manner of a little girl hanging over his shoulders. He seemed a rather a holiday soldier than a general at the head of a column which was about to make one of the grandest a desperate and most vehement assaults recorded in the annals of all the Angelinian wars that ever raged. Rathys and general Car-little two of his brigadier generals were veterans of nearly a quarter of a century's service. Their minds seemed absorbed in the men behind, and the bloody work before them. Barchhardt the other brigadier general was younger and had experienced many a great battle in an earlier war with Abbieannia. The Glandelinian columns advanced in well closed lines nine deep and with elastic step, their faces lighted with hope. Before them lay the ground over which they was to pass to the point of attack. Intervening were fences, corn fields, and wheatfields, and other farming products and little streams running through it, and then a rise from the point to remain Christian stronghold. As soon as Failen passed the crest of the hill the Angelinians had a clear view and opened fire again with their batteries as the Glandelinians descended the northern slope of the ridges, the Glandelinians received a fearful fire from the batteries in front, and from Portia Partilest Hills. But the Glandelinian troops though they went in multitudes marched steadily taking the deadly fire with great coolness. As soon as they passed Deldon's batteries he ordered his artillery to return fire against the Angelinian batteries on his right, then raking his lines. They did so pouring in a hammering fire of shells and high explosives that seemed to tear the very hearth earth to pieces in the direction of the Christian lines but it did not force the Christian batteries to change the direction of their fire and relieve the Glandelinians infantry. As the Glandelinian troops were about to cross the swale, Deldon noticed a very

overwhelming force of Abyssinkilian Abyssinkilian infantry moving down furiously as if though to flank the left of the advancing lines in gray. He sent officers to caution the division commanders to guard against that move, at the same time sending other staff officers with similar orders, so as to feel assured that the orders would be delivered. Soon these officers came back bringing their saddles, their horses having been shot from under them. After crossing the Swale the glandelinians kept the same steady step but met a dreadful withering storm of minnies from the Angolinian and Abyssinkilian sharpshooters, and as soon as the field was open the christian infantry suddenly poured down with a mighty roar a most destructive fire all along their whole line, which was now kept up during the entire assault, moving the glandelinians down in plant platoons miles long. The slaughter was more terrible than in any battle before, the infilade fire of the batteries on port in Bartleste hills also being very destructive and incessant. At one time one shell would knock down six men simultaneously and if exploding among a regiment of two hundred men annihilate them all. Deldon dismounted to relieve his horse, and was sitting on a rail fence watching very closely the movements of the glandelinian troops. General Mantleshelf who had taken a position behind the third corps where he would be out of reach of fire and at the same time have a clear view of the field became so interested, that he left his position and came with speed to join Deldon. Just as he came up behind Deldon, Failen had reached a point near the christian line, and here a pause was made to close the ranks and mass for a final plunge. The troops on Failens left although advancing were evidently getting a little shaky. General Mantleshelf only observing the glandelinian troops of Failens command said to general Deldon; "General I would not have missed seeing this for anything in the world." He believed it to be a complete success. Deldon was watching the troops supporting Failen and believed plainly that they could not hold together much longer especially in the twilight that was gathering it being nearly eight o'clock. He called Mantleshelf's attention to the wavering condition of the two big divisions of the third corps and said that they would not hold. That Failen would strike and be crushed, and the attack would be a failure not knowing that one million others supported them from another direction. As Failens divisions concentrated in making the final assault Carlisle fell severely wounded. As the divisions threw themselves against the christian lines with terrible violence Rathye fell and expired. The glandelinian flags were planted on the christian line and immediately Burkhardt fell mortally wounded at the feet of the christian soldiers. But for the christians the pressure of the assault was too much, the wavering divisions of the Angelinians then seemed appalled and broke ranks and retired in confusion, while immediately the glandelinians swarmed around James Cannon attacking on all sides like a wild legion of furies, breaking and cutting his command to pieces, and killing more than five hundred thousand during the whole assault.

They even drove the fragments back upon the rear positions and encircled them also there being a mixture of men of both sides in pandemonium. Nevertheless despite this wave of gray damnation general Vivian was bound to check the assault at all costs and sending to his staff officers to assist in collecting the fragments of his routed commands, he rode up to his uncaptured line of batteries of one thousand seven hundred cannon knowing that they were all he had in front of the impending impending attack and resolved to drive it back or sacrifice his last gun and man. The glandelinians screaming and shrieking with wild fury were advancing in lines of battle miles long of over the summits of the partly carried ridges and now these batteries fired again and again in horrible broadsides cutting the assailants down in many thousands per minute. The smoke grew in tense and the clamor of the cannon crash shook the very trees down.

In the meantime general Germannia deployed more troops to join in the assault so that general Vivian would not be able to repulse the one already raging. As the new gray line was deployed Deldon ran along from the left to the right examining the position of the new active christian line, here and there the other officers could find.... General Germannia at the same time gave orders for the attack to be made by the right wing under general Deldon in person. As soon as the troops were in position and they could find the point against which they should march and give the guiding points, the advance was ordered about eight fifteen. The attack by the first divisions was and had indeed been made in splendid style and soon the christian line a second time was broken and swept back by the imp impact. They retired, many hundreds of thousands of them to a point called Pogallies Hills behind boulders and fences, which gave them shelter and where they received heavy reinforcements.

Now the Angelinians still held the ridges the points of greatest strategic value on their left. General Germannia pronounced it a success as the glandelinians were in possession of ground from which they had driven the Angelinians, and had also taken several hundred field pieces. The conflict had been fierce and bloody and the glandelinian troops had driven back heavy columns but they had accomplished little toward small results. The first success had soon led them into a more fearful battle a half an hour later. The glandelinians still occupied all their own works which the Angelinians early in the morning had tried in vain to drive them from while the large forces of christians occupied the St Catherine hills and the Catarrah hills and their positions were quite strong and the recent parts of the successions of conflicts had concentrated them so that attack from the front was more hazardous than during the early morning. The Angelinians were concentrated while the glandelinian troops were stretched out and broken, and this had a considerable weak line. However general Germannia hoped to break through the christian line and drive them off. General Deldon was disappointed when he was met by general Germannia who told him that general attacks on Catarrahs hills had failed, and that he was to try it with his own divisions it indeed being the strongest points of the main christian lines.

For that purpose he had already ordered general Bernard Failens divisions which had been left to guard the supply trains. In the meantime the Angelinians had placed batteries on Powad Ridge in position to make a destructive raking fire against the glandelinian troops attacking the christian line from front. Lennia Cannon knew that if the battle was to be renewed with great fury it would be over the same ground as Deldons battle an hour ago. He stated to general Germannia Vivian that he had been examining the ground over to the right and was very much impressed and inclined to think the best thing to do was to move to the christian left.

"I believe I'll assault both simultaneously, and also go to attack them where they are on Car Catarrahs hills. I want you to take the Failens divisions and make the attack. I will reinforce you with three divisions of the third corps." Said Germannia Vivian. General Deldon went at once to work to arrange his troops for the attack. Failen was put into position and received directions for the line of his advance as indicated by general Germannia Vivian. The divisions of the third corps were arranged along the left with orders to take up the line of march as Failen passed before them in short echelon. The glandelinians were to open fire with all their batteries, and Failen was to move out as soon as they silenced all the christian batteries. The artillery combat was to begin with the rapid discharge of four field pieces as their signal. As soon as the orders were communicated along the line Deldon sent general De-Awake who was commanding a battery of artillery to select carefully a point which from which he could observe the effect of the fire of his batteries. When he could discover the Angelinian batteries silenced or crippled he should give notice to general Failen who was ordered upon receipt of that notice to move forward to the attack. When Deldon took Failen to the crest of a high hill and explained where he should shelter his troops and pointed the direction general Germannia Vivian wished him to take, at the point of the christian line where the assault was to be made, he seemed to know the severity of the combat which he was about to enter, but was quite hopeful of success. Upon receipt of notice he was to march over the crest of the hills down the gentle slope and up the rise opposite the stronghold of the Angelinians. The distance was about 5,566 yards and for part of the way the batteries of the christians would have a raking withering fire from all the hills, while the hundreds of thousands of sharpshooters with artillery and infantry would subject the charging columns to a terrible destructive annihilating fire. Deldon with the knowledge of the real situation could almost see the desperate but hopeful nature of the charge, and the cruel merciless slaughter it would cause. He knew the christian batteries could not be silenced. Deldons heart was heavy when he left Failen. He rode over twice along the ground between general Failen and the Angelinians examining the positions and studying the matter over in all phases so far as he could imagine. About quarter to nine o'clock every thing was in readiness for the artillery to begin its thundering roar. The great guns broke the stillness and immediately over 11,000 guns broke into a deafening uproar which was answered by a thunder far more greater from the christian batteries and now the great artillery combat proceeded.

The destruction was of course dreadful and the thud on Tripang Tro Tripolygonia ridges and the deafening echoes from the christian sides showed that both armies were ready for the final struggle of the day. The two great armies seemed like two mighty dragons growling at each other and preparing for a deathstruggle. For four hours the dreadful cannonade was continued and the glandelinian batteries met such a steady response on the part of the Angelinians that it seemed less effective than the wicked Glandelinians had thought. General peldon sent for word to general Alexpie again that unless he could do something he could not feel warranted in ordering the troops forward. After a little time the christian batteries ceased firing possibly to save ammunition and Alexpie thought that the best time for the advance had come. He sent word to Failen and Failen rode to Deldons headquarters. As he came up he asked if the time for his advance had come. Deldon was now convinced that he would be leading his troops to needless slaughter and did not speak. Failen repeated the question and without opening his lips Deldon bowed in answer...

The glandelinian divisions under general Joseph Gannon and Beldine Kindernines of Barlows arm army made a sweeping onslaught in double line and after fifteen minutes had already occupied the crests on Gatarrahs Hill where in a clump of three whole brigades had been annihilated among the glandelinians. This grove was the focus of one of the most deadly and fearful artillery fires of the battle called by the enemy "The salient point of the christians" and a glandelinian division under general Aberdeen Gannon had been crushed to fragments and two brigades commanded by Pyrobars corps were destroyed. Over this summit a mile long line of the fierce zimmermannians sprang lightly forward out of the woods at intervals their lines being well kept moving rapidly upon the lines of the christians still holding the ridges closely followed by another line of battle, and then by another, and yet by a third. Who could describe the never forgotten scene, the grandeur of the attack of so many hundreds of thousands of men. General Kindernines men which were the next to bear the brunt of the assault looked with great admiration on the different lines in gray rushing forward with an easy swinging step, while hundreds of thousands of puffs of smoke issued from the other christian lines still holding their ground, and as the glandelinians fired in reply to the christians, they came dashing forward and everything became enshrouded in smoke for nearly half an hour mingled with countless flashes like as if there were swarms of fireflies among the smoke clouds. The glandelinians in their advance never hesitated hesitated for a moment but drove in at the christian lines opposing them knocking thousands of them over by a biting fire as they rose up to return a discharge of musketry.

This was indeed the greatest charge that Failen had ever made yet. General Vivian was just in the rear of the right of his main line standing upon a large boulder in front of his troops still inactive where from the configuration of the ground he had an excellent view of the advancing lines and could see the entire formation of the attacking columns who were swarming over the hills on his left, and those coming in a charge for the positions along his very own front. Failens separate brigades lost their formation as they swept across the roads carrying with them their chain of skirmishers. They pushed on toward the crest and merged into several crowding rushing lines many ranks deep. As they crossed the road some christian infantry on the right commenced an irregular hesitating fire gradually increasing to a rapid fire, while the storm of shells and canister from the batteries tore huge gaps through those splendid battalions. The men of general vivians divisions with their muskets at the ready lay in waiting.

One could plainly hear the orders of the officers as they commanded; "Steady men, steady. Don't fire until told to do so."

And not a shot was fired at the advancing hostile lines, now getting closer every moment. The heavy firing on the right continued and increased to an incessant uproar that was frightful. By an undulation of the surface of the ground to the left of the trees, the rapid advance of the dense mass of gray coats was for a moment lost to view. An instant after they seemed to rise out of the earth and so near that the expression on their faces was plainly seen. Now general vivians men knew that the time had come and could wait no longer. Lying low they opened a deadly concentrated fire of artillery, and discharge of musketry upon the moving mass in their front. Nothing human could stand it. Staggered by the storm of lead the charging lines hesitated and soon answered with a wild fire which soon increased to a crashing of musketry running down the whole length of their front and then all of that portion of Failens divisions which came within the zone of this terrific close musketry appeared to melt and drift away in the powder smoke of both sides.

Forward men now is your chance to win the day...."

At this juncture some one behind general vivian gave the quick impatient order;

"Forward men forward. Now is your chance."

He turned and saw that it was general kindernine who was passing the left of the army. He checked his horse and pointed to the clump of trees to the right and in front. General Vivian constructed this into an order for both divisions to run for the trees to prevent the enemy from breaking through. The men on the left of general vivians divisions heard their generals command and were up on the run forward before the other christian divisions had a chance to rise. The line formation of the two christian divisions was partially broken and the left was brought forward as though it had executed a right half wheel. All the men who were now on their feet could see to the left and to the front. General Failens men and a few stragglers and several limberers leaving the line of works as the battle flags of Failens divisions were carried over it. With a cheer the reinforcing divisions raced diagonally forward for the clump of trees. Many hundreds of thousands of general vivians men were still lying down in their places and firing at the glandelinians who followed Failens advance which had in the meantime passed over them.

This could be determined by the countless puffs of smoke issuing from their muskets as the first mass of men in gray sprang past them toward the cannon only a few yards away. But for only a moment could such a fire continue for Failens disorganized mass rolled over, beat down and smothered it. One glandelinian battleflag after another supported by Failens infantry appeared along the edge of the trees until the whole scene seemed literally crammed with men and continued to be crammed though the whole bunch seemed to melt away time and again. As the two christian divisions passed along general vivians brigades, he could see the men prone on their faces unshaken and firing steadily to their front striving in furious desperation to beat back the surging army. General Vivian saw one leader try seven times to jump his horse over the christian line but finally he went down horse and all. The two divisions of christians in a disorganized state were almost now at right angles with the remnants of the brigades, the left being but a few yards distant and the officers and men were falling as fast as snowflakes from the fierce inflaming fire of the hostile lines in front, and from the direct fire of those who were crowded in among the trees. The advance of the two divisions became so thinned that for a moment there was a pause. General Joe Darrel with his brigade came in on the left of the trees and Darrel received his death wound from a flying bullet, and fell in front of his men who tried to cross the christian position. The firing of musketry of both sides looked like a forest conflagration and the roar was ear splitting. As he looked back general vivian could now see his men intermixed with those who were driven out of the clump of trees a few minutes before coming rapidly forward some trying to shoot at intervals, and art those who were in front.

The gap seemed to widen for the enemy in front once more driven by a terrific musketry fire in their very faces to desperation helped to join those who had effected an entrance through general vivians line, and the men now suffered from an inflaming fire of the enemy who were in the copse. Being no longer an enemy in front and annoyed by this galling fire in flank these divisions left their lines, and faced to the right, and in large groups joined in the rush with those already at the edge of the clump of trees and a glandelinian battery commenced firing or probably at the sight of general kindernines men leaving their line and closing to the right of James Failens half destroyed columns. A volley of gang-gang-shells in their earthshaking explosions tore a horrible passage a hundred feet wide through the dense mass in purple and red who were gathering outside the trees nearly destroying forty thousand in their series of explosions, and leading and tearing all the trees within the location of the blasts. Another volley followed with an ear splitting crash as if a volcano was breaking loose right at the very spot and again fairly cut a large road through the mass.

General vivians thoughts were now to bring the rest of the men forward, it was but a few steps to the front where they could at once extinguish that destructive musketry, and he out of the line of the deadly voices were lost in the uproar so he turned partly toward them, raised his sabre to attract their attention and motioned to advance. And just then general vivian was stepping back backwards with his face to the men urging them on he felt a sharp blow as a shot struck him. Then another. He whirled around his sabre torn from his hand by a shell splinter. His long visor saved his face, but though not at all wounded the shock stunned him for a few minutes.

As he went down his men rushed forward past him capturing battle flags and making thousands of prisoners. But now at this point the glandelinian soldiers were overwhelming in numbers, and though the Angelinians tried every possible device to throw back the glandelinians they failed the fierce Zimmermannians swarming from works to works, and indeed general Vivian who had recovered saw that for once the battle was lost. The glandelinians had carried all other points signally except this one and this one was about to be overwhelmed so general Vivian sad at heart and almost broken down with sickness at the sight of the massacre ordered a retreat. General Michelena after fighting hard with the glandelinian troops under general Crute Roland found his armies to be in an exhaustive condition and he tried to escape but found himself hemmed in on all sides. The glandelinians had found a slightly wounded christian general among their lines and he was sent under the charge of fifteen glandelinians with a demand for Michelenas surrender. In the meantime general Charming Anderson of the foe had also opened communications with them through the efforts of general Penseroces St gatric, and Serenity. General Michelena sent word to general Germania Vivian that he would only surrender to the general in chief in heaven only, that is to God and no one else as he would never give up his sword to a traitor. He would be willing to surrender to the vilest glandelinian but not to a traitor. This was communicated to Germania Vivian who answered; "That if Michelena sent an assurance that he was acting in good faith, he would not talk to his Glandelinian master like that, and that it would be better to surrender than have his army annihilated." General Michelena then asked what disposition would be made of him a "Traitor" "Traitor" who could be so rash as to demand of him to surrender when he would surrender to no enemy of God, and that he would sooner have all his men killed and himself along with them, to than to surrender to a wicked man like him. He was again told that he must surrender as a prisoner of war, and even accept what disposition the government of glandelinia deemed best to make him, and that all the Angelinian soldiers who surrendered could stay here where they belonged, or go back to their homes, that though massacring children, they did not kill soldier prisoners, and that it was only children who refused to go with the glandelinians to glandelinia or the child slave mills. He also informed that general Vivian was too far away to help him now and that he might as well give up as be slaughtered like fools in a pig pen. But the christian commander desperately refused to surrender.

General Germania Vivian explained to him the folly of contending against the glandelinian hosts any longer with all its advantages and numbers, but he again refused to surrender, and went back to his lines preparing for the resumption of the fighting. In fact there had never appeared in all the war a more ruthless marauder than Germania Vivian. He had despite his handsome looks, a most determined face and piercing eyes and this refusal of the Angelinian leader made him so desperate that once again he resumed his terrific onslaughts untill the christian commander seeing at last his folly and being tired of further useless carnage retreated through the deep gullies finally escaping the foe and with much dignity and solemnity he raised his hands and eyes to heaven and said; "Never will I surrender to the glandelinians or bow to their flags."

The glandelinian success during this great battle was slight and only accomplished in saving Germanias army from destruction and not driving out his fathers army as was wished. And the little victory was not without serious loss. Five thousand officers of all ranks and nearly three hundred thousand soldiers in fallens divisions were killed. On the christian side general Kindernine, Cannon, and Polit were slightly wounded, and seven hundred other officers including two hundred thousand soldiers of cannons army were wounded, one hundred thousand dying, and four hundred thousand captured along with six hundred thousand others that had been annihilated, with an extra loss of 1,300,000. The enemy under Deldon lost 800,000 in killed and wounded, & eight hundred thousand more had fallen including 29,000 wounded far out of reach of help and 30,000 dying. Another point the enemy lost 7,000,000 all these being prisoners of slightly wounded. The total loss of the enemy was 14,080,000 in killed wounded and prisoners. The total loss of the christians was 7,258,979. in killed and wounded. There were no prisoners held by the enemy as through some reasons they could not be retained. Violet and her sisters were saddened by the outcome of the great battle raging twelve hours and wondered within themselves what the matter was with their father that he was losing this first battle in Calverinia while it was reported wildly that other christian commanders with inferior armies to that of the enemy were getting ahead of him in the war game by winning decisively on their enemies.

Nevertheless general Vivian was quite determined to let his wicked son know that he was not bent enough to be driven back or to check his advance on Calverine and gave this notice to Germania telling him that he dared him to attack him again. During the night when general Vivian was reforming his battered and beaten armies, violet and her sisters went out to see if the enemy were following or not. Violet and her sisters were easily ascertained the direction of the enemys lines, by the glow of a far distant conflagration, and yet the brave little girls would have been more satisfied if the glow of the distant fires, set by the enemy would not have been so inally bright as they were.

However they passed along a road, and also a round about course without attracting any attention from the observers, or also from any observations from the enemy.

They mounted a gentle grade of a hill to its top they constantly heard a shrill screaming sound, which startled them, and for a time they felt like going back, but controlling their fears, they went on, and by the help of their field glasses which they carried with them, they surveyed the distant lines of the hostile enemy, and saw that they were in great activity.

The whole scene before violet and her sisters was lighted up by the distant conflagration, and so it was absolutely necessary to avoid being seen by the enemy. The sound they heard was increasing in volume continuing on incessantly, and growing louder every moment. The sound was very far, and in the direction of the tremendous glows of the fires. Suddenly there was a terrible booming sound, and no sooner had violet and her sisters thrown themselves into a ravine, when there was a horrible roar, and the trees on the hill went down like grass before a mow, and were trampled away, the whole hill being stripped clean in one single second. On pressed the terrific tornado ploughing on toward the glandelinian camps, and thousands of glandelinians being caught in its path strove frantically to get on into their tornado dugouts, but were caught and blown about like shells kicked by a giant, and half smothered in the storm of blazing em which the rush of wind carried from the glowing camp fires, and all from the conflagration, and piled countless numbers of trees over hundreds of the glandelinians being killed or maimed by the swirling rage of falling trees. The storm then passed on hitting several small ones carrying them away.

Violet and her sisters had escaped unhurt but their pretty bonnets were gone also their ribbons, while their hair had been torn loose.

They however realized that the foe were not following but were preparing to move not northward on Calverine and to skip general Vivian before he knew it, and so off they sprinted, and told general Vivian their story what they had discovered.....

"Go to Julo Callio (Calverinia) and warn the inhabitants for the enemy may strike there first." Was general Vivians answer, and the little girls obeyed.

The little Vivian girls knew the way to Julo Callio, and reached within a few days, but then another force of the enemy under a different leader whose name was withheld was then only thirty miles away, advancing fast to besiege this beautiful city. All the inhabitants were indeed horrified to hear that one million five hundred thousand of the glandelinians, and five hundred thousand Quarian Curded, were already near Julo Callio that they would be upon the city the next day. For the Angelinians had now made an invasion into glandelinia recently, the Glandelinians under Purgatorian and Purgatorian had committed untold atrocities, and indeed this was a warning of another reign of terror.

It was more particularly with the appalling massacres in Julo Callio that the proceeding chapters have to deal, and with the scenes, and incidents narrated in Norma Catherine also no doubt finding their counterpart in the surrounding districts named in proceeding chapters. It was on a Sunday in July that Purgatorian decided upon the massacre of cold blood of all the men women and children at St Peters Convent at the outskirts of Julo Callio on the Angelinia A Aronburg, and Me-Hollester and Pandora and crossings known as the Bandon Brooks crossroads, and as many other places as could be reached by the dawn of the next day. Unknown to Purgatorian this convent was no more a convent but a formidable fortress.

The Fourth of July having set in, this day had been set for the bloody and most inhuman massacre, but on account of the recent battle of Me-Hollester Run previously fought by the two first main armies their purpose was delayed untill July the sixth thus giving the christians time to strengthen the fortress like convent.

It was the intention of the glandelinians by the suddenness of their attack to create such a panic that could be hastily followed by the extermination of all christians and children at St Peters Convent, and all the unsupposed fortified villages in the vicinity of Julio Callio. The degree of the savage glandelinian officers matured out however on the earliest part of the sixth was terribly and effectually executed, and for the christians alone. This scene of St Peters convent was a region of the wars first most sanguinary battle of the war. In the first attack the enemy lost nearly a million with eighty generals shot down. The second and third assault met serious and bloody disasters, one of the wings of general Constantines glandelinian Mc-Hollentinians being wiped out by terrific shell fire scattered for miles with a million crash so constant as to make a din unusual for any battle heard in the war before, and this general was killed, with thirty others. Repeated assaults were made in succession under the support of cannons but of no avail, and each assault met with frightful decimation. The glandelinian forces then poured across the two railroad lines in endless waves but were gapped and torn to pieces, and the main line suffering exorbitant losses before finally the villages were taken, and the convent reduced to ruins. The terrible fury and awfulness of the scene and the bloodcurdling slaughters inflicted upon the enemy by the christian gun fire was unparalleled in any true history itself, a record of losses as never before in the thrilling history of glandelinian Abbeinnian wars themselves, which have even far surpassed the fury of the most savage races of men. The reader could hardly imagine, may see the savage hordes of glandelinian graycoats and their allies rushing full speed toward the villages and convent under the annihilating fire from christian artillery and musketry can hear the roar of tens of thousands of big guns, the crash and roar of Angolinian and Calverinian musketry, and the fiendish yells of both sides mingled with cries of mercy from the glandelinian wounded as they crouched low in an effort to escape the withering fire along the christian line. Can see the hundreds of thousands of gleaming sabres, crash pitilessly through skull and brain of combatants. Can see division after division of glandelinians after trying vainly to move forward in the face of the roaring screaming inferno of christian fire falter falter and fall back with scores of thousands of bloody corpses of their comrades shattered on the railroad tracks, can see the flaming torches of burning trees set on fire by the fury of the fray. Even when the enemy did win the survivors of christians who were worsted kept up such resistance that the enemy had to set fire to the villages in order to drive them out of the gigantic morgues, the christian combatants enduring for two days of desperate fighting, privation, starvation and exhaustion, after witnessing scenes of battle and slaughter as never wish to see again, and after to reach a haven of safety with the main army after witnessing the slain glandelinians stretched more many miles over fields, lanes, roadways, and so on. And nothing for miles miles could be seen nothing but clouds of thick convulsed smoke and flames from the burning property, and of small forest fires, started by the firing during the battle, and thousands of ruined houses, and torn up railroad tracks and burning ties and bridges.

The awful losses of the enemy dead was never mentioned though the wounded amounted up to seven million. The christian loss was a little over three million six hundred thousand. Thus began the great and lengthy struggles of Julio Callio, Norma Catherine, and finally Vivian Wiskey.

It can now be seen that the three christian generals Hanson Vivian his brother general Robert Vivian, and Gladerlinia, and even Zimmermann from the fierce opposition of the enemy had not been able to win the race for Julio Callio and Norma, and that the glandelinian armies had gotten there first ahead of the christians. Surprising to say however later it did not fare the enemy much good to obtain these critical places, and was responsible later for the wars great furor that occurred.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF PERIL AND HORROR WHEN Foe ARMIES WERE ADVANCING ON JULIO TO CAPTURE THE CITY SECTION OF VIVIAN WISKEY.....

Already great for foe armies under general Purgatorian was moving up the river of by ships and transports and nothing like a big christian army in the near distance the whole city of Vivian Wiskey lay in danger of being captured. The glandelinians were already moving on Julio Callio the southeastern section of the immense city. Already there were rumors in the big city among the non-combatants that glandelinian cannon had been concentrated upon a certain section of Norma Catherine, the Beauvais and Gishorter sections and to the northwest of Julio Callio, and gossip had it that these very guns would be presently thundering before the very walls of the great city. It was a time of great sorrow and despair for the Calverinian inhabitants of Vivian Wiskey, and of utter terror for glandelinians who were residing in the city at the time. Most of the Glandelinian country men when they learned of the wild rebellion progressing in earnest had left the city when the ferocity of the war became a certainty and many more glandelinians with their women and children had even emigrated at the warning of the Calverinian and Angolinian governments to get out of Calverinian property, but one certain glandelinian was not able at all to go at the time the foe were approaching the city being ill in the hospital in Julio Callio. And when this glandelinian recovered from his illness he found it was too late to go for the lines of the military were drawing closer but the environs and all great and small railroad communications and shipping was practically cut off. Besides though this man was born in Glandelinia he had lived in Julio Callio since he was six years old and since he had grown to manhood he had built up a generous trade as a butcher. He was widely known to persons of wealth and standing who would gladly indeed vouch for his character, and so he had nothing to fear from the christian authorities of Calverinia. Although in his heart he was sympathetic with the glandelinian cause he was not physically fit for service in the army or in battle fields and he was sure he could have only fought half heartily against the people from whom for so long he had been making a comfortable living.

But as the noise of thousands of cannon was now heard very steadily and as the strong glandelinian armies under general Purgatorian converged and began to concentrate around the Calverinian Capitol like a giant rubber band, the people of the city even among women and children grew to hate the glandelinians in their hearts more and more. As the glandelinian civilian passed through the streets of Julio Callio, bent on business, he saw surly glances cast at him, and saucy looks from at him from children even and he felt flushed. Excited Calverinians jeered him rudely, then sated after him trying to pick a quarrel. At the corners and in the streets and busy boulevards groups of men women and even children gathered in great numbers and as he passed them he could hear them denouncing the glandelinians as all the brood of Glandelinia. Insults would be hurled at him and he had to stand for them for no man could live a span of seconds against the mob that would have fallen on him.

Here and there about the city a section of Julio Callio terrific riots broke out, and several glandelinians were badly mauled, but the Calverinian gangs broke up these fights immediately before they resulted fatally. Gangs of Calverinians and soldiers were vigilant always preventing blood shed and protecting glandelinian civilians who had hated the Angolinians or Calverinians in no manner save by the fact that they were only glandelinians. But the rage of the rabble shouldered although it did not break forth in flames, and as bulletin after bulletin of discouraging news came from the front saying that the foe armies were fighting desperately that the christian armies on the forts of Julio Callio and were on the verge of success the front of mutterings grew louder louder, the attacks more bold, and police and soldiers were sorely put to it indeed to restore order. Shops belonging to glandelinians throughout the city of Julio Callio and the other sections were closed, or were being closed, the windows boarded up, and the glandelinians were abandoning their stores and homes, and keeping off the city streets.

This glandelinian leaved lived in the rear of his little shop on the Rue De La Choeche section of Julio Callio and, like others gave up trying to conduct his business and boarded up the windows of his own store and did not allow his children to go out in the streets. He cooked his own meals in those narrow quarters, and so he laid in a big store of provisions to be ready for the time when he could venture in the city streets at all. He had lived thus for two weeks and a half, listening to the screaming roar of distant conflict all the time, the booming of cannon by the score of thousands, the rattling roar of shell explosions, and watching the lightning like flashes during the night, and was thus watching the scene another day when the noise of battle had grown worse when an old Calverinian for whom the glandelinian had done a good deal of work called on him and advised him

to go to the house of some of his "landolinian" friends, where he should not be all alone, for the old man stated that the inhabitants of the city were growing wilder every day in their hatred of glandolinians in their city. The glandolinian decided to take his advice and that night, while the roar of distant cannonading and the noise of other battle fighting grew perfectly wild he boxed up and packed away much of his valuable stocks and started on his way to the home of a friend who lived in the neighborhood of a great Catholic Church known as St. Gabriels. In the streets he encountered immense groups of ill-looking men and women, and sullen pointing and flashing eyed children, many who made faces at him, stuck their tongues out at him while the grown adults regarded him with no friendliness. He paid no attention to them however and hurried on his way keeping close to the walls of the houses. When he managed to reach the Rue de la Constatella De guerreanna he found a small Calvinian and Angolinian mob collected among whom were nearly two hundred Americans, and a wicked looking fellow among the Americans was addressing them.

The glandolinian tried to slip round the corner of the building which looked like a palace or courthouse without attracting any attention, but just as he thought he was safe the orator spied him. An accusing finger was leveled at him.

"There is one of the stalking glandolinians now." Cried the American in the Latin Latin language. "He is spying on us now. It is such as he and his darn breed who will turn our Holy Capitol city over to the brutal Zimmermanians under general Purgatorian."

More he had said no doubt, but the glandolinian did not hear it. A tall beautiful woman who was near him had aimed a knife blow at the chest of the glandolinian, but he dodged it and managed to wrench the weapon from her.

"See! Shrink! Half a thousand voices." He even fights women and children like the other glandolinians do. down with the murderer. He has a knife...."

The air was filled with such cries, and threats, and over a thousand thousand hands reached out for him in poor "landolinian" into the Rue De Four he rushed if you pleased to do so hatless and his coat torn half from his body. The fierce mob of Calvinians was howling and yelling and cursing at his very heels so close they were. He ran as if he had never ran before, and for a wide space he drew away from them, but the wild clamor in his rear struck cold terror to his heart. The screams of the women so coming to thri thirst for blood, and the shriller screams of the children and the hoarse yells of the men so was deafening, and with each scream his speed increased. The screams of the women and children sounded swirl above the loud shouts of the men. The fugitive glandolinian did not dare to show himself on the boulevard known in the Calvinian city as St. Germain so he doubled for the main Rue De Four into the Rue Bonaparte, skirted the beautiful St. Sulpice and tore into a flower garden into the Rue De la Tourne. Running toward the Norme Run River he unfortunately encountered another crowd at the corner of the boulevard St. Germain but it was as yet too far from the "landolinian" to interfere with him. A single burly fellow stood directly however in his path and aimed a blow at the whiskered face of the fugitive glandolinian, but the Zimmermanian caught him directly under the chin with the hilt of the knife, and sent him sprawling....

The fresh mob of fierce Calvinians were men and children, followed the fugitive glandolinian into the Rue De Seine, and with the whole pack at his heels yelling like demons he dashed down toward the Bridge of Art in the centre of the Calvinian city section of Julio Callio but at the further end he saw a band of fiercer fiercer rovides moving toward him and these were armed with rifles. The cries of the fierce rabble was heard by them and they rushed in the direction where they saw the glandolinian. Now because of a high wall along the quay he did not believe the fierce

fierce armed mob on the bridge, had seen him as yet, for it was near the opposite end of the bridge. He knew he was out of sight of his pursuers for the moment for they had not rounded the corner of the Art Institute. It was a sultry hot night that June Day but it was life against life and discomfiture, and he leaped the wall along the water front of the mighty river expecting to obtain a boat as the water despite the heat of the early part of the Calvinian summer was still intense intensely he cold as ice.... But not a single boat was in sight. Was not that a bright outlook for him!!!! Another second and the crying of his angry pursuers drove him to desperation. He plunged into the icy waters and struck out downstream. The shouts of his thousands of baffled pursuers rang in his ears, and although he could see that the Calvinians were searching everywhere for him they had nevertheless lost the trail. In his heavy clothes and shoes he found it very hard to swim and the chill water almost struck him numb. And he felt worse on account of the heat of the atmosphere and of his overheating himself in his exertions to get away from the wild mob. He knew from his overheated condition he could not last long in the cold water of the river and decided to get out as soon as possible....

At that time of night, the Pont royaltonia was likely to be deserted, and so he struck in near the shore as he neared that bridge.

Nearly as he could make out there was not a soul on the bridge. Half exhausted he dragged himself up the bank and managed to scramble onto the road quay between the river and the gardens of the Julio Callio tulletries. The Rue De Tulletries of Julio Callio if you please, was dark and vacant, and he managed to hurry through it to the Rue De Rivoli where he tried to mingle with the other crowds, but his dripping clothes attracted attention and persons who looked at him soon recognized him as a "landolinian," which was just what he did not want. Finally he reached the Rue De Lafayette, in safety and was hurrying toward the Rue De Bolivarionia which would take him to his friends house. All now seemed to be going well now for him, but suddenly at the corner of the Rue De Hauteville it was caught in a swirling mass of humanity, which seethed out of a very narrow alley just off the main street. A desperate fight of some kind was in progress and in a moment he was carried by the freakish eddies, of human beings into the very midst of the group. There a tiny and of glandolinians were protecting themselves against the crowds of fierce Calvinians, and his arrival with a weapon was a Godsend to him. Now this glandolinian came to be catapulted into their midst he did not know.

It was nothing sort of a great miracle for had any of the fierce Calvinians

Calvinians in the crowds seen or observed him as a "landolinian, and a Zimmermanian that he would have been beaten and kicked into senselessness. It was only one of these strange-exhibit exhibitions of the fortunes of battle. There were five of the unfortunate glandolinians in the center of the crowds of Calvinians a seething crowd of men, and the glandolinians bravely stood back to back and fought off ten or even twice their number.

"There is no use in standing hereto be butchered in the street." The glandolinian shouted to his new found companions. "We have got to fight our way out of this. If we don't we are lost."

Just then a single Calvinian police man or gendarme appeared around a corner, and shouted in the Angolinian language to disperse and charged into it. For a moment the fierce rabble wavered, then the brave policeman was smothered under a dozen ruffians, who left the glandolinians to attack him for his interference.

But it gave the glandolinians their only chance and while he was wailing his wail and fighting off his raving opponents who seemed to be getting the better of him despite his firearms and sabre, the brave glandolinians formed a wedge like, and pushed their way through their Calvinian tormentors.

The glandolinian was a very tall and strong man and realizing that the others evidently been fighting for a long time and lacked the initiative, or were exhausted, and he took the chance and led them. The glandolinian still held the knife he had snatched from the Angolinian woman on the Boulevard St. Germain, and there was really murder in his heart. The first man he encountered during the struggle dealt the glandolinian a blow beside the ear before he could parry it and in a blind rage the glandolinian sank the knife in his side while his arm was raised. He dropped log like, nearly wrenching the weapon from his hand, and the glandolinian made ready for the next assailant.

It was the first serious wound dealt by either side, and for what indeed seemed a fraction of a second it stunned the Calvinians. It was though they paused to up in astonishment at the fate of their comrade, then with a howl of anger they all upon the Glandolinians anew. A big clumsy fellow made for the glandolinian who held the knife, but the glandolinian was ahead of him and cracked his skull with a blow on the hilt of his knife. The glandolinian fugitives and the Calvinians raving like wolves fought like demons there in the flickering light from the street lamps, and the rabble who had hitherto only only encountered only defensive position, was soon swept from its feet. The glandolinian who had taken the knife from the Calvinian woman was not at all a real fighting man, but guided by that instinct, he nevertheless slashed his way to the gendarme or Calvinian policeman, who was at but overpowered by the Calvinian mob. It indeed surprised the glandolinian, at the very strength in his arms, and he found this in the feeling of giving and receiving blows. Three of the glandolinians struggling desperately fought their way clear and dragged the gon gendarme to his feet, and he stood

uttering, but fighting heavily and bravely against the unequal odds. The glandolinians were too few to attempt to rout the enemy, so once free from them they finally fled into the Rue De Hauteville, but now another fierce crowd of Calvinians was marching toward them, singing and saluting banners of all colors.

In the excitement the glandolinians scattered, and the man with the knife finding himself now all alone fled through the Rue De Paradis in the heart of the city of Julio Callio. The street here was lined with many houses set in many beautiful places, and there were also low walls about the grounds. He did not know when he might encounter another fierce rabble, so he leaped at the wall, just under the branches of a tall tree which grew on the other side of it.

His fingers barely clutched the top of the coping but he managed to scramble up, clinging from the branches of the great tree dropped to the ground below.

The glandolinian found himself in a spacious garden surrounding a large three stories high if you please to climb up glandolinian.

There were of course to his disfigurement strong lights shining from all the widow windows, and at first he thought he might as well arouse the tenants, and ask for protection, but he nevertheless could not even know if a respectable family would care to harbour a fugitive glandolinian who was a zimora man, and besides he feared to risk his terrible appearance. His clothes were all but torn from his back, he still clutched the bloody knife, which had served him so well, and he could not dare to take the risk of throwing it away just then. His face was covered with dirt, a scum and was bleeding, and his clothes were drenched from the cold blood in bath in the cold Norma pun River. All this flashed across his mind as he stood for perhaps a fraction of a minute beneath the tall tree and pondered on what to do next. Then there came to his ears the murmur of the fierce mob part of it turning into the Rue De Paran. Another moment and they were scaling the walls of the gardens along the streets, and he could hear them thrashing about in the bushes and the shrubbery.

There was no more time for reflection. Windows were thrown open noisily and the whole neighborhood was being aroused by the racket of the chase. The house near at which he was now crouching had a large piazza piazza which was covered with a roof on a level with the second story wide windows. This seemed to the glandolinian to be his only chance, and he ran to one of the pillars, and with his knife in his teeth climbed to the top of the piazza. All the time he was wondering what would be the thought of any person who might throw up a window just as his battered face, knife and all should jut above the covering. He had hardly dragged his aching body onto the piazza roof before he heard his pursuers clambering over the wall. There was a light in the window before him now but the curtains were drawn, and stealthily he crept to the water main, and shinned up to the roof of the main house. It was not much of a climb, but there was danger of the pipe pulling loose, or the enemy discovering him from the clatter.

By the time he had gained his place of vantage the master of the house was heard demanding of the crowd what they wanted in his garden. With scant ceremony they told him and continued the search. For a long time the night was filled with the distant noise of battle, and the cries of the searchers, and lanterns moved to and fro below him.

Finally he was beginning to feel safe when he learned from the messages shouted about that the roofs of all houses near by were to be searched, for apparently some one had seen the glandolinian enter one of the gardens, and the searchers were sure he had not escaped. Then he thanked heaven he had been made tall and very slim almost to emaciation. On the roof where he was hiding was an old fashioned chimney with a long spacious flue, and into this climbed the glandolinian, although it was a tight squeeze, and he could not descend very far. He had not been there long when he finally began to choke and almost cough.

Then to him the realization finally came that a fire was being built beneath him. Thick smoke was all about him, stinging his nostrils, and all but suffocating him. Smoke was simultaneously issuing from many other chimneys and he believed that if the fire was built on purpose to smoke him out should he be in one of the chimneys, there was little doubt that he would soon be forced from his haven. If it was only in case of starting a new fire, it might be he could stand the smoke long enough to elude his pursuers. Even yet he might be able to fight his way to freedom, he thought to himself.

Then came a storm of voices on the roof and he knew that ladders had been placed, and many men were already on top of the house. He could hear them tramping over the shingles.

"Look in the chimney." Cried a fierce voice.

He then heard the heavy tread of a man walking straight to his last refuge. With a monster effort the glandolinian restrained himself from crying out, and scrambling from the chimney to meet them there on the roof face to face. It would be better than being slain like a rat in that hold hole. The footsteps ceased at his very ears. The last moment had come. It was insupportable torture to keep from coughing. He believed someone tried to look into the chimney for he heard him cough very violently, and stamp away cursing.

"The glandolinian Greaser and scoundrel of a hell hound can't be in there!" He shouted. ("If he is he is dead.")

It was soon silent on the roof, hoof, poof, but for a long time the glandolinian did not dare to leave his dirty hiding place. For what seemed an eternity he remained there, and the smoke had ceased to rise. The sounds of the mobs had finally died away, but he waited long before drawing himself into the fresh air, cramped and aching in every muscle. It was now more dark, the sky was clouded heavily, and now only a few windows showed lights. Taking off his shoes the Glandolinian tip toed to the water main and slid down to the piazza roof. Once over the garden wall and into the street, he darted among the shadows, and by devious ways found the Rue Bolivar, on which his friends lived.

indeed did sound like as if two armies were engaged in the bloody work of slaughter. The scoring either was not all on the christian side of fugitives. Bill Terrymann was killed outright, a score of Angolinians were wounded, ten others killed and every one of the surviving Angolinians sustained some injury. Nevertheless despite being overwhelming the Angolinians had fought as if there were a dozen times more of their number and they had more to fight for than had the Christians, and seeing the bravery and ferocity of their christian enemies they at last began to weaken. One fled, then another, and with a rush the survivors at a last moment disappeared into the forest. As he ran one of the glandolinians tried to run after him, but was wounded through the heart with his bayonet, but captain Morrison saw the act, and hurled his sabre, which struck the savage looking glandolinian in the side, and he fled howling.....

Thompson and another Angolinian named Fieldorton were indeed so badly wounded that they could not walk, so to two of the Angolinians made a sort of hammock out of ropes and carried them to the branch of the mighty river, where they buried Terry and the other dead Angolinian soldiers, and another Angolinian soldier they had found dead on the trail. They knew that even with firearms they would be unable to make an attack by the glandolinians should they come searching for them in force, as soon as they had given their dead comrades a decent burial they gathered a little bit and filled the water canteens preparatory to taking to a dozen abandoned boats and saw near the shore of the river. Fear away they could hear the roar of the distant battle around Julio Gallio. The water of the river was calm as there was no wind, and the sun shone brightly, and so the fugitives thought the water was the best place for them. The captain had been unable to use his own rifle to in the hand to hand fight in the Calvarian jungle so near to Julio Gallio, but he was sure he needed it yet in case the foe would attack his little band again.

All the rest of the day and even all night long the fugitives lay off at times on the beach, and two of the men were on the watch for every hour, the others slept. In the strong moonlight some of the Angolinians who had been on guard before going to sleep saw the glandolinians once or twice at the edge of the woods near the great river, but at it appeared they did not attempt to molest the Angolinians and it may have been that they did not see them or otherwise they surely would have descended upon them and captured the whole lot while they were all of the sleep. Back of the first line of hills a number of great and distant fires light the sky to a bright rousing glow that could be seen for miles. A noise of fierce cannonading was still shaking the air, added by tremendous clouds of probable millions of rifles, and the fugitives were indeed in a quandary as to whether the fires were buildings in Julio Gallio burning, or forts, or that the glandolinians were making fire signals to the other Glandolinians around Julio Gallio. The plight of the fugitives was not an enviable one by no means. In the long watches one of the Angolinians worried intensely over it, for it seemed that there would be no way to land on the opposite shore of the river for the foe there also with long lines of batteries and works made of millions of sandbags and they could not remain in the boats indefinitely without more food though water they could get aplenty from the river which was beautifully pure and as cold as necessary.....

He seemed to hold little hope, for everywhere searchlights from the enemy's newly found positions fairly tore the air with their gleams and several times one of them flared dazzlingly upon the fugitives and the guards thought they would have been killed. One of the Angolinians who was also on guard toward midnight, began to feel that the best way after all would be to attack the glandolinians, and fight his way to freedom or die fighting which ever it may be. He actually determined to propose this to the captain in command of the small band of soldiers and also to the men when it should come morning, and the thought so pacified him that when he was relieved from guard duty and some one else put in his place that he fell into a sound sleep. He was conscious however at times even in his sleep of a roar of guns like giant cannons, and was awakened in broad daylight by a

warship was warship to starboard. Bearing toward us.....

All eyes were immediately strained in the direction, in which one of the men was shouting, and the more sure enough, was an immense black warship heading straight down the river southward flying the Sacred Heart Emblems of the Abbe eannian banners. It stood off as if ready to open fire on some of the glandolinian batteries on the shore. Behind her came a long string of others. The advanced ship was far off from the fugitives scarcely dared breathe for fear not one of them would stop to her boats to their rescue, and leave them to their fate. There was no way to save, for if the fugitives tried to row down river for gunboats would pursue them with their boats all and all from the river. Captain Morrison discharged his gun as a signal to the nearest warship but he or his men doubted if they were close enough to the ship for the shot to be heard....

He reached there more dead than alive, but food and medical care revived him and although it was many days before the glandelinians ever again ventured into the streets the city had been captured by the glandelinians and fell under the full authority of the glandelinians and there was no further robbing for all the people barricaded themselves in their houses to keep clear from the foes or resist them fiercely should they attempt to break in. Thus came the experience of a glandelinian in facing the wild fury of angered Calvinians who hated all glandelinians worse than a snake....

A Thrilling adventure on the Norma run river.
Did the river ever run????????????

At this time before the capture of the Julio Gallio section of the city of Vivian wickey great forces of half besieged christian troops defending Julio Gallio had indeed given the savage glandelinians a most desperate fight, especially at all points, but nevertheless had been worsted and no effort could save the city from falling into the hands of the rebels. At the time of the battle of Stratton one of the fiercest of the no months obstinate struggle around Julio Gallio a number of Angelinian officers had been having an experience on the Norma run river to which they been driven as fugitives by a force of glandelinians and having escaped had finally run into another body of glandelinians and had been forced to take to the river. However some of the fugitives about three of them had risked a fatal encounter with pursuers and there had been signs that one of the other men who may be called Thompsonsonia had given the pursuers a savage fight at the point and the train showed that a number of other fugitives had continued in the direction the former pursued were traveling. Spurred by the thought that captian Thompsonson was alive the fugitives charged swiftly down the trail. They did not at all have any notion of how strong a force of glandelinian soldiers they may chance to encounter again for glandelinians were swarming everywhere looking for any amount of fugitives who may have broken through the zimmermannian lines and out of the time city and gone to the woods beyond for the direction of the river itself....

All they knew that other comrades of their may be in the same trouble, and that they might shave them from death or capture, even from torture. If they could not wrest them from the savage zimmermannians, they would at least have their comrades dead, and they were determined that should their attempt fail, they would end their own lives rather than be taken by the ferocious zimmermannians and other fierce glandelinians like the hooded terror of gargolians as they are called, and suffer a lingering death at their hands.

Another mile along the obscure trail they were following and now that could hear the nearest of the pursuing enemy crashing through the brush behind them. They must have seen the fugitives before their own approach had been heard, and not only that but must have been good runners themselves for they drew close and rushed the fugitives. It seemed at the time that a whole army was charging down upon the fugitives, but as nearly as they could learn later there were only a hundred and ninety nine of them. They carried long army rifles with bayonets attached supplied to them by Calvinians loyal no doubt to the rebels or who may have been rebels themselves who should have been shot or stabbed by their own weapons for their treason.....

The first glandelinian to throw himself upon one of the Angelinians who was captian Streeter Morrisonia fell with his throat cut so that his head almost rolled free of his body and a second was dropped by a backhand stroke of his army sabre which left two less of the savage glandelinians to a hundred of the Angelinians, and others who may be still fugitives elsewhere. One of the Angelinians who had been a new recruit and who had only entered the army as a war correspondent, and a photographer had never wielded a sabre or used his gun for any other purpose but for hunting and never used them on a human being before, but he knew that this was no time for qualms, and when a big gray coated fellow made at him with a fierce command of surrender made at him with a sabre, he tried to parry and slash at him with his own. It would have gone bad with the war correspondent but for the big Angelinian lieutenant Bill Terryanna who grappled with the fellow like a fiend. For an instant Bill was indeed uppermost and then the glandelinian struggling desperately got Bill undermost, and the war correspondent fell upon the back of the glandelinian officer digging and slashing with a stiletto. Even then it may have given him a feeling of nausea, but he sprang to his feet to use his knife on another savage glandelinian assailant, who was charging him. From the force of other fighters there was a ring of blades striking together, the noise of shots and the blow of musket butts and the ring of slashing bayonets, together with the thud of falling bodies and of revolver butts on bare heads, and the shrieks of the wounded foes.....

any rate the middle ship continued onward for a few moments, then began to swing and started toward the fugitives, and the angelinians began to row in haste. At this moment batteries on shore opened fire and the ships responded with a noise of sudden cannonading being terrific and the air and land vibrated with din, and the river roared in waves from the concussion. It was weary work to their little boats plow through the waves but joy at the prospect of rescue helped Angelinian fugitives. They had not taken forty strokes when suddenly to their horror around a point or bend in the river darted an immense and very long craft in shape of a Conifer Cond Confederate Merrimac and behind it glided another and another, and then came a strong of glandelinian gun boats. Terrified the Angelinians to the oars and put out for all they were worth for the distant warship, but warships they had endured had surpassed their strength, and their breath was short. As rowboats against monstrous low crafts driven by steam and armed with long guns. The fugitives did have a fair lead on the pursuing enemy but for the first quarter of a mile they had cut it down in a few moments and as they were ships driven by steam the Angelinian fugitives saw they they could not last against them.

From the action of the warships the fugitives reckoned they had sighted a full fugitives and the matter seemed to resolve itself into a race for life or life for the prize when suddenly there was a deafening earsplitting roar from sides of ten warships, a roar that fairly shook the water and a storm of missiles either burst in the air above the monitors and merrimacs and about them caused the river to heave in surging waves. Two of the gun boats were struck by shells and there was two terrific explosions and clouds of smoke and wreckage shot into the air, and the river was full of floating bodies. The monitors merrimacs responded fiercely but in the close the full fugitives aimed onward the men rolling from side to side at the oars, almost dropping from motion exhaustion. To their horror one of the guns of the biggest foe craft was now bearing on the boats. The captian in the stern threw water on those in front he occupied from time to time but the stimulation did not last long. Not at per second the fastest monitor even overhauled the fugitives, yet they seemed close enough for the warships to hit them properly and all of a sudden one of merrimacs opened a thundering broadside and shot and shell fell dangerously close to the boats almost castrating them and splashing the fugitives with a spray of cold water. Two of the men were killed and five were wounded, and of the men who was rowing tumbled over backwards with a shell fragment in his back his oar swinging useless in the rowlock.

Some of the brave Angelinians, bundled him into the stern, and captian Morrisonia took his place at the sweep. The great Abbisannian warship was still at a distance, and the foremost pursuing ships were gaining too rapidly to be retorted, so that the Angelinians were by no means safe and one of their boats which had been struck by some of the fragments of the shell was rapidly sinking. The Angelinians thought they were close enough, the captian ordered the men in his boat to stop rowing immediately..... It was better to stop and take a chance the enemy Merrimac which was in the lead would blow the boats out of the water.

The glandelinians in the boats howled with delight, for the glandelinians doubt evidently believed the angelinian fugitives were spent. Bracing his feet wide to steady himself, the captian took aim at one of the open turrents of a leading merrimac believing he may have a chance to shoot down some one inside. He went his rifle with no result however, and crash bang went one of the foe guns and an Angelinian soldier leaped high into the air, plunging into the water while one of the boats struck by a solid shot fell to pieces and the Angelinians were dumped along into the water. The two other boats immediately went to their rescue and took them aboard. Despite the fact of heavy firing from the Abbisannian battleships the enemy on board their merrimacs were not discouraged. O O Onward they glided firing the fire in broadsides, and the delay while the captian fired gave the foe opportunity further to cut down the lead of the Angelinian fugitives.

They were gaining steadily on the christians and had within two minutes within a few hundred yards of the fugitive boats, and were steaming forward now at a most alarming rate. The fugitives could see that the bark was hove to, and knew that she had struck shoal water and so the soldiers who were in it dived into the water just as a volley from one of the foe gun boats shattered the small bark to splinters. Already fortunately boats were being lowered from the big battleship, and though they were being rowed to the rescue of the angelinians in the other boats, the nevertheless meant more time for the pursuit..... They had so little ammunition they did not dare to waste it, and they played a waiting game. They hoped some of the enemy would show their heads at the open port holes and then they would give a volley and kill some of them if possible. Soon there was another broadside of solid shot and shell but the shells exploded too far beyond and fragments began to fly all around the fugitives but fell too short. Another shot of a broadside and another boat was hit but not damaged enough to cause it to sink.

"We must try and stop their darn fire or they will annihilate us." Said Captain Morristonia and he and the Angolinians used their rifles and managed to kill some of the Glandelinians who were on the decks of the gun boats. After that it was a scramble at the cars, then stop for an instant to empty their revolvers and rifles anew. Then came another crash from one of the gunboats and another of the boats loaded with Angolinians rolled heavily to one side and sank. The Angolinians who were thrown out thrashed about in the water, and their comrades had to again stop for these but before the enemy got too close they succeeded in rescuing them. The time however was now getting short, but at last would have it rescue wasn't hard. There was a tremendous puff of white smoke from the sides of three warships, a second later there was a stupendous crash and simultaneously two merrimacs and six foe gunboats went into perfect eruption amid a deafening roar heard for miles, and the fragments of the damaged foe craft sank to the bottom of the river. Then it seemed as if the fugitives almost went crazy with relief. The remaining boats of fugitives about thirty drifted about in the water of the river, and the exhausted Angolinians lay in the bottom, for the Glandelinians in the face of the furious fire of the Abbeamian warships had finally wavered and though they now kept up an incessant fire amid a saluted roar and crash they nevertheless suffered from the effects of hundreds of dreadful volleys from six Abbeamian warships not responding with to the cannon fire on shore, and fled for the bend of the river. Many of the poor Angolinians were laughing, and some were crying but the marines from the battleships had reached them with their own boats clambered into theirs and helped the fugitives into the larger boats and rowed them under fire back to the warship.

It was the warship Titanic which had rescued the Angolinians amid the noisy river battle and the ship left them near General Hammons' camp and four days later from which they went to General Wiestens' army and thence to Whilliamsberger Zimmermanns. All Angolinians thus from this adventure and others know easily enough how desperate the rebels were.

THE RACE FOR LIFE DURING THE FIRST DAY OF THE BATTLE AROUND JULIO CALLIO. THIS IS THE EXPERIENCE OF ONLY AMERICANS AND NO ONE ELSE.

There seemed to be nothing particularly alarming at all to any one in the fact in the fact that the Glandelinian rebels, or probably a band of Gargollians and Zimmermannians had posted manifestoes on all trees and roadmarks near Julio Callio threatening death to all foreigners and American men who were not out of Julio Callio and even Calverinia before July 1912... Nevertheless a great number of Americans who were then residing on Julio Callio thought it best of all to have the many American women leave the Benito Juarez junction before the main and real danger arose, for they had heard of the fact that the foe were already starting a rampage around Julio Callio and that the city was already in danger of being invested by the Glandelinians under General Purgatorian. Accordingly the Americans had the women throw together all the many articles which seemed absolutely necessary for feminine comfort, and packed them off to San Luis Luis (Calverinia, where they were to take the Mc-Hollester and Pandora Railroad for Abbeamian. The American men however did not take the rebel manifestoes seriously, but they nevertheless felt a whole lot better, when the women were out of the way. Later for those Americans it proved very fortunate. Things went along just about the same as usual after May 17th though the enemy had already approached close to the city and there was a bad volume of strange noise in many directions. Glandelinians who resided in Julio Callio feared the inhabitants of the city who were aroused at the approach of the rebel army, the inhabitants being just as sullen as ever and quite as ferocious toward Glandelinians as Americans had witnessed them to be before, but there was as yet no outbreak of mob rule and violence.

Anyway the Americans had about the first of May been surprised over the rumors of tremendous rebel victories over the Angolinian and Abyssinilian forces even from all over Calverinia, and then the Americans had to close up their shops, not because of any violence or trouble as yet but because every man within a radius of fifty miles who claimed to be of Glandelinian birth and nationality flocked to the Purgatorian rebel army, lured by the hope of victory and plunder from the Christians. Being on the fourteen of May very apprehensive on account of the menacing actions of the Glandelinian armies now concentrating around Julio Callio the Americans wired Angolinia and the authorities told them to immediately pack up and quit until the country became settled again.

By the time the Americans took the first train the first day of the battle around Julio Callio had already started and they had been amazed by the din and wondered how a little could be so wild. They thought the whole world was ending. Morgan Jimmy, Gargollian and James Puncana who were Angolinian officers had managed to get the Americans through to the train line without trouble and the Americans rode the train to San Luis which was not far from Norma Catherine without mishap or adventure with the Glandelinians, and took train for Norma Catherine, to return to Abbeamian by way of the Mc-Hollester and Pandora Railroad lines. San Luis looked like a hell den. The hotels were packed to overflowing with wounded Angolinian and other Christian soldiers, and a whole lot of wounded soldiers were lying on the piazza and on the outskirts of the town in tents. Even many houses were filled with wounded soldiers, and the town was in possession of so vast an Angolinian army that the Americans who entered thought it was a whole nation of soldiers assembled there. The Americans began to realize that the war was not only going to be a mighty big one after all.

Every train which entered was crowded with wounded soldiers to overflowing, and it was impossible for six days to get more than one train a day to pull out of the big town. From the highest buildings of the town the Americans when they looked over the surrounding country believed they saw hundreds of immense fires at a great distance away and puffs like explosions. The Americans became worried over the situation fearing they would be marooned among a world of woe in that town for some trains even never appeared or pulled out and on account of the rebellion, there seemed to be no time for departure. It seemed to be first come first served on any train the railroad could get out of the city and all trains that entered brought wounded soldiers.

The Americans waited for four days for their return and then one night had to satisfy themselves with seats in a gray day coach but it was not more than a thirty mile trip or so to Norma Catherine and the Americans comforted themselves by being glad it was not a hundred miles. The train rattled along quite merrily for a while then stopped indeed as suddenly or almost as suddenly as though it had either hit a stone wall or struck another train ahead. The Americans had not gone far in the Julio Callio Section of San Luis and it was only about eight o'clock at night. There were many women and children among the passenger passengers not refugees from Julio Callio or elsewhere, and they became panic stricken at the way. There was not one Angolinian soldier aboard this train. Most of them tumbled out of the coaches to see what was the trouble. Just as one of the most bravest of the Americans jumped off a platform a big graycoated soldier dressed in a uniform fit to kill the richest king and brandishing a sabre which looked to the American to be as long as a telegraph pole, galloped up and shouted "Qui3 quien vive!"

"That means who lives. The American did not know what to give to this he did not wish to take chances with so desperate looking a Zimmermannian officer, and especially that sabre looked mighty deadly.

"Madero, madero!" he yelled harshly and the American repeated "Madero."

"Get back into the train you gringo." He said.

The American or the others with him had no pistol and there were at least over a hundred and fifty of the mounted gray uniformed soldiers surrounding the train, a whole rebel encampment close by the railroad lines stretching for miles, so the American obeyed with the rest of the passenger passengers, who had detrained. At the time this lone American had returned to his car there were half a dozen armed Glandelinian soldiers in each car covering all the passengers with their rifles or revolvers and commanding the men to surrender their arms. There was not a man to fight these desperate looking Glandelinians, and all the men were speedily disarmed. In the midst of the trouble the conductor entered the car in which the Americans were and boldly ordered the intruders off the train. Their answer was that with the flat of their swords and to throw him out of the train headlong.

Then they began to collect all the jewelry and money from the people in the coaches who were not Glandelinians. The Americans could do nothing but look on while they took rings from the fingers of the women, and went through the pockets of the Angolinian men, taking everything of valuable. Before they had finished their work some one shouted an order to march the passengers, whether Angolinians or not from the train immediately. So all with even the Americans lined up alongside the tracks and the Glandelinians stood opposite, holding all their prisoners with rifles.

While another fierce band of Zimmermannian Glandelinians had rifled the two passenger cars, blowing open the safes and the strong boxes, and smashed the ticket office in the ticket office. On the train one of the Americans had indeed made acquaintance of a man and his wife whose names were Mr James Frank Veranna, a German who was two Angolinians, and when the trouble first came they turned in English English to the American to keep close to him in order to protect his wife.

The American was more than glad to do so, for she was a charming woman a regular Spanish belle indeed in appearance, and he knew that if her husband was either killed or injured by the rebels she would be liable to all sorts of insults. It must have been an hour that they were lined up by the railroad track, while a large party of soldiers went far ahead and burned a long bridge to prevent the train being sent to Pandora if the engineer should succeed in breaking away. A glandelinian officer who called himself general Nicolass Torres was in command of the raiders, and after the burning of the bridge and the small town at which the train had been stopped, he gave orders that the Americans alone should be marched to the glandelinian encampment and placed inside a sort of fortification that stood near a siding. They then formed the Americans in double file and they were hored into the small fort, and the doors were barred. Outside they could hear the trampling of many horses, and the occasionally sound of heavy firing at some distance. One of the Americans took bravado enough to climb to a very small window of the fort and saw a line of mounted guards outside the fort. There was a large town about two miles distant, and a red glare in the sky showed that the rebels were burning and pillaging. Cries and shouts added to the terror of the women.

The Americans had been in the shed like fort for at least three or four hours when a handsomely uniformed officer entered and singling out eight men and women ordered a guard to conduct them into the nearest train yards. They were gone about twenty minutes and then eight more were marched out. Mr and Mrs Moranna the two Angelinians and the Americans were in the third party of sixty who were also ordered into the yard. Once there the glandelinians who looked more like handsomely uniformed bandits than soldiers and rebels forced them all to stand with their backs against a stone wall, then what appeared to be a large firing squad faced them all with leveled rifles. A glandelinian officer who was so intoxicated that he reeled about unsteadily on his feet stood a little to one side, and explained to the lines up prisoners in ludicrously polite language;

"When I have the pleasure of addressing you all the question 'Quien Vive' You will all kindly shout 'Madero'. Those who do not so honor we will be respectfully shot down."

The Angelinian Mr Moranna knew that there may be some among the Americans who do did not understand Catalan or Spanish so he hurried to explain the meaning of the officers threat.

Presently he shouted; Quien Vive."

"Madero" The prisoners all yelled as loudly as they could and at the top of their lungs, for they were taking no chances with the ugly black muzzles of the rifles held steady not more than four or three feet from their breasts and besides the Glandelinian bayonets did not look pleasant either.

Three times in the next hour this peculiar performance was anchored for the pleasure of some officer who had missed the previous spectacle. Each time the Americans left the shed they could see that the rebels were pillaging and burning in the towns all around, and things began to look pretty serious, for thousands of the glandelinians were getting drunker and drunker every minute. Moranna and the leading American were in the corner of their prison room with an Angelinian soldier whose name was Angelio Phelananna whispering over a plan of probable escape with his wife, when four men in shabby uniforms, whom the Americans had noticed scrutinizing the faces of all the prisoners stepped up to Phelananna and the American and even Moranna and touching Phelan and the American on the shoulder said in as good English as he could;

"Come with us. We wish to talk with you."

The dangerous end of a long revolver pressed against the side of the American or against his ribs, was indeed more eloquent than any kind of a wild oratory and they went with their glandelinian captors. I should say the two walked about a mile up a long high hill far away from the main body of the glandelinian soldiers. Two of the guards the American recognized as the rebels who had rifled the pockets of the passengers in his own car, and as they had not reached him by the time the officer ordered all the Christians from the train, the American now began to expect or suspect that they hoped to get money from him and Phelananna. As a precaution the American had sent all his money to a friend in Pandora Calvernia

keeping only enough in his clothes to cover the expenses of the trip to Abbieanna. He did not know how much Phelananna had with him. From the height to which they climbed they could see almost the whole of six neighboring towns and even a whole stretch of forests thirty miles long in flames. In a lonely spot of the woods on the summit of the hill the two prisoners were halted, and the glandelinian spokesman addressed him the American in broken English. In less serious circumstances his extreme courtesy would have been humorous.....

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"He said bowing most politely I regret much to inform you that when we looked from the cash drawer in the railroad station we were disappointed. The did not meet our expectations at all. In fact they fell short by \$55,000 nothing else. This Sonores is a very regrettable incident, and we realize that Sonores are not responsible. But you are Americans and we will feel sure your generous impulses will prompt you to make up the deficit."

"In other words" Rotorod the American "You would black black us for a price of five thousand dollars. And what if we refuse to submit to you Glandelinians?"

"I regret that a very severe and sudden fall volley might in that case end your chance." Said the spokesman.

"We have not even five thousand dollars at all between us." Argued the American.

"I said the glandelinian officer" Soe men especially Gringos I thought hold very cheap indeed. I am disappointed that you do not value yours as high as \$2,500. We have not long to wait here Sonores and I would suggest that in four hours you make up your minds to pay us the amount. Otherwise--" his sentence ended with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I will lay here and rot before I give you a penny voluntarily" The American shouted, for the insults which had been heaped upon him by the Glandelinians after another, had stung him into desperation.

"Wait a minute" Said Phelananna in Spanish "Sonores my friend speaks little hastily. He is exasperated quite as much by the thought that you were so previously disappointed in the case box as he is by what he considers your unreasonable demands. I think you are entirely in the right though you be a Glandelinian and even a Brigand. I ask only for a few moments to consult with him."

The Glandelinians smiled, and relaxed their billiger billigerant attitude at this. They even ceased to finger their pistols.

"Wait here" Said Phelananna to the American in English. "You are of course an American but I'm sure you know these Glandelinians just as well as I do because you have been among us long enough. The only way to treat them and save yourself as well is to play their own game. Save them a little. It does not mean anything to them but it is their way. Besides there is a good deal of bravado about them that is quite dangerous. The Glandelinians are terribly wicked, and cruel, and are of God but they are more brave than any one thinks and mean business if they are taunted. We will beat them yet. We must bide our own time and be careful."

Then he walked back to the Glandelinian leader and said to him

Spanish;

"My friend and myself are sorry that we cannot give you what you have to ask, but we gladly turn over to you every centavo in our possession. Will not that be fair?"

The Glandelinian leader grumbled but nevertheless invited the American and Angelinian to be a mighty quick about it and give him and his comrades the money requested. Phelananna and the American went down into their jeans and pooled a forty seven dollar and seventy five cents. That was every penny they could scrape together. The leader snatched it greedily and began to count the gold and silver if he had never seen money in his life before. Phelan and the American in the while turned their pockets inside out to show that they were playing fair.

"Sonores" Said the spokesman presently. "You are more than generous. I think that we would embrace you very much should we ask you to return to the train and take it and go to the country where you belong Mr Gringo and we will give you enough centavo to pay fare. It is my desire that you should accept at our hands a good change and to their surprise the Glandelinian handed back every cent that was due to him by the two. And he handed it back with a grand flourish which was his idea the acme of generosity. The two were astonished by this and then again the leader said now rather surly;

"Why do you two tarry here. You are free. Go or we'll change your minds and keep you prisoners. You Americans anyway are fools to remain where war is."

The American and his companion realizing they were indeed free, left immediately and had been gone away only two days and having failed to catch any train came upon a body of fierce hooded cavaliers. The American and his friend were immediately taken prisoner but in the moment there was a hand change Phelananna landed a good solid States punch on the jaw of the leader of the Gargolians. The man toppled backwards, sprang to his feet again and tore at the American but the American hit him down, and then the two tore off into the brush without waiting for any further counter with the hooded terror.

In the fall the revolver of the hooded leader had clattered to the ground and the American pounced upon it. Before the other fierce Gargolians could help Phelananna and the American, he had fired and struck one man in the arm. It fell helplessly at his side, and his friends dragged him away with them into the bushes.

From there they fired at the Angolians and American but the shots then in fourty in number at once went wild, and the Angolians and the American started to run swiftly down the trail. Hearing the Gargolians crashing after them on horseback, the two fugitives leaped behind a tree, and used the two remaining cat cartridges. There was a yell from two glandolinians, and each judged he had hit one of them. Then they waited silently for more trouble but the Gargolians seemed to know there was too much loot to be had elsewhere for little or no fighting and apparently decided to give up the fugitives for something easier.

The two fugitives had paid strict attention to the route they followed from the small fort near the railroad yards to the point where the fight with the soldiers had taken place and they retraced their steps as fast as they could in the darkness. About two hundred yards or more from the building they came out on the railroad track and ran squarely into a cloaked figure hurrying in the direction of the shed. The two fugitives were not in the mood for any more bullying, and without ceremony the American himself with a fierce scowl leveled the pistol at the stranger's head, and shouted to him with a curse to stand.

"Who are you?" Phelan asked in Latin.

For reply the man threw open his cloak immediately and the two fugitives saw that he wore the garb of an Abbeismian Priest, and for fact he really was one.

"I am a priest and a friend." He immediately said to Phelan in Latin. If so I am at your service. I have done my best to restrain those rebel marauders, but they have gotten away from us priests. This is going to be a terrible war my Americano." He added in English to the American, "and I would advise you to get out of this region and go to Abbeismian as soon as you can. Those rebels when driven mad by war will care not for any nationality when once they get started."

The two then explained to him the situation at the fort used as a train shed near the railway tracks, and he promised to help them even if he had to fight it to do so.

"A large bunch of rebels have just left for the next town." He said gravely.

"I think they will be there for more than four or five hours. If you could escape meanwhile it would be well. They have left a single guard at the fort used as a train shed but I think you might get away if you use your reason properly. If there are any among you who know how to run a locomotive you might take a train load of refugees out of danger. But keep away from Julio Callio or Norma Catharine. A scene as I of the tortures of Perdition is going on at Norma. Vivian Wickoy is being invested and a terrific conflict is raging with all its ferocity at Julio Callio." On the way toward the fort the two talked over plans for escape. The glandolinians no doubt had left a strong guard, but most of them had been attracted by the possibility of more pillage and it looked to the two fugitives as though all but two of the men had been relieved of their post. Hiding behind trees and rocks, the Angolians and the American crawled closer to the building, and were relieved indeed to find that there was actually only one armed glandolinian sentry between the prisoners and liberty.

"You take care of both of them." Whispered the Priest when the two were very close, but do not take life unless necessary...."

Phelan and the American had no desire at this moment to kill any one whether an enemy or not, but the two were determined nevertheless to free all their friends. When they were thirty feet from the two glandolinian guards they leaped at them furiously, Phelan in the lead, and the American behind with the pistol. He had taken from their captors. The American did not intend to shoot unless Phelan was in real danger. The two guards however were surprised, and both were knocked down, and Phelan and the Priest seized their rifles with both hands, and Phelan banged one of them over the head with the musket butt, and the American crashed the barrel of the rifle he had seized up against the rebels' chin and had his enemy sprawling in the grass. Both were on top of their enemies in a second and after a few more moments struggle held their hands over their mouths. Then the sound of swift running behind them made the American and the Angolians start in alarm, but turned only to see their friend the priest. He dropped on his knees, and quickly tied a handkerchief around the mouths of both guards, making an effectual gag, and then bound their hands and feet.

"Get your friends out." He whispered in English to the American. "Phelan and I will attend to these glandolinians."

The American ran for the shed, and the last he saw of the priest he was sitting on the rebels' chest, reinforcing moral suasion with a little physical force.

It was the work of many seconds to unlatch the doors of the train sheds used as prison forts....

"Most of the rebels have gone to the towns to raid and pillage." Yelled the American. "Get out of here while all of you can."

There was a rush for the doors the prisoners however hesitated, having secured arms and ammunition inside the building having found them where no foes had been seen or knew they were in the building.

The American found Mr and Mrs Moranna and stuck close to them. They knew the bridge itself ahead was burned and they all started to run back up the railroad tracks. They had not gone a hundred yards, when they heard a volley of shots behind them, the yelling of men, and the furious galloping of horses as if a race was on. The pistol and the rifle the two Americans had taken from the guards were the only firearms the two had among the selves but the other fugitives were go dly armed. Some of the fugitives left the tracks, and scrambled into the woods and hid behind trees from which they opened fire shooting down a number of glandolinians, but most of the others when they knew they were discovered preferred to die hard rather give themselves up now and fired tremendous volleys as one man and a score of mounted graycoats fell almost simultaneously.

All the rest of the fugitives nevertheless kept to the track, and were soon outdistancing their pursuers, when they suddenly heard the wild galloping of a horse as if it was fairly running away. Looking back they saw a fierce Zimarrumian officer was fairly riding them down, but just as they swerved to the woods, one of the Americans who wore a fierce looking mustache fired twice one bullet hitting the officer in the head and another striking the mount which stumbled into a sluiceway across the track, and both went sprawling like a two football down the embankment and lay still.

Presently they all but stumbled into three handcars resting alongside the tracks of the Sendon railroad. Six of the Americans frantically tugged it onto the rails and then placed the others on also, jumped upon them, and began to pump for all they were worth, just as a swarm of glandolinians appeared on both sides of the tracks and started to open fire. Six of the Americans were hit but not seriously wounded and they had fairly outdistanced the enraged glandolinians before they could fire another volley with effect. Even Mrs Moranna helped the brave Americans at the levers. However they had to travel on up grade but they developed considerable speed, though wincing and groaning by cawingly pursuing for some time. Several times the cawing fairly gained the speeding hand cars, but finally the hand cars outdistanced them and the Americans were congratulating themselves upon their apparent escape when around a curve they had just passed jutted a bright light, and they heard the rumble and whistling of a locomotive engine and the sound of pistol shots. The first impulse of the Americans was to grab Mrs Moranna and jump from the handcar, but

presently they rounded another car curve and the light was out of sight again.

Three hand cars twisted and turned along the face of a cliff in alarming fashion, nevertheless they began to hope that the glandolinians in the locomotive would not be able to drive it along the perilous trail as fast as they could run the three hand cars. They listened ear eagerly for the snorting of the locomotive, but it did seem to grow louder. The hand cars twisted and turned recklessly, and the fugitives muttered that the train had crawled very slowly down the tortuous grade. For the locomotive not anchored by the heavy cars behind it, the trail would undoubtedly be exceedingly more dangerous.

Afterwards they learned that the rebels had found an engine with steam up the railroad yards at the town the had seen burning. One of their number claimed to be an engineer. Any rate he was enough of one to start the locomotive which their pursuers had taken past the stalled train by means of the siding. The Angolians and Americans I mean now however seemed to hold their own in the race and unless forced were very unwilling to jump from the hand cars. They did not dare to slow down their own speed for being smashed by the speeding engine. On one side the precipice dropped probably a thousand feet or more and on the other side there was so narrow a margin of level ground, that they were afraid of being dashed lifeless against a rocky wall if they jumped off the hand cars at the speed they were traveling.

The backs of every one who worked the levers, ached as though they were fairly breaking. Mrs Moranna's breath came in short sobs, but she stuck to her post with the Americans. Even when the puffing of the locomotive grew dimmer they did not dare to relax for if they should come to a straight stretch of tracks, their pursuers would quickly have the advantage for no one could drive a handcar the speed of a locomotive. The headlight was never visible now however, but nevertheless they sometimes still heard the snorting of the engine. At last that even died away.

It seemed that many weeks had passed that they had driven the handcars, although it could not have been more than four hours, when red and green signal lights shone ahead of them in a signal tower high above the railroad bed and they knew they were approaching the San Luis signal towers. The grade immediately changed there, and they could coast down into the town, but they never heeded the levers not to let the cars get away from them. As they passed the lower Mrs Moranna moaned, and then gave a groan her hands slipped from the lever and she would have fallen had not her husband caught her in his arms. She was exhausted, but it was indeed as game as the very Americans to the last.

After about twenty days of traveling on hand cars, and on trains they finally reached the Calverinian city of Pandora and these Americans reported to the Authorities there of that immense Calverinian city and a large army on trains was sent to the relief of the prisoners and that small rebel army was finally captured. The bridges were repaired in two days and the Americans at once proceeded for Angelinia Agathia being determined to see and experience as much of the rav rebellion as they could. The two bravest men of the Americans who had been on the car with the rest, were Frank Warden a man from Chicago, and Phillips Roberts of Boston.....

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT.

SECOND CHAPTER OF MC-HOLLESTER RUN SERIES. THE MONTH'S OBSTINATE FIGHTING AT JULO CALLED FROM JULY 2TH TO AUGUST 2TH.... A. L. L. L.

In the meantime the mother of Violet and her sisters with the little girls themselves had been in the city of Juló Cal Gallio but they were on the very outskirts and while they were sitting reading on the steps of their house, a certain soldier came to the door and greatly alarmed them by the information that the advancing enemy was almost upon them. Knowing the danger they did not stay to listen to details. Several hundred soldiers proceeded to act as their guides, and all the people also being informed of the approach of the enemy hastily left the city as fast as possible bringing their belongings with them. Violet and her sisters accompanied them with their mother and aunt and many other groups of women and children which increased until there were hundreds of thousands of them. The glandelinians soon came in sight but were quite away off as yet. By an hour's time nearly thirty six thousand children soldiers I mean were guarding the fleeing fugitive fugitives of the city, but then they did not hardly know what to do as they were facing the advance of the whole glandelinian army. Some of the soldiers wished to stay and others desired to go and find a Christian army and bring it to their aid as escape for the unfortunate fugitives was impossible. All of the fugitives were soon hurrying over an immense grassy plain but they now saw the soldiers coming after them who wore blue uniforms, and they were racing after them as fast as they could go out of them being in the advance, and all who were horsemen were making three different movements, and by this it was known that the fugitives were being surrounded by Gargolians and Mc-Hollestonians. The Angelinian soldiers who were all horsemen formed a large circle with the intention of opposing the vast horde, the glandelinians being now so close that the men fugitives who had fled the city thought they had best leave their wagons and provisions. On came the glandelinians with a wild yell of yells that seemed to appall the heavens, and thousands of them started to open fire at all at once with all their vigor. The men and soldiers now told and even ordered the women and children to go to a slough far off. While running Violet's mother was shot in the heel but did not stop, while a little girl and boy not far from her was shot in the left leg and arm at the same time. They all soon got into the tall grass and hid themselves as best as they could. Most of the nearest glandelinians surrounded them and keeping up a continual fire mowing the poor soldiers who defended the women and children down by the score every minute.

Violet's mother soon heard some one groaning, and heard another ask; "He got shot?" One of the Angelinian soldiers said he was and though Violet's mother wished to go to him he told her not to come or she will expose herself to the full force of the fire of the glandelinians. Another little girl was shot through the bowels and the ball and shot at this time fell around them like hail while all around corpses were being shot down by thousands. Violet's mother was struck again by a ball which passed through her clothes and just grazed her body. It was not long after that a small shot struck her in the head, and she told her daughters that she was shot and probably would die. She told the little girls not to come to her but if they had a chance of taking some of the graycoats to stay and shoot them, for they could do her good. Another man close by was shot and Violet's aunt wanted to go to him. She said;

"Sir do / let me come."

"He replied;

"Ma'm. Stay where you are if you don't want to be shot by the enemy yourself."

Another little child close by was shot in the neck, and Violet and her sisters soon heard scores of balls strike many persons not far from them. Behind heard groans from hundreds. Some of the other children clung to Violet's mother and aunt so close that she they could scarcely move asking and over again if their father or mother were dead. A few minutes later they were riddled by bullets after Violet's mother and aunt told them that they must be still or they would be killed. It was very warm in the tall grass on that bloody day.....

Of course no doubt the brave women and children mowed down hundreds of the graycoats but nevertheless the white savages now came closer and closer and shot nearly a thousand men down at once, and one of them near violet was shot through the hip, and when some of the children screamed in fright at the whistling bullets the glandelinians only laughed about it and shot them down also. The glandelinians now came swarming through the tall grass shooting down all the rest of the christian women and children and some of them ran upon a little girl and struck her over the head with his musket and pounded her on the back, then tying a flannel rag over her nose and mouth left her to go and untie those firm knots if she can, while her face was streaming with blood. Not satisfied with his fiendish cruelty he knocked her down again, again pounded the suffocating child took her by the throat, raised her as high as he could while choking her with all might and then threw her down on the ground. Violet's mother and aunt and violet and her sisters saw the little girl on her knees with both hands raised pleadingly to the heartless rascal to only remove that flannel so that she could breathe, while a stream of blood ran from that rag. He only laughed and threw her aside and ran after the yelling hordes ahead. Two others were shot on the spot where they first hid in fleeing from the foe. Violet's mother and aunt and the Vivian girls had not gone three yards ahead when another child beside one of the Vivian girls was shot while other poor little children pleading for their lives were fairly gutted alive and their blood bleeding corpses thrown on the ground exposed to the sight of all other comers. Violet's mother and the rest of the survivors trudged along thinking how brutally the thousands of women and children were murdered when she was again shot the ball entering her back and passing out at her left side just above the hip and passing through her right arm.

When she fell she thought her back was cut open the way she felt, and the others also fell, violet and her sisters throwing themselves completely flat on the ground so that they would not also be shot. Violet and her sisters feared that their mother was shot and was also killed and started to weep bitterly, but they ceased when she started to crawl and found she could move. She crawled about a rod out of the trail when a young glandelinian came along and pounded her over the head and shoulders with his rifle, and even kicked her. She expected that at every moment he would kill her but he did not and she also thought there were some horses behind and they might step on her. Violet's mother and the rest of the survivors who had escaped with their lives remained perfectly still for hours hoping that the hordes of glandelinians would not see them. Not long after the firing ceased and quiet reigned and Violet's mother tried to move, and to her astonishment she saw that she could get up but with great difficulty. When she did get up she found that she had been bleeding very badly. It was raining very hard by this time as a thunderstorm of great violence was commencing and the lightning became blinding and the thunder fearful, but for a time the rain did not wash the blood away. Reval revealed to her was a ghastly sight. The plains was about two miles wide and six miles long and it was strewn with corpses three hundred persons having been annihilated in cold blood by the glandelinians who had done this in revenge because the Angelinians were invading Galverinia. After a while while she was trying to shield her eyes from the horrible sea of corpses she heard a child calling loudly;

"Mother, mother....."

This frightened her very much as she supposed all were dead. She got up and started back where the men women and children and soldiers had all been killed. She passed by a swarm of little girls who lay bandily mangled with all their organs exposed to view and drenched in hardening blood. She next found a woman who was quite dead wet and cold. She also found a man lying on his back dead, and thousands of others. It was a vast morgue indeed. She found thousands of other children ranging from the ages of six, seven, seven, eight, and nine to fourteen also badly mangled, and one little boy was found dead with his limbs straightened out and his arms lying by his side. It seemed he had died without a struggle. She then found the little girl the glandelinian had cruelly beaten and suffocated. She was still quite warm but rattled very badly in her throat. Violet's mother called her and rubbed her hand, but the child did not move, though she had removed the flannel from the child's face. She found two other children and near these a little boy and girl who were still living. The little girl lay with her hands and knees drawn under her as though she was cold. She raised her head and asked violet's mother to take care of her brother, but she answered that she could not for the poor boy was too badly hurt to live another hour.

The little girl then asked for a drink though it was raining, but violet's mother told her that the rain would stay her thirst if she let it drop into her mouth. She then asked if there was water in heaven. Violet's mother answered that there was saying;

"Yes child, when you get to heaven you will get all you want."

It was not quite dark yet and she went back to her companions and lay there untill night time came. She heard the number of children who were still alive crying most of the time, and sometimes she heard them scream. She could not see them for she had gone two rods from where they lay among the scores of thousands of the nearest slain. No one can imagine her feelings. She wished she could die. She thought then that some more of the glandelinians were torturing the children. About eight o'clock she was startled as well as her daughters by a tremendous roll of distant musketry and the thunder of many cannons which became extremely incessant. The children had ceased crying the poor innocent ones having died of exposure. Violet and her sisters and her mother and aunt kept still listening to the distant roar of some battle untill nine o'clock and then rousing themselves started for some point of shelter. It took untill past midnight untill they reached a well garrisoned fort and where her wounds were attended to by surgeons. The next morning a report came in to the garrison that a great battle was being fought southeast of Julio Gallio and fourteen thousand glandelinians were reported mowed down already by Angelinian forces which had appeared suddenly upon the foe and also the christian losses had been ascribed to be very severe and the glandelinians accordingly to the reports had captured a number of guns and officers and men of the christian army though they were being slowly driven toward the city. The battle had been resumed at eight o'clock that night and had kept on untill morning and was going on yet with all its violence but the glandelinians were being rapidly routed. It was only the beginning of the months obstinate struggle at Julio Gallio. News of desperate hand to hand fighting between the Angelinians and the glandelinians had come in, and great losses were sustained by both armies in this mighty battle near this city. Bayonets were used freely in the fight for the possession of the works and thousands had been killed and wounded. Eighteen battalions of glandelinian troops that assaulted St Peters Convent used as a sort of fort by the christians were surprised and repulsed by the christians coming up with another division and with heavy losses. The Angelinians had thrown upon them 1,250,000 of their best troops this line stretching across the view of Julio Gallio to the Norma Run river Julio Gallio being garrisoned now by the glandelinians. The main strength of the glandelinians being 11,465,888 men of the city itself, with the other 66,000,000. The christian army attacking the glandelinians at Julio Gallio were commanded by general Francis Polmann. Julio Gallio and the city opposite the Norma Run river clear opposite Julio Gallio are situated on the Western coast of Galverinia. Galverinia about seventy miles southwest of Vivian Wokey. The Norma Run river runs into the Mc-Holleston Run, and the Mc-Holleston Run runs into the Great Krumie Run River. On the other side of the Norma Run River general Purgatorian with a new army of 7,888,999 glandelinians was reported to have counter attacked the christian armies clear south of the city as they were about to press the attack through the two streets, just as a large force of Abyssinkilians was about to effect juncture with it.

The Angelinians who had been engaged that night about two million nine hundred thousand in number to that of 800,000 glandelinians found the divisions of their immense columns broken and fleeing in confusion toward their main line leaving a battery and a general's flag behind them besides many dead and wounded. The glandelinians took many prisoners and found a large number of their own dead and wounded on the field. Think of a immense force of christians being beaten so dis gracefully by a mere handful of enemies of St. Purgatorian then turned his attention to the Abyssinkilians whom he attacked furiously and routed also, cutting their lines to pieces, and driving the survivors southward with the loss of four of their field pieces. It was also rumored that the glandelinians had captured a long line of breastworks to the east, despite the fact that christian forces were already starting to besiege the city. On account of the fall of some of the fortified fortifications during those series of battles lasting already five days it was declared that the glandelinians fought doggedly, repeatedly repulsing the Angelinians who however always returned to the charge finally carrying all before them even while the other two forces were being rested at another quarter.

In all these three days battles the glandelinian losses were over 22,000 or 22,400 killed and 32,568 wounded. The glandelinian losses were about 32,000 killed and 442,000 wounded. The day after the three actions the main situation at Julo Gallio was unchanged, and at the fighting at Gush Creek beginning at nine that morning and ending at four in the afternoon the glandelinians lost only about 3,000 killed and nine thousand wounded. And in addition the enemy had taken from the christians four quick firing guns, twelve trains of ammunition wagons, one privation train, recaptured a long line of ammunition factories, and a storehouse containing 1,220,000 cartridge boxes, 1,900,000 cases of shells, and large stores of food were also seized, and also the fortifications at Pollican and Badge, killing fifteen thousand christians and wounding twenty thousand. Purgatorian also seized all ports communicating with Ju, Julo Gallio and so was assured proper passage to the sea and from it in case he and the city of Julo Gallio or even Norma also in possession of the enemy were besieged by the christian armies.

After all these successes, the enemy foolishly recoiled toward the city and the Angelinians rushing forward like an incircling cloud laid siege to the city and turned all the guns they had also captured and their own artillery on the main positions of the enemy and rained a storm of shells and high explosives that dominated the whole region of Julo Gallio for the distance of fifty six miles around with the infernal storm of explosions and the sky in that location for that same distance was heavy with the clouds of smoke from the hurricane of bursting shell barrages. The din was completely earsplitting for the distance of two hundred miles from the christian cannonading alone the shell explosions redoubled the frightful clamor, and even fire bombs, and liquid fire throwers were hurled upon the enemy's positions in a perfect sheen of descending flames causing at once big fires. The shell explosions caused a horrible carnage and Purgatorian was compelled to withdraw the most of his army toward the shelter of the main coastal defenses to save his army from destruction while his own batteries were brought up and responded with a mighty unup roar, and a hellstorm of destruction desolated the landscape for scores of miles. After the fierce bombardment had lasted twenty four hours general gushmann-Bushmanns emissaries were sent to demand the surrender of the city and the glandelinian army but meeting a harsh and saucy refusal refused the Angelinians poured forward in millions to make a hasty attack but encountered an annihilating fire which tore that mighty wave to fragments, mowing down five thousand within the space of three hundred yards within fifteen minutes, but the glandelinians found themselves hard pressed and had to abandon the positions they had captured earlier in the engagements and in danger also of having their rear turned they were compelled to return to their former position, but their own main line of artillery reopened fire with redoubled violence, and this caused the survivors of that mighty tidal wave of christians to at last flow back a severe and crushing repulse. Their loss in this bloody charge along was one million five hundred thousand in killed and wounded. The enemy lost three million in facing the cannon fire and the desperate onslaught.

It was simply fearful. Think in only that one charge such a loss and the charge only lasted two hours. The Angelinians were only enraged over their bloody repulse however and began to make preparations for the renewal of the assault. This was made an hour afterwards under cover of the most heavy artillery fire but again all the glandelinian cannon reopened another annihilating fire upon them tearing their line of assault again to pieces with the loss of six million three hundred thousand in killed and wounded and causing the survivors to again fall back with an extra loss of 125,000. General Bus gushmann during the recollecting of his confused forces had been in great danger for a gang-gang-shell exploded within a few hundred yards from him the concussion sending his horse and himself and a thousand soldiers near by sprawling head over heels, and also hurling a line of guns three feet into the air, and causing all the trees in the vicinity to fall down and fairly blowing in three great buildings close by these houses being raised. All only from the shock of the concussion. A great crater had been dug by this explosion.

From the scanty reports that were reaching the citirecit ies in Angelinia, definite cardinal facts to be derived in regard to the series of battles between the Glandelinians Glandelinians and Angelinians which began that fatal night, fatal night that no results had been achieved although both sides claimed the victory. Even the site of the series of conflicts was to a large extent conjectural.

It was clear owing to the movement of the Glandelinians, that the christians in order to avoid being outflanked moved eastward toward the north section of the city and were more apparently spread out between Jadenia and Adonia Creeks. At this point their number was only 1,357,544 including the one million three hundred thousand Abyssinkilians. The central wing consisting of infantry under Bedelidia Snyder and gedeldia Snider while the battalions of the besiegers consisted of the left wing. For christian army corps had been pushed forward from Angelinia agnathia to support the right wing but these did not arrive until two weeks later and then too late to accomplish anything of value. The next day there was a statement that the Angelinians defeated the furious Glandelinians when they counter charged, but the enemy had only kept up the attack with unceasing fury and in the end drove the christians at the left section of the line back in great disorder and with the loss of fifteen thousand in killed and wounded. This attack lasted five minutes. One version of this attack claimed that the glandelinians at another point after three hours fighting in which hundreds of thousands fell on both sides gained a complete victory over the christian forces, and badly breached their line. Indeed the conflicts had raged for a month and for a time no aid coming the glandelinians were filled with despair as the Angelinians being overwhelming in numbers could not be driven from the siege, and also they were preparing to renew their tremendous earthshaking bombardment. The glandelinians despite their long siege had held out splendidly, while their local armies advancing slowly to their aid were doing dreadful things, attacking orphan asylums, defenseless towns and holding a great number of priests and monks prisoners and committing massacres of the most terrible description. General gushmann all during the siege passed all sorts of demands for the surrender of the city. Still the glandelinians had refused. After the months obstinate fighting there was a lull. The total loss of the enemy in the struggle was declared as far as 10,555,068 in killed and wounded during all that horror. The christian losses reported by authorities of Calverinia ran as far as 11,525,000 in killed and wounded.

CHAPTER THIRTY NINE.

WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR IN NORMA. AND WHICH LASTED A MONTH TILL THE BATTLE OF NORMA'S BRIDGE.

Learning indeed that the Angelinian nation had thrown an overwhelming invasion into Calverinia from all the border line and was threatening the city of Calverine the fierce glandelinian leaders had exerted greater efforts to down the dangerous child slave rebellion, and suppress the great Calverinian insurrection, and also had been passing laws limiting the power of their own king of glandelinia, and started to abolish many of the rights and privileges of the christian candidates in Calverinia, and the condition of the population of the christians who were mostly non-combatants in the various cities between Julo Gallio, Norma Catherine, and Vivian wickey had become terrible. The glandelinians had long overthrown the liberties of other christian subjects in the surrounding villages, and indeed never in the height of the Glandee Abbiaannian war of eighteen forty one were there such masses of children in particular seized or captured, were enslaved or cruelly treated than any other point or time before the outbreak of the war. The glandelinians had after the start of the invasion of Calverinia by the Angelinians instead of being overthrown had pushed matters to a new excess and boldly rented and established thousands of child slave places, swarming the Calverinian country within a few weeks after the invasion began with these cruel places, and which brought new ill feelings from Angelinia than ever, and the glandelinians forming a wicked constitution of government oppressed the Calverinian fugitives who tried to flee either to Angelinia or Abyssinkile. Even now their armies were preparing for a mighty clash with Angelinia for they had vigorously protested against Angelinian invasion of Calverinia, and because there was danger of their putting down child slavery by force, and they flew at the throats of the fugitives as fast as they overtook them. A veritable reign of terror was starting in Calverinia.

Why in the heat and highest fury of the war with glandelinia and Abbieanna during eighteen forty one and fifty, there was no instance of any personal wrong done to the families of those not engaged in the long ten years struggle, and only in two or three cases, in repeated battles, like galverine, Andrean and Vivian where any children of the christians especially the Galverinians were massacred by the glandelinian soldiery. If it took Abbieanna so long to throw glandelinia on her knees how long would it take Angelinia to win the war. As we will soon see, Angelinia will be sorry entirely that she started the war. Glandelinia had in the olden times many wars with Angelinia, and never had been beaten by Angelinia. Neither could she be beaten now.

The excitement which agitated the glandelinians at Norma Catherine was at first inconsiderable, but more popular tumults occurred, which brought about the expelling of the christian ministry and also of the Galverinian and Angelinian Ambassadors. The frequent battles during that severe and bloody month of July alone along the Angelinian and Galverinian boundary line

had greatly interfered with railroad travel and people of other nations who attempted to flee the war zone could not find means of escape.

At the town of Julo Sandersburg a battle raged which resulted first in the retreat of the christian army, the capture of the city by the enemy, and then the surrender of the christian army under general Herdrude Johnston. This was a staggering blow to Angelinia for all the battles along the boundary line were victories for the foe and resulted in the capture of all the christian armies opposed to them. Even a great glandelinian army under Hanton Grantlinia and the Angelinians under general Pemberton Henson clashed fiercely for three days at a town region of a town called phelan

where on both sides men had fallen like snow so heavy was the firing. The total losses was not stated though over eighty thousand dead, and one hundred and seventy thousand wounded was left to the mercy of nature and the enemy by the fleeing Angelinian army which had been beaten dreadfully. The invasion was beginning with fearful disasters to the Angelinians and the enemy were becoming victorious. General Quiet however reigned along the eastern boundary line of Calverinia and Abyssinkile just now but great scenes were beginning in Norma Catherine. Public opinion in the city was much disturbed by the success of the enemy in the south, and the whole country of Calverinia was little more than in possession of a fiendish nation.

The whole city of Norma Catherine itself was indeed of a great massacre. Over the capture of the southern towns, and over the siege of Julo Callio the whole Angelinian nation was stirring, that Angelinia which Glandelinia had so long ignored was lifting her head and muttering, though news about the siege of Julo Callio became more and more grave.

The glandelinians in Norma Catherine had already assumed supreme authority and the christians were only puppets in their mighty power. Now it seemed as if hell and all its legions could not crush glandelinia. As soon as the temper of the furious glandelinians had been seen, and that the air was dark, as with a typhoon cloud and that there would be such scenes of slaughter, as there had not been since the one at Crowley, the terrified women and children had entered garrisoned convents and fortifications, and forts for refuge but the glandelinians closed in on them besieging them as if they were locked in a vise and at last during fierce attacks set them on fire and burned all the people to death in these insecure refuges. Anyhow what could one expect when the Glandelinians like Purgatorians and general Helldomes were permitted by their furious commands to corrupt and inflame the imagination of the Glandelinians still more.

Indeed the Omarians were the cause of all this trouble with their pestilent lies but now it was too late for the mischief was done. If general Vivian had not been too hasty with his invasion of Calverinia, or had not been beaten at Abbie-Ann, or had thrown into Calverinia stronger armies of more determined christians, and had Hanson come simultaneously with other armies all would have been well. Yet the armies that had been thrown into Calverinia though stronger than any armies the enemy could hurl upon them had been weak in conditions just the same, being not well supplied with ammunition arms and cannons, having very little ammunition, and though contending with their overwhelming numbers against the foe, the glandelinians were more firm and brave than they, and so after general Vivians disgraceful defeat at Abbie-Ann things drifted from bad to worse, and the hosts of other Glandelinians aroused to white heat by the turbulent Omarians were beginning to get very dangerous. Glandelinian armies sprang up from some seemingly nowhere and the Angelinians though not thrown out of Calverinia met more resistance than expected and were suffering too much loss to stand it long without more sufficient aid.

Since Julo Callio was besieged and fired upon now day and night without intermission Violet and her sisters and their mother and aunt had continued their flight, and after being persecuted by thousands of glandelinians for days and night nights without any rest, food or sleep and in pouring rain and tormented by the demented crash of the cannon duel at Julo Callio, they finally reached Norma Catherine thinking all was safe there, but they had no sooner got into the city when they learned that this city was also in the danger of facing a great massacre for a glandelinian general called John Quicer Quincy Manlet was advancing for the city with wild and wicked intentions in his head, and ordering the glandelinian authorities in the city to arrest all people who were galverinians, Abbieannians, Angelinians, Abyssinkilians, or any kind of christian subjects.

General Bunte Handonia had three christian armies about eighty miles away from Norma Catherine, and before he intended to besiege this city he had spies to learn things concerning the city, and to ascertain from other christian communities in adjoining towns guarded by strong christian armies the position of things in Norma Catherine.

The violence of the glandelinians assembling in Norma Catherine had increased from day to day. The authorities were only anxiously awaiting the arrival of Manlet's armies. The glandelinians indeed did arrive and in great numbers and the property of all the convents on the outskirts of the city had been confiscated, and this was followed by the seizure of the vast estates of the churches on the outskirts, which were being changed to strong fortifications. All the privileges of the christian subjects in Norma Catherine had been declared at an end by the glandelinian authorities and a decree had been passed abolishing all titles of the poor inhabitants of the city. A decree like this had been going into effect throughout the whole country also, and in the other great towns held by the enemy, and in some parts of the country where the passion of the glandelinians had been most aroused against all christians, but in Norma Catherine it remained a dead letter for some time.

General Bunte who had heard of the occurrences in Norma, and of the siege of Julo Callio going on regarded the decree with disgust and disdain and he decided to attack the enemy as soon as possible he could reach the section, and he believed also that an army like glandelinia had there for general Manley would not dare oppose him when he came, for it would be like Manley like sticking his head into a blast furnace. They may be able to assassinate women and children before I can get there, but no glandelinian army no matter how reckless, and fearless, or no matter how small or big, can deprive me of my terrible revenge any more than a devil could a righteous Saint. Said general Bunte to the glandelinian government authorities. "Such laws of these glandelinians are mere outbursts of folly."

He never captured Norma. All the time the forced glandelinian assemblies continued to pass laws of the most sweeping characters of usurpation assuming the main sovereign power, and ventured to do all they could to repel the invasion. Moderate glandelinians were indeed shocked at the headlong course of events, and numbers of these who had at the commencement of the war thrown themselves heart and soul into it, and the christians now shrank back in dismay at the strange "Tyranny" and butchery which was called "WAR". General Bunte was anxious to halt the enemy in their tyranny and butchery of children that was threatening, and eighty miles is quite a distance to march and no train running he could not expect to make much progress.

"It seems to me that a general madness has seized all the wicked glandelinians under general John Maney, and Manlet, Shoomannia, and Shell who had marched from Pullaway after ducking Baldwin to join him," said general Bunte. "But at present I believe I cannot do anything to arrest it with my forces as the distance is too great to get there in time and with no trains running, I cannot expect to make much time. If I did get there in time and did make an attack I would have to use the enemy with destruction, to prevent them from slaughtering all the inhabitants in the city. I have resolved to do all I can for the present, and not to let events take their course if I can help it, but what I do the subjects in heaven only knows. The glandelinian assemblies have taken power in their own hands, the christian authorities in Calverinia are mere ciphers, the violence of all glandelinia leaders are beyond all bounds, the Glandelinian leaders are by turns hot, and cold. At one time they decree with their chief officer generals that the only way of driving the Angelinians out of Calverinia is by threatening the annihilation of all the christian subjects in Norma Catherine."

At another to make a series of battles, to place themselves at the head of nineteen divisions of the army, and call upon them to march upon the invading christian armies and drive them back. At any rate there can be nothing done at present until I can get the untold general Vivian or Hanson gets there first with their own armies. Already a number of Calverinian and Angelinian deputies terrified at the aspects of affairs had secretly left the city, and I am sorry to say that most of the lawyers have gone also. This is cowardice and treachery to the Angelinian government, and they have been arrested by Calverinians and will be punished on the charge of desertion while on post of duty whether they were soldiers of the army or not. We cannot save the women and children if they will not be helped, and yet it is not our duty to remain here when we ought to march and attack the foe before they do commence any butcheries or assassination of children but the distance is too great to reach there in time."

Although all the officers were alarmed at the news brought by general Bunte Geminian spies they did not think of questioning his decision. It did not even seem to them possible that there could at least just now be any danger for violet and her sisters the important daughters of general Vivian, in their quiet country home to which they had fled from the bloody plain near Julo Gallio with their mother and aunt. There might be disturbances, and frightful bloodshed, but surely a mere echo of this would reach them so far away. Many times the glandelinians during the siege of Julo Gallio sneaked among the besieging christian lines and committed great depredations. But the Glandelinian army assembling for the defense of Norma Catherine should it be attacked by christian armies was of very extraordinary size and fierceness. For days they now showed themselves the terror of even other nationalities, and they soon secretly had committed worse massacres than at any other point before the great second battle of along the Ma-Hollester gun predicted later on it being one of the fiercest conflicts of the first part of the war where many millions fell on both sides.

Even in this story every child described to have been killed by the wicked Glandelinians and Gmarians were found so horribly mutilated, that any one could have declared that the glandelinians must have been studying on their interiors, for the children, boys or girls were found with their whole necks opened wide besides their bodies, and every single organ exposed to view. Hundreds of children going to school unconscious of danger, or some women, or feeble old men were also found partly torn open, or cut in places like mince meat, and the news would spread that the glandelinians and the Gmarians had returned to the slaughter of children. Great hunts had been made over and over especially to find out the right murderers, but they seemed to lead lives like the fabled ghosts, so well did they disguise themselves. Many of these stray glandelinian butchers had been shot at over and over again, but they seemed to be bullet proof, and not only that, but every shot they returned picked off a christian prisoner. Certain people of other towns and cities regarded these villages Glandelinians not as ordinary men, but as demons, and many times quieted their children when they cried, saying that if they were not good, the mysterious demon men would carry them off, and butcher them. All this while at every halt during the forced march westward general Bunte and all his christian officers collected in the big tent, and he talked with them over the situation at Norma, and the even events which had taken place with the christian armies at Julo Gallio. There was one point of difference between these cases.

"There is one point of difference in the cases," he said. "In Glandelinia the people before they became wicked had already great power and splendid leaders. Their parliaments had always been a check upon our real authorities and it was because our parliaments forbade the election of two governors in Calverinia at one time that the first trouble with Glandelinia came about. Here our past presidents or at least our governors we appointed had often governed very righteously I admit, but about the two governors in Calverinia at one time the glandelinians were very much opposed to. That other governor? Was he a good man? That is the question about hypocrites. After they had elected this second Governor the Glandelinians seemed bent on showing their incapacity to govern themselves."

General Bunte had in some respect the thoughts and opinion of all the christian generals. He was an Angelinian pure and simple and as to the Glandelinian national assemblies of modern times, which represented only the middle class and hypocritical hypocrites he regarded it with great contempt.

"Why its from the middle class," he said. "That the oppressors of the Angelinian poor were drawn. It was they who were farmers, general collectors, officials of all kinds, it was they who ground down the nation, and enriched themselves with the spoils of the child slave places, who made dishonest money out of hundreds of thousands of child slaves in the Calverinian country where now we are beginning to bring the war. It was they who dirtied their hands with money wrung from the very poor. By all means the middle class had a full share in all the child slave factories, but it was a share of cruelty and of butchery. All power over helpless children in these factories and plantations were placed in the hands of these cruel Glandelinian masters, or bosses as they called the chosen scum of the great Glandelinian authorities, the mere mouthpieces of the very devils these lives."

It was not order these Glandelinians were organizing in the child slave places, but disorder, and also the massacre of the children at growley and Jennie-Wren-Town which brought on this seemingly preternatural warfare between the two nations. The children were not, and are not allowed to defend themselves under any conditions whether they are orphans or not or have choice, their parents had no voice, these children themselves were to be looked upon as chipper cures."

Such were the opinions of general Bunte, but he was tolerant of other views, and at these gatherings of officers, Violet and her sisters who had come to see the christian army heard opinions of all kinds expressed, but not satisfactory to them. During their rambles alone they daringly went into the endangered city in disguise and entered as much as they could into conversation with some of the peasant peasants, with woodcutters, foresters, and villagers. They learned that the distress which prevailed everywhere among the christian women, men and children was becoming terrible. The terrified people scarcely kept life together, and many had died of absolute fright and even starvation. Violet and her sisters found a feeling of despair and a dull hatred of the Glandelinians. At first violet and her sisters had great difficulty in getting them to talk, and at first could only obtain sullen monosyllables. Their dress and appearance seemed to show the people that the little girls belonged to the hated Glandelinians, which set them against the little girls at once, but when they said and proved who they were, and that christian army full of contempt for the enemy was advancing to help them if possible, the Angelinians had no hesitation in speaking then. The motives of violet and her sisters in endeavoring to find out what were the feelings of the people at large were not those of mere curiosity, for the startling reports that came to all parts of Angelinia from Calverinia, especially from Norma Catherine, together with the talk among the woodcutters, convinced them that the state of affairs was more serious than general Bunte was inclined to admit.....

The slaughter of the inhabitants of Julo Gallio in the Angelinian plains, and the siege of Julo Gallio was also surprising and the assassination of women and children obnoxious to the mobs of Glandelinians not only in the streets and outskirts of Julo Gallio during the massacre, but in all the villages and towns near by. They were ready to go all lengths, while the numbers of Glandelinians who flocked to toward the Calverinian border to repel the invading Angelinians showed that grievous apprehensions existed as to the future of the war. Violet and her sisters had read in a paper already the account of the frightful excesses perpetrated by the Glandelinians in trying to suppress the Calverinian Revolution. The dreadful insurrection raged for twenty months before the outbreak of the war and had almost been won by the Glandelinians before Angelinia started her blows at Glandelinia. Hundreds of thousands of Zismannians had shown sympathy with this movement of the other sects of the Glandelinians. That the christ armies should themselves face any furious encounters which might come with the strong enemy at Norma Catherine seemed to Bunte right and natural, and he thought that general Vivian or even Hanson was doing wrong not to send violet and her sisters across the boundary line into Angelinia, or to Angelinia Agathia until the surrounding dangers had passed, and the coming battle over if it ever did come. It did after a while only enough, and what a bening the christians did receive..... At general Vivian ignorant of such dangers or Norma and not knowing that anything was going on there, had no fears.

During another conversation, with general Bunte some officer had mentioned something about the insurrection, but general Bunte put it aside as being altogether apart from the question.

"The insurrection or its beginning took place about two years ago and is still raging." The calverinians are all catholics like ourselves, and a little more than christians, saints if you wish to call them so, and the sister nation to Abbieannia. Can we imagine it possible this day, that because the poor Calverinians are christians the glandelinians are now capable of worse excesses than the very devil themselves.!!!!"

The other general answered;

"Civilization and christianity have decreased general and the conditions of the glandelinians despite her sound thrashings from Protestantia, Mormonia, Abyssinkile, and Abbieannia has improved but little. Even now the feudal usages are more active than ever. The lower classes of the glandelinians have been regarded as demon tigers of hell rather than men and the decrease of civilization makes the glandelinians hate even more bitterly than of old, their former christian neighbors. I myself probably ten years ago was a reformed glandelinian zimmermannian rather for facts. I desired to see sweeping changes, I liked to see a good, wise and honest government, and I desired these things, because if they do not come peacefully they will come in a tempest of lawlessness and vengeance. I do not like to see anything wrong if possible but some glandelinian once told me when he was a prisoner in my hands,

that our governor general-Hanson Vivian and his brother no matter how hard they try, or pray to god even, will never win this war, for glandelinia is well prepared, and though weak in numbers of men have the most money, most ammunition, more cannons and arms, stronger fortifications everywhere, and he told me that glandelinia's very capitol before the very God as he said, were impossible to be taken with three more great fortifications guarding Evangeline Grania, called Viviania, Cedernine and the fortifications of Mc-Gurthier which guards the city of Vivian Wickey."

"Well let the glandelinians get all they want then." Said general Bunte peevishly. "They are passing every law whatever assured that comes into their head and no one is opposing them as they have got the reins in their own hands and what on earth can they want more. And if they do win the war the other nations will intervene for us. There might have been excuses for trying to suppress the child slave and Calverinian rebellion, but there can be no excuse for the war and I suppose you say their cause is in the right?"

"It looks that way anyway." Answered the other officer.

"What say you general Hookerine?"

General Hookerine seldom took part in these conversations but being now appealed to he said mildly;

"We must allow for something higher than human nature general Bunte. Those wicked glandelinians who refused to make the children free, are now again with arms in their hands and are not likely to settle down in a surrender without committing unprecedented slaughters, and without intolerable fighting. The minds of all the glandelinians have been turned with the changes the long insurrection have brought about. They are even drunk with their successes in the beginning of the war with us as they have already shown when they threw Arcsburg out of Glandelinia and invaded southern Angolonia and God alone knows only when they will stop. So far they find no benefits from the changes, and are revengeful because we put down child slavery by force, and no doubt will take means to butcher the women and children they can lay their hands upon. The destruction of innocent children as dear to them as ever, and as strong as the children would be in the love of their christian parents and they lust with the overpowering temptations for the children's blood. Though they whipped Arcsburg out of Glandelinia, and though they have at the start repelled the invasion of Calverinia with cyclonic sweep in success, they thought they had gained everything, they find they have gained nothing, even in the children's blood, so they will cry for more and more children's blood, their fury will run higher and higher with each disappointment, and who can say to what length they will go. They have already confiscated the property of the churches, next will come the assassination of the women and children in Norma. It is also best for our excellency general Vivian to leave Calverinia alone for the present for he will not out the enemy, will not capture the city of Calverine his main goal for the glandelinians will fairly storm his armies with complete destruction and drive him to the hellish confusion such as never seen in war."

"I had no idea you were such a prophet of evil general Hookerine." Said Bunte with an uneasy laugh while feelings of gloom and anxiety fell over the others who heard Hookerine's startling words and which indeed came true, and which indeed came true, for general Hanson Vivian only crushed his mighty armies in vain against ghosmunias armies at the second battle along the Mc-Holleston Run near the city of Calverine, known as the Calverine massacre so fierce and preternatural and bloody was the battle. "God forbid that I should be a prophet of evil." General Hookerine said gravely. "I hope and trust that I was mistaken, and that God has not reserved this terrible tragedy for Angolonia. But you asked me for my opinion general Bunte and I have given it to you."

All in secret Bunte felt however that Hookerine's statement of the coming tragedy were as true as holy water, and to confirm the first facts news came of disorder, pillage and acts of ruffianism in various parts of the city of Norma Catherine..... Especially on the outskirts. Churches, Palaces and orphan asylums, schools, and convent schools and Convents were burned and destroyed with all the helpless victims in them, the wicked glandelinians even refusing to have mercy on the poor priests and nuns and all who had tried to escape had their entire intestines literally battered on the ground so fierce was the raving fury of the wicked glandelinian mobs as they tore their victims to pieces. The glandelinians abused the privileges of the priests they did not slay, and even ground down the once happy nuns and lay brothers, and monks like curs in their dog pounds. There was in indeed great excitement in all the christian nations, about these scenes already reported, and over the events which were taking place in Calverinia, and Calverinia was rendered extremely anxious by the siege of Julio Gallo, and the burning and assassination of its inhabitants. More the christians besieged the city and the state of full tumult and lawlessness, which prevailed in Norma, and of general Vivian's bloody failure at Abbie-Ann, which they had had great hopes for he had to win. In spite of the universal confusion and disorder in Norma among the glandelinians every thing was for a while quite quiet and calm in the other cities, and among any of the inactive christian armies, while Angolonia and Glandelinia were mobilizing large armies, Angolonia by enlistment, and Glandelinia by Compulsory Conscription. The news of the flight of the christian lawyers and their failure was a great shock to all the christian generals who heard of it and Norma's plight.

"Those lawyers should never fly when they see it useless." Said general Bunte. "They should have never made an abortive attempt at flight. It is lamentable that they should be so ill advised."

At the end of that day the election of the new wicked glandelinian Glandelinian assemblies resulted in the return of men, even more extreme and violent than those whom they succeeded. The ever darkening cloud weighed upon the minds of the christian generals under Bunte, and how they wished that general Vivian or his brother would hurry and hurl their largest armies into Calverinia, and come to the rescue of Norma itself. Things were growing worse and worse on the outskirts of Norma, the Calverinian defenders were little more than prisoners already in the hands of the furious glandelinians. Even the violence of their assemblies was ever on the increase, the mob of Glandelinians were the real masters of the whole situation. Thousands of christian men women and children trying to flee were shot down ruthlessly and many children who appeared on the outskirts were cut to pieces, and their bodies literally cleaned out. The glandelinian feelings in the provinces kept pace with that in Norma. Glandelinian committees were formed in every town and village and very virtuously superseded the constituted authorities. Numbers of Palaces and convents were burned elsewhere and unnumbered of women and children universally refusing to forsake their religion were cast into prisons, or cruelly suffocated, or choked and tortured to death. But for the present no one inside the city dreamed of personal danger. But the women and children did because they found the situation intolerable, and hoped that the christian armies coming to besiege the city would soon be in fierce action and put down this threatening reign of terror which constituted a danger to priests, nuns, men and children, and property. But as yet there was nothing to forsake the terrible events which were to take place or to indicate that movement which began in the defense of the Calverinian nation would end in those graycoated victors becoming a bloodthirsty rabble far worse than like that at Pullaway, eager to destroy all the christians.

Therefore although general Bunte foresaw the possibilities of the confiscation of the property and abolition of all the privileges of all the christians, he therefore saw it necessary to head for Norma's bridge and cut off aid for the enemy by that route. He decided to do all he could to prevent the coming scenes and if unsuccessful show the enemy no quarter if he did get them trapped.

His instructions were pressed, that if the glandelinians attacked the convent where Violet and her sisters had gone visiting, and that if evidently a successful resistance could be made, general Seignury should send down word to general Hookerine and ask for help, and should with the soldiers stationed there defend it, if it was attacked by a very large force no resistance was to be offered until the main army could come up to the region, but the Angelinians if compelled to were to abandon it at once, and to retreat to the main line with Violet and her sisters, and the other children there with the nuns, hired help, and priests. But even when his army arrived within the region of Norma Bridge the days went on without disturbance of any kind there. In Norma Catherine Glandelinian committees had been formed there and had taken into hand the control of the whole town. At its head was general Thundal one of Purgatorians worse glandelinian general in chiefs.

"I do not understand that young general who just arrived to reinforce the Glandelinian army coming on to Norma to defend it from capture, and who is called John Jackson Manley." General Seignury said to Bunte as he came to see his chief about the matter concerning the convent. "No one likes him, he is ambitious and pushing, he is the leader of the fiercest kind of Glandelinians called Omarians at his own section marching on to Norma though he has personal command of other Glandelinian armies also entrusted to him by Mc-Holleston Johnston. He is even in communication with the most violent Glandelinians in Norma, and I am bound to say he appears most anxious to be of service of the general butchery. To day I captured a note he had sent to the besieged Glandelinians at Julo Callie assuring the besieged leader that he need feel no uneasiness, for that he led a great force of Glandelinians to belonging to the main army in blue uniforms to general Purgatorian, and would answer to it that no hostile move of other Christian armies would be made against his army to prevent the butchery, and would descend great armies upon the flank of any Christian armies that would get there, and that he has exactly exerted himself to benefit all the wicked Glandelinians who may be besieged in Julo Callie."

Not long after it had been several times urged by the most violent section that the Glandelinian leaders should be incited to lead a small party to attack that big convent, but each time they had been successfully opposed and defeated with considerable loss. After this general time Thundal declared to general John Manley that while no one is more hostile than himself to the privileges to the Christians, and while he would not only abolish the Christian lawyers, but confiscate their possession he considered that the case of the convent nothing should be done without a large force. With a large force, he argued the convent should be leveled to the ground, but it would be useless for a small force to take measure of vengeance against our overwhelming forces of Christians, and and to ground down all the Christian slaves, and as that convent was defended by 15,000 men and that general Bunte's main army was only a half quarter a mile away it should not be assaulted by too small a force.

"General John Jackson Manley was our friend," said Violet reproachfully. "And maybe he so I would not hurry us if he caught us."

"That is all but bosh," said general Seignury. "He no doubt before that quarrel with general Hanson Vivian was, but somehow I do not believe he is your friend any longer, but your deadliest enemy. It strikes me he is playing a game on the Christian army, although what that game is I cannot say but I know it will bring him complete success in any battle or massacre, for he is not a man to be beaten in any actual warfare. At any rate he is a very wicked general young as he is. I do not trust his ways. He speaks smoothly, but I think he has a double face and that he is the most cruel, and the most treacherous of all the Glandelinians."

The next day dawned, and news came that the Glandelinians at Norma were becoming all the more violent, and that spies and watchmen had been told off to see that none of the Christian families escaped, or attempted to fly to any of the distant Christian armies for refuge. General Seignury therefore wrote to general Bunte urging that it would be better that Violet and her sisters with their mother and aunt should return to his line lines, or among the nearest Christian camps, where they would not be in any danger. In reply he received a letter stating that they must be sent back if an attack should come, and stating that he would send reinforcements to the convent which was also on the outskirts of the city, and not far from the concentrating positions of the Glandelinian armies while which were arriving.....

General Bunte did not realize the dangers that surrounded the convent? Violet and her sisters had a sus suspicion that their days of happiness were over for good, and that terrible things were about to happen. Many children, obnoxious to the Glandelinians had been killed as fast as they tried to escape out of the city, and the little Vivian girls began to believe that general John Manley was their enemy all right..... Even reports came that the Calverinians who were supposed to try and wrest the city of Norma from the hands of the army were deserting and retreating northward. General Bunte was indeed indignant at this inigration of the Calverinians going on.

"In the first place," he said, "they are deserting their posts in the face of the enemies of God, when they might as well have enlisted here men into their armies, and in the second place by their assemblage across the river toward the boundary of Calverinia and their intrigues at the courts against us because we do not as they think drive off the enemy, when at attempt to do so too soon would only hasten the threatened slaughter and are causing the whole nation to look with suspicion upon the whole mass as cowards....."

CHAPTER FOURTY.

THE BATTLE AT THE CONVENT AND THE RESULT.....

The disorders had abated somewhat that terrible afternoon, but terrible things was about to happen. Toward the end of the day general Bunte became more and more anxious for the situation at the city, and the convent itself as now more precarious. About 10,000 infantry had been sent to defend the convent which was guarded by palisades, and others who had been disorganized (disorganized were captured by the raving Glandelinians. Two battalions had also been sent to defend the convent, and two dragoons were placed to defend the gates of the convent. Of the force defending the convent, only the battalions, infantry dragoons, and artillery men could be trusted. The rest had to remain with the main army in case general Bunte intended to throw a general attack upon the enemy's lines. At two o'clock in the afternoon a large force of Glandelinian infantry and battalions under general Poop-Poop-Poorwillie Pillie, the most violent of all, had immediately come into collision with 11,000,000 Angelinians under Hanson's Tulerie Constantine. The big Angelinian forces were wholly organized and well positioned, and knowing the sole aim of the smaller force was to defend the convent, and that they were to hold the enemy from getting to the convent if possible, and if necessary for to die for those inside they attacked the enemy with all their fury. The Christians were divided in eighteen large columns scattered over a wide region, and these in succession struck the Glandelinians with the force of a slashing whip cutting through a sheet of paper. Ten times the Angelinians were worsted exceedingly, and the Glandelinians bringing up all their cannon awaited the next attacks that would follow, but the impetuosity of this attack or storm of attacks drove the enemy back through the inferno of hellish destruction all around with terrible carnage, and amidst a series of deafening rolling volleys miles long continuing in endless succession for four hours, hear heard even in Bunte's army many miles away as yet. Without deviating from their course the immense Angelinian columns sprang on after the retreating Glandelinians with all their fury, and general Manley the throwing heavy forces to repel the Christian Christians made the struggle which was now really a general battle become terrible. The other portions of the Glandelinian retreating columns recoiled behind their long line of works and threw in all their energies upon as the Christian surges rushed upon them grappling with them. Both sides now again struggled furiously, but notwithstanding numbers the Glandelinians retained their position behind the works and tore column after column of the Christians through and through with their raking artillery fire. In vain the Christians tried to hurl the enemy back from the works, or to capture their position, and struggled a to get among them and drive them back. Their losses was exceedingly frightful the enemy retaining their position, and firing volley all along the line as fast as they knew how. Over and over the Christians charged forward in overwhelming numbers but each time they were repulsed with the most heavy loss indeed.

At last the Glandelinians made a greater effort to drive back their desperate assailants, and managing to reform their lines after a several hours lull charged down upon the christians with greater fury. At the convent it was seen by the defenders that the main christian line attacking and then being attacked by the enemy was falling back, and so the bells began to ring, and the drums to beat to arms. For an hour more the struggle raged with unnecessary fury, and general Siegmury as soon as the alarm sounded prepared his own men to defend the convent should it be attacked. All that next morning after the first day of the battle there had been sinister rumors and circular circulating rumors about the threatening attack, but general Siegmury had sent privately to the other officers that the danger was not imminent; and that no serious attack would come. But it did and a terrific one too. The advancing Glandelinians at first had a great deal of difficulty of getting near the convent, for the Angelinians defending the fences, gates and yards did all their best to prevent them, keeping up a galling fire upon the Glandelinians who charged again and again, only to go down like flies before the wind. However more and more of them got within range of their deadly fire, and soon hundreds more were mowed down, and then the hundreds soon terminated in the destruction of literally thousands of the Glandelinians. The other christian divisions which had collided with the main line of the enemy the day before had retreated to toward the main christian line, and filled with desperation general punte was advancing forces to throw back the Glandelinians at all costs. The christians defending the convent outside, formed into solid lines in the playground, while others swarmed by the palisades and walls reopening a more galling fire on all sides, while general Siegmury and Siegmury walked or rode down their ranks, and those of the battalions, cheer cheering them and encouraging them to hold their ground to the last man. The firing now became fearful, but on came the enemy. General sign Siegmury was without fear and spoke many words doing his best to encourage the christians. Several divisions of the christians under general Patrick in trying to hold off the enemy near the main gates which had been almost burst open had been moved down, and those who were made prisoners were slain, the Glandelinians cutting off the heads of the prisoners, and put them on pikes parading them as they advanced. It could be seen that an enormous division of Glandelinians with cannon were coming, and general Patrick came to general Siegmury and pressed him to leave the convent.

"There is not five minutes to lose general," he said. "There is no safety here, and delay would endanger the lives of all in the convent."

The Glandelinians were already close and menacing, coming in solid lines. Yet still they made their advance with difficulty so fierce was the general christian fire, and so heavy their losses. Many christian refugees not in uniform by leaving their sabres behind passed between the opposing forces without being recognized, but were mowed down by random shots. Every moment the enormous throng of Glandelinians became more enormous, but the dead and wounded were rapidly piled up before the ground nearly as high as the fences. The cannon the Glandelinians brought were turned against the christians and discharged with destructive effect. Several doors were burst open, the shock shells exploding inside killing hundreds, the christians returning a withering fire with their own artillery. Yet the wicked Glandelinians poured in, and mixed with the christians in a desperate hand to hand fight. Hundreds of pistols and thousands of muskets were fired point blank, and just as many were falling as quickly on both sides. But the Angelinians in good order soon drove out the yelling fiends in gray, seizing the cannon the Glandelinians had left behind, and turning them upon their assailants opened an annihilating fire. Before this murderous fire the Glandelinians fled in terror, and yet the Angelinians overthrew all these assailants before the expected reinforcements arrived. Before making the second assault the Glandelinians kept up a severe withering fire from a distance, and the greater part of the christian forces fearing that their ammunition would give out, stayed where they were without retreating a shot. The Glandelinians now came on again, and this time in more greater numbers. Despite the furious defense of the christians the Glandelinians after charging all that day finally burst in, and hundreds of children, nuns, priests, as well as the porters and hired men were deliberately murdered. The Glandelinians sacked the convent and set it on fire. When the Angelinians had retreated, the officers had one by one made their way out by a back entrance, but many of the retreating Angelinian soldiers were seen by the Glandelinians and literally out to pieces. Several christian officers had rushed rushed from room to room, when assaulted and by slamming and locking the doors behind them, made their way out by the back and escaped them.

Though the Glandelinians had captured the convent they had not as yet seized the other part where Violet and her sisters and other women and children, with nuns, and soldiers were as yet. And general Siegmury came to them, his clothing torn, his head bound up, and he had one of his arms disabled. Violet and her sisters gave a cry of delight as he entered for they had been lonely since the fighting started, and the sound of musketry and cannon was increasing steadily.....

"It's all over little girls," he said. "We are doing our best to hold the enemy at bay, but we can do nothing as they have us overwhelmed. We cannot say that we are losing the battle, for we are not trying to win it but we must get you little girls out of harm's way."

Several officers gave the general some refreshments, and attended to and bound up his wounds, and cleaned the thick white dust off from his whole uniform and gave him a new hat for his was torn in bits with the whole pole top off.

"What has happened outside, and where are the rest of the soldiers?"

Violet asked after the terrific firing had ceased somewhat.

"Most of my men who did not escape or who were not shot down are already prisoners," said general S. Siegmury. "Our side has again won over the enemy but by the clamor outside the struggle is not yet over, and we must be prepared little girls to face the worse. The christian functions are suspended, but as the struggle may only be resumed soon that that will make little difference. A new Glandelinian ministry has been formed with general Siegmury and some of the Omarians and Zimmermannians. A great war tribunal has been constituted, when I suppose the farce of trying prisoners captured in this struggle is to be carried out. Escape seems now impossible, and indeed as long as you little girls are under my care, I will not quit you, but we must prepare to getting away if possible."

"General Siegmury," exclaimed one of the officers hurrying into the room in which Violet and her sisters were, "I hear that it is rumored outside that all christians who are here are either to surrender, or to be forcibly arrested and massacred. The Glandelinians have withdrawn to a better shelter, for it has become very dangerous for them to show themselves in the yards, where they are liable to be mowed down by the Glandelinians who are insulting the priests they have captured, and are preparing for another attack."

This news was not unexpected for the violence of the assailants had been increasing soon secondarily. At the Tilleries near the besieged convent Doemann, John Manley, Accountants, and Picknell had thundered their fierce denunciations against the christians, and it was certain that at any moment the order for the next onset, and the arrest of all the survivors might be given. Such bad news had been received of the state of feelings outside the convent that it was felt that it would be more dangerous to try and sneak away with the children, than to retain them in the convent, and general Siegmury had been a prey to the liveliest anxiety over Violet and her sisters.

It seemed impossible that there could be any animosity against the poor little girls, but the blind rage of the besieging Glandelinians had risen to such a height that it was impossible to say what might happen. Now that joy had that the blow was about to fall she drew her younger sisters instinctively to her as if to protect them, but no word passed her lips. It might still be possible to fly. Siegmury went on to see what the results were, then coming back he said to the little girls;

"I might be still possible to fly. We have all the disguises at readiness."

"A christian does not fly from an enemy of god," said one of the officers quietly.

"It is so," said Siegmury. "Thirteen of my staff are prisoners among the enemy, and it is not for their friends to leave the post on this convent because danger threatens them. Come when they may these Glandelinians will find us ready for them. But the thing is Violet and her sisters, and their mother and aunt. I wish now that I long ago had sent them across to the main christian line, but one could not have foreseen nothing of any Glandelinian hordes were to become a horde of wild demons and beasts to other, in whose veins run noble blood. However though it is the duty of the Angelinians to stay at their posts till the last man, it is our duty to try and save these little girls from destruction, for if they wish general Siegmury will surely be broken hearted, and become so discouraged that he will never accomplish his aim in the war. Save them I will if I can, and will disguise them as best as I can, and make for the main christian line, and save them from perishing....."

If their names are not already included in the warrant for arrest it sped speedily will be so, and when the glandelinians oncoast b, blood, these wolves will hunt down every one of the known christians, in yorma and there is no saying at what moment the fierce glandel glandelinians may resume the assault. They are waiting for reinforcements."

Then he continued;

"You had better attire yourselves in the oldest suit of clothes you have got and slip out by the back entrance should the assaulting enemy get the best of us in the final assault. It I thought it would have been best to send you off now, but that the sight of you little girls moving through the lawn lawns at this time would be likely to attract attention on the part of the furious glandelinians, or the rascally gmarians returning from their assemblies which are the center and focus of all this mischief that is going on. In some ways I cannot believe that although just at present the glandelinians are excited to tremendous fury by Gmarian agitators, and they can in cold blood intend to wreak their vengeance upon all the christian women and children, but yet it is best to keep on the safe side."

"I hope you are right." Said one of the officers. "But I fear that it is not so. The glandelinians have gone mad so far. I fear that this war will fairly deluge Calvernia and Glandelinia with oceans of blood."

"And now when I change my clothes I will lie down ready to rise at a moment's notice, and if I hear a tumult that warns that the enemy have won I will at once run to the long gallery where the little vivian girls will join me with their mother and aunt prepared for flight. I will lead them instantly to the back yard or to the back entrance, avoiding if possible any observation from the domestics, as these sleep on the floors above and know nothing of the final dangers which threaten us, they will not awake so quickly. And I trust I will get out without being seen by any of them. In that case however no matter how closely questioned no one will be able to afford a clue by which we can be traced."

When he had changed his clothes general siegmury extinguished all the lights in the convents, for he had long before night fall ordered the porters and servants to retire. Then he opened a window looking into the lanes where the battle was still going on and took his place close to it using his pistols upon the advancing foe with good effect. To drive back the enemy under this circumstances was impossible however. As the hours wore on and the contest still raged, he thought over the events of the first few hours. He was fully aware of the tasks he had undertaken might be filled with dangers, but to him a spice of danger was by no means a deterrent. In the next place he was greatly attached to violet and her sisters, and the orgies of the glandelinians had filled him with such horror and disgust that he would have risked much to save any unfortunate, even a stranger from their hands, and lastingly he felt the fascination of the wild excitement of the time, and congratulated himself, that he should perhaps be an actor in this astonishing and bloody drama, which was now occupying the attention of the whole world.....

This great assault was indeed repulsed repulsed with losses fearful to the enemy, but reinforced the enemy only went at it again, and carried all before them this time, and night was just breaking, when he heard the sound of many feet coming toward the convent, the firing having ceased, and looking out he saw columns of glandelinians hundreds carrying flaming torches rushing toward the convent, headed by several brutal looking officers.... As the wild Glandelinians reached the entrance gate, the fierce gmarians at the head of the assaulting columns, stopped and began hammering away at the gates, with their musket butts, and handles of their long pikes, striving with all their might to force them in.

General Siegmury at once darted away to the long gallery, and as he did so, heard series of loud tumultuous clashing blows at the gates, and horrible at coming hurricane of bloodcurdling yells, blasphemies, and curses, and all kinds of shoutsof of derision, defiance and revilings. Scarcely had he reached the gallery when the door at the further end opened, and seven little apparent celestial figures, the tallest carrying a lighted candle appeared. The little girls had too been keeping watch, but at one point a number of glandelinians had suddenly burst in capturing her mother and aunt they also narrowly escaping the enemy, having used their little pistols so wildly that they annihilated every one who attacked them. Hettie was weeping loudly, but her elder sisters though their cheeks bore traces of the many tears they had shed during the evening, restrained them now. When they reached general siegmury the general without a word took the candle from joice's hand and led the way along the corridor, and down the stairs toward the back of the convent while a tremendous fusillade of shots seemed to come from everywhere outside.

Everything was deafening earsplitting crash and din, and the hammering at the gates loud as it was, had already aroused all those in the convent who were now again opening fire upon the enemy from every window and crack while the general drawing the bolt quietly, and blowing out the candle, led the way into the garden behind the house. All the christians were blazing away with their muskets, but it was evident that the enemy would get in despite the heavy roar of cannon, and the tremendous rattle of musketry, and the sound of hundreds of axes hewing down the gates, which led from the garden into the lane behind, startled all the children who were still in the convent. Even now shells were exploding everywhere. General siegmury took the key out of the door and locked it after him. Just then a shell exploded near and sent them sprawling by the force of the concussion. They staggered to their feet, then throwing the key among the shrubs, he took violet's and Jennie's hands and led the way rapidly toward one of the gates which was fortunately a very strong one.

"In here." He said to violet and her sisters pointing to some high shrubs growing close to the gate. "They will rush straight toward the convent when this gate gives way, and we will slip out quietly."

For twelve minutes the gate which was strongly bound with iron ten inches thick stubbornly resisted the attack that was made upon it. Axes did not any good, for their heads would fly off at every unsuccessful blow, or be blunted, broken and battered, and battering rams themselves were more useless. So several cannon were trained upon it and discharged. Even the gate resisted this attack, then violet and her sisters heard some of the glandelinian officers mention a high explosive.

"Get away from here quick." Said the general who also heard this mentioned, and away they scurried, and just in time, for there was a crashing splintering roar that seemed to smash down the very heavens, an eruption of smoke and dirt and fragments of all kinds of stones rose to the height of three hundred feet, and this cleared away after giving the fugitives a good laying out on the ground, and a shower of dirt, as well as stones, and the fragments of the gate pelted them, then there was a simultaneous crash of musketry from the convent, and a mass of Gmarians with the other glandelinians, and armed with muskets and pikes poured in, and rushed toward the convent though they were mowed down by the score at every step. Hettie was clinging to violet, who whispered to her to be calm and brave, and pressed the child closely to her, while her sisters and the hail of bullets and shells all around the region stood quiet and still by the side of the christian general looking through another line of bushes at the enemy, who under a hot fire from the convent, were falling in frightful numbers. The struggle was known as the battle of St Anne's Convent. Violet and her sisters had a narrow escape from bullets, for they flew thick and fast all around them. The struggle was fearful. Hundreds after hundreds of men entered, and there were sounds of battering at the convent doors, while the yards became almost gray with the packed masses of furious glandelinians upon whom the christian fire was playing with the most cruel effect.

"Now." Said general siegmury as no more glandelinians were seen to enter.

"Let us be going."

Hurging from the shelter, a few hundred steps took them to one of the fallen gates and stepping over the many bodies, they turned into the lane just as a shell exploded where they had been hiding a few minutes before. Another shell exploded where the gate had been simultaneously making a tremendous detonation. The little girls certainly did have a narrow escape. "Let us run general." Or the general said as the shells exploded more constantly, and the bullets whistled dangerously around them. "We must get out of this shell swept lane as quickly as possible. I'm sure more of the Glandelinians will be here before long, for I see them advancing, and we should certainly be questioned."

They hurried down the lane, took the first turn away from the convent, and then slackened their pace as they reached a more safer place out of the way of the advancing foe. But here the shell explosions were terrible and there was every danger of being hit by the minie balls or be torn in pieces by the shell bursts. Presently they heard thousands of footsteps approaching, the melee of shells became fiercer, but fortunately they reached another turning before the glandelinians came up. They turned down and hid behind a stone wall until the horde of Glandelinians who began firing had passed, and then resumed their way praying earnestly that the shells would not hit them.

"It is still too early for us to walk through the fields without exciting attention, and without being killed by this melee of shells." Said the general. "We had better make down to the river and wait there until the deadly missiles stop falling, and until it is more quieter."

In ten minutes they reached the river and the general found a seat for them at a pile of stones where they were completely screened from observation. Hitherto the little girls had not spoken a word since they had issued from the house. Jennie was dazed, Hettie was frightened by these thrilling events, and had hurried along almost mechanically holding the general's hand.

"I'm going to see if there is any one following." The general said. "I won't be gone long."

Drawing his pistols he started out on his inspection tour. Emerging from some bushes two rods ahead from the rock pile, he was astonished to see countless distant flashes, and his astonishment gave way to fear for his friends when he saw graycoats rushing toward the rock pile with all their speed. With a quick glance around he tore back to the rock pile.

"Girls," he gasped. "The glandelinians are prowling around toward this place and they are the fierce Zimmermanians."

As he stopped for breath Violet asked piteously;

"What can we do? They will surely catch us here."

"We must get out of here and make for the Christian lines as fast as we can," he said, drawing all the weapons and running from the pile took only a moment. They were soon in the thick underbrush where the shells were not falling so thick, and now they heard the sound of many feet, and the sound of bodies forcing their way through the bushes, and then a large force of savage-looking Glandelinians swept past their hiding place. The panic gripped Hettie and palsy clung to each other, but the others had more courage and had their pistols ready in case they were seen. When the branches had closed behind the force of Glandelinians general Siegmury whispered;

"Now we will sneak out of here, and get over there in the hillside, and among the rocks and bushes. They will never find us there."

"All right," whispered Violet. "They will never find us there I'm sure. Let us hurry."

They were creeping out from the clump of bushes when the branches in front of them parted and they found themselves face to face with an evil-looking savage, the fiercest looking human creature they had ever seen before. Indeed he did not look like any sort of Glandelinian known, his dress was different, his color instead of white was yellowish brown, and his eyes were like a Japs. The children at first stood stock still petrified with fear. The spell was broken when the hideous-looking creature who ever who ever he was raised his gun threateningly, but before he could strike a blow or discharge it, Violet had pulled the trigger of her pistol. The act had been in vol. involuntary instinctive, and as the savage crashed to earth with a gaping wound in his chest Violet stood transfixed transfixed aghast at what she had done. A shriek from Hettie jerked her thought from the dead man who indeed was an Gvarian Kurd, but one of the worse kind.

"The Glandelinians have heard the shot and are coming back!" She screamed. Grap Grasping Daisy and Hettie hand Violet and Joice dragged them through the bushes, while the other little girls followed the general as fast as they knew how. Falling on hands and knees, they crept through space where the savage Glandelinians could not follow. On, and on they went keeping ahead of the pursuers who opened fire, tearing through the underbrush, clambering over rocks until their strength failed under the strain of acute fatigue and terror. The Glandelinians gained on them cutting off their retreat, and with fiendish yells pounced upon them. The general however in his furious resistance he showed managed to get away. The wicked Glandelinians dragged the trembling, little captives before a tall Glandelinian officer. The children held out their torn and bleeding hands and raised piteous appealing eyes to the repulsive fellow of the human fiendish face. But they could read there only hatred and cruelty. The Glandelinian officer muttered an order even as they pleaded meekly, and one of his under officers advanced drawing his sabre, and scowling at them fiercely. Wilting under their dread of the impending blow stab, or cutting the helpless little victims fell upon their knees and tremulously Violet and her sisters began a little prayer. The sabre swished through the air, but the blow did not land, for at that instant there came the crack of hundreds of rifles at once, and nearly two quarters of the Glandelinians and the one with the sabre went down with many bullet holes in their bodies. Simultaneously the executioners hand poised in midair, then opened nervously, the sabre falling to the ground, and he went down like a log, dead. The other Glandelinians about ninety six in number dropped to their knees and started firing in the dire direction from where the shots came and the children being startled by the firing looked up.

"Hurray," Shrieked Violet in a frenzy of joy.

"Hurray," Cried Jennie and her other sisters gleefully.

For a stones throw from the Glandelinians, and making straight for them was a force of red coated men displaying the Abyssinkilian flag, and led by general Siegmury himself. Though they were mowed down steadily the Glandelinians stuck to the pile of rocks firing upon the Christians and bringing them down by scores. Yet on they came and seeing that they were in danger of being surrounded by the fierce Abyssinkilians, the Glandelinian soldier slowly fell back but did not cease firing. Violet and her sisters rushed to the general, while the Abyssinkilians went in pursuit of the retreating Glandelinian soldiers. The Christian general gathered the little angels and listened wonderingly to the tale of this thrilling experience they tried to tell. Then he told them how he had happened to arrive in time to save them. When he explained how he escaped, and found the Abyssinkilians, the little fugitives beamed their appreciation. Groups of other Glandelinians were already approaching, and from time to time general Siegmury addressed a encouraging word to Violet and her sisters, as he saw them shrink shrink, as the approaching graycoats came nearer, which under one pretext or another kept the Glandelinian army outside of Gorma in a tremendous uproar. It was certainly a dreadful time for every one seemed to have gone mad at once. The fugitives hid from the approaching Glandelinians and when they had passed they realized that here they must stay for a long time, for a large army of Glandelinians was coming, with artillery but moving in an easterly course. The roar of the conflict in the distance had ceased as the convent had been captured by the quick witted Glandelinians, and all the children nuns, hired help there had been massacred with the defenders also the children themselves having been literally cut up as if they were prepared for the market. Two hours later in reaching the city he had succeeded in placing Violet and her sisters in a safe place, for where he entered there were no Glandelinians as yet. Promising to be back soon, he retraced his steps to the convent, but in disguise as a Glandelinian general, and made himself the very impersonation of general Purgatorian, for he almost resembled that Glandelinian general a good deal. When he reached the convent he found monstrous crowds of furious Glandelinians and Gvarians armed to the teeth, going in, and coming out. All the Glandelinians leaving the convent were loaded, or laden with articles of furniture, clocks, pictures, bedding, and other things. A grand sack of the convent was indeed taking place. Not one of the defenders had survived, and he learned that Violet's mother and aunt had been taken a prisoner, countless numbers of the Glandelinians having taken possession of the convent. All the lofty mirrors had been smashed to fragments, the costly hangings torn down, the chape, chapel had been completely wrecked, and after they had destroyed much of the elaborate furniture in the bedrooms, of the porters, nuns, and children children, every Glandelinian began to lay their hands on what they they fancied, and the convent was already stripped of the greater part of its belongings. With his hands in his pockets, whistling carelessly, general Siegmury wandered from room to room watching and pretending to direct the proceedings. Every room and hall had dead Christian soldiers, and children and nuns, and also also Glandelinians killed in the obstinate fight, and were both sides had lost over ten thousand in the fight in the yards alone. Any barrels of brandy, and wine had been brought up into the chapel, and around these were gathered scores of drunken Glandelinians, and Gvarians, singing, shouting, dancing, cursing, blaspheming, reviling God and even working havoc at the altar and scattering the particles of the Holy Communion all around, and even taking them personally, or committing all kinds of outrages before the altar of God than not even the very devils would think of daring to do.

"Drink my Gargon drink." An ugly Gvarian said holding a silver pistol to the disguised Christian general. "Drink confusion to heaven, heaven, the Angelinians, and victory to the Glandelinian nation."

As the wine was a was not strong drink the Christian general drank the toast without hesitation but a different toast, which was "Confusion to the enemy of God and God's" but when he was offered another whole glass of strong brandy he let it spill to the floor, when the Glandelinians were not looking, and then heartsick at the death, destruction, and ruin he saw, wandered out into the yards where the dead of both sides lay in heaps. Knowing the anxiety which Violet and her sisters would be suffering as to the safety of Gertrude Angelina, who had waited near the convent for a few days, before the approach of the Glandelinians he next took his way to her home.

The house was shut up but groups of glandelinians armed with bayonets were standing in the road opposite, talking. Sauntering along the christian general stopped near enough to a dozen of the glandelinians to hear what they were saying. He learned that all in her house had been captured the same time the Glandelinian forces had captured the convent. It had been effected quietly, the doors had again been locked and a guard had been left inside, partly it was said in order that the mansion might be preserved from pillage, and be used as a sort of fort, and partly that the little girl who was absent, might be arrested when she returned.

General Siegmury knew that Gertrude Angeline was a great girl spy, and he thought it probable that she might have gone to some point of Norma to learn the enemy's plans or something, or learn the conditions then prevailing in Norma, and he at once proceeded toward the gate by which she would enter on her return. He sat down a short distance outside of the gate, and watched patiently until he perceived a beautiful ten year old girl on horseback in scarlet clothing, and a large round red sailor hat approaching at a gallop, and by the description of her he had heard from Violet and her sisters, he recognised her at once as Gertrude Angeline. General Siegmury at once went forward until he was in the middle of the road, and held out his arms. The little girl did not recognize him and thinking he was a glandelinian because of his gray uniform and big round feathery hat did not check her horse, and would have ridden him down, had he not jumped aside at the same time shouting to her by name, and even commanding her to stop.

"What in damnation do you want fellow?" Gertrude exclaimed savagely reigning in her horse suddenly, and placing her hand on her pistol holder. "You glandelinians will never arrest me no matter how many of you there be, and I will violently prove it."

"You do not recognize me." The christian general said. "I am Victor Siegmury, Gertrude, and I am here to warn you of the danger of proceeding."

"Why what has happened?" Gertrude exclaimed anxiously. "And why are you in this disguise general Siegmury?"

"A great number of attacks have been made on the convent to day, and many have been taken prisoners, including the mother and aunt of Violet and her sisters, and also one of your own friendly generals have been killed in this battle, and your other friends are prisoners. The glandelinians are waiting inside of your house to arrest you as you enter."

Gertrude uttered an exclamation of anger.

"That is why I have been sent to the other section of the main christian line," she said. "My general had no doubt received a warning of what was about to happen, and this morning he requested me to ride to the other point of the christian line and warn all the christian soldiers there. I wondered at his sending me so suddenly there, and feeling uneasy had ridden there post haste, and when I reached there I saw in the far distance where near by stood a large convent, a whole lot of white smoke puffs, coming continually from many hundreds of different sections, amid strange incessant crashings, and rumblings, and realized that the glandelinians had attacked the convent, which I know is twenty miles from Norma. So this accounts for it. He knew that if I were there nothing would induce me to separate myself from the place, while by sending me away he left it to me to do as I see fit afterwards, trusting that when I found that the people of the convent were already massacred, I might follow the counsel he had urged upon me to make my escape to the christian lines. And how about Violet and her sisters my dearest friends? Are they also prisoners among the bloodthirsty demons?"

"Their mother and aunt were conveyed to prison, but the little girls are safe and here is their address. They are disguised as Glandelinian children, and no suspicions will arise I hope as to their real position. After seeing the little girls in safety this evening I went down to see what had happened at this place as well as the convent, and found as I expected that all had been killed, and that a party of glandelinians were waiting inside to arrest you on your return."

"I thank you indeed," Gertrude said. "I shall race for the christian line and if I race there in safety I'll tell general Hanson to come to Bunte's aid, and both with their combined armies can force down the threatening Glandelinian butchery in Norma."

With this she galloped off.

Chapter

FOURTY ONE.

THE FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE AT NORMA'S BRIDGE. GLANDELINIAN GENERALS DISCOVER THAT GREAT CHRISTIAN FORCES ARE ON OPPOSITE SIDE OF BRIDGE, AND FEARING THAT THEY WOULD ADVANCE ON NORMA, AND BESIEGE THE CITY, AND PUT DOWN THE THREATENING SLAUGHTER, MAKES A SERIES OF VIOLENT ONSLAUGHTS: SO VERY ANXIOUS TIMES FOR THOSE IN NORMA.

Several days later after arriving within the vicinity of Norma general Bunte had received reinforcements from other armies coming from the south under general John Van Mc-Hollester, and seeing that great armies of the glandelinians were gathering in his front, and not knowing what the signals of all the colored lights among their lines, flickering to and fro, and going out, and reappearing again meant, became suspicious that they were planning some mischief, and set out double lines of pickets, and also fighting parties, while he took possession of all grounds near the bridge as to cut off any reinforcements for the enemy from that quarter. He felt that a dreadful battle in general was impending, for he knew he was discovered by the enemy, and also knew that they were conscious of all his intentions, and knowing that an attack might come, he primed all the fighting guns he could bring to bear upon the grounds before the enemy's lines and even ordered up all the infantry to their positions. Shortly after eight o'clock on a Sunday the Glandelinian artillery began to play furiously first toward a separate point, and then a great mile-long of columns of glandelinians under Kenneth Kassey were advancing in a wedge formation, and seeing this strange movement Bunte at first did not understand it, but soon general Mc-Hollester sent in a note to Bunte which ran as follows:

"Your excellency general Henry Bunte; I am fiercely engaged with Glandelinian forces under Adels-De-garbs and another general called Block Headed Ianain. The assault is pressed hard but I believe I am able to hold. I sent this note to warn you of the threatening movements of the foe under Kenneth Kassey. Watch him closely and you will realize what is coming on.

Your assistant;

General John Mc-Hollester."

Anticipating the movement however before he had received the note Bunte had thrown heavy forces in Kassey's way, and he himself was attacked by overwhelming numbers of Angolinians. Kenneth threw division after division against his fierce assailants, the carnage being awful. The thunder of his own cannon fairly shaking Norma, and breaking the glass in the windows of the houses. However Kenneth C. Kassey was forced to recoil as his men broke up in confusion losing three of their commanders, general Wray Archibaldine, Melrose Hoodlum, and general Francis Mackanarrow who was mortally wounded, while general Frank Kerry was killed as he strove bravely his crushed division.

There was a lull for an hour and then with the suddenness and unexpectedness of a tidal wave the whole of Adels-De-garbs line of gizzardmannians charged up against the Abyssinilian forces under Kenneth Casey, as if to crush it with an overwhelming force, and Casey was forced to send for help as one of his wings had been rolled up and driven from their works with frightful loss, and with two of their commanders general Henry Bunt, and Jimmie Anderson severely wounded. The left grand division of Mc-Hollester's line was also heavily assaulted simultaneously, and the noise of the battle was fearful. Bunte could plainly see the glandelinians as they rushed in heavy masses against the obstinate ranks of Kenneth Casey and general jiggs. It was a grand display of well organized attack thoroughly concentrated and operating cleverly. So terrific was the onslaught, and so fearful the slaughter along his whole line, that he had to send to Bunte and beg for support.

General Bunte received a cry for help from general Henry Meldonia Binckern to the same effect he consisting of Mc-Hollesters left. To retire from his advanced position in front of the assaulting glandelinians would have taken two hours and it would probably cause a great and serious disaster. Gen General Mc-Hollester had discovered a good position that commanded a full view of the struggle, and realizing the opportunity he immediately ordered out three battalions, and over four hundred cannon. Lieutenant general Williams battery of one hundred guns was the first to report, and was placed into position to rake the lines of the enemy that seemed as determined to break through Kenneth Caseys lines as a wave is to break through a broken shipwreck. In another minute a heavy fire of shot and shell and canister was being poured into the thick columns of the enemy, and in ten minutes their stubborn masses moved down like grass, began to waver and give back, especially those assaulting general Mc-Hollesters left, but for a time the other parts still kept up the assault. For a minute or two there was chaos then order returned, and they renewed the attack with awful fury. The Glandelinians by a well executed move were beginning to press general Kenneth Caseys divisions back, and though a counter charge was made by Busters corps they were repulsed with heavy loss. Meanwhile the rest of Mc-Hollesters cannon were placed and soon the fire of so many guns cut the Glandelinians down in whole platoons per volley. As the cannons thundered the columns broke, only to be formed again with dogged determination. A third time the Angelinian battoires tore the many wicked Glandelinian columns to fragments and as they fell back under a terrible fire with hundreds of their thousands of fallen torn to pieces, the main columns of the assailants still came on and sprung everything to the charge. Five hundred thousand of the glandelinians leaped forward with exultant yells, and all along the line they pushed forward in the face of a murderous fire of artillery and musketry. All around was strewn thousands of the dead and wounded of both sides. The foremost assaulting columns under general Adele-De-Garbe were also swept back with the loss of half of their number out of the woods, and across an open field, where the rocks and high grass gave shelter from the fierce christian fire poured by their musketry, but still the main line under Adele-De-Garbe renewed the frightful assault once again while he himself called anxiously for all the assist assistance he believed could be sent, and general Accountants having advanced to the rescue threw his divisions into fierce and bloody action, and was soon followed by seven brigades of break-in-the-neck divisions, who advanced furiously, while Kenneth Caseys glandelinians having in the meantime rallied, also pressed on again with redoubled violence, meanwhile sending back for general smash-in-the-head and his divisions which soon came dashing up with tremendous fury, and its arrival was followed immediately by a serious disaster. Indeed a most heavy concentration of glandelinian troops was massed against Mc-Hollester and the attack was something dreadful and delivered by these combined forces with such violence as to threaten indeed a sweeping victory for the glandelinians. Mc-Hollesters christian line was swept and torn to pieces with the loss of nearly all their brigadier commanders, twenty six battleflags, and much ammunition and a line of works. But while deploying his columns of glandelinians in the face of a sudden withering storm of canister, one of the main commanders the main chief of the army engaging Mc-Hollester called general Thomas Francis gushmann fell mortally wounded, and general coveverne who succeeded him was also mortally wounded, while generals Flyknow, John pusteron, Mc-Hollester Heller, sp supretendant general Craniern and general Meldonia Phelan were killed, their divisions were cut up and thrown into confusion, while generals smash-in-the-head, and Break-in-the-neck were severely wounded all of these generals having fallen at the same time with tens of thousands of the men of each division commanded by these leaders. This immediately threw the whole line of the glandelinian assailants into confusion, and taking advantage of it, Mc-Hollester at once threw his forces forward to the charge, and by nine o'clock not only recaptured his lost position but had gained a position that commanded a part of the concentrated Masonic lines, and in the melee the glandelinian generals Sandersburg and Brookline with gasses were killed as they strove to carry the lost position by making three tremendous counter charges. During the lull which ensued as far as he could see and make out the situation Bunte could see that Mc-Hollester had won important ground, and had won his own battle along his own lines. The glandelinians were falling back in complete disorder while his own men full of spirits were making the air ring with their own cheers. It was just at that point while looking for a favorable position for his batteries so that he might sweep the retreating glandelinians when both Cas and Kenneth Kassey on the side of the foe and the one on the side of the christians fell, the christian leader being mortally wounded.

General Mc-Hollester himself was borne from the field mortally wounded. By this time general division was put in command of Mc-Hollesters army while when it resumed the whole aspect of the battle had changed. Bicknell and blackbrooks had hurried to the relief of Adele-De-Garve, and Shoemannia was also advancing, and though his united force was superior to that of the enemy general division also had the advantage of artillery. With only 10,433,566 men general Division had over four thousand four hundred guns at his command, most of them being machine guns belonging to the brigade under general puster. Those in the front and on the left with the mounted artillery under general James Clinton were brought to bear upon the shoemannias advancing columns, and down went the graycoats in half divisions, their foremost leader general Blockhead among them. The slaughter was terrific and for nearly half an hour despite the frantic efforts of their leaders the glandelinians were checked in their advance. On account of the awful carnage the main line on the left torn and shot to pieces wavered, and when the glandelinians though more than half the numbers of the fierce abyssinkilians again charged in great fury, the christians only assailed their foremost divisions completely, and the surviving glandelinian wings broke and fled in wild confusion, Bicknell being wounded in the hand, but being able to retain his command, while black Brooks was severely wounded and borne from the field. Their flight also threw into frightful panic the whole of Shoemannias army, and the completeness of the rout of general Adele-De-Garbes army the second time, and the wounding of two more of their leaders had been shown by evidence too conclusive to be mentioned. To attack the Angelinians in no easy matter to really confirm the truth, but to attack the Abyssinkilians seems like committing suicide.

On going upon the field general francis cannonia found that only a portion of Bicknells troops alone had held, while the others had been dispersed a second time and routed with the most horrible loss. He passed general Shoemannia and another general by the name of poverneru Jameson in their rear, where they also had been carried wounded but he saw nothing of their divisions at all, as he was advancing upon the bloody field with his own command. There were piles, masses, or multitudes of dead and wounded on the left which he took to belong to povernerus and also povernerus commands and believing that shoemannias whole division had also been annihilated advised Shoemannia to refrain from making another attack without first her directions as to the situation from John Hanley, as it had been discovered that the christian army were not at all Angelinians as he had supposed but Abyssinkilians. General Leinina puster on the side of the glandelinians had been killed, and a great portion of his command having been under a murderous fire also had been thrown into confusion, their dead and wounded strewn the fields and plains in a perfect sea of fallen the canister and shells having worked terrible havoc among the thousands of wounded killing many hundreds more. General Kenneth Caseys was numbering five hundred thousand men had been dispersed with the loss of 12,305 and there was no questioning about that while povernerus division was indeed annihilated.

Gannonias large columns being 1,171,000 strong was now thrown into action after another lull for an hour and again the horrible struggle was resumed with merciless fury. Gannonias forces advanced in many columns under a galling scathing fire of great intensity extending along a line of christians twenty miles, and Major general gallace divisions simultaneously advanced with such admirable precision that the Abyssinkilians were not aware of their rapid approach, but they did not fall back, though they had the impression that the newcomers were merely reinforcements brought up to the support of general Cannonia, and now the clash that followed made a roar of firing that sounded like the world coming to an end, and fourteen commanding generals fell mangled and bleeding on the side of the enemy, their names not being depicted. General Jacksonias divisions came up at this critical moment, brig-general William pubg and pubbard followed, and the glandelinians met a fire that withered their main line terribly. General Shoemannia indeed saw that here was to be the main issue of the struggle, and that if he ordered every available man up from his right. So pressing the emergency that he barely left 442,500 men on the right with which to confront general Ambrose and costelloes crimson christian line of 1,111,000.

At six o'clock it seemed that victory for the christian line was more secure than ever. Cannon had gained with tremendous loss a position even beyond that from which the glandelinians under Kenneth Kassey had been driven two hours before. Shoemannias men having suffered frightfully from the hot fire all along the christian line had nevertheless made a tremendous onslaught with many whole and reinforcing divisions, and black Brooks long before this time he got wounded having lost one hundred thousand out of his one hundred

and fifty thousand in killed and wounded and prisoners and being without ammunition and without support had been withdrawn from the assault. Accountants attacked in turn by the Abyssinkilians was sorely pressed by Cannon and Hubbard. The whole left wing of the enemy was on the point of giving way but the strong reinforcements brought up by general Leonia Heldonia picknell from his right only restored the balance; but gave the Glandelinians a slight preponderance. All losses detached Shoemanna had on his best three hundred thousand men while Cannon and Hubbard who now commanded Kenneth Casets and Busters divisions had only 2,200,000 ONLY.

Strengthened by picknell, Calmanna Shoemanna now tried to advance with irresistible force and more awful fury on Cannon and Hubbard, while picknell flung some of his forces on the christian rear. The combined attack made with the most destructive seemed more than Cannon could endure but during bloody fighting the Abyssinkilians prevailed and suffering frightful losses Shoemannias men were forced from the long strip of woods through which his columns had swept upon the christian line, was also driven across the open field and was driven back for fully a mile and a quarter, untill most of his men rallied behind their own works, and here they reformed and poured in a fire so hot that their pursuers were mowed down by the thousand but their advance was not checked. On they came. General Hubbard had been twice wounded and had been borne from the field.

At another point the enemy for a time pushed vigorously upon Cannon's divisions, but he could not be forced, the Abyssinkilians putting the whole glandelinian assaulting army out of commission, and driving the survivors back, into and out of the cannon run section that formed a natural rifle pit. Here there ensued the fiercest struggle on the whole scene. It was fought wholly of musketry, at artillery and machine guns and with hand grenades, and both sides suffered dreadful loss. Cannon himself was disabled from a fall off his horse which was shot in forty places at once, and his division after an hours terrific fighting being exhausted of its ammunition had to be withdrawn, and its place was taken by general Randall's brigades. These brigades moved on to the front, and one to the rear as steadily as if on drill drill. Many desperate attempts were made by the three hundred thousand glandelinians to dislodge Randall from the position (Why not try to dislodge God from heaven) but all were fruitless and resulted in the most sanguinary slaughter. Overpowered by numbers the glandelinian columns were driven back completely their lines fairly torn in pieces, and Shoemanna had to give in, the fighting again lasting for an hour. General Adele-De-Garbe had once more tried with the fury of desperation to dislodge general pivia's divisions lines and again was driven back clear to his position his troops leaving many thousands of dead and wounded and dying as they retreated. While Adele-De-Garbe was making this assault the glandelinians in command of their main batteries which all this time had been inactive seeing how the struggle was turning out had opened fire with eight hundred cannon, and during Adele-De-Garbe's onslaught there was an uninterrupted cannonade from 11,200 cannon, the enemy using all their available pieces that they could bring to bear upon the christians. Hardly before in Calvernia had such an artillery duel been witnessed, but the fire of the christian batteries told fearfully upon the glandelinian batteries. Many of their cannon were disabled but there were others to take their places. The infantry also suffered terribly for the shells havecocked their lines like fire does in a forest during a general conflagration. At length the christian commanders ordered the artillery fire to be kind of slackened gradually in order to see what the glandelinians were going to do. And also to make sure that there would be a sufficient supply of ammunition to meet the attack of which the cannonade was but the prelude. Jumping to the conclusion that the Angelinian batteries were silenced, and the infantry and other divisions of the christian army thrown into disorder, Stanley slackened his fire, and at the same time Shoemanna and Adele-De-Garbe and Adele-De-Garte two hours after the cannonading had reached its worse, and when it slackened, began to advance 1,500,000 of their men, and these began to move forward in splendid array. Major general Cantonnias strong divisions of Tomy Bombs corps and infantry formed the right of the main attacking columns of Zimmermannians. General Shoemanna led the left. As this great column of men pressed on all the Angelinian batteries opened upon it simultaneously ploughing great and frightful gaps in its lines, which filled immediately. At first this advancing force-headed for the left of the Abyssinkilian right where where general Joseph Germania was posted with three other generals Hennie Johnston, Farthing, and Ca, Calonis. These christian divisions had been strengthened by general Walter Jennings brig brigades and numbered 6,678,999, men to that of what the enemy was throwing forward and were arranged in lines five deep and well protected by entrenchments of rail fences and stone walls made of rocks.

The glandelinian columns galled by artillery in front and obliquely from batteries on Erminies Hills, pressed on though their lines were being already badly torn, and their men dissolved in scores of ranks at every step. Cannon's infantry withheld its fire until the enemy was within three hundred yards of the christian line and then poured in a tremendous volley of musketry ten miles long. General break-in-the-necks brigades of 150,000 men was the first to meet this sheet of flame and it melted away like a snowbank. Five minutes afterwards its remnants was streaming back in wild disorder leaving thousands upon thousands of dead and wounded and prisoners there being 170,000 others coming forward only to be wrecked also. There was 70,000 down.

At left Adele-De-Garbe's divisions to face the deadly christian fire which raged like the return of hell upon earth from the frightful din of cannon and musketry. The sight was appalling. The first onset of Adele-De-Garbe's Glandelinians was so determined that they broke through the christian line with marvellous fury, and charged among the batteries, and a fierce hand to hand struggle took place. The officers of each side fought pistol to pistol, and the men with clubbed muskets and bayonet. Brig-general brig-general Germaine gibbons was struck down while urging his men to stand firm against break-in-the-heads forces. General John gibbons had sent a young captain to general Buntas with the tidings that he had been backed in force. As the captain was returning from the mission he met general Alexander Constant lines brigades and dragoons falling back. With waiting to find gibbons who had indeed been carried wounded from the field, the captain rode to the left and ordered the whole division to the right to meet the advancing enemy. At that critical moment the virtual command was exercised by the young officer. All that mortal men could do to hold the position was done by those glandelinian troops in the few brief minutes that followed the instant when the battleflag waved over the ranks. Of Shoemannias seventeen commanders in chief of the assaulting columns Garnette Brooks lay dead, break-in-the-head severely wounded within the christian lines and two other generals Blair and Norman Norman were taken off the field to die. Of the seventeen generals most who fell and whose names were withheld only three were left unharmed. But all the efforts of the glandelinians were fruitless. They were checked in front by bold and determined charges, and a murderous fire of cannon and musketry, which was poured into their very faces, and seeing that there was nothing for them to do save retreat or to throw themselves on the ground with hands uplifted as signs of surrender they did so. As the few shattered remnants of Adele-De-Garbe's command were flying wildly from the fate which had overtaken so many of their brave comrades they were pelted mercilessly by the christian artillery, and by Abyssinkilian batteries, and sometimes by their own which were fired upon them by mistake. For the glandelinian artillery men seeing the situation, now reopened fire from all their batteries raining with fire. Another part of Adele-De-Garbe's column which had not recoiled had formed into solid masses, and formed moved forward as if to renew the assault, but it was checked by a hot artillery fire and did not get within musket shot range of the christian line. General divisions troops had struck the first blow and to them it was allotted to strike the rest. They followed the retreating glandelinians and cut off many hundreds and took them prisoners. General Gerra had held a part of Shoemannias divisions in check, and also by general glaiders cavarly upon his rear and by Samuel Marcus on his flank. The cavarly made a sharp attack on Shoemanna after Adele-De-Garbe's divisions had retired, which had much to do with the fortunes of the day, although it resulted in heavy losses for the Abyssinkilian troops. General Elon Barney's brigades had in the face of a murderous fire scattered a part of Shoemannias army, and charged up to the muzzles of a glandelinian battery, but had been repulsed with the loss of its commander who was killed. After the decisive repulse of the great glandelinian assault and the failure of Adele-De-Garbe to renew it, there was still four hours of daylight remaining. Though checked Shoemanna did not and would not be driven back.

Utilizing this general Bunte rode to the left of his line and ordered general Gallow and Observat ing to advance his corps to points already weakened by heavy losses, while he sent general Calmaw Crawford and Benginnin with a few divisions into a long stretch of trees along the battered front of divisions army, where they encountered Shoemannias foremost brigades, and at the appearance of overwhelming numbers it broke and fled and in its flight ran over another brigade that had been coming on to attack another line of christian intrenchment.

This also took to flight without firing a shot and the whole two brigades fell back on Shoemanna's columns leaving 20,200 prisoners, 2,000 dead, 5,000 wounded and a great quantity of arms which was captured by Crawford's division.

When Shoemanna saw the remnant of these two brigades rushing madly back from their unsuccessful assault, in fact they had failed to make any, he was enraged beyond all bounds, and he upbraided the two leaders of the brigades with something fearful, charging them with treachery and cowardice. General Brendel had successfully repelled a furious assault of fifty thousand glandelinians. The onslaught had been well directed and was most determined but failed to break the christian line at this point also and under a very hurricane of bullets, canister and shells which mowed them down in multitudes the glandelinians sullenly gave way having lost suffered the loss of seven thousand four hundred and fifty three in a quarter of an hour. General Bendernine also had his hands full. Reinforced by 160,000 glandelinians general picknell had formally assailed him again pressing forward in heavy masses, sweeping up to the very muzzle of the christian guns under Brendel only to be mowed down like grass. Their ranks fairly dissolved away by many scores, and the survivors were demoralized a stampede at once ensuing. Thousands were mowed down by the christian batteries under Brendel as they fled. In this repulse the glandelinians left monstrous windrows of dead and wounded in the field. In the meantime Shoemanna not wishing to be outwitted by his foe had cleared his rear and flank of their assailants by the means of one hundred gathling guns, which had poured a storm of red hot canister upon them mowing them down in such frightful numbers that they had been compelled to break their lines and flee. Shoemanna had left now only 350,000 men and now these slowly advanced in splendid style but the christian batteries of 1,784 cannon were massed upon the glandelinians, storming their advancing columns with a perfect drum-drum fire descending their very divisions. The thunder of so many cannon seemed to split the earth and the very heavens and so shook the city of Yorma to the very foundation. Yet on came the surviving assailants with tremendous fury their masses dissolving fast. The glandelinians seemed to be advancing with irresistible force, and seemed unchecked in spite of their dreadful losses and though their main front line consisting of one hundred thousand men were fairly torn to pieces and terribly thinned by the tremendous fire along the christian line, the glandelinians swept on up the slight rise of ground and toward the strong position of the christians.

All the gathling guns that could be brought to bear were now opened upon the assailants in addition with all their fury, but though many more of their columns and even whole brigades were torn to fragments until the first line again had almost melted away, the last two lines came on against Kindernine Baggot, and Maurice Stantley, carrying these positions, and reaching the first position of the christians held by those under Pelerine Mc-Hollester himself.

Suddenly there was a blinding storm of musketry fire extending for many miles almost simultaneously, followed by an ear-splitting roar that fairly shook the ground, hard enough to split the branches of the trees, and cause the rocks and loose earth to slide down the steep rise of ground in a perfect avalanche, and nearly the whole of the second line was torn to fragments with the loss of 70,000, the glandelinians having been shot down by the thousand all along the line. Yet however Pelerine Mc-Hollester had fallen wounded, and his line being overwhelmed by the survivors had fallen back after they delivered this simultaneous withering fire, and seven batteries of cannon, there being twenty guns in each each were captured by the glandelinians who swung the guns around with the intention of opening a galling fire, upon the retiring christians, but the guns had been spiked before the Abyssinkilians abandoned them, and their own slowly receding fire moved big gaps in the enemy's gray line. The main division of Shoemanna's army continued to press on elsewhere but had not as yet reached the christian works along their own front. General Brookton Brooktown in command of the right wing of the christian line saw the forces along his own front giving way in the face of the murderous Abyssinkilian fire, and all the nearest batteries which had opened a very perfect tempest of shells and canister ploughing the glandelinian columns again to mangled fragments, but he did not have the prudence of following the repulse of the foe by making a counter charge. The glandelinian dead and wounded lay in heaps over the long line of charge. General Nesbitt's Abyssinkilians after also delivering a simultaneous discharge of musketry had been compelled to abandon their own line of works, but Brooktown held firmly to the last crushing his assailants with his 1,200,000 men there being a blinding flash of cannon and musketry all along his line, mingled with the ear-splitting

far heard at the other point, and nearly the whole line of his assailants had went to pieces, and their dead and wounded covered the ground for miles like monstrous masses of hay. The survivors had been appalled at this murderous slaughter and had retreated in the utmost confusion. Slowly but surely the remainder of the assaulting glandelinian divisions were compelled to retreat, as the christian cannon mowed their ranks down by the hundred hundred. Only one section of the glandelinian forces still assaulted.

The christian lines here waited behind their trenches and supported by by nine batteries waited for those glandelinian divisions to come within range. Then the fire the christians poured upon them was terrific. But on came the glandelinian survivors yelling like demons. The first two lines withered before these destructive volleys, but the survivors halted for a moment, and returned a series upon series of deafening volleys. Seeing all the havoc all their own fire caused the glandelinians came on again with redoubled violence, and though they were mowed down in hundreds of ranks, they swept in against the overwhelming numbers opposed to them, and for a time the whole of this portion of the christian line bent backwards, and part of it was crushed. A terrible hand to hand fight raged for fully fifteen minutes along the whole line, but finally as the christians were almost giving way, heavy reinforcements were thrown upon the assailants, but though they succeeded in driving them back general Brooktown who brought up the reinforcements with Brendel was severely wounded, and so was the latter with another called pratten. In this terrible engagement the christians had lost only about nine hundred and sixty thousand killed and wounded alone. The glandelinians under Picknell had lost about 1,200,000, the entire total loss of the glandelinians being 1,587,957.

During the night Shoemanna's constraint constacted his left from to right, and the left toward the center, expecting to be attacked within a few hours but no attack came, Bunte having been satisfied that he won so far and he did not wish to continue carnage further in the darkness. Though victorious in the battle he had not as yet had the chance to make the advance upon Yorma gathering. So he was repulsed in his intestine intentions though he won the actual fighting itself.....

Several days after he heard had heard a about the battle of Yorma's gun, a general seignery had crossed the river, and found a vast crowd gathered in front of the convent. The news of the wholesale arrest arrests which had been made, had filled the zimmermannians, and marians with joy, and the air was full of shouts;

"Down with the Angelinian christian dogs, and to hell with their children and all they love...."

Others were selling in the crowd newspapers, and broadsheets, filled with the foulest attacks couched in the most horrible language upon the christians.

At various points a thousand glandelinians mounted on many stairways to the convent, or the pedestals or statues, harangued the wicked glandelinian mobs below, while from time to time the crowds of wicked and violent Glandelinians made way for members of their assemblies, who were cheered or hoisted according to their sentiments, for or against in the cause of the glandelinians. After remaining there for some time general seignery made his way to the entrance to one of the assembly buildings. Mobs of zimmermannians and marians were gathered together, and a tremendous rush was made when the doors were opened. General seignery managed to force his way in, and sat for some hours listening to the debate, which was constantly interrupted by the marians in the galleries, who applauded with the most acute frenzy the speeches of their favorite orators, the deputies of glandelinia, and howled and yelled when the glandelinians ventured to advocate moderation or conciliation. It was late in the night when the sitting was over, and seignery being unable to leave the place earlier fell asleep despite the novelty of his situation. It was broad daylight when he awoke, and an hour later he again recrossed the river, and made his way to the convent, though at times he was almost alarmed by the shaking of the convent, and the continual of breaking of glass in the windows not knowing what caused it, having forgotten that the siege and cannonading was going on at Yorma Gallio, and that Bunte and Shoemanna had been in action also at over twenty miles away.

At a light was to be seen in the convent windows, and all was still and quiet. The great doors stood open, and the dead still lay where they had fallen it seeming evident as if the glandelinians were going to allow them to remain there without any intentions of removing them.

The work of destruction was complete; the convent having been stripped of everything that could be carried away. Siegmery made his way up to the bedrooms of the convent. The massive bedsteads still stood in their places, having defied the efforts of destruction, which had proved successful with the cabinets, and all the other furniture. His Angelinian language was good enough, but his ignorance of the Garian language would have rendered it difficult to for him to keep up his assumed character among them and would have needed the fabrication of all sorts of stories as to his birthplace and past history. Although his position in which he was placed, Siegmery felt that it would be impossible always to adhere to the truth, he shrank away from any falsehoods that could possibly be avoided. His first duty in order to carry out the task he had undertaken was to keep up his disguise and this must be done, even at the cost of telling lies as to his antecedents, but he was wholly determined that he would avoid this unpleasant necessity as far as lay in his power. Not long after when the ground shook so hard as to threaten to throw down the convent, he left, and made his way to the apartments where he had left Violet and her sisters. His entry was received with a cry of satisfaction from the little girls.

"What is the news general?" Exclaimed Jennie. "We expected you here yesterday evening, and set up until twelve o'clock at night."

"I was over on the other side of the river discharging a mission and did not get back until this morning." Answered the general.

"I knew general Siegmery was prevented by something," Jennie said triumphantly. "I told you so Violet, did I not?"

"Yes dear I was wrong to be impatient but you will forgive me general? You can guess how I suffered yesterday!"

"It was natural that you should expect me Violet. I was sorry afterwards that I did not tell you little girls when I left you that I should not be able to come back in the night, but indeed I did not think of it at the same time."

"And now for your news?" Said Jennie impatiently. "Have you learned anything about our mother and aunt?"

"I'm sorry to say I have not, except that with many others they were taken to St Joseph's prison. But I have good news for you little girls. After going to the convent and finding it in possession of a hedonist mob of Glandelinians who were plundering and drinking, I went to see what had taken place at the mansion where Gertrude Angeline had her headquarters. I found that her best friends had been killed in cold blood. I also learned that her other friends and some of her relations were arrested, and also that she was absent and that a party of Glandelinians were inside in red readiness to arrest her on her return. Thinking it probable that she might have gone to some of her duties in the neighborhood of Norma, I went out beyond the gate on that road and waited for her. I had the good fortune to meet her, to warn her of her danger of proceeding, and to prevent her from returning to the city. She rode away toward the Christian lines threatening to arouse the Angelinians to the highest pitch, to bring general Manson to the aid of Ben Bunte who has been heavily assaulted by Shoemania along the Norma Run, and whom he severely repulsed."

Violet burst into tears of happiness at hearing that Gertrude had escaped from the danger which threatened. Worn out by fatigue and anxiety or the of the previous nights the little girls again slept for several hours after reaching the shelter of this old house, for she and her sisters had lain awake those three nights thinking of the danger of those dear to her. She and her sisters were now completely overcome with the revulsion of fil feeling.

"You are a dear general," Jennie said with indescribable admiration, while her sisters sobbed their exclamation of gratitude. "You seem to think about everything, and now we know that Gertrude Angeline is safe, and I do hope Joice is going to be more like herself. As I tell her they cannot hurt aunt or aunt without bringing upon themselves terrible vengeance from fathers, uncles, or any of the other Christian armies. Aunt and mama have done no wrong and they must let them out of prison after a time. Papa said we were to be brave, and at any rate I try to be and so does my sisters, though Hettie cries sometimes, and now I hope Joice will be cheerful too, and not going about the rooms looking so downcast and wretched..."

"I shall be better now Violet," said Joice smiling as she wiped away her tears. "But I fear that if the rage against the Christians increases there is going to be a reign of terror all through the war." "She was right," thought many had escaped are arrest, and they feared that there would be a sharp look out for all Christians in disguises, as they would be able to recognize their walk or air, and call them suspicious.

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they thought that the place where they were still staying would be the only safe refuge until the Christian armies came to the rescue of Norma and if they had left Norma right away instead of staying they would not have gone through the experience they were to go through, for there was no Christian no master who she or he who could escape the wily clutches of the clever brained Glandelinians, they of course not having the real brains of a fish, but being so clever in their heads as to read the best disguises. That afternoon news came of the escape of suspected Christians in disguise, and of the emigration of other Christians to join or seek refuge in the Angelinian armies. Orders had been sent that the strictest scrutiny was to be exercised on all roads leading toward the Christian armies over all strangers who may pass through. All who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves and produce their papers showing they are not Calverinians or Angelinians, and other Christians, were to be arrested and sent to Norma. Every day the excitement in Norma increased, every day there were fresh arrests, until every prison became crowded to overflowing. It was late in July, the Angelinians under gante and Hanson were still concentrating along the Norma-run, and now terror was added to the emotion which excited to madness the Glandelinian forces concentrating at Norma. In the city itself black flags were hung in the steeples and Shoemania and his staff skillfully used the fear inspired by the Christian advance to add to the general hatred of the Calverinians and Angelinians.

"The Glandelinians," he said in the rostrum of the assembly "Are exposed as two hostile parties, that of the Angelinian and Abyssinkilian enemy with us, and the Calverinian and Angelinian enemy within. There is a full Christian directory which sits secretly at Norma, and corresponds with the way of Angelinia and Abyssinkile. They wear hoods during their sermons, which makes us fear to molest them because of their power to frustrate it and they are called the 'Dreaded Gemini' To try and frustrate them we must terrify all the Angelinians within by a kind and full delivery of prisoners."

The Glandelinian assemblies understood his meaning, and degraded death against all no matter what the hooded Christians would think or do, and all others or directly or indirectly refused to execute, or hindered the orders given by the executive powers. Every rumor of conspiracy agitated the Glandelinians, and struck alarm into the children's minds, while those who had friends within the prison walls, became more alarmed for their city. On the fourteenth of July orders were issued that all the inhabitants of Norma were to stay in their houses, in order that a visit might be made by the delegates of the Glandelinian commune to search for firearms, which accountants had declared, there were one hundred thousand hidden in Norma and to search for suspected persons.

General Siegmery and Violet and her sisters passed most of their time discussing projects for enabling their mother and aunt to escape from the stringency of the steps taken, and the violence of the commune they could no longer indulge in the hopes that in a short time the prisoners against whom no serious charge could be brought would be released. At the same time they could hardly persuade themselves that even such men as those who now held the supreme power in their hands could intend to take extreme measures, against so vast a number of prisoners as were now in custody. Violet and her sisters knew that their mother and aunt had at first been taken to St Joseph's prison, but whether they were still confined there, they were of course ignorant. Still there was no reason to suppose that they had been transferred to any other of the jails. St Joseph's prison as Siegmery had discovered was so strongly guarded that neither force or stratagem seemed available. Siegmery truthfully declared that a numb numerous band of well armed soldiers would be required to capture the place for the jailers were natives of Calumnia Shoemania, and some were of Hanley and an attempt to bribe them would be extremely dangerous, and more like running into the furnace itself. Violet and her sisters proposed that as well as Siegmery as well provided with funds they should recruit a band of Calverinians in the city of Norma and make a sudden attack upon the prison but it could not be done as the prison was heavily armed with artillery.

"I'm ready to run all risks Violet but I see no chance of success in it. The very first Glandelinian we spoke to might denounce us, and if we were seized there would be no chance of escape."

The little girls were in a state of terrible anxiety as to their parent and relation and of their danger.

"It is terrible," Joice said. "And I think night and day of our mother and aunt. Can nothing be done. Could we not bribe the wretches?"

"No," was the answer.

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"Could you get hold of one of those glandelinian generals and force him to sign an order, for their release?" Jennie suggested.

"Wh? What?" exclaimed Siegmury in surprise. "Jennie you have the best head of us all. That idea never occurred to me. Yes that might be possible, how stupid of me not to think of it."

"Do not run into an unnecessary danger, Siegmury," said Joice. "Such a scene to seize important glandelinian generals is the most dangerous of all, and could hardly succeed."

"I don't know, Joice. I think it might. I will think it over. Of course there are difficulties, but I do not see why it should not succeed."

"Certainly it will succeed if Siegmury undertakes it," Jennie said with great trust in his power. Siegmury laughed, and even Joice anxious as she was could not help from smiling, and she almost laughed also.

"That might seem possible," Joice said. "I wonder it never occurred to either of us. Here us girls have been planning in vain for the last fourth night to hit upon some scheme for getting mama, and aunt out of prison, and Jennie has pointed out a way which you and I have never thought of. It seems the simplest thing in the world to seize one of the generals of these rascally armies, and compel him to sign an order for their release. But how it is to be done Siegmury?"

"Ah that is for us to think out. Jennie has given us the idea, and we would be stupid if we cannot invent the details. In the first place we have got to settle of which of them it had better be, and the next how it is to be managed. It must be someone whose signature the glandelinians at the prison would be sure to obey."

Joice said: "It must be either Siegmury, Dicknell or Shoemanna."

"Or John Manley," Siegmury added. "I think he is more powerful than either of the other generals, and yet he is the most hardest to seize, and then would yield to no christians under any conditions. I think after all it had better be Shoemanna."

"Shoemanna must be the worse of them any way," Angeline said. "No doubt she is ambitious, indescribably bold, and reckless, and I think this hatred of all christians is at white heat now. She is also a terrible enemy and will stick at nothing, and he is ruthless, and pitiless, and ferocious as a hundred million demons in one. Shoemanna is ambitious too, as I have heard, but I think he is really acting according to his principals as his friends Dicknell and other officers. He is pitiless too, but he would murder on principle. He would sign unworried, for a thousand children to have their bodies opened up if he thought this crying up, necessary, or even useful for the good and the cause of the country, but I do not think he would think of shedding a drop of blood to satisfy private enmity. He is more dangerous than Furgatorian, for Furgatorian has no vicious life's enemy, and they say he is fond of birds. And yet I do not think we should make much of either of them. Dicknell or Furgatorian if we ever get them in our power. Dicknell would be like a wild beast in a snare. He would rage with utmost fury, but I do not think he would be intimidated into signing what we require, nor do I think, would Shoemanna or Manley either. John Manley though extremely handsome is a regular snake. He is simply venomous. He hates the christian world, and would absolutely rejoice in slaying him, no matter how horrible and bloody it made his appearance. He is like a demon in human form. His officers shrink from him. They call him the corruptible demon in human form. He is like a venomous reptile, when it would be a pleasure to slay as it would be to put one's heel on the head of a rattlesnake. Whether he is a coward or not, I do not know, but from what I have heard, I believe he is the boldest of all the rebel general generals, and he may really be a dangerous man to kidnap, or just like trying to lay your bare hands on a maddened roaring lion. Men of his type are seldom docile, and are generally always reckless. I think if we had him in our hands, we would be in the same fix as if we were holding a blast furnace on our backs or had jumped into a crucible of molten iron. I would probably be best to seize Shoemanna."

"All right then, Angeline, just as you say. When Shoemanna it will be and as soon as possible," Siegmury said. "That much is settled. To-morrow we will find out something of his habits. Till we know all about that we cannot have any plans whatever. We do that we will have to enter the city, which as you would say just as dangerous as entering hell, and is just now as impossible to get out or be rescued from. When we reach his headquarters, we will wait for him to come. Unfortunately you little girls know him by sight. He will sure to be surrounded by a party of his body guard on his way to the head of the tribunals. From there we can trace him to his tent. I doubt any one could tell us, where he stays but it would be exceedingly dangerous to ask any one just now. When we find that out we can decide upon our next step. When we get him and the signature, we will have some time in getting the prisoners. You know the women are separated from the men, relation from relation, children from their parents, and each are placed alone in different

cells. However we can try."

But the plan was not destined to be carried out. It was the next morning and our hero, and heroine, soon became sensible, that something unusual was in the air. Separating they joined the groups of glandelinians at the lanes, and tried to learn what was going on but none seemed to know for certain. All sorts of rumors were,

word had been passed that the glandelinian executioners were to be in readiness that evening from John Manley who had dropped hints that a blow was to be struck at the christians. Everywhere there was a surprised excitement among the glandelinians and an air of gloom and of terror among the prisoners. After some time Siegmury and Violet and her sisters came together again, and compared their observations. Neither had learned anything definite, but all were sure that something was about to happen or to take place.

"It may be that a large number of fresh arrests are to be made," Siegmury said. "There are still hundreds of thousands of prisoners, men women and children who withstand the violence of these glandelinians. It may be that a blow is to be struck against them. I'm terribly uneasy. I am bound to try to rescue your mother and aunt some way. I have thought over the bribing of the wretches. But you see it would be necessary to get several men to work together. One man might perhaps bribe the man who has charge of the cell, but there would be the other warders, and the guard at the gate, and the guards are changed every half hour. I don't see how that possibly could be done."

"Would it be of any use do you think if I and my sisters were to go to Caluanna Shoemanna or Manley, and plead with them for their lives? We would do that willingly, if you think there would be the slightest chance of success."

For a moment the christian general looked at them with astonishment.

"That is a foolish question indeed," he said with a snarl. "Indeed it would be like little lambs going to plead with a wolf. You little girls would only attract attention to the matter."

"Surely we might devise some means for their escape," said Jennie.

"I can think of nothing," the christian general said. "The prison is too strong to be taken without a considerable force, and it would be impossible to get that together. If general Gunter could only advance something could be done."

For however our friends were saved the trouble they contemplated, for they learned from the conversation of two glandelinian officer officers who cheered John Manley as he came marching toward the captured convent, what they wanted to know.

"John Manley is the man for us," one of them said. "He hates the christians. He would bathe in their blood. His cry is always blood. Blood. Hurry for general John Manley."

"I detect that there is a plot to kill him, and those cursed christians would slay him if they had the chance, but he is always escorted back by thousands of soldiers, and woe to any enemy who dares to lay a hand on him."

Siegmury and Violet and her sisters in their perfect disguises waited until also John Manley had reached the convent. His escort or bodyguard armed to the teeth, and having long bayonets and pikes, halted as he and Manley reached the door, and scores went with them, until in the day soldiers came and went, the large army having partly surrounded the convent, and prepared for any event.

"It is not such an easy affair without a noiseless and power powderless or smokeless gun," Violet said as they moved away.

"But it must be done somehow," said Jennie. "Every day matters grow more threatening, and those glandelinians have not been brought to the convent for nothing, and I fear that something is up. The worse of it is, we have such a short time to act. John Manley, or Manley does not seem to be on alone, from early morning until late at night."

"Suppose we did get the order or release from him at night, we could represent it until morning, and before we could present it some one might awake and discover him or Manley fastened up, and take the news to the prison before we could take them out," said Angeline.

"That is very serious," Siegmury agreed. "I already began to despair Violet."

"I'm already full of despair."

"Must not do that," Violet rejoined. "You see we thought it impossible until Jennie gave us the idea. There must be some way out of it, if we could only hit upon it. Perhaps by to-morrow morning an idea will occur to one of us."

"And there is another thing to be thought of," said Hettie. "We must provide disguises for them. And it would be of no use at all getting them out unless we can conceal them after they are free. The last orders are so strict about the punishment of any one giving shelter to enemies of glandelinia, that people who even let rooms for single persons, or couples and even housekeeping, will be suspicious. The only plan will be to get them out of the city, and back to the christian army at once on foot for in

every town and village in the region of Norma there is the strictest lookout kept for suspected persons. Still that must be risked, there is no other way."

"I have hit upon an idea general," said Hettie. "You see general John Manley often goes out in the morning alone. He is so well known and he is so well regarded by all the glandelinians, that he has no fear of any assault being made upon him during the day. My plan is that we should follow him instead of Shoemanna until he gets into some lonesome place with few glandelinians about. Then you could rush upon him, seize him, draw a pistol to shoot shouting!"

"Die villain!" We should be a few paces behind and one of us should run up and strike the gun out of the hands of his assailant, managing at the same time to tumble over John Ma Manley and fall with him to the ground. That would give his assailant time to bolt."

"It would be a frightful and dangerous risk, Hettie frightful," said Siegumery.

"No I think it could be managed easily enough," said Joice. "The of course general Manley would be very grateful to you Hettie and you could get him to sign their release. If that failed I have come to the conclusion that the best plan would be to seize him, place a pistol to his head, and threaten to kill him instantly if he did not accompany us. We could thrust a ball of rage into his mouth so that he could not call out, even if he had the courage to do so, which I fear he would have even if he was assured that even if he made the slightest sound we would kill him. Then we could make him sign the order, and leave him fastened up in a dark place, for if he was released by any of us or any one discovering his plight there would be a hue and cry after his captors."

"The best plan would be to put a knife into his heart at once the minute you have got the order signed," said Siegumery saba savagely. "I should have no more hesitation in killing him, than stamping on a snake itself."

"No the man is a monster but we cannot kill him in cold blood," said Joice. "Besides we should do more harm than good for our cause, for the glandelinians would consider he had died a martyr to his championship, of their rights and would be more furious than ever against the christians." "But his account of what he had gone through will have just the same effect also Siegumery and scare him stiff," said Violet. "I should think it probable he would keep the story to himself. What has happened once may happen again, and besides signing the release of two enemies of glandelinia in order to save his life would tell heavily against him if the report ever reached the glandelinian king called Prosele. No I think he will keep silence. After we have got them safe away we can return, and so far lose his bonds that he would after a time be able to free himself. Five minutes start would be all that we'd want."

"But then it would be folly," said Siegumery. "He may be so courageous that nothing would turn his purpose...."

This time during their conversation they had made their way down to the city being too anxious to remain quiet. They could learn nothing from the glandelinians however which were as before assembled before the convent. There was a general impression that something was about to happen. But no one could, or would give any reason for their belief. All day they wandered about restless, and anxious. They boldly fought their way into the galleries of the assemblies, when the doors opened, but for a time nothing took place. The assemblies in which the moderates had still a powerful powerful voice had protested against the assumption of authority, the council council of the new commune sitting in the convent. But this assembly lacked firm firmness, the new commune had every day gained its power, and already new warrants of arrests were prepared against all the christians. To restless to remain in the assembly Siegumery, and Violet and her sisters again took their steps to the convent. Just as they arrived there seven thousand priests, two thousand nuns, and six thousand children with them besides old men and women were brought out from a prison near by, by a party of wicked glandelinians who shouted;

"To the St John Joseph's prison."

These ruffians pushed the prisoners into railway coaches standing in the street car tracks which were to be pulled by auto trucks, shouting;

"You will not arrive at the prison. The gvarians are waiting to tear you to pieces."

Siegumery and Violet and her sisters looked on in sullen apathy, while the glandelinians yelled like demons."

"You see them." The glandelinians in charge of the prisoners shouted. "There they are. You are about to march to Norma, and we may as well butcher these priests, nuns, old useless women men and children."

Still the crowds of glandelinians did not move though they continued to yell. The great mass of glandelinians wished to have a share in this great bloody deed but general John Manley had not given them any orders to do so, and these were the works of a few hundred score of most violent glandelinians, backed by the refuse of the mass. A few shouts here and there were raised off;

"Down with the christians" but more of the glandelinians joined in the shouts of;

"Down with the other Communes. They are viole violating Malays commands, and are refusing to allow us to do the work right. They ought to be punished."

Siegumery would have pressed forward to attack the executioners, had not Violet held his arm exclaiming in his ear with a reproachful look; "Restrain yourself general. Think of the lives that depend upon Mrs. The glandelinian mobs will not follow you, and only hold from the slaughter because they received no order to kill the prisoners. You can do nothing yourself. Come let's get away from the crowds of soldiers as they may detect us, as they can easily read through disguises, and only do not recognize us now, because in the excitement they do not pay any attention to us. Come."

In saying she dragged Siegumery away. It was well that they could not see what was taking place in the coaches, or Siegumery's fury would have been ungovernable for several of the ruffians had drawn their sabres, and were hacking furiously at their prisoners.

"We will follow them," Violet said when she and the general and her sisters had made their way out of the raving crowds. But you must remember Siegumery that come what may you must keep cool. You would only throw your life away uselessly, and place us in great danger, and so for our sakes you must keep calm as you are supposed to be our guardian. Your life belongs to us, and you have no right to throw it away. We are ready to follow them, but will not do so until unless you are finally resolved to restrain your feelings what ever may happen. You can do no possible good, and will only involve yourself into our own destruction."

"You may trust me," General Siegumery said. "I will be calm for our sakes as you are right. But how can one look on and seem men letting others to commit massacre. What is going to take place? We must follow them."

Violet and her sisters had their doubts on their friends self power of control, but they were very anxious to see what was taking place, and they joined the throng of mad glandelinians that followed the coaches. But they were now in the rear and could see nothing that was taking place before them. When the long line of carriage carriages reached St Joseph's prison, the prisoners alighted. Hundreds of the prisoners were at once cut down by the enraged glandelinians who yelled like demons, the rest fled into the hall where one of the committee were sitting. It's members however did nothing to protect them, and looked on while all were massacred unresistingly. Then after fifteen minutes the glandelinians came out brandishing their bloody weapons, and shouting;

"The good work has begun. Down with the priests, nuns and children. Down with the enemies of glandelinia."

The higher class of glandelinians assembled at the Whitneys convent and other places had not followed the procession to St Joseph's prison. They had been struck with envy and fury at the words and actions of the executioners, and felt that this was the beginning and fulfillment of the wars of the first few days. The murder of the first batch of prisoners was the signal for thousands of glandelinians of thought or feeling to take back from the war, and of officers to resign their commissions. Hundreds of earnest glandelinian officers of all rank who had at first thought that this war commenced for the possession of the child slave places, and who had gone heart and soul with the armies in the early part of this great struggle, had long since shrunk back, jealous and appalled because they had not received the order to join in at the new scenes of senseless tyranny which had sprung into existence, first at Crowley and Kils-Allen, then at Pullaway, now at Jule Jullio Callio, and now at Nam. Each act of usurpation of power by the gvarians had for a while alienated a section. Hundreds of noble glandelinian privates, and the clergy, many of whom had at first gone heartily with the early armies had shrunk back enraged, when they thought that because the hated religion was being menaced they were refused an undertaking of the proceedings. This feeling of jealousy was inciting a rebellion among some of Manley's best troops.

The officers such as Hennig & Zimmermann and his staff were already to a man against the war though they have really caused it, and had fallen away and over their heads the papers of dismissal were already placed. The cruel war had no longer a friend in Glandelinia itself, save among the lowest and basest, and the most ignorant. And now by these massacres the kingdom of Glandelinia was to stand before the eyes of that world-as a blood stained monster, and was an enemy not of christians, or even god only but of humanity as well. Thus the crowd of glandelinians following the wicked executioners was composed almost entirely of the scum of Glandelinia, wretches who had only been at war with religion, who hated the christian children, hated the priests, nuns and other religious persons, the Supreme head of the Catholic Church, hated like demons men who had prospered so much in wickedness that they had become more like wild demons, than wild beasts who were that product of that even system of society which ought to have been overthrown. Thus there was no repitition before the St Josephs prison, of the cries of rage, and down with the executioners which had been heard in front of the convent because the other glandelinians were filled with envy because they had not been allowed to share in the slaughter. The shouts of the executioners were taken up and echoed by the mobs of glandelinians. Most savage cries, curses, blasphemies, and shouts for vengeance filled the air, all were armed to the teeth, and knives and bludgeons, bayonets, rifles, sabres, and pikes were brandished or shaken. Blood had been tasted, and all the savage instincts were on fire.

"This is horrible Siegmery." Violet exclaimed most appealingly. "I feel as if I was in a nightmare, not that an any nightmare can compare in terror than this. Look at those hedious faces of men debased by crime, sodden with drink, degraded below the level of brutes, exulting in the thought of blood, lusing for murder, and to think these creatures are the masters of Glandelinia. Great heavens what can come of it in the future? What is going to take place now?" "Organized massacre I fear Violet. What seems incredible, impossible, is going to take place. There is to be a massacre of all the prisoners." They had by this time reached another convent, now converted into a prison. Here a large number of priests, nuns, and men women and children, had been collected. The glandelinian executioners entered, and the prisoners were called by name to assemble in the yards. First the priests were all murdered, then they fell upon the others and hewed them down. The children were also among the slain, and the assassins did not desist until the last prisoner had been hacked to pieces. Graves had already been dug in the fields, and carts and even coaches were waiting to convey the corpses there, showing how carefully the preparations for the massacre had been made. Then the glandelinian executioners returned to St Josephs prison, and with a crowd of followers entered the great hall. Here the leader of the executioners organized a sort of tribunal of men, taken at random from the crowd. The officers and christian soldiers who were with the priests, a special hatred to the glandelinian mobs were first brought out. They were spared the farce of a trial.....they were ordered to march out through the doors outside where the executioners were waiting them. Some hesitated to go out and cried for mercy. A young officer with head erect, was the first to pass through the fatal doors. He fell in a moment pierced with pikes. The rest followed him and all save four who were by some caprice of the mob of glandelinians spared, shared his fate. The yelling mob had crowded into the galleries, which surrounded the hall, and applauded with deafening yells of the most ferocious kind the murder of the soldiers. In the body of the hall a space was kept clear by the armed followers of the commune round the judges table, and the pathway to the door to the interior of the prison to that opening into the street. When the officer and soldiers had been massacred, the trial of the other prisoners commenced. One after another the prisoners were brought out, and one after another they were conducted to the door, and there slain. Two or three by the witnesses of their answers at the short trials amused the mob of glandelinians and were thereupon acquitted. the discharge from the jury or by the jury as not guilty being greeted by the spectators as loudly and fiercely as the doom cry of death. Violet and her sisters with their friendly general were in the lower gallery standing back from the front, but between the heads of these before them so that they could see what was going on below. A man near them stood immovable his face as pale as death. His hat had fallen off his hair was dank with perspiration, his eyes had a look of concentrated horror, his body shook with spasmodic shuddering.

deceit and her sisters when they saw what was going to take place urged him in vain in a whisper to leave. He did not appear to hear, and even when Violet pulled him by the sleeve of his blouse he seemed equally unconscious. Violet and her sisters were greatly alarmed, and feared that every moment this christian in a disguise would betray himself by some terrible outburst. After forty or fifty of the poor prisoners had been disposed of a tall and stately man was brought into the hall. A terrible cry which sounded loud even above the tumult that reigned burst from the lips of the man. He then threw himself with the fury of a demon upon those in front of him, and in a moment would have bounded into the hall, but one of the glandelinians brought the butt of his musket with all his force down on the mans head. The man fell like a log under the blow. Violet and her sisters and Siegmery had caught sight of the prisoner before the fallen man did.

It was his old father who had been brought in to be murdered with the illustrious man. Fearing to be detected on account of this fearful outbreak, and that the man had been close to them, Siegmery and the Vivian girls made their way to the top of the stairs and opened their way through the crowd. In another minute they were in the open air, and made their way through the crowds gathered on the outside. They were frequently asked who they were for the crowd fearing lest any of their prey should escape, but their reply given with a laugh:

"We are those whose stomachs are not strong enough to bear the sight of blood, and I tell you it's pretty hot in there!" said Violet. "I should not liked to have had such a blow myself, but better a hundred times such a knock on the head than those bloody pikes. I had my eye on him and felt that he would surely do something rash, and I had intended myself to strike him on the head with the butt of my pistol but he was too quick for me. Our mother and aunt are still in prison, and it seems as if all our attempts to save them is futile."

"I fear it was quite rash of us," said Siegmery. "We might as well try to save the souls in hell for us to try and rescue any one from the clutches of these no nobs. It is just impossible as it is for a kind to save its mother from the tiger who had laid its paw on her."

It indeed did seem hopeless. Siegmery or Violet and her sisters could not tell whether their mother or aunt had been moved to this prison of slaughter or not. If they had, then it was clearly impossible for them to aid them in any way. They might already had fallen to the crowds of wicked Glandelinians was too great for them to regain the gallery and here or even there they could not prevent the murder. Were they still at the convent they might be able to do something. Perhaps the assassins had not as yet arrived there. It was now twelve o'clock in the afternoon and the streets themselves in normal were already deserted. The respectable inhabitants all remained within their houses trembling at the horrors of which reports had been circulated during the massacre. At first there had been hopes that the assemblies would take steps to put down this massacre but the assemblies did nothing as Bicknell and his officers were absent. The roar of distant cannon began to sound perpetually. There was no secret as to what was going on. The commune had the insolence to send commissioners to the bar of the assemblies to state that the glandelinians wished to break open all doors of the prisons, and this happened at the beginning of the great slaughter. A deputation indeed went to St Josephs prison to try to persuade the murders to desist, but their voices were drowned in the most tumultuous cries. (Indeed the commune of the glandelinians openly directed these massacres. Blandin went backwards, and forwards to suppretend the executions of his orders, and promised the executioners twenty five dollars for each christian killed. On arriving in front of the convent, Violet and her sisters and Siegmery found all was silent there, and with a faint feeling of hope that the massacre would not extend beyond the prison, they again turned their steps in that direction. The bloody work was still going on and so they wandered away and went back to their lodgings to avoid hearing the shrieks of the victims, and the frightful yells of the fierce crowds. The next day leaving Violet and her sisters in the care of some of the escaped escaped nuns, he went toward the convent and sat down on some steps within a short distance of the heavily armed convent which would enable him to observe any general movement of the glandelinians in front of the convent. At o'clock at the afternoon there was a stir and a large body of Glandelinians with pikes and bayonets were seen moving from the streets.....

"They are going to St Joseph's prison" He muttered after following them for some distance. "Oh if I only had two or three thousand Abyssinians here we would make mince meat of these more murderers."

Seignury did not enter St Joseph's prison where the scenes had taken place, for in spite of the speed with which the mock trials were hurried through these massacres were not yet finished here, so great a number of prisoners were reported at St Joseph's prison. Many old men, women and even children were still living. They shared the fate of the other prisoners being broken to pieces and cut open by the pikes and sabres of the Glandelinians. The heads of many were cut off and stuck on pikes and were carried in triumph under the windows of the convent where thousands of women and children including Violet's mother and aunt were confined, and was held up to the wide windows of the rooms then they occupied for them to see. Violet's mother and aunt fearless for themselves fainted at the terrible sight of the pale heads of the victims. W Seignury remained a little distance from St Joseph's prison tramping restlessly up and down, half mad with rage and horror of his powerlessness to interfere any way with the proceedings of the wretches who were carrying on the work of murder. At about two of o'clock a Glandelinian officer ran by.

"They have finished with them at St Joseph's prison" He said with fiendish glee, and with a wicked look in his eyes. "They are going from there to slay all those in Withenays prison or convent."

Seignury with the greatest difficulty repressed his desire to slay the villain and hurried away to reach the prison or convent, before the hand of Glandelinians from St Joseph's prison arrived there. Unfortunately he came down by a side lane upon them, when they were within a few yards of the convent. His great hope was that he might succeed in penetrating with the executioners and find the women and aid them in making their way through the mobs in the disguises he had purchased. But here as at the other prisons there was a method in the work of murder. The agents of the commune took possession of the hall at the entrance and permitted none to pass farther into the prison, the wardens and officials bringing down the prisoners in batches, and so handing them over for slaughter. In vain Seignury tried to penetrate into the inner part of the prison. He was roughly repulsed by the men guarding the door, and at last finding that nothing could be done he forced his way out again, and hurrying away some distance threw himself on the ground and burst into a passion of tears. After a time he arose.

"I have terrible news to break to Violet and her sisters of the murder of their mother and aunt, but how can I do it. Poor things it is terrible. It is the same thing at all the other prisons. All the priests too have been dragged away and now they are saints in heaven. I wonder how it is that God allows such things to be in this world. I can hardly believe it though I saw the awful massacres. They say there are over two hundred and twenty thousand prisoners here in the Norma prisons. And they will all be murdered. Such a thing was never heard of. I can hardly believe that I'm not in a dream now. Something like this happened at Crowley and Jennie-Wren-town, but nothing compared to this. The war itself is a regular reign of terror. How am I to tell the story I do not know. But I must make quite certain before I go to these little girls, that their parents and aunt were killed. Three or four were spared at St Joseph's prison. Probably it may have been the same thing at the convent. I hope so anyway...."

So Seignury went back and waited outside the prison until the bloody work was over, but found on questioning those who came out when all was done that the thirst of blood had increased with the killing, and that all the prisoners in the convent had been put to death.

"Good gracious but these accursed Christians women and children and even men together have courage. Men women, and children were alike. There was not one of them but faced the judges bravely and went to their deaths as calmly as if going to a swell feast. There was a man and his wife who had been brought out together, and the judges had asked them whether they had anything to say why they should not be punished for their crimes against Glandelinia! The man laughed aloud and struck the judge full in the face a blow that felled him like a log.

"Crimes." He said "Do you think us Angolians are going to plead for our lives to a band of murderers, and assassins? Come my love"

gave her just one kiss and then took her hands as if they were going to talk to freedom, an instead of death, and then led her down between the lines of guards with his head erect, and a smile of scorn on his face. He did not smile, but her step never faltered. I watched her closely. She was very pale, and she did not look so proud, but she walked as steadily and as calmly as her husband, till they reached the door, where the pikes were awaiting them, and then it was over in a minute, and they died without a cry or groan. They are wretches, these Christians! They have listened on the life blood of the Glandelinians, but they know how to die the death of these dirty Christian dogs."

Without a word Seignury turned away. He had told himself that there was no hope, but he knew by the bitter pang he felt now that he had hoped to the last. Then he walked away slowly to tell the news. There were comparatively few people about the streets, and these of all the lower order who sided with the wicked Glandelinians..... Men with scared faces stood at the doorways to gather the news from passers by, and all women and children looked timidly from the upper windows. When he reached the house he at first could not summon the courage to enter it but controlling his fears he went in to where Violet and her sisters were.

"Is it all true general Seignury?" Asked Violet. "I hear they are murdering all the prisoners. Surely it must be false. They could never do such a thing."

"It is true Violet. I have seen it myself. I went with a disguise to try and rescue your mother and aunt, but I could not get to them, and I fear the wretches have murdered them both."

"My dear mother." Violet cried bursting into tears. "To think of her murdered and the poor butchered children in the convent. What shall I do? What shall we do?"

"Do you know how great the danger is?" Asked Seignury.

"But we could see from the window that something unusual is going on. Every one could see that. But the Sister told me that the Angolanian Abyssinian army was advancing, and had aroused the Glandelinians to the heat. We were anxious, very anxious-----but were quite prepared for this. We knew that the prisons had been attacked, and that some of the prisoners were massed, but did not believe they killed a mother and aunt. Oh if we had tried only to get them out of prison sooner. And yet we could have foreseen that here in Norma scores of thousands of innocent prisoners, men, women, and children, priests, and nuns, would be assassinated in cold blood."

Seignury was thoroughly exhausted with these scenes of horror, and the grief of the little girls almost broke his heart. It was dreadful. Poor little little, Daisy, and Jennie, cries like little children who never did anything else, and sobbed for hours, and it was a very long time before they were calmed. Joice fainted, and when Seignury got her around, she lay still still and white without speaking. Violet was the worse of all. She sat in a chair with her eyes staring open, and her face as white as if she were dead. She did not seem to hear anything Seignury said, but at last when the sobbing of her other sisters stopped, she at last broke down, and cried so wildly that Seignury courageous as he was, was at first frightened, and then Joice cried too making the place like a purgatory, but after a while Seignury persuaded them to lie down, and though they seemed not to hear they soon cried themselves to sleep, and not a sound filled the grief stricken place after that. At the end of three hours they awoke, and Jennie ran to Seignury, and throwing her arms around his neck again burst into a passion of tears. Seignury felt that this was the best thing that could have happened, for the others were occupied for some time afterwards in trying to soothe her crying, crying quietly to themselves while they did so. At last her sobs became less violent.

"And now Seignury" Said Joice turning to him. "Will you tell us all about it?"

"I will tell you only that the prisoners died as you may be sure they would, calmly and fearlessly, and that they suffered terribly. Of your mother and aunt I'm really not sure, but feared they died as I could not rescue them. More than that I cannot tell you now. Some day farther on when you can bear to hear it I will tell you of this day's events. At present I myself dare not think of it. And it would harm you to know it. You may be sure that these human tigers will not be satisfied with the bloody work, and the blood they have shed, that they will long for fresh victims. The prisons will be empty soon, and they will be filled again. We must therefore turn our thoughts from the city. I fear that there is evil everywhere, but it must be faced, and I think it will be useless for us to try to reach the Christian lines by land."

At every town and village they will be on the lookout for fugitives and whatever disguises you might adopt, you could not escape observation and detected detection. So we can do nothing else but to wait until the Abyssinians strike a final blow upon these murderers, that is our only chance unless we make for either the sea or the river, and hire a fishing boat to take us southward. But we must not hurry. In the first place we must settle all our plans carefully and prepare disguises. In the next place there will be such tremendous excitement when the news of what has happened here is known, that it will be unsafe to travel. I think myself it will be best to wait a little until there is a lull. That is what I want you to think over and decide. I do not think there is any very great danger here for the next few days. For a little time I think they will be tired of slaying, and what I hear of many of the inhabitants in Norma, and many of the glandelinians who had fallen away and have rebelled against Manley are marked out as the next victims. They say Shoemanna has denounced them already. At any rate it will be better to get everything in readiness for flight, so that we can leave at once if we hear of any fresh measures for a search after suspects.

Siegunery was pleased to see that his suggestion answered the purpose for which he made it. The little girls began to disguise or discuss the disguises which would be required, and the best route to be taken, and their thoughts were for a time from the supposed loss of their mother and aunt, who had not really been killed, and had been two of the few who escaped with their lives from St. Joseph's prison in giving satisfactory answer to the judges, and from this being acquitted. Even news was already coming fast that twenty large christian armies under various commanders and personally directed by general Hanson, and that one army personally commanded by Hanson were within sixty miles of the city, and were coming on as fast as they could to lay siege to Norma. Siegunery decided that he would not leave the city of Norma until the issue of the coming battle was decided, that is if it came one way or the other, and when with the little girls he discovered or discouraged any idea of an immediate flight.

This was the more easy, for the news from the provinces showed that the situation was everywhere as bad in the surrounding vicinity or Norma and Julo Gallio and Calamannia itself. More news came also that large armies of christians were advancing to retake the convents of St. Ann, and Henritte. The glandelinian command was aroused over this had sent to all the committees acting in connection with them in the vicinity of Besieged Julo Gallio and the towns around her the news of the execution of the enemies of glandelinia confined in the prisons, and had urged that a similar step be at once taken with reference to all the prisoners in their hands. Not long after throughout the countries of Norma and Julo Gallio itself fearful massacres, worse than those at Norma were at once carried out. A carnival of murder and horror had commenced, and the madness for blood raged throughout the whole region. Such being the case, Siegunery found it by no means difficult to dissuade the little girls from taking instant steps toward making their escape. He however was in a state of great uneasiness. Many of the moderate deputies of glandelinians who had fallen away had been seized, others had sought safety in flight, and the search for suspected persons was carried on vigorously. Difficult and dangerous as it would be to endeavor to travel across Norma Plains with seven little girls,

he would have attempted it without hesitation rather than remain so near the ravenous hordes of glandelinians had it not been for their arrest just as they started as soon as we will read. One day a week after the massacre at the prisons he received another terrible shock. He had bought a paper from one of the men shouting them for sale in the streets and sat down in the garden of the lodging house to read it. A great portion of the space was filled with lists of the enemies of glandelinia who had been as it was called "EXECUTED".

As these lists had formed the staple of the news for several days, Siegunery scarcely glanced at the names, his eyes traveling rapidly down the lists until he gave a start and a low cry. Under the headlines of the persons executed at Julo Gallio was a column stating that Gertrude Angeline had entered the convent during the day of the massacre of a few days after rather, and there as a glandelinian boy scout had taken Violet's mother and aunt out in pretense of transportation, and then transformation, but in being discovered the glandelinians had attempted to seize her as on the charge of christians endeavoring to escape the prison in disguise, only to kill forty eight glandelinians outright with her fierce gun play, and even general Manley, and forty eight wretches, and twenty judges were shot down by her, and she had effected her escape through the crowds with twenty other prisoners, fairly shooting her way through the mobs of glandelinians.

For a time Siegunery sat as if stunned. He felt crushed with the blow though it had been good news. A warm affection had sprung up between him and Gertrude, while from the first Violet's mother and aunt had attached themselves to him, and now to his surprise they had escaped from the impregnable prison, through Gertrude's help besides twenty other prisoners, after she had killed as it stated there really two hundred and nine glandelinians altogether. And one of them was a great general who was severely wounded by her, that fierce unassailable Manley himself, and he could not even do a thing to her. He had thought now that Violet and her sisters had been alone in this great war stricken region, save for himself their father and uncle, and two good brothers. Their capture had seemed to add to his responsibilities. He had thought that if Gertrude was ever arrested, he would be sure to hear of it, and he had such confidence in the sagacity of him himself that he had looked upon it as almost certain he would be able to rescue the two women despite the difficulty and danger, which might beset him. And now he had known that his hopes had been ill founded, that his friends who had been arrested during the struggle at the convent had been transferrably transformed at the St. Joseph's prison as the news stated, and after by her fury, Gertrude had appeared among the glandelinians like the "destroying angel" and had saved them, and where it had seemed really impossible, and like suicide to try to escape or to rescue anybody, and then to escape like this through a raving blood-thirsty mob, and by killing so many glandelinians, and general Manley also shot by her. Besides that he saw this in the paper;

"The heavy prize of \$1,000,000 in cash will be given to the first one who captures a little human tigress called Gertrude Angeline, but whose right name is Angelina Francis Aronburg, alive or dead one of the vilest, vilest, and treacherous christian she dogs alive, who not only are two women, twenty men prisoners, who were Angelinian soldiers, but three hundred children as well, from the Norma Prison, despoiling the robe by her wildness and killing a number of soldiers among them as well as seriously and probably mortally wounding general John Manley himself. His reward will be given out by the King of glandelinia. This little savage had a sister known as Annie Aronburg who was executed for her own sake of the child slave rebellion.

General
John Jackson Manley.
Commander of
Zimmermannian army at Norma's Run."

However upon one thing he determined at once, and that was until his charges were safely in the christian army they should not hear a whisper of this good news, which he had just now read, or otherwise they would wish to remain in Norma. To state it now would cause them to delay in the escape he had methoded out for them, and this was the reason why he did not intend to tell them now. He feared also that Gertrude Angeline would be hounded like a rabbit for shooting and wounding general Manley also.

FOURTY SECOND CHAPTER.

GERTRUDE ANGELINE CAPTURES A GLANDELINIAN OFFICER, AND TELLS HIM A THING OR TWO.

In the meantime Gertrude Angeline was hiding somewhere in julo gallio where also jimie vivian had been spying, and they had forwith r went to Norma Catherine in quest of violet and her sisters, and when they found but as yet did not show themselves to them for sufficient reasons of the danger of exciting suspicions among the glandelinians. Nevertheless violet and her sisters were closely watched in secret by Gertrude Angeline who as said before called herself that name, but who was for real Angelina Frani Francis Arin Aronburg, and when she saw some of the children bitten by mad dogs in the streets when the glandelinians had let loose among children on purpose disregarding of their own safety also, Gertrude Angeline was furious. She was from this sight bound to see to it that violet and her sisters at the time seignury would be absent would not go into the streets. One day after after she had read the news of her own great work of rescuing the mon mother of violet and her sisters and theit aunt also she captured by a trick a glandelinian officer whom she had managed to t ir tie firmly to a chair and she said to him facing him boldly;

"You glandelinians will go over the boundless country of Calverinia if you like to murder all the children you possibly can, but I and all the christian soldiers will live for revenge, and heavens heavens heaviest curses may light on you for your indescribable wickedness. Oh to think that you a wicked devilish glandelinian should try to injure the poor unfortunate Vivian girls whom you always try to obtain in your possession, while I as it seemed here would have been able to avery the blow if I did not capture you and hold you a prisoner here. God's revenge may light upon you Glandelinians if you don't hastily repent. Thousands of the children whom you murdered groveled at your dirty feet, they cried, they shrieked, they adjured you to have mercy on them, and you wicked glandelinians refused. They even seemed to kiss the dirty feet of you glandelinian assassins, kissed the dirt at your horrible feet, and your tribunal or court replied with a horrible heartless refusal and the massacre had aroused the whole world. Woe to you general and your whole horde in norma. Woe to thee and thy nation, for it were safer to temper with a volcano already to burst than to arouse Abbieannia and Angelina."

"Ye rebel, nothing is gained by working yourself to such a pitch of passion & passion. You only beat the air with your breath, which you ought to have closed in you, while I am calm."

"Don't you dare to call me a rebel or I'll shoot you as you are you scoundrel." She answered shaking a threatening finger at him. "Yes I am calm too as a volcano on the verge of an eruption." And she looked into the eyes of her bl prisoner and received a scowl which she never forgot, but she was now cowed.

"You christians talk about religion, and you are supposed to be submissive, forbearing, and forgiving." Said the prisoner with a sneer. "Yes I'll be as submissive as a crouching lion, forgiving as a tiger robbed of its prey, or of its young, forbearing as a dragon ready to eat its victim. I have got you right here in norma among your own friends. You said to many that I could not capture you and now how are you going to make good your boast?" And she gave a naughty laugh. The general who was indeed her prisoner could not awe Angelina Aronburg, even her that seemed to him like a raving maniac but he said;

"We ought to understand each other. I think. Ye perceive ye rebels how utterly idle those mad threats and curses of yours are. They will effect nothing but to have you imprisoned some day also not only as a christian, but as a dangerous lunatic so you had better look out and since you proved you have made me a prisoner if you wish to avoid trouble set me free." The demoniacal look of passion that had convulsed the general's face, had increased fearfully. Gertrude gave way to despairing and indescribable sorrow and stretching out her arms toward heaven she passionately cried;

"Oh the poor children slain to day and other days already gone by. Would to God's mercy they had all died ere they lived to see this day."

"My poor little rebel, my poor little rebel." Said the glandelinian prisoner mockingly. "It's useless to give way to this wild grief for it only angers me all the more. And who knows what I may do to you Aronburg for what you have done to me with that rod, before you captured me." Aronburg but made no reply but sat with both hands clasped around her knees, her dry burning tearless eyes glaring before her on vain meancy. Then she turned her red flashing eyes on him and said; "There are such things as breaking chains and escaping too, you wicked old thing, and if it ever be in the power of man or of God any of the imprisoned people in this city of norma Catherine shall escape, I would not doubt that they would return and lead;—" She paused but her eyes finished the sentence.

"They may never get away but if they do and bring an army of damn rebels they will be the first ones to fall in the battle so there. And I will kill you if you do not instantly release me from this precarious situation if I have to wade through a flood of human blood to do it."

His flashing bloodshot eyes kindled fiercely with invincible and desperate determination as he spoke, but Aronburg said nothing. His bitter jeering tone was bitter to hear, but the dark burning glare of his fierce eyes, was more terrible still, and she hated him. Oh to her it was a dreadful fate to look forward to a swarm of chained manacled children in those horrible prisons and so unjustly condemned to die like that. With her fierce noble Abbieannian blood, is it any wonder that every noble and generous feeling in her breast should turn to gall, for all the enemies of God, and helpless children. Poor Gertrude for a time spoke not, but to the prisoner her inflamed eyes glared in the darkness like two red hot coals. The anger of the child was as resistless and as impetuous as fierce and consuming as the lava sea of some great volcano when it came, and were as walls of smoke before the impetuosity of that first consuming passion. In his heart he felt that he would give anything to be right may turned over to the Angelinians rather than face this fierce little Abbieannian Amazon. At this moment she fixed her spectral eyes of fire on the glandelinian.

"To save me from shooting you as you are you must tell me how many more prisoners are going to be massacred!" She suddenly demanded.

"I will tell nothing to rebels!" He said. "And defy you, heaven, and earth to make me stay a prisoner in your hands, and defy you to rescue any more prisoners, and place them in happiness;—"

"He can sleep." Broke out Gertrude with a low wild laugh. "I Oh yes in his bed room and his bed of down, with his private servants under the same roof with mineals to come at his beck, he can sleep. At the hour will come, when he will experience suffering and death that will last forever. If undying hate, if unrelenting vengeance, if reb revenge that will never be satisfied, but by his misery, then God may forget me as a sinner if Aronburg forgets that blasphemy just uttered. Defie God! God Almighty. Heaven help us. I will never stand it, never, never, and even now I would shoot you for saying that, if only it would not be a sin on my part. But for my part I know God will never bless you for that." She hissed fiercely through her clinched teeth.

The face of the glandelinian when he heard this was the face of a demon. He felt like mad, making a dash at her but dared not or could not because he was tied in the chair.

"Bless me. Ye need not ask any blessing for me you rebel." He fiercely broke in with a horrible scowl. "I would hurl it back in the face of the angels did they offer it."

"If you do not stop talking like that you reviler, you blasphemer I'll kill you." Said Angelina Aronburg with a look that at once made him over. For indeed he really was afraid of her. Finally seeing that she could not get any information out of him she left him tied up in that room and went off to see how things were getting along, and let him free himself if he could. She did not care if he remained tied up there all his lifetime.

May through a driving wind and thunderstorm through the deepening darkness of coming night, through the long bleak gusty streets of norma, through alleys, courts, and lanes, whirled on like a leaf in the blast, that knew not, cares not whether it goes, sped a glandelinian general, with thousands of privates with him forcing children and other prisoners to run along toward the prisons with them. There were however not many glandelinians abroad at that hour, but those who were children passed in terror, and gazed after the towering forms with the other prisoners, with the devilish faces ad

No one dared pursue the one who shot him down. This wicked glandelinian and his horrible zimmermannians had during the first massacre in prison tortured thousands of christian children, all had had a great dread of him, and his very face and the faces of his followers had been watched by Gertrude Angeline, and though he and his force had still pursued and slow little children during the massacre, and haunting them like horrible phantoms, where ever they went, keeping them still in view she had been also following him sometimes openly and other times unseen. When he had reached this large prison he thought he saw a still more exquisite torture in store for the children. His very soul bounded with the very thought of the life long misery he and the others might heap upon the galverinian nuns, priests, and women and children in this prison so close by the sea and facing a cavern, through the means of these children, whom as he had heard they fairly idolized. From the first moment he entered he and his few followers had determined to make a clean delivery of the jail, and murder the children first and torture them before they were killed. But in spite of all his plans he had found no means to carry it out, or carry this wicked threat into execution because Gertrude Angeline through her tricks had fairly terrified him. Once before a portion of pantes army had been in possession of this prison but now had been recaptured by the foe. The glandelinian general before he was shot by Gertrude well knew that he could easily worst a portion of pantes army as they were small in number at this point, but then he had not dared to attack them as he knew that he would bring the main army down upon him in short notice and this he had wished to avoid. He and his men had marked for those days but seeing it was useless he had decided to draw away from the prison the next following day, but he never left it alive. The children who had been brought into the prison had their feet bleeding from wounds, and three days they had not touched anything but cold water since they came to the prison. Yet their iron frames were unsubdued, they felt no weariness, no faintness, no hunger as yet.

Their indomitable spirits sustained them. The wicked glandelinians themselves thought of nothing, cared for nothing, but slaughtering children, and for that their very wicked souls were crying out, with a longing, a craving hunger for slaughter, that nothing could appease. They dared not stop for one moment to think so they hurried on through the streets and kept on butchering children where ever they could lay their hands on the poor innocents, going into their houses, and killing even the mothers or fathers who resisted them..... How that dreaded night passed, how morning came how how the they still found these lives in the cells the poor children in the prison could never tell.....

However that sunset they found themselves lying prostrate on the cell floors, conscious like someone in a frightful nightmare, of what was passing around the cells, yet unable to comprehend what it meant. All was vague and unreal stillness. Past and present, and future were all mingled together in one dark dreadful chaos, of which nothing was real, but the dull dull muffled pain at their hearts, and the word revenge that kept ever dancing in letters of blood red flame before somebodys hot scorching soul scorching eyes. Gertrude Angeline was conscious in a lost dreamy sort of way, that suns rose and set, and the insufferable light departed, and the dark night came again, of seeing anxious eyes of child prisoners bent upon her, and hearing loud voices, and loud footfalls of the glandelinian guards moving before the cells, but like all the rest it seemed a mocking reality.

The first shock of the blow of the massacre which she had witnessed a had crushed and stunned her, numbing the senses of pain, and leaving nothing but the heavy trobbing ache at her heart. The Abbeannian child of mighty frame and fierce stormy passions lay there motionless in the dark corner unseen by the glandelinians stricken with indescribable sorrow, which as the glandelinians had believed was threatening to destroy her reason forever, and then this departed and another mood came. One by one the broken links of her memory returned slowly, and then all other feelings were submerged, and lost in a strong burning desire of revenge on god's enemies, a revenge so fierce and undying as that of a tigress robbed of its young, a revenge as strong and unconquerable as the heart that bore it. And like a lioness arousing herself from a lethargy Gertrude arose never forgetting the others whom she was waiting for, until her revenge was satisfied. She even would prevent the massacre of the children in this prison at all costs. For she could wait----- there would be no sudden stabbing, or killing. Let the Angelinians do that. She did not believe in such vengeance as that of a vengeance that tortures its victim but for a minute. Revenge might be slow, but it would be sure. She would denounce all of them if they ever were captured by the Angelinian troops, spy on the glandelinians, become a member of the fierce and dreaded hooded Gemini, rescue the children at any risk, and rashly too,

she would haunt the glandelinian camp and chills slave places,, pursue the enemy, and torture them until life itself was worse than death until they would look upon death as a mercy, that all these rascally glandelinian leaders and their followers would have felt the same injury they had made the poor unfortunate children suffer. Little Jennie Vivian, a weep sweet Jennie Vivian one of the children and daughters of a noble Abbeannian and Angelinian governor how shall I describe her increasing beauty, caused by both sorrow bravery and the like, a snow white complexion, with the softest pink tinge on the rounded cheeks, and lips as faint and delicate as the heart of a seashell, a profusion of pure golden hair falling in slight rippling waves, like raveled silk on the white forehead, and the long golden lashes lay brightly on the rosy flushed cheeks. The lovely features of her sisters were also the same. The lovely face of poor Gertrude Angeline flushed with the pride despite her own sorrow over their troubles and also with love and happiness, and bending down over the sleeping Vivian girl softly as the wind kisses the sleeping flowers, her lips touched Jennies. Light as the caress was, it awoke poor Jennie. The golden lashes softly lifted, a pair of sweet blue eyes looked looked sadly up.

"Gertrude dear is it you here too?" She cried so sadly holding up her rosy little arms. "Are we in worse peril than ever. Have they discovered us?"

"Oh my little darling friend Jennie." Exclaimed Gertrude lifting her impulsively up and half smothering her with kisses. "You are really like a sweet little cherub. Oh we never knew you would become such a lovely little angel."

Jennie opened her blue eyes in subdued wonder as Angeline again said; "Oh I never saw such a perfect lovely little girl, except you and your dear sisters. Such sweet hair, and such splendid eyes. Such beautiful skin just like the Blessed Virgins, just like white satin."

Gertrude Angeline punctuated her remarks by a series of sharp little kisses that made Jennie open her eyes more wider than ever. "Oh God, I don't wonder your sisters are so saintly with this beautiful little Serpah little girl with them. Sweet little Jennie and her sisters spying among the cruel heartless, and dangerous glandelinians too. How could you summon the courage when you knew what the responsibilities are if caught!!!!"

FOURTY THIRD CHAPTER.

KING PROCLAM A FEARS IN NORMA CATHERINE.
HE DARES TO INTERFERE WITH GERTRUDE ANGELENE.
WOULD HE DO SO AGAIN?

Gertrude looked with eyes full of pity on sweet Violet who despite all her own suffering, and despite the supposed loss of her mother and aunt, had not lost her beauty. There was the same large blue eyes, the same fair curly golden hair, the same angelic face.

"Oh Gertrude dear we must try to do something for these poor prisoners, and save them before it is too late." Moaned poor Jennie. "That is what I and my sisters came here before. A" And she held out her little arms and looked indescribably pathetic and imploring. But Gertrude's white flickering finger pointed up to the dark ceiling of the prison and said;

"With the help of God I myself will see to it that not a single glandelinian in this vicinity as well as those guarding the prison and the cavern near it ever escapes back to their own lines."

A fierce glandelinian officer stood as suddenly near their hiding place as if he had sprung up through the floor. His eyes were gleaming like two edged stiletts. A little child had somehow gotten out of one of the cells to the rage of this glandelinian who had seen her.

"How ye guards grab that little devil and bring her here." Thundered the general in an appalling voice as he slowly raised his finger and pointed it like a pistol at the trembling child. No guards appeared, Gertrude and Violet and her sisters had seen to that, having been frightened by her strange voice, and the glandelinian flew into a rage.

"Ye little rebel come over here." Solemnly growled the glandelinian officer keeping his long pointed finger pointed, as if about to take aim and never removing his coal fire like eyes from the palid face of the poor frightened child.

At this moment a guard did appear from another point of the prison, and grabbed the child. With chattering teeth, trembling limbs, bristling hair, and terror stricken face, the child placed herself before the horrible Glandelinian general, by the guard.

"You rebel would'st thou know the future. Well dark and terrific is the doom fate has in store for thee, a doom so dreadful that the dogs will cease to bark, and even the sun will cease to shine."

He snatched the child, muffled it so tightly in his big overcoat, so that if it cried it could not be heard, he started to go outside, but he was immediately surprised by eight little girls who confronted him with long gleaming daggers. They cornered him and Violet and Joice tied him up and threw him into an open cell cellar way and then once more awaited proceedings hiding the still frightened child with them satisfied that this once they had rescued a second child. The child had however been so terrified that she fell into a deep swoon, and remained so, so long that Gertrude Angeline, and Violet and her sisters grew seriously anxious. From this she sank into a stupor, and for hours she lay still and motionless, unconscious of everything passing around her. White, frail and shadowy, she lay like a breathing corpse, dead to the world and all it contained. She did not know her brave rescuers, who had remained with her without stirring only one of them having gone to sweep some foot from one of the dining rooms of the prison of which she had obtained a lot and which she shared among the others.

They finally became alarmed for the child's reason for though an hour after she recovered from the dull death like lethargy she began to rave like one in hydrophobia and they had to gag her so she would not bring the foe upon their hiding place. At the same time two fierce black eyes like two living coals glared in the direction of the hiding children, but the Glandelinian had not seen them and he did not make any investigation. If he had he would have went into the other world and no mistake at that.

A deadly hatred like an iron hand clutched the heart of Gertrude as she had glanced at him. The tall motionless form, those glaring eyes, that ominous silence made her very blood fairly curdle at the thought of what she would do to him if he dared approach her and the hiding places of her friends. White and trembling the other children at his approach had shrunk to the floor, for all their untainted strength was gone now.

"Leave the room." Said this Glandelinian officer to the guard in a deep stern voice. The man vanished, the door closed, and Violet and her sisters and Gertrude Angeline were alone with this horrible visitor who stood still erect, tower and silent before the cell door of one of the woman prisoners.

"Man or devil speak. With what evil purpose have you sought us now?" Thought Gertrude to herself. "If you come near me you will not live one instant." Silently the Glandelinian lifted his hat and cast it to the floor. A mass of of thick streaming hair fell over his shoulders. The long cloak was dropped off, and stern dark and menacing, they saw the lofty commanding form, the fierce black eyes, and dark lowering brow of the great Glandelinian king Procile, their relentless, implacable foe. The last hue of life faded from faded from the white pale faces of the children at the terrible sight, and an unspeakable horror thrilled through their very souls. But the Vivian girls and Gertrude feared him not. Twice Joice essayed to speak, her lips moved, but no sound came forth as Gertrude warned her to keep still. Silent still he stood before the cell, as rigid as a figure in bronze, his arms folded over his breast, his lips tightly compressed, every feature in perfect repose. Anybody might have thought he was some dark statue, but that life burning----- burning like life was concentrated in those wild dark eyes, that never for a single instant moved their uncompromising glare from the direction of the hiding children. So he stood for nearly ten minutes and then as he said he saw them words came at last to Gertrude's lips trembling with anger:

"Dark dreadful King of Glandelinia, what new crime have you committed, and come here to me to perpetrate upon the helpless. And dare you come to Calvernia when you know you risk capture?"

"No crime ye rebels. Instead of any of ye rebels having revenge on me or my subjects, I'll have revenge on you for not obeying my commands written to you in person at Andreen so long ago. I also defy the Angelinians to arrest me, and what I came here for I do not reveal to Christian dogs."

My how he did scowl and brandish his arm as he spoke. Wonderously lovely, Gertrude was despite her anger. How could she be otherwise. She had him at her mercy and surely he knew it. If he dared make a move or call anybody he knew what would follow from the furious little Amazon. She still had the same snowy skin of her infancy, softly and brightly tinged with the most delicate pink on the rounded cheeks, her face was perfectly oval, and

transparent, her eyes were of the deepest violet blue, her long curls that flowed about her shoulders was like burnished gold, and snow white forehead and tapering limbs were perfect. It was a few moments after the brief conversation, between Gertrude Angeline and the hideous Glandelinian king, when there was a queer sound of a dog howling. Some of the children in their cells set up a series of sharp little screams, and jumped upon the bench beside their cells in terror. Other little children terrified by the howling of the dog began to cry and scream also, and the mad dog who had made its way into the prison some way had become so fierce in its ravings of hydrophobia that a general uproar ensued, that would have shamed bable. The hubbub and din aroused the guards at last, as it might have very easily aroused the "Sleeping Beauty herself." Procile yelled to the thousands of women and children to stop their screaming as three more dogs came rushing in, and then enraged plunged into the cells head foremost among them, and some of the children now being attacked screamed all the louder. A shuffling of feet was heard coming along the hall, several shots were banged away and one of the Glandelinians reeled from a bullet wound as all of the dogs sprawled dead riddled by bullets.

"Oh gaten have mercy on me I'm shot." Shrieked another of the Glandelinian guards, and he dropped like a stone and lay motionless. There was a panic instantly. And the Glandelinians fled from the halls, and to them the shots seemed to come from nowhere, and seemed to be a mystery for Procile as well as for the Glandelinians.

"Woe to ye rebels." Snarled Procile. "Be Better for thee ye had a millstone tied around your necks and were plunged into a large lava lake." "Good Gracious." Ejaculated Gertrude. "God Help us. He is going to put us into a Volcano."

"Awful will be the results that will follow." She continued on. "Tremendous clouds of war shall flash vividly through the sky, the blue blinding thunder of cannon will show itself in all the colors of a dying dolphin, and a severe rainstorm of destruction will probably be the result. Unhappiest mortals of Glandelinia terrific will be the effects it will produce."

"Yes and these beautiful golden curls of your heads will shake to their very center, these magnificent bodies of yours shall be sliced like those of butchered cows if we ever lay a hand on you." Cried Procile.

"Come and do it now." Answered Gertrude.

"Your courageous forms, brave as lions as ye are, which has never he yet killed before man or beast, will be rent in twain like a mountain in a gale of wind, and an attack of Hydrophobia in your hearts were mercifully will/ will mercifully put to an end all your earthly agonies agonies and troubles at once. Now thy hast heard thy doom."

"The doom of Jennie Vivian is this;

"She will be headed up in a hoghead all full of pikes with the points upward, and then rolled down a long hillside."

Jennie became alarmed at hearing this but the wicked Glandelinian continued on continued;

"Angeline Vivian hear the dark doom destiny has in store for thee and your sister Violet."

"Well if you are not the politest Glandelinian." Interrupted Gertrude Angeline without fear. "But go on, it's interesting. I'm ready to hear it."

"You need not answer me until I get through." Began Procile.

"Well that is pleasant anyway." Said Gertrude Angeline, while Violet and her sisters had to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths to prevent themselves from laughing outright.

"Because you were born to suffer forever." Went on King Procile unheeding the interruption.

"Haw." Whistled Gertrude Angeline. "Just think he is going to send us to perdition."

"Your days are numbered;-----"

"Well I never saw a number on one of them yet." Interrupted the incorrigible Gertrude Angeline.

"You rash scoffer." Exclaimed the King fiercely.

"Maybe so." Said Gertrude yawning.

"The fate of disposes a speedy change in thy destiny."

"I expect they do." Said Gertrude Angeline. "For these poor unfortunate prisoners here are going to be free soon."

"Some dark tur torture is in store of Angeline Vivian, for an agony that no one can describe, a nameless secret misery;"

"Perhaps it's the colic." Suggested Gertrude Angeline. "at kicking out her tongue at him." "If it is I ain't aor afraid because I know what will be it."

"Silence ye rebels and mock not destiny thus." At some future day you will also be dead-----"

"Well there ain't anything wonderful about that I'm sure. I did not need to be told that. You did not expect that I or any one else could live forever on this cruel wicked world did you?" Said Gertrude Angeline pouting.

"Behold a miserable little hut where eight golden haired little girls are praying for mercy, and a nice glandelinian with a sharp knife in the midst of them is;"

"About to cut himself to pieces." Interrupted Gertrude Angeline eagerly.

"Will you be silent?" Vociferate King Procile with increasing sharpness.

"Terrible is the doom of those who scoff at denunciations as you do."

And he made for them with the intention of seizing them, but found no one there.

Another child had mysteriously gotten out of her cell and before she dreamed of her peril one of the guards sprang forward clutched the helpless child by the throat throat, and clung to her like a clawfish, and would have choked her to death, but something from a secret place hurled itself against him and sent him spinning across the hall like a top, and down he crashed with the child on top of him. A white ghost like little creature shot past, the child was seized and nothing was within view again. The glandelinian was dead.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters feared that some of the children who had been bitten by the mad dogs would be in danger of contracting the dreaded rabies, and these thoughts made them gasp in horror, and they even imagined the poor children suffering from the hydrophobia. The weak english language is utterly powerless to describe how they felt here as they again were beside Gertrude Angeline a sitting as if turned to stone, speechless with horror, and sorrow.

Some time later King Procile came back with a squad of men, and ordered them to seize the children who were huddled in the dark place of the prison.

"They are spies he said. Men do your duty or lose your heads."

And without a look or without a word I mean but with a look that might have turned scarlet any face, King Procile fumbled for something in his pockets.

"What are you going to do?" Asked Gertrude Angeline.

"Put you in the worse cells of the prison." Mocked King Procile. "And put you inside of a worse prison than this one too though we will have to go outside to do this."

"So saying he drew his pair of keps and while scolding fiercely and flinging things about that was in his way, he unlocked one of the cell doors, and took out a long whip. He ordered the little girls to come out of their safe place of refuge and hiding. He gave the door a terrific bang to shut it, but the guards had deserted him for they did not dare to tackle the wild cat Gertrude Angeline. Feeling that they had seen enough in the prison and knowing they were discovered the little girls left it by a secret way and stepped out into the night, but had all their guns in readiness in case of a surprise attack in the dark. The night was pitchy dark, still and sultry, the temperature being about twenty five above a hundred that afternoon. Not a breath of air moved, but from the deepest pall of the inky gloom in the far distance, fierce flashes of lightning at quick intervals played. A terrific thunderstorm was at hand and would soon burst.

"If that ain't what I call mean." Indignantly muttered Gertrude Angeline. "Trying to send us off to another prison, the hateful glandelinian king. I wonder what he came to Calvernia soon." Then she thought to herself with a gleam in her eyes; "Wouldn't it be a shock to glandelinia if he was assassinated. Wonder if I'd do wrong to try it some day?"

Even while she spoke there came a vivid flash of lightning and Gertrude and Violet and her sisters beheld sixteen glandelinian butchers with the faces of demons all standing in the middle of the street. In an instant all was deepest darkness again. Violet and her sisters, and Gertrude Angeline were exceedingly encouraged, and self possessed, as our readers are aware, yet now their brave hearts seemed to die within them, as they realized that another massacre of children was to begin on the morrow. A terrified shriek arose from some one but nobody paid no attention. The hour, the scene, the darkness, the hopeless danger, might have made any one quail, at the sight they saw. Alone in the city of Norma Catherine, where no scream for help would be answered, with the gloom of hades all around, save when the dazzling blaze of the lightning flashed through the darkness, helpless, and alone, and almost in the power of sixteen glandelinians, fierce, devilish and bloodthirsty, and armed with horrible knives, so horrible that only to witness could describe. For one instant a deadly inclination to shoot like a blaze came over them, but suddenly new courage came back, and their eyes lit fiercely up.....

"Are we cowards?" Said Joice to herself. "Yes we are if we scream, or faint, so we won't do either. It wasn't for nothing that we carry these deadly pistols, and if we are discovered by these murderers, and have to die, we'll die fighting."

All vague thoughts had passed through the minds of her sisters in half an instant, and now the dauntless little amazon with them again stood erect and dropped a hand to the pistol she secretly carried in her waist band. A man was following. Now Gertrude was too righteous to turn from God, and too guileless to fear any worse fate than murder, but as the glandelinians was a p approaching nearer, her face blanched with anger, loathing and suddenly wheeling and standing defiant she shrieked;

"Get back, get back I tell you. I'll kill you if you don't get back."

"Let's seize these suspicious children and carry them to the prison. There is no use fooling around here with them in the wake of a coming thunder storm." Said one of the men. "They are only timid children and will not show fight."

"Don't you dare come nearer, don't you dare come nearer, I'll kill you if you don't!" screamed Gertrude Angeline her finger closing hard on the trigger. Instantly glandelinian attempted to make a dash at her with the intention of seizing her by the throat. A vivid flash of lightning at that moment revealed a fierce devil of a glandelinian plainly to the children. Her pistol was raised, and the brave little Amazon fired. A loud cry that arose far above the sharp report burst from the other glandelinians as they sprang forward toward their wounded companion and soldier. Some of the other soldiers tried to rush upon the children, but they were shot down by Gertrude, and quickly disarmed by Violet and her sisters. The terrific commotion brought a whole swarm of soldiers to the street, but the little girls burst their way into a house, and disappeared into the entrance of a cavern beyond the house. All of the crowd of glandelinians were in a rage over the shooting of ten of their companions. If you my readers ever saw an angry lion, or a enraged bear, you may conceive in some measure the state of mind the glandelinian officers trod up to their hearts, or trod or in which they rode up and down the prison ground, when Gertrude Angeline had shot his best companion and his life long friend. With his face contracted into an awful frown and scowl, destined to strike terror into any heart, the glandelinian officer in main command strode fiercely toward the crowd. His hat cocked smartly to one side of his head, his round forehead laughing out from between clusters of short crispy black hair, his black eyes all ablaze with defiance and fury he stood by them. Not the least daunted Violet and her sisters watched the proceedings from their hiding place, never bit daunted by the fierce looks of their enemies, as they stood erect and fearlessly behind a ragged portion of a wall to view the scene before them. He looked toward the crowd with haughtiness which was overpowering, and which changed to a look which a little school girl may put on when scolded by her teacher.

"Well" he said to the officer "On account of this I have resolved therefore, to have those little assassins sent to the slaughter pen right away. As I feel that allowing them at large here any longer is like holding a keg of gunpowder over a blast furnace. I intend having them captured and sent over to the Commune this very night. It's useless for you soldiers to make remonstrance, for nothing ye can say will excuse you from the duty of helping the cavarly in hounding them little snipes down, and bring them to a worse suffering than death, and one more word out of one of them as in the prison they had been spying on I shall have my executioners tear their very bodies to pieces with their lashes of wire. which will be laid on their bare bodies anyway which will be red hot when laid on their backs, for their defiance of our almighty King Procile. And to that mountain of hell they will go this very night when caught."

The crowd started to desperate in many directions and now little blue eyes were filled with tears, and Angeline vivian clinging to Joices neck was sobbing, but Gertrude pulled her away saying;

"Don't be foolish. With me with you they will never succeed in getting us even if they do find us. So cheer up."

Some more soldiers, this on time on horseback came up and the wicked will of a glandelinian leader looked at them with the brow of a thunder cloud.

"Where shall we take them when they are caught?" Asked one of the horsemen.

"Take them before the commune." Thundered the glandelinian colonel looking toward the direction the children he knew had gone with a sharp searching, unmitigating stare which could have cowed a lion.

Looking daggers toward the direction violet and her sisters and Gertrude Angeline had gone the fierce Glandelinian horsemen rode off.

"No demon is half as bad as you you old devil." Thought Gertrude Angeline to herself.

P The glandelinian leader despite the vigor and closeness of the search about to be made, realized that the fugitives had really escaped, and his face grew darker than a thundercloud. In all his life he had never encountered any children or any prisoner of any kind whether soldier or not, who was as daring as to spy within such a terror stricken city, where a reign of terror was going on, and he could read by the looks of some of the soldiers who had rode off (He being a mind reader) that the child called Gertrude who was hiding somewhere unseen, had called him an old devil, and that was the worse. He stood for one awful moment, perfectly speechless with frightful rage, and so black was he in the face, that there seemed grave danger of his bursting a blood vessel on the spot. To be called such a name even in her own mind. Most of the prisoners in the nearest prison despite their dread of the impending massacre could not help laughing at the look in his face. Even some of his best officers although they sternly called "Silence" were forced to cough violently to hide the smile that was creeping over their faces at their colonel's rage. Gertrude's eyes flashing with defiance reviled on the face of the justly offended glandelinian officer.

"Did---did---did---did---you---dare---dare---dare---to say that, where ever you are hiding you impudent, impertinent---young rebel---you---saucy---young---rebel!"

"Abandoned outraged child." Again said Gertrude to herself indignantly as she heard his words from her hiding place.

"Are any of you officers sure she dared to call me that name?" He cried.

"Yes I did and I'll leave it to every one of the prisoners here who died and went to heaven if you ain't." She again said to herself. "I'm not used to holding my tongue, for old enemies of God, who hate him because he won't give you anything useless, and I'm not going to do it you old Son of a gun." Thought Gertrude all ablaze with defiance. "Many helpless little boys and girls have fallen on their knees, pleaded to you glandelinian officers and underofficers, kissed the dirt at your feet, to mercifully save them from being slain or tortured, and you refused, and so I can say that you are not half as good as any devil that God cast into hell."

She was right. No devil I'm sure was as bad as any of the glandelinians. The glandelinian colonel stood with the left hand to the hilt of his sabre, unable to speak his rage almost swamped in his utter amazement. In all his experience with fugitive or captive children, he had never come across so desperately a revengeful case like this. Every man gun was dropped by his men, and every eye fixed on the colonel.

"I---I---I---won't endure this. I'm not to be insulted in this fashion in front of my men and officers." Thundered the glandelinian colonel passionately. "Wait until I get my men together!" He roared. "In the dark his eyes seemed like red hot coals, and violet and her sisters imagined that fire and smoke was coming out of his mouth so great and indescribable was his rage. By this time violet and her sisters had thought about the searching parties looking for them and suddenly as a man passed Gertrude broke away from violet and her sisters, marched resolutely up to the glandelinian soldier, and confronted that glandelinian with an expression as severe as though she was about to arrest him for high treason.

"Say Mr Glandelinian soldier look here." She began. "We don't want you Glandelinian soldiers snopping around our shelter and if you don't get out of here I'll put you in some place where you belong."

"You will dare to come to me." Fairly screamed the glandelinian.

"I'll bind your hands and feet--"

Gertrude was upon him like a wild cat, having thrown him down, and so quick was she that he did not have the slightest moment to struggle, he himself being bound hand and foot, gagged, and dragged toward the high grass in front of a glen. Then going inside of one of the glandelinian headquarters where other children were confined also, and gliding into one of the rooms she secured the end of a rope to an old bed post, where one of the officers slept in the room, and let the remainder drop out of a window. Then going downstairs through a front hall, she finally secured the other end of the thickest but strongest kind of red string to the knocker of the door. It was too dark she knew for any one to observe the cord of thin rope in opening the door.

Suddenly to her astonishment as she was to about to mount a flight of steps an officer suddenly strode toward her in ominous silence, and like a hound scenting his prey fixed his eyes piercingly on her.

bold dauntless, and daring, Gertrude stood before another of her deadliest enemies, her straight beautiful little form defiantly erect, her malicious eyes flashing.

"Ye rebel what do you mean by spying on me? Do you know anything about this here house?"

"Slightly acquainted." Said Gertrude. "Saw it when I first entered here."

"Will you kindly state what you saw in here?"

"I saw nothing, but probably there are murdered children cruelly slaughtered by the devilish glandelinians." Was her answer.

The glandelinian officer who was a captain suppressed his lips, and though his sallow face was dark with suppressed anger, he remained outwardly calm. Then a low murmur of amazement and anger was heard from the wicked glandelinian who had surprised her, but Joise stood bold and defiantly, before him prepared for any emergency, casting a flashing glance at the officer who had so suddenly confronted her.

The glandelinian was nearly beside himself over Gertrude's braveness. With all her braveness she never yielded a moment even when she met his fierce look but without a single word he stood there facing her for nearly fifteen minutes and when this passed and the glandelinian never condescended to open his mouth or address her a single word. Gertrude was about to burst out indignantly, but one glance at the face of the glandelinian however convinced her that it would not be safe and that prudence was about the safest plans just then. Hoping to see how the place looked she turned, but the glandelinian silently caught her by the shoulder turned her around with no gentle hand and looked at her with a horrible scowl. Then the very demon of defiance sprang into the eyes of Gertrude who suddenly to his surprise covered him with her pistol, and he was about to begin a harangue more spirited than respectful, but something in the cold stern steely eyes bent upon him quenched the indignant light in his own, and he sulkily lapsed into silence. Then she gave an order pushing him roughly and unceremoniously up the steps she following, while a chilling smile settled on her lips. He succeeded however in knocking the gun out of her hand but before he could make a move to do anything she immediately caught a small but strong chair, flung it over her head, and threatened instant annihilation to him if she dared come too near her, and forthwith drawing her other gun she managed to pick up the one which had fallen. With a sudden catch the Glandelinian caught hold of the chair, but she clung to it like a heroine, and fired a shot which though it missed him made him let go of the chair.

"Once for all ye rebel, be careful." Exclaimed the Glandelinian stifling his impotent rage, and striding up to her fiercely. But he did not move a step. And the face of the Glandelinian officer blanched with rage, his eyes gleamed with the light of a serpent, his lips quivered and for a moment he stood glaring at her, as if he would have torn her to pieces. But there was a dangerous look in her eyes, and she stood, drawn up to her full height with reddening cheeks, and defiant steady gaze, staring him straight in the face. She was about to move away again.

"Not so fast you rebel." Said the Glandelinian officer trying to grasp her by the arm not believing that she would really shoot, his sallow face fairly livid with rage. "Remember you have probably just now got the best of me, but you have made me your deadliest enemy, and I'm an enemy not to be scorned or to be trifled with. I'll--"

"And at the same time you will oblige me by letting go of my arm. It's not of cast iron, though you seem to think it is."

"Shut up you rebel." The day will come when you will sue to me, and sue in vain. Then you will know what it is to despise Captain Teddy."

"Why you horrid old fright." Exclaimed Gertrude with flashing eyes. "I sue you indeed. I guess not. You--- you rascally fool, you are worse than a demon. How dare you threaten me, threaten me, a child of God. Upon my word of honor Mr Teddy I'll never sue to you. Let go of my arm and I'll kill you." She added, desperately jerking herself first one way and then another to free herself from his tenacious grasp. "Take your hands from my arm will you, and let go do you hear?"

Gertrude jerked and pulled in vain, but the glandelinian held her face smiling a grim sardonic smile at her futile effort.

"Spit and snarl my little kitten." He said mockingly and also fiercely. "See what a sparrow you are in my grasp. Go ye shall not, till it's my good pleasure to release you."

With a sharp sharp passionate cry of rage Gertrude darted down like lightning and sunk her sharp white teeth deep into his hand which held her arm. She contained the hand holding the gun. The red blood spurted from a little chisel of wounds, and with an oath of pain and fury he sprang back from the little wild cat.

No sooner was his hold released than Gertrude darted like a flash to find Violet and her sisters. As the glandelinian officer examined the wound caused by the bite the scowl on his brow looked blacker and blacker till his face was like the doubled refined essence of a thunderbolt. But when he saw Gertrude dart out the door his rage burst all bounds, and his wrath was horrible to see. This glandelinian officer was half as strong as a dozen prize fighters, and he rushed furiously after Gertrude, overtook her before she could draw a gun caught her cruelly by the throat and dragged her across the street choking her without mercy. In vain she tried to free herself, and tried to pull away his choking grip, but the glandelinian only let go when she again bit him. A very fiend seemed to leap into his eyes for this. His face was flushed, his eyes were gleaming with murder and ere she could make another dash away held her fast by both hands. In one instant the whole danger of the situation of flashed upon Gertrude. She had made this Glandelinian her most deadly enemy, and now if she did not kill him which she had refrained to do before out of mercy she would be in his power. She struggled fiercely to get away, but he tightened his grip so that Gertrude winced with pain. A fierce gleam was in his eyes now. As she struggled more fiercely he held her with a grip of iron and watched her useless efforts with a fierce scowl, but saying nothing. All unconscious she kept on struggling. Scarcely had she gotten free again when with the quick noiseless spring of a phantom she darted forward, but the glandelinian darted out of her way but too late he went down a dagger in his heart. In the meantime Joice Joice Vivian and her sisters had been discovered and captured by the glandelinians who had flung a large plaid over their heads, and grasped them firmly in their arms. With equal agility Prociles bodyguard followed, and the little girls were securely bound hand and foot, before they had recovered enough to commence any struggle for aid. In vain they tried to struggle, in vain they tried to cry out for help. Feet and hands were securely bound by the cruel glandelinians, the heavy shawls were entirely smothering them, and their captors arms held them like a vice.

"Now for the execution grounds. There is no time to lose one bit." Cried the leader of the searchers who had at last captured them. And they started forward as if carrying an infant. For some minutes Violet and her sisters tried to struggle violently, for they were suffocating for want of air, but finding all their efforts were in vain, they fell back in their captors arms, and lay perfectly still and quiet, suffering terribly. Their whole appalling danger burst upon them at once, and though for one instant their very hearts seemed to stop beating, and they were smothering so long that they strove to pull away those shawls but in vain. It seemed to them that they must have walked nearly an hour when they came to a dead halt and she heard the leader say:

"Now Cannon fire the signal quick."

There was a low shrill whistling sound and Violet and her sisters fancied they heard a rustling as if of bushes pushed aside, a heavy sound of rocks removing, then the glandelinians stepped down and passed through a narrow aperture, and thence down, descending a short flight of steps, carefully guiding themselves with one hand. Then they paused and removed the thick shawl in which the glandelinians had enveloped them, but they quickly blindfolded them.

"Yes flash and sparkle ye little rebels, your little grenade who darts fire like a little stillé stilette can do no more for ye as she will find ye not." Said the glandelinian officer in command. "She can snarl and show her white teeth, the little kitten, but her claws are shielded; she cannot bite me now. Let her expand her wings the bright little humming bird, but she will find them clipped. Try to soar up to your native heaven with her my dazzling glorious birds of parai paradise, and your droop drooping flumms wit will fall fluttering and earth stained to the dust."

Joice was the first to recover her breath and she burst out angrily with: "Well its a wonder you took the blamed thing of before I or my sisters died of suffocation. You ought to be ashamed of yourself smothering me and my sisters this way-in big shawls like that."

At this the glandelinian general did not say a word and Joice continued: "I wish you would let me go back to my poor sisters. I don't want to be carried like a baby any longer."

"Must not be so fast ye pretty rebel." Said the general in a low tone of mocking exultation. "You will never see your sisters again. And be in no haste to quit my arms, for your death is quickly approaching."

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though a nice death it would be I'd expect. And you will have to consult about her approaching death you viper of saten. Let go of her I tell you I'll kill you. Any one might as well be in a dragons claws than this." Said a strange voice and turning to see who it was who spoke so general saw a little girl of ten years of age confronting her with two pistols leveled at her. She had followed him and his men having seen them Violet and her sisters.

"As ye please ye rebel." Said the glandelinian scowling, and obeying

"And I don't think you will escape me so easily either." Said Gertrude. When you seized Violet and her sisters that was your victory, this is now mine. You even said God cannot save them now. Ha, ha, ha, stout rocks and walls cannot hold me from coming upon you either, earth, fire or water you scoundrel blasphemers! Mayou dirty glandelinian dog. And don't be too sure of the doings of God you old devil. There is also such a thing as blow up rocks, or an earthquake might happen, or the river of yorma might overflow, or you and all your devil followers might get paralytic strokes. Saten might come and carry off the whole of you bodily to the ever burning fire. I'm sure I wish he would. Ain't you proud of yourself to have carried off a few little girls of such small age so beautifully. When you and you could not do it alone, a good many others came to help you in devilish way. Two big strong glandelinian soldiers to carry off one little girl. What an achievement. What a victory. I thought you glandelinians were supposed to be brave. Oh won't the revenge of the Angelinians be terrible on I tell them." Said Gertrude in tones of bitter oriny.

"Here, here damn you fellows push on." Said the gruff voice of Cannon Garnett behind the others not seeing Gertrude or the cornered general. "No use of you men plavering here all night, and the storm is ready breaking. Off with the handkerchief so the little rebels can see where they are going."

Quickly tying up the general and gagging him Gertrude placed him in the tall grass, and she and Joice followed the glandelinians who entered a cavern. All this while they had been wrapped in the blackness of night, but now the glandelinians followed by Gertrude and Joice, descended stone steps, and one of them holding up a lanthren let its rays beam around as they went. As they went on the passage grew wider until last Gertrude and Joice who had been following carefully found themselves in a spacious rock chamber or rock bound apartment well lighted, rudely furnished, and occupied by some half thousand, frightful devilish looking glandelinians in the garbe of pirates or demons. They were lying in various attitudes about the floor with the exception of five who sat gambling. They turned their eyes carelessly around as the general and Cannon entered, but their eyes fell upon the other Vivian girls, each man sprang furiously to their feet, and stared at the little girls with indescribable scowls. There the little christian prisoners stood in the full glare of the light, their under childish forms drawn up to full height, their short dancing, flash curls of golden hair falling around their crimson cheeks, their bright mounted blue eyes wide open and returning every stare as composedly as though they were sitting around their father or mother, and these men were their servants. Very much out of place looked Violet and her sisters in their rich shiny robes of dazzling beauty amid these horrible pirates who were in fact outlawed glandelinians. Turning their eyes in another direction Violet and her sisters saw a sort of opening in the wall serving evidently for a door and covered by a screen of thick dark baize. Violet was brought in closer while her other sisters followed followed and looked curiously around. The other room in the cavern was much larger than the one they had left, and better furnished. The rock floor was covered with a Indian matting, and chairs, couches, and tables were strewn indiscriminately about. A bed with heavy curtains stood in the corner, a stand containing books, writing materials, and drawing utensils stood opposite. At now there was a look of pored sullen despair in their eyes, a look of passionate impatience, hidden anguish, undying woe in the slumbering depths of their gloomy haunting eyes, as they stared around.

The glandelinian general bowed low, cast a triumphant glance at Violet and her sisters as he passed through the other room and failed to miss the man who had carried Joice. His cold proud steely eyes had been fixed on Violet, but that child heroine bore it as she had done many other stares without flinching. Violet and her sisters were awfully sleepy, and rubbing their eyes and yawning, they knelt down, and closing her eyes closed with their hands said their usual night prayers, and jumped into the beds appointed for them, and fell into a sound sleep being sure indeed that Gert rude Angelina would follow and come to their rescue. They could even dare to sleep when prisoners among the enemy.

However Gertrude Angeline and Joice were too suspicious to dare sleep and they sat on the floor in hiding and stared at the brave sleepers. There were in the cavern many pictures of children on the wall one particular one who seemed to have a very grave sad face in the embrace of her mother, and this Gertrude Angeline had noticed.

"What a pretty little girl." She thought to herself. As Joice aroused Gertrude faced around, and gazed at Joice.

"Why the little girl in the picture looks like Jennie." Gasped Joice pointing to the picture.

Gertrude gently took the picture down as the coast was clear and going back to her hiding place gazed at it long and earnestly. It represented a beautifully browned haired little girl in the embrace of some lovely mother, resembling Jennie who was so splendidly beautiful but who had golden hair and not brown.

"She is my sister when her hair was colored brown with some kind of shoe blackening." Said Joice in a despairing voice as she looked straight before her.

"And where is she?" Asked Gertrude softly.

"She is here with my sisters but in danger of Hydrob hydrophobia." Said Joice in that same tone of deep steady despair. Gertrude's eyes softened with deep sympathy, and coming over to Joice she said earnestly;

"I'm an Abbiannian and so are you an Abbiannian, but any way we must go together. How long has it been since she got bit by a maddog?" "No she has not been bitten by any, but the cause of her danger is that despite my pleadings she has received no mercy, for the glandelinians decided to inject some rabid poison into her. She will die now sure unless she is rescued. I don't know if she will be living or dead a few weeks from now unless she is rescued. Of poor Violet!" Cried Joice passionately while her whole frame shook with the violence of emotion. No tears fell, so no sob shook her breast, but words can never describe the utter agony of that despairing cry. There were tears in Gertrude's eyes now, and in silent sympathy she took Joice's hand in her own little white fingers, and softly began to caress it.

"It was while we were being carried to this place that they threatened to inject the mad dog poison into her." Said Joice. The maddog had attacked them but the glandelinians had killed it. When we reached here and entered the passage way some of my sisters met the general whom you overpowered and though they pleaded to him not to allow this to be done, he the iron hearted wretch that he was refused. In my pleadings I myself even acted as a lunatic. I fear she is forever lost to me, lost forever, lost."

Joice rocked back and forward, while her beautiful eyes gazed steadily before her with that same look of changeless despair.

"I love her and my other sisters better than any one can love themselves, my heart was wrapped up in hers, she and my sisters are the dearest parts of myself, and since I'm going to lose her life is a mockery, worse than a mockery to me. I could feel like giving up heaven in despair."

"Little Joice dear" Said Gertrude looking up suddenly and fiercely. "Never threaten or turn your back on God no matter what happens, and if you do God did turn to him and love him. Try first of all to escape the terrible doom of losing your soul for ever, and if you bear all you can fear God heaven will be the greatest blessing. That God will send you. Never turn your back on him no matter what happens. Tear your heart out and throw it to the flames sooner than despair of God's mercy, and live to know the wickedness of the Glandelinians, and the destruction they will meet some day. Little girl remember. I even told you before even never despair with my me around. I'll save your sisters and you ought to know that. I can scare the very insides out of the glandelinians and they know it. Just trust me and even God and you will see that nothing will ever happen to Jennie or Violet." And Gertrude sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with a holy light. All of a sudden Gertrude grasped the little vivian girl so fiercely by the arm, that she was forced to stifle a cry of pain, then all of a sudden flung her from her with a violence that sent her reeling against the wall, and when she went sprawling on the floor herself. The cause of her action was that she had slipped on some water of slippery slime coming down from no one can tell. Yawning for she was still sleepy, Gertrude staggered to her feet, begged Joice's pardon, told the real reason for her action, and stretching herself on the floor in the darkest part of the large corner was in five minutes fast asleep. The clock striking six woke her. She rubbed her eyes and looked drowsily up, and the first object on which her eyes rested was the motionless form of a glandelinian colonel as he stood near Joice's sisters with his usual sinister smile.....

"Oh you are here are you?" Said Gertrude composedly after her first prolonged stare. "I must say it shows a great deal of delicacy and politeness on your part to enter the sleeping apartment of little girls whom you and your followers think you have made prisoners, after this fashion. What new mischief had Satan your father put you up to now?"

The Glandelinian wheeled around surprised and seeing the strange child was dumbfounded, and said;

"How did you get in here you saucy little wasp. You should be careful of entering here spying on us glandelinians, and then dare to talk in that manner, for now you will be in my power. Don't you know I'm a respectable Glandelinian army and should speak to me with respect?"

"Should I indeed? Don't you think you see me afraid of you colonel? Just fancy me with my fingers in my mouth, and my eyes cast down, trembling before any man, much less you!"

"It is in my power to make you afraid of me you infernal little centipede. You are in here spying like a treacherous little snake, the worse of vipers, now beyond all hopes of escape—mind before the power of heaven, and all there is in there, God and the angels to free you and you dare to sneak in here to steal away my prisoners? Your hour of triumph had passed though you seem not to know it you female toad. My turn and the whole of Glandelinia's has come at last on you dirty cur. I have conquered the conqueress, caged the eaglet, and ready to have you at to death."

"Yes boast." Said Gertrude getting up and composedly beginning to twirl her curls over her fingers. "But self praise is no recommendation, and it don't do you any good to call me any such names, other wise I may become each and every one of those creatures if you don't look out. If all y those names you mean to call me, you may not be too sure as yet. It's not right to cheer untill you are absolutely sure that what you say is true. You can't hold fire without burning your fingers colonel as you will find if you attempt any nonsense with me I've come to rescue Violet and her sisters and I will do so if I have to kill you to succeed. So your honor worships, the best thing you can do is to go off to your v boon companions and mind your own business for the future and leave leave the vivian girls alone."

"Sorry to refuse your polite request ye rebel." He said with a sneer. "But really I cannot leave you to do this as I do not wish them to escape."

"I have a number of things to talk over with you before your arrest, and as you have forgotten to ask me to sit down, I think I will just nail myself of an enemy's privilege, and take a seat myself." Said very monocholantly the glandelinian seated himself beside her on the bed. Gertrude sprang up with a bound as if she were a ball of good India rubber, or had steel springs in her feet, and confronted him with blazing cheeks and flashing eyes.

"You hateful disagreeable yellow old orge." She bursted out with. "Keep the seat to yourself then if you want it, but don't dare to come near me again again. Don't dare I say." And she stamped her little foot passionately like the little tempest that she was. "It's dangerous work playing with chain lightning colonel so be warned in time. I vow that if I had a broom stick handy or an iron rod or something I would let you know what it is to put a respectable young girl in a rage. I'll even shoot you you damn fool. You sit beside me indeed. Faugh. There is pollution in the very air you breath."

The Glandelinian officer turned for the moment livid with anger, but to lose his temper was not the rascals sole now, and so gulping down the little draught of her irritating words as best he could he said;

"Aye, rave and storm, and flash fire my little tornado, but it will avail you nothing. You beat the air with your breath, though I really do not know as it is useless either, for you look so dazlingly beautiful in your roused wrathmy dear inflammation of the heart, that you make my desire to kill the vivian girls, and you too greater than ever."

"Yes kill us indeed." Said Gertrude contemptuously. "I don't see what awful crime Violet and her sisters have done that I'm compelled to stand where like patience on a monument to listen to such stuff as that. I won't listen to it. I'll go and call one of those pritates and make him pack you off with a flea in your ear."

"Not so fast ye little rebel." Said the glandelinian colonel with his usual cold smile as he put out his long arms and attempted to catch her but as she drew her pistol and said;

"Every one of those glandelinians are indeed gone away and may not be back untill to night. The other glandelinians are all gone too, but one ad he is lying under the table out there dead drunk. Now now my glandelinian soldier does this dampen your courage any. Instead of being your prisoner you are mine. I'm here to get the vivian girls and shall."

For the first time the conviction that she was right, and that he was alone with this little female Abbieannian tigress and completely in her power, thrilled through the hearts of violets and her sisters who witnessed it all, making them for one moment dizzy with less apprehension. The mocking exultating eyes of her enemy everywhere bent tauntingly upon her, the high spirit of the brave child flashed indignantly up, and fixing her flashing blue eyes on his face, she said boldly;

"Maybe it does not dampen your courage forsooth. But do you really suppose that I'm afraid of you glandelinians colonel, the enemies of god, and the most arrant and cod-livered cowards god has ever affected the earth with, such cowards that it took two men to carry one little girl? Ha, ha, why if you think so you are a greater fool than even I ever took you to be. I know where the fierce Abbieannians are and I'm going to see that you are placed into their custody."

The glandelinian colonel clashed his teeth with a spasmodic snap, he half arose across in the fiercer rage to his feet as he hissed;

"Ye rebel take care, though even I am at bay, tempt me not too far, lest I make ye feel what it is to taunt me beyond endurance."

"Barking dogs seldom bite colonel, little snarling curs never." She answered.

"By gaten name ye rebel I will strange ye if I get the chance to if you do not stop that." He shouted springing fiercely to his feet. She took one step back put up her gun, laid her hand on a long carving knife that had been on the table since nighttime, and looked up into his face with a deriding smile. In spite of himself in his rage, her dauntless spirit and bold daring struck him with admiration. He looked at her for a moment inwardly wondering that so brave and fierce a spirit could exist in a form so slight and frail, and then with a long breath he sank back into his seat.

"That's right colonel. I see you have not lost all your reason yet." Said Gertrude quietly. "If you value a whole skin it will be wise for you to keep the length of the room between us until they are free. I don't threaten much, but I'm apt to act when aroused."

"Gertrude Vivian forgive my hasty temper. I did not come to threaten you or Violet and her sisters, but to see them all at liberty." Said the Glandelinian colonel with a penitent look.

"Set them at liberty. Humph. I have my doubts about that." Said Gertrude. transfixing him with a long unwinking stare.

"Nevertheless it is true. This morning the men are all gone to gorma to see what the Commune is going to do about prisoners in in gorma, we are all alone say but the word, and in ten minutes violet and her sisters will be as free as the winds of heaven."

"Worse, and worse colonel. Just look me in the eye and see if you can discover any millstones there."

"Little girl I swear to ye I speak the truth. In ten minutes they shall leave this cavern and go with you, free, and unfettered if you will."

"Well I declare. Just let me catch my breath after that will you colonel? I have heard of gaten turning Saint, but I never experienced it before. So you will set Violet and her sisters free will you? Well I'm sure I feel dreadfully obliged to you, though I don't know as I need to since, but only for you they would not be here at all. They are quite willing to go though, and so am I quite willing to have you go along with me a prisoner and I am ready to start in a moment."

"Wait one instant Gertrude Vivian. I will set violet and her sisters free but on one condition."

"Ah I thought so. I was thinking so all the time. And what may that condition be may I ask?" Inquired Angeline. "And remember my name is not Gertrude Vivian though I wish it was."

"That you turn from your God, persuade violet and her sisters to do so and become a glandelinian."

"Phew-w-w-w. Become a glandelinian? Turn from God, and persuade violet and her sisters to do so. Oh ye God's and little fishes. Hold me somebody or I'll go into the high stricks."

"Ye rebel do ye mock me?" Passionately exclaimed the glandelinian colonel, springing to his feet.

"Colonel something ever your name is, my dear son of gaten take things easy. I trust I have too much respect for your high and mighty majesty to do anything so impolite. Sit down colonel and make your unhappy soul as miserable as circumstances will allow. No, now that I have eased my mind, I'd rather not turn from god, and become a glandelinian. Thank you for your flattering offer, but I really must decline the honour of turning a glandelinian, and grieve my god as you have done, heart and tooth brauh." Said joi Gertrude. without a profound courtesy.

"And by all the fiends in flames minion you and even the vivian girls shall not decline this offer." Shouted the glandelinian colonel maddened by her indescribable taunting tone. By the heaven above us, and by the hell below us you shall either turn from God, and become with the vivian girls a glandelinian or-----"

"Well" Said Gertrude and sitting at the table with her elbows upon it dropping her chin in her hands and staring at him as she could only stare.

"What? Why don't you go on?" Said the glandelinian officer.....

"I never liked to have a burst of eloquence like that sh snapped off so short in the middle, like the stem of a pipe, it spoils the effect."

"Then ye mad rebel ye shall either become a glandelinian and god's enemy, or die a bloody death."

"Well colonel I do not like to contradict you, but if there can be a worse fate than a bloody death, than to have anything to do with you, I'd like to know it that is all."

"Then ye will not consent?" He said glaring at her like a tiger.

"Colonel, for goodness sake don't be making such an old goose of yourself by asking such silly questions." Said Gertrude yawning. "I wish to take you a prisoner and have you come with me but I just guess I'll take the little girls instead and let you go. They are sleepy, and you look so much like a dhangha rooster with the jaundice that you will give me the nightmare if you do not clear out."

"Gertrude Vivian ye rebel, have ye no fear at all?"

"Well no I can't say that I have, at least I don't stand much in awe of you, you know. I expect I ought to, but I don't. It's not my fault because I can't help it."

"Then since fair means will not do, something else must." Exclaimed the Glandelinian colonel making a spring toward her, while his eyes were blazing with a terrible light. But Gertrude was as quick as himself, and seizing her formidable weapon she darted back and flourished it triumphantly exclaiming;

"No for a game of hide and go seek. Catch me if you can colonel, but if you have any consideration for this clean floor keep a respectable distance: blood stains are not the easiest removed in the world, especially such bad blood as yours, and this long knife, and a willing hand, can make a most ugly wound....."

She had him at bay again. There was a fierce dangerous light in her eyes now and a look of deep steady determination in her wild little face. The glandelinian colonel perceptibly cooled down for a moment, but then as if maddened by her taunting deriding smile, he bounded toward her with the fearful spring of a wild beast, and had her in his arms before she could elude his grasp. But the bright winged little wasp had its sting yet. Up flew the blue glittering knife, and down it decended with all the force of her small arm, but the aim was not true, and it lodged in his shoulder. With an awful oath, he seized her in his hands in his vice like grasp, and with his other hand pulled out the knife. The wound was not deep yet the blood that spurted out as he pulled out the knife, and into his very face seemed to arouse him to madness, and Gertrude writhed with pain in his fierce grasp, now around her throat. She felt like fainting, and dreadful weakness was stealing through her frame from the awful shocking. She was about to feel like fainting when as if sent by heaven a quick thought sprang to her. "The gun!" She slowly pulled it out of its holster, there was a report, and letting go of her he staggered, reeled for a moment and then fell with a thud. Instantly she called to the Vivian girls, and away to the best part of the cave they went. Gertrude weak from her choking dropped into a seat, and feeling sick and giddy bowed her head on her hands. Never in all her life before, had she so fully realized her own weakness. What would all her boastful strength have availed her, for for that heavenly thought about the gun. A moment about ago and she was as a baby in the grasp of a giant. What an escape she had had. Now she blessed in her heart, God who had saved her. With a short but fervent prayer of thanksgiving, she sat up drew a long breath of unspeakable relief, and began looking into a glass ruefully at her throat, all black and blue from his iron pressure.

"Natural bracelets." Said Gertrude with a slight grimace of pain. "Joi and Azure. I can't say I approve of such violent choking. It's unpleasant unpleasant and excoites one rather. However the course of the anger never did run smooth according to these nice men the Glandelinians though I hope it is not always as rough as the severe course I underwent just now. Good gracious what dragons I have raised in these quondan enemies of mine."

In the meantime general Vivian was advancing his armies into Galverinia to join Hansen with others and so now large christian armies larger than Abbieannia ever pushed into Galverinia during the war of eighteen forty one was pushing forward into Galverinia to suppress the glandelinians at all costs. General Vivian had learned of things now going on in Norma Catherine, and had sent his two brothers who were then spying in Norma to learn where Violet and her sisters were. Jimmie was looking for them in Norma Catherine and general Germaine was in the city of Galverine, which was a literal child slave horror. As no means could be obtained of their whereabouts general Vivian felt sure that the little daughters of his were gone for all time, dead, slaughtered, or as you may call it assassinated by the wicked glandelinians. At this same time Abbieannian rovers of the sea was committing all havoc possible along the shores of Galverinia with the purpose of overthrowing the child slavery and so horrible were their depredations, and so successful their raids on the child slave places that the glandelinians had called them the Abbieannian pirates. General Vivian had begged their leaders to try and locate Violet and her sisters, but they had failed. Jimmie Vivian however was nearest, and there was good ample chance of his seeing them. To relate further about Norma Catherine is very astonishing. By the Angelinians it is called Galverine. Other people generally called it the main section of Julio Gallio, and the Abbieannians called it the Second Vivian wickey. Jimmie had his special place in the city and also knew every in and out of the cavern as his spying work had been so effective that nothing escaped his detection. And neither had he been discovered as his ways was so clever that no one could know what he was up to. He had finally learned that Gertrude Angeline the fierce little Abbieannian Amazon had killed many glandelinians, in liberating his mother and aunt besides having prevented the capture of Violet and her sisters on several occasions and also when they had been seized she had followed the glandelinians to the cave cavern. He had also heard how many glandelinians there were in the cavern and what they were. They were dressed as so soldiers, wearing uniforms but they were not soldiers, but common outlaws who murdered children in the most horrible way in some secret recesses of the cavern, murdered them in a way that not even the worse of the lowest degraded Zimmermannian would permit. He knew well. He knew well the fate of Violet and her sisters if she was not rescued out of that horrible place and feeling positive that Gertrude Angeline would not be able to save them alone, he had started toward that cavern. He found the man who she had tied up, but did not release him, though he hollered for help and then finally cried out

"That little amazon has foiled me again. But the rebels are still in my power, and by hell and its host, I will yet have my revenge."

Jimmie entered the place, but saw nothing at first. Then entering the first chamber he saw the drunken man still lying asleep under the table, and kicking him said;

"Get up and go on duty. What the hell do you mean by lounging around here you dirty fool."

And the man thinking he was his superior slunk off scowling and mumbling to himself about the christian dogs he wished to kill.

While Gertrude was making preparations to leave the cavern with the Vivian girls she found Violet missing and believed that some of the glandelinians had carried her off to the dell-mell-poll-mell penitentiary near by. Then all of a sudden she was startled by another form by her and facing him found that it was her friend and the brother of the Vivian girls Jimmie Vivian.

"Why it's Jimmie Vivian." She gasped.

"I suppose Violet was left at the penitentiary." Said Jennie.

"Violet." Gasped Jimmie Vivian flourishing his sabre. Why she has never been in the prison at all, and where the deuce to even find her the glandelinians do not know.

"Not at the prison?" Said Jennie in surr surprise. "Why where can she be then, and why did you turn a glandelinian?"

"Be quiet about that and do not talk so loud." Said Jimmie Sternly. "Do you want to betray me. If you keep mum I might have a chance to get you away from here. Well to answer your other question that is just what I would feel very much for you to tell me. For all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. K. I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular." Said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

"He I don't believe that she did." Said Jennie. "I was there last night, and I saw the glandelinians take her away as they did me and my sisters."

"She must have been suffering from hydrophobia." Said Joice now growing alarmed. "She must have been fairly wild and dangerous when they unbound her, so she must have broken loose from them and went to her death. Oh brother Jimmie. I'm really afraid something has really happened to her."

"Oh dear Violet, my dearest sister. What could have happened to her?" Said Jimmie beginning to look uneasy.

"What he r was it when she was discovered to be missing Jimmie?" Asked Joice.

"An hour after we were brought here."

"Oh Jimmie something must have happened to her." Cried Joice growing white with vague alarm.

"Why? Why? Why what in heavens name could have happened to her?" Asked Angeline catching the infection of Joices fears.

"These lawless glandelinians continually prey upon the prisoners around now and it's very unsafe for an escaped prisoner to wander where it be to venture near their nests unaccompanied after night."

"Good heavens if she has fallen into their hands." Cried Jimmie in consternation.

"Oh Jimmie I have not. Oh Jimmie do you really think she has?" Exclaimed poor Joice clasping her hands in mortal terror. We are in the hands of the glandelinians who are more merciful but if she is in the hands of the Abbieannians God help her."

"There is no telling these lawless glandelinian pirates are continually prowling everywhere along the shore and in the woods and if they saw Violet..."

He added checking himself and biting his lip. "They could despite her beauty or dangerous ravings make her a prisoner and murder her at once. There is no deed in violence too dark or dreadful for them to do. They are something worse than the cruellest glandelinians I have than suspect. This blackguarding of the Galverinian people by them I fancy serves but as a cloak for the worse crime of piracy. I have heard that their leader Gannon Garnet as the name is one of the most reckless and daring desperadoes that ever made general war under the black pirate flag, and these of his crew that I have seen reeling about here look to be cutthroat scoundrels enough fit for anything but wholesale murder downward. Great heavens if Violet should have in her ravings fallen into their hands..." Said Jimmie Jimmie pacing up and down in much agitation.

"But it cannot be Jimmie." my dear brother. It is impossible she would I tell you. Why man what could these glandelinians possibly want with a raving demagogue of child like Violet. A nice prize she would be for the Abbieannians to take in tow, and get bitten by her." Said Joice while Jimmie was getting all alarmed in spite of himself.

"Oh I hope she is not. Oh I hope she is not." Cried Jennie wringing her hands. "Oh what can have become of her. They might take her in the hope of obtaining a large ransom for her release or they might... oh the very thought is too horrible to contemplate." Exclaimed Jennie almost fiercely.

"Jimmie why are you losing time here, when one of your sisters may be in such peril. This is no time for idle talking. Please go in search for her, oh please."

"Well but wait a minute before having me to go on this wild goose chase."

Said Jimmie. "How do we know that she is not safely held in some glandelinian hospital or somewhere where in an insane asylum all this time, while we are raving about pirates and glandelinian abductors."

"Oh she is not, she is not..." Cried Joice while she clasped her hands in despair.

In the meantime general Vivian was advancing his armies into galverinia

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"The glandelinians have not that mercy to place her in their hospitals and Precile had no intention that she should escape the hydrophobia. Wild and desperate as she might be the pirates could not excuse her. Oh what what has become of her?"

"I believe I'm losing time talking." Said Jimmie whose face was now perfectly colorless with contending emotions. "I'll mount a steed of mine and ride to the nearest hospital and the asylum as I'm now new off duty and see if she is in any of the places. If she is to be found in neither of these places then it must be too true that she has fallen into the hands of the buccaneers."

Jimmie alarmed went outside sprang on his horse and galloping in the direction of the nearest hospital while at his order another spy at equally rapid and excited pace took the opposite road leading to the shores of the Eru Eruus Seas, which were rough that day. Jimmie was the first to return with the alarming tidings that nothing had been heard of her at either place.

"Oh you should not have let them take her out of the cell, I should not let them take her. I knew it was dangerous for her if she ever got free. Oh if your companion would only come!"

But another long seemingly interminable hour passed before Jimmie's companion made his appearance then he dashed in pale wild and excited.

His eyes met Jimmie as he entered.

"You have not found her?" Said Jimmie hurriedly.

"No but I've heard enough to confirm my worst suspicions. Late last night while the hurricane was breaking up some glandelinian told me, he saw one of the gang, a fellow called Gannon Garnet accompanied by someone else he could not discern, who was doubtless another of the buccaneers take the forest road leading this way. Violet in her raving madness may have been waylaid and entrapped by them there can be no doubt for neither of them have been seen since."

Jeice who had been standing up as Jimmie and his companion entered dropped like one suddenly stricken into a seat and hid her face in her hands while her sisters went louder. The two famous Angelina spies looked in each others pale faces with an unspoken; "What next?"

"What next?"

It was Jimmie who spoke in a deep excited voice. His companion spy white and stone like, stood with one arm resting against the wall, his face shaded by his heavy falling hair, his deep breathing painfully breaking the silence.

"We ought instantly engage the services of the glandelinian soldiers and begin a vigorous search I think" Said Jimmie's companion.

"Search? Have not the glandelinian soldiers any respect for the buccaneers, and our trying to get the to do this would make them suspect us as spies and probably run us in."

Jeice's face was perfectly colorless with fear for poor Violet. If that morning had seemed long to Jeice and her sisters in their prison, doubly long did it appear for them who were too uneasy and restless either to sit still or sleep, and Jimmie and his companion paced up and down the road of the underground cave which was under a street of *Norma* passed in and out of the entrance, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the first glandelinian who would answer the question asked by Jimmie for news of Violet. But the morning came passed and no one came and sick and worn out with anxiety and disappointment they sank down on a seat and Jeice and her sisters hid their faces in their hands in a passionate burst of tears.

"Oh my God. To think that poor Violet has been carried off by these dreadful buccaneers." Moaned Jeice in a worse burst of passionate grief. "It was my fault not to have defended her in the prison. I should not have allowed the rascally King Precile to take her out of her cell and let her go." And a worse burst of tears followed the declaration.

"Oh Jimmie Vivian. What do you think they will do with her, surely they will not kill her?" She added looking up imploringly.

very much for you to tell me. For all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular." Said Jeice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

"Well if they did I'll avenge her death by sinking every one of their boats." Said Jimmie.

During all that morning they were all left alone and Jeice and her sisters were half wild with alternate hope terror anxiety and expectation. But another hour passed and no messenger had arrived to relieve her torturing anxiety. It was a cold windy and snowy day. Standing at the entrance of the cavern Jimmie watched with restless impatience for the return of some glandelinian, his whole thought of Violet and her probable fate. The clock struck twelve and still no one came. Jimmie was about to go in when the thunder of horses hoofs coming through the streets arrested his steps. But the sound died away, and Jimmie decided to make another search. Jeice remained watching uselessly for sometime, then was about to go in when a horse and rider came dashing at a mad excited gallop up to the entrance and Jimmie leaped off, and descending to the sloping entrance of the cavern up reached his sister.

"Oh Jimmie is there no hope. Is there any news of her. Is she found?"

"No. No. Is she likely to be as far as I can see." Said Jimmie gloomily. "Not the slightest trace of her has been found though the whole beach has been searched from one end to the other. I have given it up and will wait for the night for Precile and his men are on their way to see what is happening near this city, for there is rumors that the child rebels are advancing and that there has been quite a number of battles with the rebels victorious. And I'm to resume the hunt to-morrow with the same success I suppose. He flung himself into a chair and leaned his head on his hands while his thick golden hair fell heavily over his face. In silence they remained for a while while Jeice and her sisters silently watched him, and trying to get a check back their souls. And then Jeice going over to shed Jimmie gently on the arm and said;

"Dear brother. Let me get you some dinner somehow. You have tasted nothing since coming in here."

"Dinner? Do you think I could eat now?" He cried with fierce impatience. "I do not want any. Go."

"Dearest brother do not look so strangely. Perhaps you will find her to-morrow."

"Perhaps. Perhaps. When a man has lost all he loves in the world there is great consolation in a cold 'PERHAPS' he may find it again. Do you think those hell hounds, those Ablicannian buccaneers would spare her a moment, once they get her in their power? Oh Violet Vivian. Bright beautiful Violet Vivian. Lost lost forever."

"Brother, brother." Exclaimed Jeice in low terrified tones, as a new light shone in her eyes. "Even during the time my many years ago when you yourself was a cruel glandelinian pirate, did you really love Violet and us like a brother should?"

"Love?" He cried with passionate fierceness, starting up and shaking back his thick golden hair. "Yes I loved her and you little girls, with a love, that you children with your gentle nature, and as only those who can love whose veins like mine run like fire lines instead of blood. Now that she is forever lost to us I may confess what no living mortal would ever have discovered before. Yes I loved her and you little girls and what do you think of my presumption little sister. I the brother of a despised buccaneer captian, loved her and you children, boy and the power of words and picture can tell."

One white arm was around his neck, and Jeice's soft pitying lips were pressed to his forehead. She did not speak no words were needed. That silent caress bespoke her sympathy.

"Did you say you had a brother who is a pirate?" Asked Jeice.

"Yes, but patience my dear little sisters." He said as Jeice arose to her feet. "He seated Jeice." He added with a wave of his hand. Silent and wondering poor Jeice obeyed. Jimmie Vivian began pacing up and down while Jeice and her sisters watched him, inwardly wondering whether this great spy was quite right in his mind.

CHAPTER FORTY FOUR.

JIMMIE VIVIAN'S STORY.

He stepped at last in his quick excited walk as rapidly as he had pronounced it and facing around to where Joice and her sisters sat demanded: "What did your father and your uncle and even you my sisters think when I was found missing?"

"That you were captured by the glandelinians," answered Joice. "Gertrude died shortly after the battle of Anf ANDREAN. After I tried to locate her secretly perhaps the fire was the cause of their death during Cannons rescue."

"Yes, yes it was," said Joice impatiently. "What has all this to do with the revelations you are to make?"

"Not much perhaps, but children, I wished to have my questions answered. You say you escaped alive with your father and uncle? Yes brother

"Yes brother dear. And I was given up as captured and slain. Yes."

"If I was as you say, how could they be sure that I did not go to my end and that I was captured and slain instead. But it was not then who did it. I was the one who did it. I was the one and so were my sisters

and were nearly mad with grief when we saw you here in the penitentiary."

Said Joice flushing and biting her lips till it was bloodless

"And did they not make a search for me?"

"Yes, but it was useless."

"And who was that little glundelinian girl who tried to cheer you in distress. I seen it all and even what she did to you."

"R. Erminie."

"Erminie who? I remember. My companion spoke of her. Erminie lawless who was brought here by the glandelinians and this herself a glandelinian, though she is not."

"Who stole this Erminie? An Angelinian?"

The glandelinians stole her when she was an infant as I have learned and brought her here—she was a mere infant then."

"Perhaps Joice she is your sister?"

"No, her looks forbid such a supposition. That there is no angelinian blood in her veins I am confident and the glandelinians stole her and brought her here."

"Strange strange. Who can she be?" said Joice. "MUSTINGLY/ She has asked you if that picture she picked up from under your bed if that was your picture Violet?"

"Yes," said Joice. "Did she tell you that Violet was gone as we had so suddenly found it?"

"She did not say anything."

"Did you believe that Erminie was a real Angelinian?"

"I do not think I did."

"Yet she told you?"

"Yes," said Joice wondering when this strange catkins of perseverance was to end.

"Strange, strange, very strange," said Jimmie Vivian pacing up and down with brow knit in deep thought.

"And you are determined to avenge the wrongs of your sister Violet, Jimmie Vivian?"

He said after a pause, stepping before her again.

"Yes helping as I will," exclaimed Joice fiercely.

"You to tell me for all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further." I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular," said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

"Heaven?" said Jimmie with a sneer. "It is the first time I ever heard that heaven aided revenge. Satan helping you, you mean if it is a wicked revenge. And how is this revenge to be accomplished, and what will it be?"

"When I get free," said Joice impatiently. "It is saving on the enemy breaking up their plans and plots and caused them to be unflushed. It cannot concern you in any way Jimmie Vivian, and on this subjects you need ask me no more questions, for I will not answer them."

"As you please," said Jimmie with a strange smile and half scowl. "You have inherited the fiery passionate spirit spirit of the Abbiannian race I see. Your brother I told you one day is also a Lucanor?"

"Yes, yes. To what end are all these questions?"

"Patience Joice Vivian. I will come to that presently. Did your father ever speak to you of your brother?"

"Very little," said Joice in a softer tone tears springing to her eyes.

"And why?"

"Because my father was so downcast over his ward waywardness."

A stroke of fiery red darted for a moment across Jimmie Vivian's face and then faded away leaving it whiter than before.

"Your brother was in Galverina, and is still here," spoke Jimmie rapidly and excitedly, then brushed Joice from her dangerous reverie.

"Our wayward in Galverina!" exclaimed Joice springing to her feet, while her sisters gasped.

"Yes."

"Great heavens where?"

"In Galverina here."

"Our brother here? Can it be possible? He in Galverina? What place is she in?" demanded Joice like a man beside herself.

"On one of the pirate ships," exclaimed Jimmie while his fierce blue eyes flashed.

"My brother on a pirate ship?" said Joice scornfully. "Do you mistake me for a fool brother dear? Why surely he is a glandelinian scoundrel!"

"Young girl, before high heaven I swear I speak the truth."

Said Jimmie solemnly. "It is the truth Joice Vivian, look in me in the face and see if I'm not speaking the truth?"

Yes we could look in those eyes those blue eyes, solemn eyes, and doubt his words. Stunned piddly, bewildered, Joice dropped into her seat, feeling as if the room was whirling around her.

"And you Jimmie Vivian, how in heaven's name did you find that out?" She asked passionately.

"That I will tell you presently. Suffice it to say that I do know that I am speaking the truth like a real Christian."

"A angel in heaven. My brother a pirate. From where did you learn this?"

"From your father."

"Our father is not here."

"O YOUR father is too here."

"What?"

"Your father is right here in Galverina."

"Sir are you either and or seeking me?" exclaimed Joice springing to her feet.

"Little sister I am not and or neither as I seek you."

"My father was in Beppe when we were kidnapped, and is still there."

"Your father is not."

"Great heavens as I said or said?" exclaimed Joice in a loud thrilling tone. "Jimmie Vivian, or glandelinian whoever you really are was not my father in Beppe three days after my capture."

"No, as I found out three days ago. Who ever said that he was in Beppe was greatly mistaken."

The 1 fleet did surely represent worse broadsides than I could have ever imagined, then I took my part in the action, which at first caused dangerous suspicion. After leaving, with our decks nearly swept clean and most of the boats out away we went red back to the same place twice but it was like running into a hornets nest, so it was given up. My wicked brother wished to go back to Anneline, and so Father mother and my dear little sisters and I there was too. Oh how on all the broadsides of the soldiers as well known him to be the worse of all bad deeds! Well the Nation as the flag in was called the flourishing business and some were as dly was also belonging to their various christian churches, then all the other were still under the black flag of Anneline at that time. He did some good to, among the whi whole crew- but a step to all their not easily to be told excesses of some birds than the others. Let them know that they had at last found their stars. They were inclined to rebel, and did rebel at first, but a very early took out a brace of pistols and shot four or five of the ring leaders of the strike and then in a peck, such shorter than sweet - then to understand, that every sample of insubordination was.

Well, since Vivian, would you believe it, instead of living in a rare and kind kicking up a fuss as rumple they immediately conceived an immense respect for him, and from that day a Caliph Haroun Abbas chid ever reigned it here regally over his bastinadoed subjects, than did my brother on board the Red Sultan. My brother became a real man. He re ruled the world over and on his ships, ran into danger, exposed himself to death every day and lived through all. I never left his side once upon his in every danger.

during all these a fearful day. Fate providence a superior power of some sort drove him and me to this coast, where he found this cave, and made it one of his rendezvous and often often as a hare without dreaming in the most remote way that his sisters were within a stones throw of him. He left your mother and aunt in the prison prison."

James' companion who looked so much like Jimmie himself came over to Joyce and her sisters. Joyce and her sisters started to their feet and ran to him. He was a beautiful boy.

"Brother and sisters have already met." Said the christian
 one of the men who appeared to be.

"Restored me." Gurned Jairo wildly. "And have they not
at last?"

"They have," replied the glandelinian with a strange strange and smile.

"My second brother, who is he?" Cried Joice, half delirious with all the revelations.

'He stands beside you. I', your second brother.' Was the thrilling answer.

Silent, motionless speechless with surprise, and every contending emotion Jaice and her sisters stood gazing on their new found second brother, like children suddenly struck dumb. And with one hand resting on Jaice's head the Santian of the Abhisannian hucanners stood before her looking in her pale wild face with a strange sad smile.

"My second brother?" Repeated Joice, like one in a dream.

"Yes even so. You have very little cause I fear to be proud of the relationship. I'm the branded Abriannian outlaw blockader and pirate captain Germaine Vivian. You behold him who was once known as the 'nicest' of brothers, and it is strange, strange, that we should meet thus."

For some moments Joice paced up and down the floor rapidly and excitedly with a face from which every trace of color fled. Her second brother etc. watching her one arm leaning on a sort of mantle, with a look half proud half sad, half bitter and glad on his still fine face.

very much for you to tell me. For all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. K' I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular." Said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

"I see you are not disposed disposed to acknowledge the relationship between little sisters." He said almost haughtily. "Well, I see, you are not to blame. For that let us part as we first met as strangers. You may go your way and I will continue mine. The world need never know that you are the dearest sisters to the Abiescannian Lucanor chief. You are free brother to go and take Violet I have in my possession, to and her sisters to the Bellonell-tellonell Penitentiary and let them do as they like, if you so desire. I did wish to see my dear father and uncle who are governors of Angolinia, before I left, but perhaps it is better as it is."

There was something unspeakably sad in the proud cold way, this was said, compared with the deep melancholy, the bitter remorse in his flushing violet eyes. There were tears in Joice's eyes, that did honour to her gentle heart, as she came over and held out her hand.

to his gentle heart, as she came over and held out her hand. "My dear brother Germanine, you wrong me." Said Zeise earnestly. "It was from no such unworthy feelings I hesitated to reply. The revelations came so suddenly so unexpectedly, that for the time being I was stunned and unable to comprehend all clearly. Abbiennian pirate or not, you are my second brother still, and as such I have no ill opinion of the world and its people together. If your crimes have been great so have your misdeeds, though you deserve it for robbery, and let him who is without sin cast the first stone. I"

The hands of brother and sister met in a strong earnest clasp, but Gamewell's face was averted, and his strong chest rose and fell like the waves of a tempest tossed sea. At this moment the curtain was pushed aside, and to their surprise Violet well as ever stood before them.

"Well Violet!" Said the Engineer looking up.
"I DON'T EXPECT ANY OF YUR EN MEN to return to day?" She

asked Lee' to get her sisters in marriage.

"No why?"

"Oh well tell them back. Admit them at once, then come and receive your visitors."

...Poor Violet. I had saved her from

hydrophobia by burning the wound and giving her a dose of anti-rabies serum and dropping her in ice cold water. Violet, she was deserving a better fate than this."

"I suppose." -----
Before Jeice could finish, the curtain was again pushed aside and with wide open eyes, flushed cheeks and wonder delight, and incredulity on every feature Violet stood before them, like the most beautiful chorush. Yes there they were their own dear selves, and forgetting everything in their delight. Violet uttered a cry of joy and sprang toward Jeice. Jeice took a step forward, her face flushed with many feelings, and the next moment Violet was held clasped in her sisters arms. After embracing Jennie, and her other sisters, she cried:
"O my dear Jeice, and my other dear sisters, I am

and her other sisters, she cried :
 "O Joice Ameline ! Jennie, and my other dear sisters, I am
 so glad."

"Dearest sisters, my precious but I'm glad so glad to see you all in." "I had you are we all." Voice exclaimed passionately.

"My dear sister I'm glad you are well." Violet exclaimed passionately, embracing her again.

"And now can we go back to work?" Asked Violet.

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Three times during the conflict, and the name of Jibala Vivian interposed to save his brother's life, as he fought with the desperation of madness. But his single arm was unwilling to turn the fortunes of war. Still he fought on with such desperate fierceness, that the half drunken enraged Mandelinitians at last closed in on him and bore him bleeding and wounded to the ground, just at the moment when the reinforcements came to the rescue of the other pirates. The conflict was however ended the pirates being victorious, but even for them the victory was dearly bought, for more than half their number lay wounded or dead on the floor. Every one of the Mandelinitian soldiers who had entered the cave were dead except six. The victorians sat, and drew a long breath, and wiped the perspiration off their heated and inflamed faces. Wounded and bleeding the buccannier chief lay on the ground. Half dead, delirious with conflicting feelings Jibala knelt beside him and strove to staunch the flowing blood. "It is useless." He said with a faint smile. "I have, have relieved my death wound. Call Violet and her sisters. I would see them before I die, and tell my mother and aunt, my poor mother, would to God I could see her too once more." He said while a look of bitter sorrow and remorse passed over his pale face.

"You shall not die here," Exclaimed Jimmie starting up. "And you shall see them in spite of them all. Captain Higbest," He added turning to the present leader of the pirates, who Garmanine coolly commanded. "Permit some of your men to hear your captain to the prison house, immediately where he will be safe from any more prowling glandelinians."

"Once he is constructed something to carry this wounded leader of ours to the Arkham Maine Penitentiary."

Violet and her sisters pa appeared from the inner room to the amazement of the new birds as we had not seen them before.

"Oh what a dreadful time this has been," said Jai e with a dreadful shudder. "Good heaven is Captain Germaine dead?" She exclaimed in consternation.

"No wounded only. He is to be conveyed to the Afficennian prison, and you need not fear these pirates. I'm their officer and they cannot touch a hair of your head without my command. How in the world did you and your sisters get here?"

"Well, we are the last Gann n' Garnet will carry off. I fancy at least. Here he lies." Said Nicolo touching the stark ghastly forms faintly with his feet.

"Dead!" Said Joice, turning pale.

"Yes. The buccannier chief there sent a bullet thro' him the first thing, and serve him right, for peaching us he did, the mean cuss." Said Pirchest.

"Hurry up boys, sh' you've got through isee." Said Pirchest.

"Lift him on it gently now, gently there. You have steered steady as the lead isee, Jannie, that's right." Said Joice to Jimmie.

"What a day this has been. And sh' Oh caution." Said Joice to Jimmie.

"I'm so sorry Captain Germaine is wounded. He you know I liked him real well though he was a pirate."

though he was a pirate."

Jivah made no reply. In silence he drew Joices now through his, and as she and Violet looked at him, they were almost startled to see his face so white as stern as set. The Abikennain pirates bearing the wounded form of Captain Germaine had already started from the cave. Violet and her two sisters followed still and silent and then came Jivah, Jennie, and Angelina with a few of the fierce looking Abikennain pirates bringing up the rear. The melancholy procession passed from the gleamy cave, now indeed a cave of horrors, with its bloody and unburied dead, and Violet and her sisters drew a long deep breath of intense relief and thankfulness as they stood once more in the open air.

The conflict now waxed fast and furious, but desperate as the glandelinians were, they could not hold out against four times their number, as other pirates had done upon the other glandelinians who were about to enter the cave there being five thousand pirates against 2000 glandelinians, the pirates being better armed, and prepared for their selves. As most of the glandelinians were drunk that made them unsteady, while the pirates had as they were did not drink, and as were able to overcome the greatest number of their enemies. The glandelinians in the face of a withering fire, closed in on the pirates, but in an incredibly short time most of the rush glandelinians were either bound hand and foot or lying in the cave as corpse s., all the dead and wounded, lying in heaps on the floor stained all pery floor of the vaults.

Very much for you to tell me. For all the grand luminaries who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. K' I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular." Said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

The men proceeded with their burden, who lay with his white face upturned in the sad solemn starlight, and who may tell the bitter, bitter remembrance of the dark sorrowful past in his proud heart there. Violet and her sisters were late to. Violet with her eyes fixed alternately on the ground, and on her wounded Abbiennian brothers face trying to realize the startling revelation of the night, and morning, Joice looking straight before her, a look of sullen despair, looking at what she was, a wretched broken hearted child. There were some lights and a subdued bustle in the penitentiary, when they reached it. Violet white and trembling, was the first to reach the door. The wounded buccannier chief was laid on a soft lounge in the guards sleeping room. Joice's white stern face had terrified Violet.

"Do you think you can find the cell where our mother and aunt is?" Joice asked Joice.

"Yes."

"Well then go and release them and bring them to this place."

"Free them? Why the glandelinians want let me be."

"Yes you must I tell you. There is no danger now. Here is the keys go at once."

Joice's impatient manner and strange excitement terrified Joice more and more, but she went red to lift up her voice in feeble exhortation.

"I'm afraid it will be dangerous to set them free. The glandelinians are guarding it I'm afraid."

"Joice I tell you you must." Passionately exclaimed Joice. "Else I will go myself. Be danger to free them, back. Younder man is our mother's driver, or he is our son who was banished from Abbiennia. There is no danger, for I'm in command of these glandelinians here and they got to do as I say. Go to the prison across from here and release them."

One moment's unthought pause, and then Joice took the keys and flew outside to the prison, told the guard at the gate Joice's orders, and she was seen flying along the walls where her mother and aunt were locked in.

Joice lost no time in talking despite the utter amazement of her mother and aunt. Swiftly she fitted the keys to the lock of the cell door and entered the door swinging it open.

"What is the matter?" Asked her mother.

"Oh mama dear and you aunt, you must come into the guard room of the Abbiennian prison across the street." Cried Joice in an strong agitation. "There is an Abbiennian buccannier in there who wishes to see you."

"An Abbiennian buccannier wishing to see me? What do you mean?" Asked her mother and aunt together, her mother knitting her dark brows.

"Oh mama there's news of--of--of--your son."

"My son? Are you going to my child?" Cried her mother, glaring upon Joice with her tear dimmed eyes.

"Oh mama, mama, aunt, he has come back, he is an Abbiennian buccannier and here he there wounded in a fight."

"My second son back again, and a buccannier?" Gasped her mother as she pushed her hand over her face with a bewildered look.

"Yes he is back again, but he is wounded."

With a sharp wild cry -- a strange eerie cry breaking the dead silence of the prison, her mother staggered against the wall.

"Girl, girl, what have you said?" She cried out. "D-id-i-d-y-y-y-e-e-u-say my second son Germaine lives?"

"He does, he does. He is here to see you once more before he dies." Said Joice. "Hasten down to the prison there is no time to lose as he may go fast."

They started out to toward the gate and after passing the guard they entered the street and immediately hurried toward the Dell-mell-tell-mell Prison. They reached it in a few moments, and started on toward the guard room. Joice's mother laid her hand on Joice's arm and looked into his face with a piteous look.

very much for you to tell me. For all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. K' I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular." Said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

"O Joice dear. What have Joice told me. Is Germaine living still, and have you become a spy looking in?"

"He is my mother. I'm acting as a spy, but have to be their officer to prevent suspicion. For he is living, he is in the guards room, but he is only come here to die." Answered Joice hurriedly to a whisper.

It was so strange and so sad to hear her speak in a tone like that concerning her son, that quick tears rushed to the gentle eyes of Joice.

"Oh Germaine, Oh Germaine. Oh my son Thank God for this." She gasped. "Cris out. For many and many a hundred years that sacred name had never been heard in that Abbiennian prison. It sent a thrill through the heart of Joice, though the other Abbiennians sneered at her fiercely, as they had no love for him on account of his piracy."

Joice bore her into that room where the wounded buccannier lay. Who shall describe that meeting. Long, long years of darkest crime, and wildest war had passed and her second son, since that lowering lamentable hour on which they parted last. Years full of change and sorrow and sin and remote years that had changed that first weak and helpless Germaine Vivian into a powerful passionate pirate chief. Years that had changed the handsome high spirited gallant youth, into the tattered hardened guilty man lying there dying, yet in spite of his desire of repentance, passing slowly out into the dread unknown. Yet despite time and all change and years they knew each other at the first glance.

"Mother." Said the buccannier captain with a faint strange smile.

"Oh my son, my son, oh Germaine my second son." Was his mother's exclamation to cry. "Hasthe son given up the dead that I see you again?"

"Yes I was for a long time a buccannier chief, mother. When I am gone you will learn all. Mother I have only come here to die."

Her many arms were clasped around him she did not seem to heed his words as her devouring eyes were riveted on his face. He lay breathing quickly and but curiously his face full of bitter sadness as he knew where his mother and aunt and dear sisters were. Joice was leaning against the mantle his elbows resting on it and his face shaded by his falling hair, and Violet and her sisters crouched on a low bench, white and trembling, but watching all. So they remained for a long time, the full silent ticking of the clock, and a death watch on the wall lone a breaking the dreary silence.

The quick sharp gullet of horses feet broke it at last.

and the next instant a glandelinian soldier flushed and excited burst in followed by a doctor. Joice lifted his head, and coming over touched his mother then he on the arm, saying in a low voice, as his aunt who had been kneeling beside him arose;

"Leave him for a moment mother, here is the doctor come to examine his wounds."

Her arms were easily unclasped and she permitted herself to be borne away. Of all the strange things that had occurred that day none seemed stranger to Joice, than this sudden and wonderful quietude that had come over now fierce passionate revengeful sister Joice Vivian. The doctor approached his patient to examine his wounds. Joice stood watching the doctor with interest and anxiety. The doctor after a prolonged examination arose and approached him. Joice said hurriedly:

"Well doctor?"

The doctor who asked him.

"He may linger four or five days but certainly not longer. Nothing can save him."

Joice's very heart seemed to stop beating as he listened. till it became painful for the Abbiennians around to listen for its return. The wounded man himself looked up and beckoned Joice to approach.

"I knew I was done for." He said with a feeble smile. "I was surgeon enough to know it was a mortal wound. How long does he say I may live?"

"Four or five days." Said Jennie in a shocking voice.
 "So long?" Said the buccaner, a dark shade coming over his face. "I do not think it likely to suffer the earth such a length of time. How does she bear it?" "Patiently," to his mother.

"She probably has not heard it yet. She seems to have fallen into a sort of morbid apathy. The shock had been too much for her."

"Poor mother." He said in that same tone of bitter remorse Jim had his use before. "Her worse and only crime was loving me too well, despite my being the boldest and cruellest of the Abbeonians pirates. Bring Jennie here. I have something to say to her which as well may be said now."

Jennie carried Jennie over to him.

"Sister dear." Said the buccaner chief taking the small white hand and looking sadly in her tear stained face.

"Jennie listen to me. I have but a short time to live, and I must die till I learn if you have the way of vengeance against Preville and all the glandelinians?"

"I have, I have." She exclaimed raising to something like the old wild fierceness. "Oh brother, ~~my~~ but my sister will be avenged. I will wring drops of blood from the hearts of all the glandelinians, even as they wring them from mine and my sisters. Yes, as I will avenge Violet. They too know what it is to be spied upon."

"Sister, sister what will you do?"

"I will leave a sign and break up all their plots and plans. Yes I will, and so will you sisters to the same." She fairly shrieked now with blazing eyes. "I will even to kill. Preville the first chance I get, rescue any children I see at any risk, useless or not, and would have done it long ago, if I had not been a prisoner so long. And I will not only do that, I'll kill Preville and all that follow if we ever have a war."

"Oh Jennie, Jennie what is this you are saying? When would you kill Preville? Preville?"

"Right now if he was here." Said Jennie with a sort of fierce passionate cry. "For there stands Violet, the victim, or who was the victim of hydrophobia, a monument of his merciless heart."

An awful silence fell for a moment on all. Jennie had listened like one entranced and a motion to Violet to approach.

Unable to realize what she had heard, she came over and sank down on her knees before the buccaner chief. He took her hand in his.

In his hand he pushed back her tangled golden hair of her brow and gazed long and earnestly at her pale but wondrously lovely womanly face. Annette and Jennie went over and took their place beside Violet. For a long time they remained thus till then at the command of the glandelinian guardian and Jennie Vivian they sat up and were led into a room where a hundred of children were sitting and in distress. The place was like a dormitory. The sentinaries were a strictly strict establishment and the rule was that immediately after supper all should be in their beds and every light that was burning to be extinguished, as the Abbeonians did not want the glandelinians to know that there were any children there. Therefore at seven o'clock silence and a profound slumber came over the gloomy prison. In the children's dormitory, nestled in their beds the youngest and the oldest children were sleeping the quiet sleep of childhood undisturbed by feverish the shivers or horrible forebodings of evening midnight. Even Violet and her sisters despite their sadness had permitted themselves to fall asleep and lay like cute little sleeping angels. All were asleep— all but one. One viewed early mischief brewing head there was by far too full of naughty thoughts to sleep, a glandelinian guard nestled on his pillow was secretly gathering with untroubled delight at the coming of wicked fun and probable murder.

very much for you to tell me. For all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. K. I'm here as a spy."
 "Why it is most singular." Said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

He heard eight, clock, eleven, strike, nine o'clock and then he got out of bed and commenced operations. Taking a piece of stout cord he went across the aisle and successing one end of one end of the string to his bed post let the remainder drop out of the window. The going down stairs he passed through the front hall, and finally secured the other end of the string to the knocker of the door, taking away the rope the glandelinian had worked with in the same manner. His second care was to steal softly to one of the wash stands and to carefully wet a sponge which he placed on the window led within his reach. Taking some phosphureted ether, which was in that room he rubbed it carefully over his face and hands. Dear reader have you ever in your lives seen any one in the dark, or in a dark room, with their face and hands rubbed over with phosphureted ether? Looking as though they were all on fire— encircled by fire or flames? If you have, then you know how the glandelinian looked then. He now leaned over the sill and whistled. A crowd of fierce looking glandelinians up ended under it and descending then to do as he did, he threw down a can of the phosphureted ether among them. Then sitting there a frightful aspect to contemplate, he waited patiently for the hour of midnight to come.

The clock struck twelve at last, the silence was so profound, that the low soft breathing of the young abbeonians could be plainly heard.

In his long flowy night wrapper the glandelinian got up, and tiptoed softly across the room to the bed where Jennie lay. Now he paused, for a moment to contemplate the cherub like innocent sleeper, and then laying one hand on her face, he uttered a low hollow croun, destined for her ears alone. Jennie awakened from a deep sleep by the disagreeable and startling consciousness of an icy cold hand on her face started up in a fright, and then she beheld the awful vision. A white spectre by her bed side, all in fire with flames encircling face and hands, and sparks of fire seemingly darting from eyes and mouth. For one terrible moment she was unable to utter a sound for utter unspeakable horror horrors, brave as she was. Then with one wild piercing shriek shriek Jennie buried her head under the bed clothes, not to shut off the awful spectre. Another shriek came from the hallway outside, not from any terrified person, and such a shriek as it was. No hyena, no screech owl, no peacock nor demon or ghost ever uttered so ear-splitting, throat rending scream, as that that came from the hall. No words in the whole English language can give the faintest idea of that terrible screech. Before its last vibration had died away on the air there came a detonation that shook the building. Never before had such a detonation been heard and a every sleeper in the prison including Jennie Vivian and all the brave reckless Abbeonians had sprung out of bed and stood pale and trembling listening for repetition of that terrible cry and uncanny detonation. For forty beds in the dormitory forty little sleepers sprang and immediately began to make night beds. Beddens with small detentions of that horrible shriek in the hallway. Gathering strength from numbers the forty voices rose in a active high at every scream, and well after well, in the shrillest scream pierced the air, although not one of them had the remotest idea of what it was all about. At the first alarm the glandelinian had flitted swiftly and fleetly across the room and into bed, and seizing the sponge gave his hands and face a vigorous rubbing, while another child child next to him now at the screaming with the rest, not to say considerably louder than any of them.

((Oh glandelinian, get up the house must be afire, we will all be murdered or burned in our beds.)) Yelled the child catching him by the shoulder and giving him a vigorous shake.

"And oh my Mr Sharp (For that was the pseudonym name) "Oh Mr Sharp. Get up. OH-oh-oh." Stricken the terrified children. Jennie was induced to remove her head from under the clothes and cast a quick terrified glance around. But the coast was all clear - - - the awful specter was gone, and another noise set their ears, the sound of footsteps, of all kinds. All hurriedly moved without delay and various other prisoners went about the abominations within the prison from inside living down to the little cook and maid of all work to the prison kitchen and in they rushed with loaded muskets and wore various wear on weapons prepared to do battle to the last gasp and then it was oh "OH!"

Justice Vivian and her sisters sprung out of bed and Jennie who was the most frightened of the all fled in terror to the side of Jimmie Vivian their brother.

"Oh Vivian brother dear it was awful. Oh it was so dreadful. With flames of fire coming out of its mouth and red eyes and dressed in white. Oh It was terrible. Ten feet high and all in flames." Shrieked Jonathan Vivian like one demented.

ABOUT?" ASKED JENNIE VIVIAN quite startled, while all the help-
children clung together, white with mortal terror.

"Oh yes brother Jimmie. I have really seen it. It was all in flames of fire. It was 'rightful.'" Screamed Jennie Virginia terrified beyond doubt.

"Seen it? Seen what? Explain yourself!" Jennie "Jivin'"

"On it must have been a lost soul, a swift demon, a fiend. I felt its
flaming hands, cold as ice on my face. Oh, God! heaven!" And pain Jennie
shrilled at the recollection, resounded through the room.

"Oh I saw a dozen more of them crawling through the room. Freezing hands as cold as ice! Jennie Vivian you must be crazy! Calm yourself. I demand to be explained why we were all packed out of our beds at this hour of the night, by your shriek!" Said Jennie Vivian.

"Oh I saw a demon, a demon awful demon." "A demon? Nonsense Jennie Vivian." "Broke out one of the new brass knuckles across Abbie's nose, officers as he caught Jennie by the arm, shoulder and shook her soundly. "You must have been dreaming. You have had the nightmare, you are crazy. A pretty thing indeed, that the whole house is to be aroused and terrified in this way." "I'm imbued of you Jennie Vivian, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to terrify every one here in this manner." "Said Jennie Vivian. "Oh I'm indeed indeed indeed terrified."

"Oh- inde- inde- inde- every one here in this manner." Said Jennie Vivian.
Jennie Vivian wringing her hand a.
"Silence Jennie Vivian. Don't take a fool of yourself." Thunder-
ed the Abolitionist officer. I' "I'm surprised at you. A child, n an
Angelina playing haricene and giving way to such feelings. Ye saw it inde-
A nice Angelinian you are, to be brave. Return to your beds ye young fools,
all of ye and de ye Jennie- Vivian return to yours, and don't let me hear
anything more about devil s or ghosts or I shall instantly sent you to
one of the prison cells to sleep in."

But even the threat of being put into a cell could not totally overcome Jinnies fears just now, and catching hold of Jibade Vidiens night shirt as he was turning away she wailed & exclaimed:

"A place like this let me have a light in the room for this night at least. I cannot sleep a wink unless you do."

11 Jennie Vivian held your tongue you saw red. Do you not see how you have frightened all these children. Go to bed and mind your business. I think you were told before to go to your beds were you not?" Said Jennie Vivian, himself with getting angry.

Traveling and terrified, the children scattered. The frightened doves
back to their nests, and all the abominable ruckus and indignat
turned their way back to their beds they had so lately vacated grumbling
to themselves that the children deserve a good punishment for giving
them such a scare like this over an old dream as they said it was.

very much for you to tell me. For all the Channel Islanders who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. K' I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular." Said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

And then the old children in the bedrooms crept shiveringly into their beds and wrapped their heads up in the bed clothes trembling at every sound near and Jennie Vivian quivering in dread shrunk into the smallest possible space in her and shut her eyes, eyes, and twisted herself into a round ball under the quilts firmly resolved that nothing in the earth, or in the waters under the earth should wake her open her eyes again that night. And the wicked gl'n glandelinian, the cause of all this, except what occurred in the hall, chuckled inwardly over the success of his wicked plot, and while laying stretched out full length in his bed, thought of the fun yet to come. An hour passed. One o'clock struck then two, before sleep began to visit the drowsy eyelids of the row sed slumberers again. Having reassured himself that they had really fallen asleep at last the glandelinian sat up in bed, softly opened the window an inch or two, screened from view, and any one been watching him, which there was not by the white curtains of the bed. Then lying on his side back on his large pillow, he took hold of the rope and began pulling it away.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. RAP.RAP.RAP RAP,RAPRAP-TAT-TA-TA
TE-TAP.TAP.

The music was awful at that silent hour of the night, and the clanger was entirely deafening. Up and down the huge brass knocker thudded, making a hail of deafening echoes, that rang and rang thru' each of the whole prison cell and of all. Once again every sleeper in the penitentiary was aroused, and once again every sleeper was rung out of bed in terror, wonder and consternation.

"Oh holy Saints. What is that! Oh good heavens who can that be at this time?" Came suddenly from every lip. Every child flitted from the bed-rooms, and a universal rush was made for the new apartment of Jimmie Vivian.

All but the inmates of the dormitory, Jennie and even her sisters, brave as they were, were so terrified to stir, and the other children contented themselves, with loving still, and renewing their screams, when they have left them off so long before. Before. Noe Jimmie Victor half distracted, rushed out and encountered his fifty terrified prisoners in the cells.

"Oh Jimmie Vivian. What has happened to night? We will all be killed. Oh listen to that."

"KNOCK. KNOCK KNOCK. KNOCK KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. RAP. RAP. RAP!"

"We had better open the door, or they will surely break it down." Said Jin. Jin's Vivian, his teeth chattering with rage, not terror.

"Send for Violet, she alone isn't afraid of nothing or neither is her sister Joire." Suggested one of the troubling children.

Two or three of the most courageous made a rush for the bedrooms, and Joie who alone had been sleeping all through the racket was routed out of bed to storm the breach.

"All right then I'll open the door, if it even was the devil himself, and kill him." Exclaimed Joice resolutely, as she grabbed a small

rifle/ and running out to the hallway she rushed down to the door, and turned the key. Back she swung it with a jerk. The transients and gasping

knocking, instantly ceased. Up flew the rifle, and down it descended with a bang upon ----- nothing but the steps. THERE was no one there! "The lord be between me and all harm!" Exclaimed Joice, inwardly, recalling the buck. "The devil a one's there good bad or indifferent."

...I was alone not being scared.

down the street. But all was silent, lonely and deserted.

Down the street but it was silent, for it was empty.
"Come in, and lock the door." Said the enraged Jinnie
Vining "What the dogs of heaven could it have been?"

"Oh the house is haunted, the house is haunted." Came from the white lips of the child children. "Oh Colonel Moodie, do not ask us to go back to our rooms. We are not. Let us stay with you until morning."

"No you cannot. We don't want you children in our rooms, because most of you are girls." Said one of the Abbeismian officers smiling. "But I believe Jennie will let you. He ain't ashamed of girls sleeping with him. Ah."

"Very well." Said Jennie Vivian not sorry to have little children with him. "Come into my room. Joice bring lights."

The door was unlocked. The frightened trembling little children, hustled pale and frightened, and shivering with superstitious awe and undefined apprehension into Jennie's room, while the Abbeismians were scarcely less terrified than they. Joice brought in lights, and their coming renewed the courage the darkness had totally quenched.

"Now Jennie dear." Said Joice Vivian creating her beautiful mess with pink determination. "I'm going to sit at that door till morning. If I have and if it pleases you, and if then black guardly moonbeams comes knocking every one out of their beds again be this and that I will have the marks of this gun on him, as sure as my name is Joice Vivian."

"Very well Joice Vivian. If may be some wickedly despoiled glandelinian wishing to frighten every one of us. And if it is, the heaviest penalty of the law shall be inflicted on him."

Aiming herself with the rifle, Joice softly turned the key in the door and laid her hand on the lock, ready to open it at a moment's notice. Scarcely had she taken her stand when KNOCK! KNOCK! it began again, but the third time was abruptly cut short by her violently jerking the door open and lifting the rifle for a blow that would have done honour to Benny Brock Fair. But a second time it fell with a loud crack and upon --- nothing. Far or near, not a soul was to be seen. Joice was indeed indeed dismayed.

For the first time in her life there was a sensation of terror filled her brave angelic heart. Slipping the door violently too, she looked it again and rushed with wide open eyes and mouth where Jennie and the terror stricken children sat huddled with fear, excepting Jennie who was in a hot rage. He believed some dastardly glandelinian was doing this but he could not tell who it was.

"It surely must be a devil just as Jennie said, that's at the work of making that noise. Lord and me for naming him. Oh holy Martens look down upon us this night, for a poor disconsolate set of children and the cross of Christ be between us, and all harm!" And dropping a little as he took a courtesy Joice devoutly put the sign of the cross on her forehead with her thumb. Unable to speak or move with terror the children and the prison servants crouched together long, while the terrified children prayed wildly for the morning to come. Again the knock knocking sounded and continued without interruption for one mortal hour!

Even the neighbouring glandelinians began to be alarmed at the unusual signs, and windows were opened, and night caps and heads thrust out to see who it was who knocked so incessantly. And no one could ever behold such an assemblage of paler or more terrified faces than were in the dormitory itself. Now and then Jennie fancied she caught another glimpse of the fiery face with streaked fiery hair and hollow sunken blazing eyes standing beside her bedside like a haunting shadow from the bottomless pit. What ever direction she turned, a white ominous shadow seemed to appear looking at her and her sister like a death-bound until the dread of it grew to be a horror unspeakable the vague mysterious terror of her little life.

very much for you to tell me. For all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. X. I'm here as a spy." "Why it is most singular." Said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

precautions

No precautions could rid her of the horrible seeming vision, until during the night it became the very bane of her existence. If she looked at the side of her bed, she would fancy that she again saw that tall spectral figure, standing there all encircled in fire. If she sat up in her bed she seemed to see a wild white face, fiery, with great burning eyes, hovering above her, and which would gleam upon her, for an instant with deadly hate and menace in every feature, and then vanish like a face from the dead. For all the time during the tremendous knocking, which increased her terror, was she safe from the terrible visions, until the dread of these ghostly demons or ghouls, seemed to wear the very flesh of her very bones, or reduce her to a mere living skeleton, and poison every joy of her existence, and make life and death a blank and a horror.

Fear Jennie. Three hours ago that fearful spectre, seeming all in fire had gleamed upon her by her very bedside, and laid a cold blazing hand upon her face. The thought of it now, made her shudder convulsively, and the flickering light from a lamp went outside in the street, seemed like a finger of blood red flame pointing up to heaven and invoking its wrath upon her and her sisters. With an inward presentment she looked through the darkness as if expecting that some fiery unearthly spectre with the fiery face and hands would appear again, and lo, while she gazed, as if it had sprung up from or through the earth, a tall fiery figure all in fire and no white robe, emerged from the darkness, and a voice and itself gleamed fiery and awful through the gloom. Then with that same horrible scream, that was heard in the hall, and which had suddenly disappeared followed from the vision, and as heart rending it was, that though it came from outside, it resounded in every room of the prison, as though it had been shrieked in there. Then there followed an indescribable detonation, that shook the building, as if there was an earthquake, and made the beds jump up and down from the floor, and Jennie Vivian lay frozen with horror to her bed unable to speak or scream. The other children had seen the tall demon, she was really Satan. Jennie now got up looking like an angel in her flowing snowy white night dress.

"Oh God please help me." Said Jennie clasping her hands but oh her sister Joice, or Jennie's sister, who had been rescued from these cruel glandelinians while the Abbeismian pirates had rescued them from that transcendently radiant creature. That lovely bewitching enchanting irresistible Violet, who had been the very first of their peril and sorrow she had all a whirl. She in her distress now forgot the terrible visions, or the continuous knocking. That electric sister of her's

Arlene, with her angel smile, and irradiated face. Who could loving Violet and her sisters. No one certainly. And those who could not help loving them would try to win their love. Only the glandelinians alone, the cruel wicked heartless glandelinians hated them and all children of Angelina. There stood poor Jennie, by her bed, in her trials spotless night gown, looking as fresh and as pure and fair as the beautiful form they draped. The light from the street lamp flashed in her shining waving thick soft golden hair, gilded the roses in her cheeks, kissed her eyes, or light in the large soft blue eyes, and lay like a friend's kiss on the full and rounded lips. The glandelinian who was causing all the trouble had never seen in all his life so dazzling a beauty, never having expected to see any one half so lovely again, and there he lay, while still pulling on the cord, lying upon her feet an opening in her his out curtain, but like a man in a dream. While he gazed and gazed, in the sweet oblivion of love with its mad in its mad eyes, he was like a waking her turn. turn a glandelinian and adopt her but then to his rage he knew she was stubborn, and all his love if any, had any been brewing passed away and changed to hatred.

Her sweet young face with its waving flaxen hair and dark lustrous blue eyes was now turned again to her sisters, and then to her and the glandelinian wishing to see who it was, pushed aside the curtain, and at sight of her beautiful rounded form the white rounded throat, on which the graceful little head, was poised, the waving sunshiny hair, the smiling eyes, the soft tender blue eyes, he was more amazed than ever. But at the title "Angelinians" he closed the curtain, and continued with pulling the cord.

Despite all who tried to comfort him, the angelinian governor mourned still, and would not be comforted. Had he been assured of the supposed death of Violet and her sisters, he would have grieved, it is true, but not as he grieved now. Had he beheld his beautiful children laid in beautifully made graves, he would have mourned, but not with mourning like now. What had been the fate of his children. Were Violet and her sisters living or dead? Into whose glandelinian had his little daughters fallen? What would be the picture of Violet and her sisters? Night and day these thoughts were ever upper darkening his very soul, until great anguish and despair filled his heart. Enormous rewards, had been offered for the slightest clue to their whereabouts; for upwards of a week the keenest Calvinian scouts were kept on the track, even with bloodhounds, but all was in vain. Day after day passed and no tidings were brought, to him of the lost ones, and still he wildly hoped. Every passing footstep sent a thrill through his heart in the anticipation that it might be the bearer of good tidings, but day after day passed away, but still no trace of governor Vivian's children could be discovered, but still he wildly hoped. Through all the long weary days of vain watching and waiting, he had hoped against hope until the last. But now -- now when the search was given over in despair, came the full realization of his utter bereavement. Then the mortal anguish and despair he had so long struggled against, overwhelmed his soul. He buried himself in decent mourning, shut out the light from his room, and in silence and darkness still mourned for his lost children, and would not be comforted. On the heart of governor Hanson Vivian, the blow had fallen no less heavily, but crushing back his bitter sorrow, to his own noble heart, he calmed himself, to console his brother Robert Vivian. Of all his friends, of all who loved him the Angelinian governor would admit no one to his presence but Hanson, and folded to his heart, he sat for hours day after day, white, still, cold and silent. At first Hanson had permitted nature to have her way, thinking his brother's sorrow would be less and ring if left to wear itself out, but when day after day passed, and no change came, and he saw his growing whiter, and more fragile, day after day, he began to think it was something was done to rescue him from this destroying grief.

"Robert Vivian this was wrong, this is STUPID!" Hanson said, holding his brother's hand, and looking sadly down in the sad cold face. "This rebellious murmuring must not be endured longer. Dearest brother rouse yourself, from this sea of despair, and remember your children are in the hands of God."

A shiver, a shudder, a fluttering of the heart, and that was all. No words came from the pale lips.

"Have faith, my brother, and keep up your trust in God. Overcome this selfish grief, and remember there still remains many for you to love. Live for other children, my own brother live for me, for the heaven where your children have gone."

"On my children, on my children, would to God I had died for them." Break in a passionate cry from the white lips of Robert Vivian.

"Your children pray for their father in heaven. Grieve not for them dear brother, and I am left to you still."

"Oh it was my fault-- it was my fault. I left them alone, helpless and unprotected, exulting by a helpless maid, while I was enjoying myself at the council house. There was no one to watch her or my daughters I mean that helpless maid, no one fierce and strong enough to beat off those fierce and devilish glandelinians and save them. All were gone, and they were left to perish. OH MY CHILDREN, OH MY CHILDREN."

No words can describe the agony, the remorse the undying despair of his tones so full of a father's love almost was. Then blessed tears came to his relief, and laying his head on his brother's shoulders, he wept convulsively. It was the first time really he had shed a tear, since they were gone. Hanson Vivian hailed this as a favorable omen and permitted his brother to weep undisturbed, until the very violence of his grief had exhausted itself, and then raising his head and smoothing back the yellow curls of hair from his high pale brow he said softly:

"My brother is mortified in his grief. He has nothing to reproach himself with. Since heaven will ed we should lose six little angels it gave us, it is our duty to be resigned."

"Oh if they had died--If I knew they were sleeping quietly in their graves I could be resigned. But this dreadful uncertainty is nearly killing me."

"Oh Robert, God gave us two loved ones in Abbiennani, Catherine and Violet which he deigned I should lose too, and I stood it better than you."

It was the first time since the disaster had happened, he had spoke of his wife and daughter, and for one instant his brow grew dark, at the unpleasant memories it brought back. The shadow was gone as quickly as it came, and stooping down he pressed a kiss on his brother's brow, as he said:

"But Christ knows best brother dear. If he has given us grief was he not a sufferer of some himself. Rouse himself by yourself from this lethargy of grief rot Robert. Does it console you, to make those around you wretched? For a brother I cannot tell you how much it adds to my grief, how miserable it makes me to all those who love you, to see you yield to this lethargy of despair. Do you think I do not feel the loss of your beautiful children and brother dear? Do not give way to this utter shadow of despair, because I know its port is positively wrong and useless. There is a sort of luxury in yielding to grief, and permitting it to have its way, but it is an entirely selfish luxury and I trust my brother will view it in its proper light, and pray for a more Christian spirit."

"For give me brother." Robert softly murmured, murmured.

"Bear with me a little longer. I know I am weak and rebellious, Oh there never was sorrow like Christ's."

But from that day a change was manifested in the great angelinian governor. Instead of grief, revenge was his. Loving his brother with sweet and tender worship, and for his sake, he strove to shake the enemy of grief from his brother's mind, and resume his governorship, and recover to his daughters even if he had to go to war for them. At first the trial was hard, almost too hard, for him to bear, but his brothers planned smile, his thrilling whispers of thanks, the earnest pressure of his hand, told him his efforts were understood and appreciated, and more than rewarded him for the sacrifice he had made.

Little Vivian who never believed in ghosts went to the door bringing a lamp with him toward the huge brass knocker, he discovered to his amazement the cause of it all. He quickly went upstairs and into the dormitory, bringing one of the Abbiennians with him. The first thing he did was to go to the window, and discovering the string now where it led and he flung the light on the sill, and in short order he was in the bed of the glandelinian. With a quick jerk, he pulled the curtain aside, and saw that it was he who had done all this. My law the Abbiennians did come and saw a sweet little Vivian did not say anything, but he did lots. If it had not been for the Abbiennians he would have thrown the poor book out of the window head first. However the Abbiennians raved in laughter at the ridiculous plight in which he had given him two black eyes.

very much for you to tell me. For all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. K' I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular." Said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

The next day to the sorrow of Violet and her sisters, Germanine Vivian was taken away, toward Boppon, Jinni-Vivia, a being sent there also, to find out about the conditions there. He reached the place after the usual slaughter of children, with Germanine, but were both captured as glandelinian spies by the angelinians child rebels who were now advancing, and preparing for a general battle.

That morning the cruel glandelinians in ignorance of the abhienians made poor Violet and her sisters get up earlier than the others, then leanness their lodges with blood, and put clothes of glandelinian children on them. Then the glandelinians decided to fool the other captives, and make them believe that Violet and her sisters were children of the glandelinians, so that they would be friendless altogether. But these children in that prison knew Violet and her sisters too well, to believe the lie, and the glandelinians in a rage decided to take them out of the Dell-Mell-Tell-Tell penitentiary, and take them to another prison, where the Vivian Girls had the greatest horror of. One thousand children were prisoners there a hundred in each cell room which was as large as a playroom of an asylum but altogether windowless excepting the main cell on floor no number one. It was very far from the glandelinians knew, the place being a hall upon earth. This penitentiary was much larger than it had ever been, before being destroyed during the Glando-Abhienian war, covering a half a block at its widest, and at its longest longest covered one block, the prison being in now being one block wide and two blocks long. The Dell-Mell-Tell-Tell prison was eight stories high, and all the windows it did have, was strongly barred, having been built by the Angelinians but was overseen by the abhienians. Of the barred windows, no steel saw or file, could ever cut them. And if it was possible it would take more than twenty four hours, to saw one of the bars. The wall were forty feet high, armed with cannon, gathling guns of that, and the walls were made so that it was impossible to climb even with ladders. AND THE GATES WERE MADE of iron three feet eight inches thick, with inner doors, made of bronze like in the manner of a money vault. On top of the great wall were always put queer guards, and reaching the gate by one would have to pass seven great doors, each of which had to be unlocked, before they could reach the inner yard. Each door was as strong as the outer gate. Though an angelinian penitentiary, the place looked far worse, than the destroyed slaughter pen At Adren, and it was impossible to escape it in any way, no matter what plans they would work up, in their minds. The main door of the prison was painted black, and the front part of the building had no windows except in a covered ones, on the upper parties. Thick rolling black clouds of smoke came from the roof, but as they saw men from the adjoining roofs, pitching fuel into it, they knew that it was a row, and were a kind of a execution house. Below about in the middle of the horrible looking building, was a large black opening, there once in a while, or about the inner walls something like countless knives, seemed to start out, fully blood stained. Going to the opening from the top floor of the penitentiary was something like a steep long trough, made of steel and the most horrible sight that Violet and her sisters had ever seen was scores of screaming children, sent sliding and sprawling down almost stark naked toward that horrible opening, and the last they saw and heard was the squirting blood, and dying screams. Prayers as they were, a sensation of the greatest terror seized them. Below that horrible opening was another where a smaller trough extended toward the ground, and down this slices of flesh from the butchered children sped falls falling in piles on the ground, while the trough was fairly red with gore. If it was fair to murder children who never did no harm to them, than this kind of slaughter was worse than bloody murder, and also was one of the causes of the great destruction of the building as we will soon see. The prison was worse than it ever had been the scenes indeed being frightful.

very much for you to tell me. For all the glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. I'm here as a spy. Why it is most singular. Said Joice. I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death.

The glandelinians gave a loud demonic yell, and the big door suddenly swung open revealing another door before them. Another loud bell was rung, and this opened revealing a black bloodstained hallway enshrouded in eternal darkness, excepting in many places it was brightened a little by hideous glowing objects. A lamp was now lit and another terrible sight was revealed. A long of skulls and bones, hung on the black walls on each side of the hall, and at the end, hideous grinning skulls which had been fairly bathed from phosphurated ether, and which indeed frightened Violet and her sisters, though brave as they were. In each corner also shining in a ghostly manner from phosphurated ether were grinning skeletons of once butchered children. It was hideous to behold.

The ceiling was covered with all kinds of frightful objects that could be thought of, while standing in the middle of the hall as high as the ceiling itself, was an image of the most hideous DRAGON that any one could ever imagine, as seeming to be alive, though it was not.

Its mouth was wide open, showing two rows of the most horrible teeth, and fangs. Violet and her sisters were so frightened to move, and in spite of all, the cruel glandelinians dragged them toward the horrible dragon like lounge, which seemed to try and shut its glowing mouth, now and then. Violet and her sisters had never been so terrified in all their lives, and far fairly was the hall were hideous, with their piercing screams, which sounded uncanny in their ears. Inside the horrible mouth, which was about fourteen feet high by high, was a queer little door, about as high as an ordinary as a money vault, and the glandelinians carried the screaming children to the horrible mouth, and went in avoiding the teeth, which was made of steel painted ivory color, opened the door and jumped inside the hideously black opening, landing on some kind of a platform.

A DEEPENING LIGHT REVEALS THE VIVIAN GIRLS

FRIENDLESS.

Below the platform, there were steps, and the glandelinians sped down these while the children pitifully begged God to save them, and entered what was supposed to be the inside of the monster image or abdomen. It was not filled with phosphurated images that were very small, but were hideous than terms, and very much like them in shape. They now went mounted another flight of steps, and were confronted by another door. The glandelinians opened this, and went out taking the children with them. They were now in the other end of the long hall filled with foul smells, and at the glandelinians went toward a wall door on the side. The glandelinians now opened this, after unlocking it, and went in, the children of course being forced to follow. Inside this door were about 1,000 little girls and boys.

Inside the room were 1,000 little girls, all girls, for the boys and girls were never allowed together in this prison. There was one though, having rotten in when the glandelinians had forgotten to lock the door and one day, and had caused the children to rise up in rebellion against the glandelinians.

This was the room that had windows, and though they were barred, plenty of light was in the room. The boy evidently was their leader. They were all startled to see the glandelinians coming with Violet and her sisters, and as these children had never seen Violet and her sisters long ago to know them, the glandelinians knew that they could deceive them, by making these children believe they were also glandelinians so that the Vivian Girls would receive no kindness from them. When the

child prize men saw what kind of clothes Violet and her sisters wore, suggested that as glandelinians, were Angelinians once, but have

become glandelinians through cowardice. Said one of the glandelinians. We placed them in here to watch you rebel prisoners and see that none of you escape or do anything to please your God.

Then the Glandelinians left, locking the door, but now Violet and her sisters had no friends. Being wickedly deceived by the Glandelinians, the children edged away from Violet and her sisters, not of fear, for they had no fear of them, but in distrust. Violet and her sisters tried to make them know that they were no Glandelinians but Christians like themselves, but the children only glared at them fiercely. Though the Glandelinian had told them the right names of the children, the other children never having heard those pretty names before, did not know Violet and her sisters. These children had all sorts of nice things to eat and play with. Violet and her sisters recognized the fat boy, as that fellow they had seen, during their return home, but half beset with dirt, blood, and having clothes on that the Glandelinian children were, the boy failed to recognize them. He had been captured at about the same time Violet and her sisters had been carried off, but had been brought direct here without delay. The two men captured in endeavoring to save the children, had been thrown down that slaughter trough, and cut up by these horrible knives, worked by great machinery. When they were made spite of and cruelly abused Violet and her sisters wept so hard that it did certainly touch the hearts of the children but then they had no right to be friendly with the enemies of God as they supposed. Violet and her sisters were, and did nothing to clear them, but abuse them all the more. They did not give them any of the nice things and that night they planned to have a party, a secret party. Violet and her sisters were not invited in it though, she and her sisters being ferreted out, and returned. The Glandelinians did not wish to put these rebellious children to death, because there was great fear of them and the rebel leader Aronburg and Zimmermann. The children had hidden for firearms of all kinds hidden under their mattresses, in hidden box closets, and all secret places. So they were very seldom visited by the Glandelinians, having gotten their nice tempting food by raiding the dining rooms or kitchens of the wicked Glandelinians, during the night. Now they managed to do so, was that they had a key hidden hidden near that owl would open that door when ever they wanted to go out to make a raid, and would open the doors of the kitchen and dining rooms too. When night came they prepared for the party, and had it too.

But was Violet and her sisters invited to it? No. They only got to eat what was left over. But no presents were given to them by the boy who was the rest of things. This indeed was the saddest day for Violet and her sisters. He was spurned by child captives of their own nation. Nationally, because of those lying Glandelinians, telling that they were Glandelinian children. Even the boy, who should have fallen in love with them, spurned them now, worse than the rest, and instead of giving them food of which there were plenty, made them sleep on the floor.

What if he had learned the truth? What if he had found out that they were really the little girls he had seen looking into the reception room, that happy day so long past. There would have been a change in this treatment altogether, and some action on the part of the Glandelinians as to preventing the children from being locked up, to free the Vivian Girls. All night Violet and her sisters went crying and praying.

Never had there been so and in all their lives. When at all the Glandelinians wrote to Governor Hanson, and their father, stating that Violet and her sisters had been Glandelinians, and were now helping in their butcheries children. Not long after the Glandelinians received an answer, and it ran as follows:

"Be spiteful vipers of Satan, if this is true it is all the cause of you, and if we ever lay our hands on you, you shall pay dearly for this. As for Violet and her sisters we don't believe a thing of this, and it is a lie to get up a plot, to make our love for them grow cold."

"That is all you vipers. We shall soon advance on Chilverine with our forces to recover them."

Respectively Governor Vivian and Hanson.
So long vipers."

very much for you to tell me. For all the Glandelinians who are looking for her it is very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to go hunting further. I'm here as a spy."

"Why it is most singular," said Joice. "I know that she must have been in danger of hydrophobia, and perhaps she may have got it, and in her ravings went to her death."

It was interesting to think of this in her case, and this is what he wrote back to the Glandelinians:

"I do not want to see the Vivian Girls again, as they are traiters and their father is very foolish to believe them innocent.
Yours truly Hanson. So long."

The Glandelinians laughing heartily over their mean trick entered the room, and landed the letter at Violet's feet. Then they set out, scowling at the other children, who pouted and scowled in return, as reaching for the nearest weapons. This made the cowardly butchers hurry out and they slammed the door behind them and locked it. Violet in the meantime, hastily ripped open the envelope and took out the letter. I don't know if it quickly Violet read the contents, and nearly fainted at the startling letter. Joice picked up the letter as Violet dropped it, and threw herself on the floor, and cried as if her heart would break. Angelina and Jennie did the same, when they saw the contents of the letter, and so did Joice and her other sisters. Then after crying as long as she could, Violet desperately resolved to answer this letter, and have it sent off at any risk. She fairly staggered, as she got up, so sad was she. Falling on her knees, to the surprise of all the rest, she prayed in a piteous manner, after making the Sign of the Cross, then finishing she staggered to her feet, and went toward the boy who was near just then, and with an appealing look that would have melted a heart of bronze, begged him to give her some writing paper, a lead pencil and an envelope. Then all the rest were certainly touched beyond describing. Grabbing her by the shoulder, and lifting her beautiful face to his, he gazed long into her innocent blue eyes. He saw her innocent look which was so pleading that he could not resist it, his heart seemed to melt with pity, and tears came to his own blue eyes. The boy saw something like a Scapular string around her neck, and something like a string of black beads, but descending in the front toward her chest. Then he suddenly placed his hand quickly against her white throat, digging his fingers under her waist, and to the amazement of all, her head drew up the Cross of her Rosary, and her Scapulars which she had been wearing. All the other little girls looked at each other.

"By the great hornspeak, she a Glandelinian!" he gasped.

"Why all Glandelinians no matter who they are hate to wear these Secret Things, and would not do it, even if you threaten to burn them at the stake. This shows little girls." He added. "That the Glandelinians are the blackest liars. They put these false farnothing dirty rags on her and the others to deceive us, and to lead us these lies also. And I believe I have seen this little girl somewhere before. My gracious I have. She is no Glandelinian. AND ARE VIOLET AND HER SISTERS, OR I AM A LIAR MYSELF."

Quick as a flash he stretched out his right hand to her.

"Shutke!" he said. "And forgive us what we done to you. We are your friends, and we may be sure."

Violet with tears streaming down her cheeks did as, and then he asked all the others to do the same, which they did, also cheering her sisters and shaking hands with them. Then several of the children brought Violet and her sisters some clean clothes, and showed them the way to a bath. Now and the boy felt, when he had at last found out that he who had loved them when he first saw them, would have treated them so cruel all on account of a big lie made by the Glandelinians. The thought stung him to madness. Oh what would have happened if these Glandelinians had dared come and open that door at this moment. The boy was sitting on a bench, with his hands on his head, when he noticed a piece of paper lying on the floor. Quick as the thought he reached it up, saw writing on one side, and began to read the contents. My it was not fairly staggered. At once a score of children were around him eager to have a look at the letter at the letter.

JUST then Violet and her sisters came out, all clean with their hair, fixed in a very graceful way. The boy hurriedly read the letter again, and was astonished about the contents. From a drawer he quickly drew a piece of writing paper and quickly wrote:

"The glandelinians are liars. Violet and her sisters have not become glandelinians. If you saw them and how they suffered, when we were deceived by the lies of the glandelinians, you would love them. The glandelinians told you this to deceive you and make you angry at them. A prisoner. Your half-boy friend."

Then hurriedly folding it up he put it in an envelope, and after writing the name of their father, and the address, and quickly stamped it. Not long after a glandelinian entered, but no sooner had he stood in the middle of the room, when all the children crowded around him leveling pistols at him, while the boy held up the envelope, and said coolly:

"If you really like to live, swear that you will see that this letter reaches the angelinian governor at Beppe. I'll give you only for four seconds to make up your mind, and if you don't we will kill you. One—two—three."

"I will I swear it by Satens a name that I will!" Screamed the frightened glandelinian who indeed was a coward. "Don't shoot!"

The glandelinian quickly took the envelope, and as the bad glandelinians always kept faithful to their oaths, he saw strictly that the letter reached the Angelinian governor, by taking it himself. Violet and her sisters now got all the nice things to eat, and play with that they wanted.

The next day Violet smelled something burning, and opening a window which of course was the only one not barred, poked her golden head out, and saw far down flames leaping out through windows of the penitentiary, already cracked by the meeting of great heat inside the ones, and cold outside the panes. To the glandelinians it meant a hell fire, one that would burn all the christians, for them, but to the glandelinians owning the building it did not. To Violet and her sisters, it meant the meanest kind of a fire, one where hundreds of children, just were their way in narrow aisles flanked by counters and shelves laden with prison material, much of which was sure to be blazing. It meant a fiendish hot smoke filled atmosphere, with great danger of being roasted off, by piles of black blazing prison material free to escape to the outer air. A blaze in a big penitentiary, always strikes dread to the prisoners. Violet told all the children who were her friends, how, and went to the big door finding it open. Violet and her sisters opened the door, and entered the broad hall on the side. As they went in a great puff of smoke belched toward the open door, being drawn by some draft. But Violet and her sisters, with their golden heads lowered, saw the difference between the smoke and the fire, and they were not startled by a wall of crackling roaring flame. They tried to go on further, but to realize how hopeless it would be, and so they went on down toward the other end, where the dragon image stood in the way followed by the other children, but every one shrank from that horrible image, not because they thought it was alive, but because it was dangerous to enter its hole without guides. The whole hall round the face of the monster anyway, seemed to pretty much in the all engulfed in the flames, while at the front at one side, including a barred window, was also in the embrace of fire. Jennie, who was closer to the horrible image, fell back with a mouth full of smoke, and was caught by the boy.

"Strangled oh!" The boy muttered. "We will all have to crawl to avoid the smoke."

Jennie was placed flat on the floor, soon recovering her breath, while the boy decided to get across the hall through that monster somehow, without running all the rest into needless danger.

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rip of floor under a counter, over loaded with prison clothes was already blazing. Now through the walls on the front of the hall, which was just starting to blaze, it seemed wholly impossible to get to that part of the hall or out again. They were trapped. No one could pass through that mass of fire, and the only exit was through that monster. Holding handkerchiefs over their mouths the boy and Violet and her sisters, hurried through the thick smoke, past rows of leaping flame, where their flesh seemed almost blistered by the heat. The other children being terrified, refused to go farther, and their fate was terrible, not one was left alive, excepting the boy and Violet and her sisters. All but strangled, their hearts going at low pressure sure now, the boy and his six followers, battled through the smoke, wondering if it would be too late, when they reached that door. It was an awful undertaking, and the smoke was getting thicker and the air hotter.

"Crack!" Violet fell down overcome by smoke. She had been more exposed to it, than had her sisters, and now she was completely senseless. Joice now picked her up, but with difficulty. Bravely enough Joice staggered under her burden, but the weight made her phantom, and swallow more and more of the smoke. She went down and out, unconscious, Violet sprawling with her. Both now lay some feet from that door, but the boy quickly swung open the door, then caught up both of the strangled little children, carrying them swiftly through the entrance, while Angelina and the others followed. Then the boy to prevent a draught, shut the door. But once inside the monster, where the air was clear, Violet and Joice, seen as a tree. It was really quite a dangerous place, without glandelinians to guide them, and they were lost inside the monster.

Inside to the rear, was another door, and they opened it. In this place was a row of hay, blazing furiously, around a runway, and no one it seemed, could get down there. But the boy did know something about this monster, and knew that this was one of the nearest exits.

"Look!" Panted the boy, as they halted at the door, where the air seemed red-hot. For any human being, to try to get down that runway, it indeed seemed like a fearful task.

"Come on now you angels, don't hesitate, for delay is dangerous. Bend mighty low. Don't breathe any more than you have to." Called the boy as Violet and her sisters hung back in great fear. But the boy and Violet headed the rush for the runway encouraging the others.

Funny place to have a runway, and hay left was it not dear readers. At either side and overhead the hay was blazing, the air blistering hot and the smoke thick. For all these seven little smoke eaters got through dashing down the runway. Hardly had the last one gone through when the blazing left overhead fell with a great rear, fairly burying the runway, with a mass of burning hay ten feet deep.

"Oh merciful God save us!" Gasped Violet turning deathly pale. "And there are no windows or openings, for us to get out through."

"No windows eh?" Thundered the boy. "Then we will use windows, for there are axes in the corner of this room." He quickly secured two axes and handed one to Violet, who but a girl could chop splendidly.

Crash, crash crash, rang out the axes, while the other little girls dragged away the shattered planks, and barades which the monster image was made of.

"It's a funny thing for rooms." He muttered. He himself, as he continued chopping.

Violet and her sisters had never doubted what the boy would do, for their relief. Now as two big holes in the wooden sides of the image were cut through Jennie dragged an empty box forward, Angelina another.

The boy had ceased work in order to watch the flames which were rapidly creeping upon them, from the fallen hayleft, and its heavy load of blazing hay.

Standing on the boxes they kept on chopping, to make the holes large enough to get through. As fast as the girl and boy worked, Joice and her sisters dragged away the planks, throwing to one them to one side.

"Hurry up," shouted Joice, "the right hand side of his room is now afire. Must be Violet or we will meet a terrible fate."

Violet's sisters now stood by in a cold sweat of dread, though they knew the spirit that animated the other two. The holes were made bigger now, and one after another the little girls clambered out. As a captain is the last to leave a sinking ship (where did it sink) so the boy felt bound to remain in the boating room, until he had seen the last of the little girls clamber out. As they raced away from the blazing monster, through the smoke filled and blazing hall, there was a sudden deafening crash that shook the building, a shooting up of flames, and then a heavier crackling, as the burning monster so lapsed. But the endangered ones got out by the main entrance, the boy knowing the combination of the door, and saw that the fire departments were already coming. Violet and her sisters caught sight of flames, breaking from some of the rear windows of the prison. All the gates of the walls were quickly thrown open. The glandelinian fire departments had swung far along the streets of Galverine or Norma Catherine T mean, and they were coming near the burning penitentiary, still full of frightened children who were unable to escape.

"Drive the engine past, and we will land in front," yelled the captain as the distance to the fire was lessened at full speed.

As the glandelinian fire department wheeled toward the blaze, the sudden roar of an explosion filled the air (with hot air) and flying bricks and stones fell about them, while the force of the great explosion toppled the glandelinian steamer over, and several of the glandelinian fire men fell to the ground. The captain of the fire men his first thought for the men, scrambled to his feet, and yelled:

"Everybody hurt? Is everybody alright?"

With chorus's of "No" and "Yes" in variant answers to the two different questions, the glandelinian firemen got to their feet, and after picking up their immense helmets, jumped to their engine to right it, while others worked to lift up the four horses. The other departments with the hose wagons, hook and ladder truck, had escaped the accident, owing to their having advanced beyond the point, before the great explosion came. With the din of the horrible detonation, and the cries of the fire men, they drew rein and hurried back to give what aid they could. In a few minutes the glandelinian firemen, had brought the steamer back on its wheels.

"All right, save for some bruises, and scratches on the painted sides, and the partial snapping of the fire grating, and all the fire spilled out, which will soon be lighted again," said the captain. "Follows got it around to the front, and turn and get back." He added to his men:

A big crowd had gathered from across the street, especially where they had seen the accident to the firemen. The firemen had the big steamer to the place where their captain indicated, with a wave of his trumpet, while those at the hose, and with the hook and ladders, hurried off to attend to their own thrilling work. "Drop your lines of hose into the river. Over into the river," called the captain of the firemen, dashing in that direction, when he saw to the placing of the steamers. With two nozzle men in command of the hose, it was but a few seconds before the long lead was run back from the Norma, un river, and the connection was made for instant pumping.

"Are you ready for the pumping?" Was the response of the engineer, and the captain waved his hand, to let the four inch stream come. Then the glandelinian fire captain pointed to the window whence had come the greater part of the fire, at the time of the explosion, and yelled:

"Go at it in the side there."

"Swish."

The hosemen aimed the stream at the second floor windows, while the captain of the glandelinian firemen, went around to the rear, to see if the fight could not be better carried into the boating building, and thereby put out the fire more quickly.

"Got away from there, there is dangerous powder stored away in that part of the prison," yelled a voice from the ever increasing crowd, as a begrimed glandelinian in dusty old clothes darted forward and placed a hand on the shoulder of the glandelinian fireman or captain. The fire captain swung and saw the glandelinian who was one of the guards of the prison and probably an engineer of the back machinery in the execution building. There was a sudden roar of whistle just behind him, a cry to a horse, and the glandelinian fire chief galloped up to the blaze, pulling his horse to a stop at the fire captain's side. From the buggy jumped a glandelinian general, the principal owner of the building. He looked at the burning building, saw the side of the building which had been shattered by the force of the explosion, and noted the heavy volumes of smoke, and the great tongues of flame, which leaped from all the windows of that side.

"Get away from there," screamed the engineer, or prison guard, or whatever he was, pushed against the glandelinian fire captain, and the chief, and beckoned to the general to fall back.

There is seventeen hundred thousand tons of powder in that part of the prison right here, the north wing."

The crowd which had surged forward in seeing the accident to the firemen now hastily fell back, leaving the firemen alone on the ground close to the burning prison.

"Fall back, there is powder there," yelled the prison prison owner himself, pointing to the rear or north wing of the building, toward which the flames from the other wing were leaping with all their fury. But the glandelinian firemen would not fall back, instead their captain beckoned to one of them, and called to him:

"Get some grenades. We will head this off."

With a bound the fireman was off for the boxes to get the extinguishers, while the fire captain watched the inde sissious climbing of the flames, toward the rear wing where the powder was stored.

"One hundred thousand dollars to the company if it saves the wing," yelled the owner of the building, as he fell back from the blaze, and watched the firemen. "I'll save that wing and I'll give one hundred thousand dollars."

But the wing must be saved anyhow. That was the duty of all firemen, and they never thought of anything else but duty.

"Grash, Grash," the captain darted forward, gained a point close beside the building, and sent two grenades straight through the window, from whence the flames were darting fiercely, toward the wing where the powder was stored.

"Hosemen, get your stream through there," he called.

Instantly the seven men at the hose rushed their stream from the side, and the wish of the water was heard very plainly, as it poured through the window, and struck into the sea of fire within.

"Get a ladder. Bring a ladder," yelled the glandelinian fire captain. Among several of the firemen there was a quick scramble, as they hurried to get the ladder, and brought it to where their captain was standing. Five of the men righted it against the building where he indicated, and before any of the onlookers could gain say the movement, the chief standing in awe at this daring action on the part of the brave glandelinian firemen, the captain darted up the ladder, reached the open window between the fire and the powder filled wing and called for the hose. The quickly the seven firemen darted toward the ladder and up, the nozzle was turned to stop the stream, and one of them rushed up the shaky ladder. It was a very dangerous undertaking, but the building must be saved, at least this part, for if the powder wing caught afire, the explosion following would not only devastate a part of the city from the concussion, but cause a terrible conflagration, and kill probably every one in the city in this location, besides all the fire men.

"Get off that ladder. Come down from there," yelled the glandelinian fire chief, getting control of his voice once more.

But the glandelinian fire man had already started up and they could not be stopped. The chief rushed forward and tried to pull the hose to earth, but the captain yelled:

"Let the hose come chief. It's all right."

The fire captain dropped away, and the hose quickly went up the ladder, was grasped by the glandelinian fire captain, the nozzle was given a turn, and hanging there with one hand, clutching the window sill to keep from falling, the hose was wriggling and twisting below him, the other hand holding onto the nozzle, which leaned across one round of the ladder, the captain placed the nozzle between the iron bars of the window and started the stream through. But loosened by the heat the iron bars fell out and almost caused the captain to fall.

"The captain will not get blown up sure," roared the glandelinian engineer, watching the glandelinian fireman as he directed the nozzle for a minute and then three or four legs across the charred sill call.

"Save him. Save him. Don't let him go in there."

put the glandolinian fire captain went. Throwing the other leg over the sill, after he had found a footing, the fire captain pulled the hose up a little, and stood there in the window the tongues of flame darting out toward him. From the center of the room which was the one violet and his sisters had been in, behold the stream fairly, in the face of the flame.

"Bring up some more grand grenades." He yelled turning toward the window to get a breath of air, but holding the stream toward the crackling fire. One of the stalwart firemen ran to the box, obtained four grenades, and almost before the fire captain had gained the fresh air, the fire man was springing up the ladder with the extinguishers. Crash. Crash. The crowd of glandolinians looking at the fire, cheered, and yelled as they saw the fire captain grasp the grenades out of his companions' hands one at a time, and hurl them toward the flame. The fire almost instantly died down a little, and heavy clouds of smoke rolled out of the window, clearing the glandolinian fire captain out of their view.

De-O-De-O-De. There was a thundering noise toward the left of the glandolinian fire captain, the building shook for a moment, there was a terrible crash of bricks and stones, and mortar mingled with beams, and heavy beams fell in all directions, he felt the building shaking, but the glandolinian fire captain held the four fresh streams straight against the fire, knowing that he was safe, as long as he had at fallen from his feet. All was confusion below. The entire front end of the building had caved in from the front. The explosion force of the explosion, fire leaped and poured two hundred feet high from the wreckage, while many of the glandolinian fire men ran to and fro, yelling for one another to help the glandolinian fireman, who was in the burning building, others picked themselves from the ground where they had been tossed by the force of the explosion, while others groined and moaned in pain, from the flying bricks and stones.

"In the fire captain's safe" yelled the glandolinian general I believe, who owned or had charge of the burning prison as he dashed up to the fire chief and grasped him by the shoulder. The glandolinian fire chief merely wiped his eyes to free them from the dust, and pointed to the glandolinian fire captain who still stood in the window, pouring his heavy fire back at the stream ahead undisturbed by the explosion. The light of the fire had now died, for the glandolinian fire captain had probably won the crowd of onlooking glandolinians cheered and yelled more as they saw the fire captain disappear from the window, pulling the hose with him, first calling to one of the firemen to come up the ladder.

"Don't go up that ladder chief. Don't let our fire captain go in there. One is enough in that inferno like place." screamed the glandolinian eng. engineer, again grasping the glandolinian fire chief by the shoulder. But the fire chief stood silently by, and allowed the glandolinian fire man to hurriedly go up the rungs of the ladder and enter the building by the window. A few minutes passed, long minutes to the waiting crowds of glandolinians, but soon again they saw the two firemen appear. Then what a cheer went up. Every one yelled for the fire captain, the undaunted glandolinian fire man. He came with water and grenades had fought the flames back from that peerless filled wing. Reaching out the window, the fireman flung out to the fire man below to take the hose and let it drop to the ground. Then the two fire men climbed out of the window, down the shaky ladder, and then the fire captain took up the fight against the flames, which were roaring and booming in front.

"Push that stream over there." He called pointing to the pile of wreckage, nearest the main part of the burning building.

"Swish." The stream hit the wreckage with its full force, and the men at the nozzle carried the stream as close as they dared get to the face of the awful heat. Turning their big helmets around, to protect their faces, with the long black visors they moved steadily to the roaring flame, while the captain stood and looked at the wing where the powder was stored, lest the flames might dart up there again.

"How is that end right there?" asked the chief pointing to the center of the burning building.

"Get that in a minute." briefly answered the glandolinian fire captain, never taking his eyes from the rear wing. Several minutes of the most desperate fighting went on, then the flames in the wreckage seemed to be partly subdued, and the glandolinian fire captain called for the stream to be moved forward, to the center.

"Strike that place." he yelled pointing to a lower lower window where the fire had suddenly shown. With a rush these seven fire men went forward, sending the stream through the lower window, straight at the roaring flames. There was a puff, a light cloud of smoke arose as they attacked, and the glandolinian fireman hesitated a moment.

"Don't be afraid fellows. Come on with the hose." Yelled the fire captain leaping forward and grasping the nozzle to lead the fight. Never would he cast any of his men in any place that he would not go himself. Therefore he grasping the hose, and the rush for the lower window. Swish. He directed the stream, through the window. Another light cloud of smoke arose, the fire men stood still in their fight and then the fire captain gave the hose a jerk, forward.

"We have got to go through there." He commanded. Looking for the window the glandolinian fire captain stood there, with his helmet pulled clear across his eyes, and shot the stream directly at the fire. Then seeing that the fire had moved back under the desperate assault, he threw a leg on the sill, lifted himself upward, pulled the nozzle up, and sitting on the sill he directed the outpour of water into the fire from this perch.

crowd of onlooking Glandolinians was struck with awe at the notion of the fire captain at this time, and watched with every interest his movements at the hose. For a minute the glandolinian fire captain slipped from the sill to the inner side of the window, his foreman leaped up beside him, and the two brave daring firemen, started the assault from the inside. The captain knew the reason for this. He knew had to stop that rear wing from taking fire, and this was the very place that would do it, if it were not stopped. "Push it!" he muttered facing the roaring flames dragging the hose a little. Then the two fire men disappeared from sight, and for several minutes the crowd of onlooking glandolinians took long breaths waiting eagerly for the reappearance of the fire man, over and over gazing at the roaring flames which was now spreading in the front part of the burning prison. Suddenly there was a loud fall rumble, several, short, sharp reports, then deafening roar, and clouds of smoke and flame leaped out of that rear window on the lower floor. The building was so sturdy high the walls tottered for a moment, then swayed outward, there was heaving of the floors, and then while the crowd watched and held its breath, without lifting even a grain, the walls settled down and fell to the ground with a roar that resembled a thousand cannon in action. Of other fire departments fighting a battle from other quarters, twenty fire men were buried and killed under the work, and two steamers demolished and a pair of horses killed. And these two brave glandolinian firemen were or seemed buried beneath the fallen walls and floors of that rear corner portion of the Bell-Shell-Shell prison.

"Heaven's help these poor children, who are still in that burning building, at the very parish." Yelled poor violet, as she and her sisters saw their hands, at starting helplessly at the new wreck, strewn with the charred bodies of the burned children. The glandolinian fire chief though now a new crisis was reached, tried orders to his own fire men like thunder bolts.

"Come. Let a number of us go to bring out the wounded and killed fire men of the company No. 115. You get men to drag out that hose. Never mind these held and children. Pull the firemen and hose clear. Swearingington keeps the pumping engine going full speed, and we will go in and get the two fire men. Let the old glandolinian dogs burn, they were only brought here to die any way."

gave a fearful of any danger to himself, within minutes of the blistering heat, of the terrible flames which leaped in great three hundred foot tongues of flame from the new wreckage to greet the fighters, and to give a defiance of them, then rushed toward the place, and with twenty fire men worked on the head of hose to bring it forth from the wrecked building, while others lag in the rush to bring out the bodies of the dead fire men of the other company.

"Work it out. Pull it harder. Get it in the clearing." Yelled the chief seeing that the fire men's efforts were unavailing. Again the glandolinian firemen saw the fire men attack the hose, and tried to bring it out. But once again it stalled them within more than a dozen of the crowd now ran up, especially those who had gained some control of themselves, and reached for the line of hose. Just as they moved back to pull, there was a loud shout from the crowd of people farther away and a long four inch stream shot high into the air, washing down the sides of the tower filled wing like a cloud burst, fighting back the volume of flames which darted from the rear wing, and leaped and roared toward the north section. Some one within the wrecked prison was directing the play of the stream. "Our liveliest fire captain still fighting that place." A hundred cheers for the bravest fire captain that ever named a stream arose. The crowd of onlookers grew greatly excited, laying aside their own minor injuries, and watching the steady play of water against the side of the powder wing. "Come on on the other side of it." Yelled the chief. This indeed was perfectly plain, for the four inch stream of water was first switching first first on in one direction, and then in another, each discharging squarely where the fiercest flames reached out to grasp a foothold. Suddenly the stream of water changed force flames reached out to grasp a foothold. Suddenly the stream of water changed its general course altogether, turning from the sides of the powder wing, and striking right at the immense crowd, hitting the fearful mountain of fire in the inferno like wreckage on the side of the wall which had caved in, the water pouring forth now and then to drench those who stood too near. Streams of water from other companies also was poured upon the fire from an opposite direction, and from other hose hose tops and twenty streams were indeed playing on the fire. "The fire captain is fighting to get out of the jaws of death. Trying to drench the fire in the walls."

To the crowd went up from the crowd, and hoarse yells, and cheers, as the glandolinians and Calvinians ice king at the fire re called the gallantry of the two firemen within, for the one, which ever it may be, who was still keeping up his fight against the most heavy odds with the aid of the other companies. The glandolinian fire chief darted from steamer to steamer and yelled fierce orders to the engineers, to keep up full pressure, that the fire captain was inside that inferno like building, fighting for his life.

"Bayer got out that short lead, and we will back on the main pipe, and take a chance." Yelled Gaurke.

Bayer passed for the hose cart, brought out several leads of hose, laid them on the ground in a hurry, and coupled them up quickly, while Gaurke dashed back and forth like getting the wrench and pipe crews or screws, attaching them to the plugs of the city main, and making ready for the short lead. "Gobbin, get that nozzle." Yelled Gaurke. Gaurke was working like a man and mad man, and he wanted every other fire man to be with him. There was another chance to help, and he was going to take the chance at any hazard.

Below the lead of hose was swung to the plug, a few seconds had passed away the wrench now being twisted round, and the gush and sipping of the water through the hose, and the glandolinian fire man leaped to the other end, to grasp the nozzle. "Keep back there. Keep back." Told George motioning to the other fire men to stand away as he started toward the wrecked portions of the wall. He hit the flames directly, the smoke curled up in great clouds, and the double fight of one company went on, while now two more fire companies were seen, coming that the horses running at a tearing gallop amid the confused clang, calling of the fire gangs. The five inch streams from the inside, and the others from the other companies was washing through the inferno wreckage at a furious rate, and now the new stream of water from the outside washed down the wreckage from that side. George rushed closer and closer, caring naught for the blistering heat of the place, his helmet fell while he jumped and pulled at the hose, and he forgot to pick it up. Any way there was no time for helmets now, his fire captain needed help, and it had to come from somewhere.

"For the love of Mike don't go into that inferno George." Told the fire chief, darting forward when he saw what was the aim of the fire man, but George had gone. Moving as straight as a die to the blazing wreckage, he had found a darkened place in the wall, knew that here the flames were killed off and reaching about and grasping a tight hold on the short lead of hose, he hurled himself through that darkened place, tripping, and tumbling, but keeping ahead. The onlooking crowds of glandolinians and others, women and children, held their breath in awe, a wild yell went up, a cheer of gladness to that brave glandolinian, who dared all for his comrades. Suddenly the stream which had been fighting from within, veered from the blazing wreckage, and again reached the sides of the powder wing. The flames were looking on and knew the reason instantly—the flames had leaped up again in the north portion of the west wing, attacking the pieces of wooden wooden scuttling and brances which stood out from the rear wing of the great prison now on fire.

"Gettin' I'm going in there." Called Guggen heartily, to his comrades moving at the same time along the new lead of hose, bounding very low to protect himself from the roasting heat of the roaring flames, and picking up George's helmet, he suddenly darted along the lead of hose, passed through the darkened spot in the flaming wreckage, tripped and fell a couple of times, but regained his feet, and almost before the crowd of onlookers realized the act, he had disappeared. Once again the yell and cheer arose, though now was weakly, for the organs of glandolinians and calverinians were completely used by the bravery of the glandolinian fire man. Now of the glandolinian fire men were within that roaring furnace. How could they live?

"Great goodness these fire men must come out of that roaring inferno right away. They can't stand that heat." Whined the glandolinian fire chief who standing beside the prison guard watched every single movement of the two fire inch streams and the twenty two others, for now the others had turned against the wreckage, and was dashing the flames to right and left sweeping them completely before it.

"O looks like they know what they are doing." Encouraged the owner of the prison, who wringing his hands, and looking at the scene with wild eyes.

"Guns are ought to bring them out of that smothering furnace. There is no telling when that powder wing will go." Said the prison guard, white faced, and shivering and shuddering with fear and trembling. "The ourselves ought not to be in this dangerous ground. That place will go into the air, and no one will know what happened."

Several who stood about close to the three, heard the guard's words, and quickly dropped back, passing the word of danger along. Like a great wave, though moving evenly and slowly, the great crowd fell back from the burning penitentiary. There was now a chance for the fight from within. Both streams of Cor Corcoran company hit the wreckage of the side wall, burst through the flames, killed off the large tongues which darted out and upward, and then like soldiers marching from parade, these four glandolinian fire men broke through different portions of the wall, two at each nozzle, dragging out as they reached the wreckage, and turned back to fight the blaze from the outside. With a mighty cheer arose from the assembled crowd of men women and children. What a volley of cries, yells and shouts soared into the air, at the sight of these brave glandolinian fire men. The four fell back from the side of the burning building, the streams pounded now on the wreckage and then the glandolinian fire captain signalled for some of the others to take the nozzle. Four eager calverinian firemen leaped forward, and just as they took the nozzle the glandolinian fire captain overcame by the heat of the inner place swooned and fell to the ground.

"Get some water. Pour some water on him." Called the fire chief dashing to the place and picking the captain completely from the ground. The fire captain was unconscious. The flames had done their work so far as over heating him. The middle of a warm cold december afternoon the scorching sun, the fierce cold of winter did no good for the fire captain who fought the roaring flames, which tore through that wreckage, burning up everything in sight, together to the hurried flight which he had made had all over come him. Two or three of the fire men dashed up with pails of water, and this was dashed into the fire captain's face. Just then the foreman staggered staggered away from the nozzle, tried to hold himself on his feet, and before any one could save him, he swooned to the ground as did the fire captain.

water. Four more water on that fire man's face." yelled the fire chief. Numbers the watching crowd now ran to the fire captain on giving aid, forgetting of the crisis of the danger of the powder wing. The second fallen one was picked up, and was from the heat of the place. The other fire men attacked and ascended the fire with desperate rushes, George now watching the walls of the big powder wing, and seeing his six inch stream go over and across men against that place. The fire man soon opened his eyes, while three other departments having arrived were now furious action, six big new streams being poured on the still raging furnace a block a half long.

"Watch that powder wing. Keep the stream pounding up there." the fire captain said, and then swooned again. His first wakeful moment had been thoughtful of the serious fire, and his duty. He had carried him a little further from the furnace like building, which had been called glandolinian fire proof, and glandolinians, calverinians, and Angolinians together stood about and formed a fire captain with their wide winter hats, while the chief put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a flask of brandy. A gulp of this went sinning in the fire captain's throat, and he opened his eyes again, trying his best to get his feet.

"Say where you are James Gannon. You will be alright in minutes or two." Muttered the glandolinian fire chief, laying a hand on the captain's cold shoulder to rouse him.

"Bring some grenades Gebbin." Told Roy Guggen who had command of the fire now, in the change that was made.

Crash. Crash. Two of the extinguishers went into the wreckage of the wall, a flame in that portion ceased in their battle for freedom, and in that moment a watery stream whirled their watery ammunition into the very heart of the fire, killing it off almost instantly. It seemed to be a fortunate move. More than that, it was indicative of the fire generalship, of that glandolinian fire man Guggen. He had noted the time and place, and had caught the fire before it had time to spread, and through the debris. "Push that wall." He called to George, who still had the lead hose, and these two streams of James Gannon's fire company rushed toward the ill slower and slower, until the water washed the very stumps out of place, were they lay.

"That is the way to do it. The fire is almost gone now—they have almost got it under control now." These were the yells and cheers that arose from the groups of thousands of watchers, perhaps hundreds of thousands, who stood and looked at the fire battle. The fire was beginning to be under control. Five hours had now past since it broke out. Amazingly for the first moment since the battle began had it been placed under control. James Gannon hearing vaguely the noise from crowd from the crowd of glandolinians and others, the roars of cheers which mounted at the sight of the dying flames, turned a little restlessly, and opened his eyes to see the cause of all this.

"Have they got it under control?" He asked.

"Almost under control captain." Told the glandolinian fire chief who had been watching the fire, while he held the fire captain's head in his arms.

"Thank goodness for that. I knew they would get it if they stuck to it for a while." He muttered, trying again to stagger to his feet.

"They have won my one hundred thousand dollars. They have won it. Guggen for some fire men." Told the owner of the prison walking up and down in front of the crowd of glandolinians, the great pouring from him in a stream, for he had all the while aided in the fight, while he waved his arms about, and pulled his hat over one side of his head to the other. "Keep that powder wing from going, and an extra one hundred thousand goes to your brave captain." He bawled out again. At the glandolinian fire men needed no encouragement. This first lull in the spread of the flames, encouraged them more, than anything else would, and they charged at the fire with even greater zeal, intent only on drenching the ruins, and putting out the blaze. James Gannon was helped to his feet, and leaned on the arms of the glandolinian fire chief, while he watched the fire men with interest, though too weak yet to get into the fight himself.

"How is the foreman?" He asked spying that fire man leaning on the arms of another. "He is alright. Get the same treatment as you did." answered the glandolinian fire chief. "You ought not to have gone in there, in the first place."

"This was not intended as a rebuke rebuke to the fire captain. He well knew that."

"If we had not gone in there, that powder wing would have gone." He said. "Don't you know there is a door down there on the level that the fire was getting to?"

"I had to stay and fight it out around that door."

"How did you ever miss being hit in there, when she caved?" Asked the fire chief.

"I didn't want to be on this side. You see the fire. They alone stayed in their position, and made a covering over us. All we got was a lot of mortar dust, and that sort of thing. There was air from the other side."

A few minutes passed and then the fire in the center seemed to be completely under control. The glandolinian fire men, though it still burned like a inferno where the first explosion occurred. James Gannon managed to find the strength to get over near the leads of hose, and to direct the work. There was little left remained to be done in that portion, but to fight out the remaining flames, which darted out now and then from the ruins of the building. The fire had

But every now and then the fire sprung up from among the ruins elsewhere, and the thick clouds of smoke, told the alarming truth, that under the ruins there was a regular inferno of wreckage, which the fire men could not get at. Almost flung out by the long light, without water to drink, or a moment's rest, the landolinian fire men continued at the work, the many streams pounding mercilessly, across the ruins and extinguishing the high tongues of flame, which had dared leap out in defiance. The other companies themselves had hard work with the other burning portions.

"Gee wins, look at that fire." Yelled the owner of the prison as he saw the blazing portion, which the other companies were battling in vain, grow worse than a furnace, lighting the evening sky to a great distance. The captain of one of the other companies dashed around the end of the prison toward the rear and found the place in the upper stories which were burning.

"Jewin take your gun, and go up to the second. Go out on the galley, and climb the fire escape to the third floor. Out through there, and we will get the stream up." Ordered the fire captain. "From Hobbie, you and Gabbie take the stream up behind him. Climb out there, and hit it. Smash the hole. That way stop it quickly from spreading."

The hose crew grabbed their nozzles, and started quickly for the stairway which was a fire also. Swish. The stream came swirling and swirling through the hose, the leads twisting and squirming under the pressure of the water, which fairly drenched the blazing stairway, enabling them to get up. Though burned the stairs were yet firm. The fire captain led up the front steps two at a time, tripped over the hose in his hurry, and treading his feet, he darted up the flight of stairs to the second floor. Along the dark broad hall he raced into the back room. That room was worse than a furnace. All the material inside were blazing like wildfire. The flames had spread from a pile of rags and other material, through the draperies to the scuttle hole, up to the third floor, and out that way. This room had belonged to the owner of the prison. The heavy smoke of oil hung over the room.

"This big fire was started by some one, and by the way, it's no doubt." He muttered back, and closing the door to keep down the furious spread of the flames, which had scattered all about the room, making havoc among the things that were in there. Then he started back, leaped up the hall to the gallery, cut that way to the third floor, by a flight of steps, and saw the men shooting the stream into the hole, which Jewin had quickly cut in the floor of the third story. Hearing within like caged dragons, the flames leaped out and licked along the edge of the rough hole, but the three fire men at the nozzle were prosecuting their work with an accuracy of which any fire man could be proud.

"Send up three or four grenades." Shouted the captain from the third floor.

A few seconds later, a landolinian fire man came bounding up the steps with the extinguishers in his arms, four of them, and the fire captain grasped one.

Gabbie sent it into the hole, where it crashed against the rafters inside, but the hot flames did not waver, but roared defiantly. This part of the fire was beyond the power of grenades. Instantly Jewin and the two others, Gabbie, and Hub pulled their line nearer the hole, and poured many gallons of water down into the sea of fire, but they only increased their fiery destruction.

"Bring the hose down to the rear hall." Commanded the fire captain seeing the fire was beyond control, and that the third floor was threatening to come in.

Crash. Gabbie the fire captain hurled the three remaining grenades through the door, as it crashed to the floor, being burned loose, but the flames poured out of the opening in red fiery sheets. At that instant seeing the danger of the hall taking fire, the men at the hose went at their work with a will. Like demons they fairly whirled the water through the door, their helmets pulled low to protect their raw faces from the terrible heat, while the water, swished, whirled and pounded around the roving inferno, but only bringing great clouds of steam.

The whole south end of the wing of the prison was threatened to be wiped out by fire, and the mayor was now appealing for help or sending in a new pool for help from all the nearest fire departments, around to save the endangered powder wing. But still the mayor had a sudden too late mysterious warning of disaster that might come to some of the numbers of the plucky fire men. This big fire was a most serious one, for though twenty six streams were poured upon it from all sides, they had no effect. The whole east wing of the prison was in a danger of burning down, half a r already being a total loss. The clouds of smoke smoke that rolled to the sky reminded one of a volcanic eruption. And the more the fire men worked, the more vastly larger did the smoke clouds and stream become and yet great blotches of red flame could be seen rising above the roof of the portions that had not caved. Every heart in the crowd thrilled with the thoughts of the deeds that must lie ahead for the fire departments, for many had to fight the raging flames from the no lightening roof of the endangered powder wing and the other east wing. It was a thrilling day of duty, and probable disaster. The new arriving fire departments had halted their steamers not many hundreds of yards from the edge of the great blaze, that seemed destined to destroy the whole prison. It was a fearful day's work, full of danger, and already in this

work eighteen fire men had been killed and more than a hundred had been sent to the hospitals on account of injuries received from fallen walls, or being trapped by fire, or overcome by heat and smoke or injured from falling timbers. Every heart in the crowd trembled when they saw the catastrophe. It was never pleasant to hear that death was so near at hand, not waiting to be sought.

ing ladders were already up against the side of the powder wings, which two companies were doing their best to keep wet. One of the fire captains was already making a swift ascent of one of the ladders, while the others with the hose made a valiant work of getting up after his captain, and of helping to drag the hose. Quickly the captain was over the roof on the roof, his companion after him. Then the hose man leaned over to help.

"Play away Engine company No. Eight."

As soon as the command rang out, and the stream filled and bulged the hose the roof of the powder wing was suddenly discovered to be blazing. Quickly the hose man leaned over and again helped.

"Captain says, come up twenty six men, and several pipe men."

Sergeant Dunn heard the word and obeyed, and twenty six fire fighters, had placed their tools and went up the long shaky ladder. As soon as they had reached the roof, the fire warriors of the blaze were already busy busy ripping up a portion of the blazing roof, the burning to the making thick black smoke. The men began in prying up the loosened boards. The captain besides leaning forward, was himself directing the work. It was hard, hot work, here on the roof, for it had caught in good earnest. From the fire being in the roof, the fire as a captain could only conclude that the blaze here had a start from sparks falling from the other fire. That portion of the roof was blazing furiously, but they soon had it out, and now began playing on the burning east wing. It was vital and it looked on it the twenty six fire departments could not have saved that doomed west wing.

"Isn't this terrible." Shouted the fire captain. "And it is like this throughout the building. Everywhere it is blazing now, that it won't be long for this blazing structure, to collapse and spread a blazing conflagration all over the adjoining houses and start a new fire."

These flames having long ago retreated hurried from the spot, deciding to go inside the burning building, to see where a stick of dynamite could be laid in the best way. He decided to blast the worst blazing place, near the fire here wherever until he was battling against the thick smoke in the burning front hallway of the west wing. Gabbie was on, close behind him.

"Get back out of this Gabbie." Ordered captain Cannon.

"I don't want to." Objected Gabbie. "If you get caught in a trap here, I'm on hand to get you out or get help."

So Gabbie stayed close to his captain who quickly decided in favor of a middle room, on the first floor as being the place where the explosive could be placed. Gabbie, however, the fire captain began chopping into the solid woodwork of the wall to cut through, or cut out a nest for the charge of dynamite. When when chopped enough they placed the charge quickly, cut, and started the fuse and then waited. But in the street the fire captain and the companies were drawn back, while the Galverinian police had driven the crowds down to almost the next street or blocks. The two fire men came or from the prison came darting out, they found the street clear ahead of them. Only they saw Violet and her sisters standing among the other white slave prisoners not far away. But one of the fire men was shouting, his voice drowned in the roar of the swiftness of streams the puffing of engines and the roaring and booming of the blaze. Violet a burned and looked at the burning buildings she did so her heart stood still, with the sudden sickness of an awed pity. At the window of the top floor of the other wing a child leaned out shrieking a portion of that wing had caught fire. The child was trapped by the sea of fire below and as above, unable to get down, trapped at the top of the prison on the west wing was a wing wing, which at any second would totter and crumble through an explosion of dynamite.

"I can't leave her there to die like that." Panted Violet as she ran toward the burning east wing.

"Here you young and girls." Roared James Cannon running up beside her. "That child cannot be saved, and we don't want her to be. And you your self will only go to your death. Come back."

As James Cannon reached out to catch her however, Violet tripped him to the ground, and darted on.

"Stay right where you are." Screamed Violet in her shrill bird like voice. "I'll get you out."

As Violet, given rushed into the house, she had only one idea in her mind for the moment. That was to reach the dynamite, stamp out the fuse, seize the explosive and hot it out of doors. True the dynamite might explode wrecking the house at that portion, just at the moment when she reached it. The smoke in the hall way was more stifling than before as she battled her way through the pall. But she found the dynamite, with the fuse almost on the point of explosion.

"In ten seconds more and I would have called skyward." She shuddered as she put out the fuse. Seizing the explosive she darted out through the hall way to the door. In the street police officer was having a hard time of it getting away from captain James Cannon. This however police suddenly did by slipping off her coat and something she came darting up the steps just as Violet reached the door. "Here is the dynamite. Take it and rush away with it from the flames."

And Violet.

Joise obeyed like a flash, while Violet who had hardly paused now, turned and made her way up the stairs. The first flight was not so difficult, but on the second flight of stairs, the smoke was so intense, and the heat so high, that poor Violet barely got through the zone of suffocation alone. On the third flight it was much harder, and the ascending ascending hot air nearly strangled her.

"It is a wonder that I can live through this," quavered the child, gasping for air as she reached the top of the third flight. "And I don't believe the other child can live through it either. We will have to get down some other way." In a front room on the top floor after climbing the other two flights, and almost dead from suffocation, she found the poor little girl crouching from the sill or by the sill, leaning her head far out for air as she shrieked.

"I'm here, little girl," said Violet quietly as she touched her on the shoulder. "Now we have got to find a way out by God's help."

The little girl sprang up and uttered a cry of joy.

"You can save me," he cried breathlessly clasping her hands. "Can you carry me down the stairs? I'm too weak to walk."

The stairs may be burning now and are impassable, little girl. It may be death for both of us to try to get down that way."

"Oh then what?"

"Wait, I must see what I can do."

Leaving out of the window Violet Vivian shouted;

"Have any of you fire men got a ladder near?"

Captain Cannon was there and so was his own fire men who had come closer to the pump in the streams more directly, knowing that the dynamite was taken out.

"You christian dogs cannot have any ladders," bellowed the Glandelinian fire captain through his trumpet. "You took the chances, now save your selves."

The child heard this. She had been standing at the side of Violet Vivian, looking at her hopeful, and when she heard the fire captain's cruel answer, she suddenly recoiled, then plunged and fainted on the floor. Violet heard her fall, but paid no heed at the moment but again shouted;

"Please bring a life net. It's stifling up here. Please do."

This the fire men refused to do, while below two Glandelinians went into the burning building, groping through the smoke, laying another charge of dynamite, then retreating in hot haste. Violet knew the meaning of their hasty retreats without hesitating, but with her eyes bulging with fear and suffocation, she picked up the child, rejoicing to find how light she was, then staggered with her bare burden from the room and into the hall, which in many places was already blazing fiercely. Soon down the half blazing stairway she went, her lungs pain for air. How she wished for air. But yet she thought of that dynamite, and this hastened her on. From the top flight she went to the one leading to the other floor below. This part was completely air tight. Violet was suffering terribly from suffocation, and almost strangled from the smoke, but despite her coming distress, and her head swimming, she proceeded on, reaching the third floor. Down these steps she sped, and it seemed as if she could not go on any more. Yet to step would only increase the danger. Her head already swimming like a top, she reached the second floor, which seemed like a death trap. To her horror she found where the steps had been, there was now a roaring furnace. This was the only avenue of escape, excepting by jumping from the windows. Violet could not help making a rush for the window with her burden. Air she must have, and as she leaned out to get her breath, a dull boom sounded, the partly blazing hall swayed, the walls trembled and tottered, then the whole floor caved in down completely into an almost formless mass of ruins, quickly becoming a roaring sea of fire. Violet was standing on the broad window sill, with her burden, still gasping for air, as she had been safe. But to escape all together, was only by jumping from that window. Everywhere else it was impossible. What a high jump she would have to make. But now with those huge tongues of flame leaping toward her, caused her to become more terrified, and she jumped without knowing that she did it, but fortunately by God's mercy she landed on a pile of water soaked half burned mattresses and rugs, beside the wall which were steering. Gasping for air she staggered toward the crowd, and why she did not faint was probably by the help of a helping hand of God. Then the crowd though most of them were Glandelinians, could not help giving a wild cheer for her bravery. The blaze which was a furious one, had now spread to a big room filled with big cans of oil. There was a flash, a quick tremendous explosion, and burning ether was scattered all over the place. A barrel of alcohol opened at the plug by the heat had taken fire, and here in the east wing was now a first class blaze fed by the worse and hottest fuels. This building seemed about to be gutted in a great flare of flames. It seemed no necessary for some fire departments to get to the roof to fight it. So with a squad of men and with a lead of hose, they climbed up and began to sound the thinly covered roof with axes to test its condition. The fire was burning briskly down below, but the large roof of the uncovered part of the building seemed strong enough to hold a regiment. As the captain went forward in the lead striking the tin in front of him with his axe, he called back;

"Come on men, she will hold us alright."

The next thing that he knew, was that he was spluttering out cinders in the next floor.

The fire had burned out the supports in the center of the portion, and when the fire captain put his feet on the weakened spot, the roof gave way with a roar, letting him down slowly for a ten foot drop. Then the men who were behind him saved themselves by rushing back to the walls. They hurried down to the street calling; "The captain's gone," and started up the ladders to the top floor to dig him out, but they met him as he came to the window. He was cut and burned considerably, but that was all. As we never tried to figure out how he escaped that time. It was the case of a lucky, which keeps fire men from being killed, when they are taking desperate chances chance on chances. This was a bad fire indeed. Time after time the fireman working in the rear of the east wing, apparently had the flames chipped down to a mere smudge, only to have them break out again, and with renewed fierceness. This building was full with heavy prison material, but it was a strong building, the remaining walls of the west wing were standing staunch and true, and the floors were apparently sound. A big squad of fire men, of engine company number ten, started out to take the lead of hose, in through a window on the first floor, to gain a point from which the fire could be fought to great advantage. They had not been in on the floor, and though every second was valuable, the captain stopped the men, and climbed through the window to see if the floor was safe. It was a thick floor and it held his weight, which was greater than the average fireman's, without a quiver.

"All right," he said and they rushed in like a squad of soldiers, given the word to charge the enemy. One of those twenty eight that went in, however saw alive again. A minute after he had let them go, that floor gave way with a deafening roar, the entire portion of the rear part of the walls, all caved in sending up clouds of smoke, and those twenty eight men getting firemen went down in a cloud of blazing fire. Most of them who were killed or badly injured, and four of them died. The building was now pretty well gutted, and one of the high remaining walls was getting shakier. Shortly after this Glandelinian fireman and fifteen fire men, from the engine companies, with hoses down over their shoulders, were heading those loads of hose, and pouring their water on the roaring flames, which almost stopped their faces from the awful heat. Captain Cannon saw their great danger—it would have been divine to say any one but those and looked fifteen firemen, fight under a Glandelinian fire horse—and shouting;

"Go, look there and get back from that wall."

They paid no such attention to Captain Cannon as if they had been stone deaf. He and several of his companions ran over and started shoving one another back into the street and out of danger.

"Now you are told to get back, get back," he said. "You obey orders."

Then he turned his back and hurried to other points of the furnace like buildings. The wall fell before he had gone ten yards, and as he looked around for the one hundred and fifteen fire men. The moment his back was turned, they had returned again to play their streams in that place of deadly peril, and when the wall fell it landed there beneath the tricks—dead. This was the same wall that had brought down the rear of the main floor, merely saving out the other twenty eight firemen. That was indeed horrible, reckless horrible. These Glandelinian fire men saw that that they could work to better advantage under that tattering wall. They knew they were taking chances, but took them without a single thought, and in the face of their superior orders. They had taken chances often before and escaped. It was a part of their trade to take them. They died foolishly perhaps, but they died well, and though they were wicked Glandelinians they were playing the part of men at least. This was an exciting fire in more than one way for the chief fire mayor. Hearing that the west wing of the prison was already a total loss, and as the west wing burning, he jumped into his motor car and was whirled away toward the scene of the fire. The speed limit of this motor car was about seventy miles an hour. They were not running quite up to that limit, but not far from it. Going up Vanity Fair avenue, a front wheel flew off, and the machine, the driver, and the chief fire mayor went across a side walk crowded with people and into a wooden fence like a bullet. The chief fire mayor got a sprained ankle, but James Fumper the driver was killed, his head having been crushed and mangled. The machine was badly wrecked and out of business and every one in the crowd hit by the machine injured or some killed. But the mayor while others were attending ending to the dead and injured, jumped into another, and hurried on to the fire with only a few minutes loss of time.

The whole west wing itself was a furnace when he reached it. On the top floor, and the fourth and fifth of the rear part was yet untouched, and the fire men were absorbed in putting out putting out the flames. In front of them contrary to the usual conclusion of all else. They had forgotten about their own safety. It took a quick look at the entire roof for any one to see that it was ready to cave in at any moment. There were already twenty seven engine companies working on the inferno, every man oblivious to the danger above his head. Before the barrowed machine had stopped, the chief fire mayor was out of it despite his injured ankle and rushing into a part of the yet unburned portion of the building he shouted;

"Get out every body out. The roof is going to cave in."

With commands, blows, and shoves, the glandelinian firemen who were inside were driven out in a hurry. As the last man got out the roof collapsed and caved in, causing one of the walls to fall in a formless mass of ruins. Lieutenant Abbie Kabbie now went up a ladder to put a lead of hose through a rear window on the third floor, which was beginning to blaze. The ladder was wet and slippery, and Abbie fell. Above a door on the first floor was a wide peaked stone, and as Abbie landed smack on this sill, as a sack filled with oats, apparently stone dead, with every bone in his body smashed. He was taken down and placed in an ambulance, which had arrived with several others to get the injured firemen. When the fire fighting was resumed, so the chief fire mayor turned to the sidewalk, to see Abbie fighting with the ambulance men against going to the hospital.

"I'm alright," he cried. "Go away from me." "You are all smashed to pieces," said the doctor. "You have got to come along if you want to live."

"Do I have to go mayor?" He asked of the Mayor. "I can still fight fire. My back is not broken."

"Well I'll break it for you quick enough if you do not obey orders and go along," the chief mayor said, laughing. "The fire is kind and my boy." It was not out, but it was the only thing that would satisfy him.

"Oh," he said. "All right chief." Just then in front of the burning building more than a hundred fear-stricken faces were at the windows above the fourth floor. A moment later an awful wall of terror went up from more than a hundred tongues, and the expression on those little innocent faces changed to despair. It certainly touched a soft spot in the hearts of Violet and her sisters. For the windows from which the flames poured was the window that opened on the only fire escape, and escape was entirely out off for these there (not some hot air).

"God help them," muttered Joice, and her sisters echoed their prayer. A young girl stood at the fourth story window with a baby in her arms and began to wail. (The wind also wails)

"Oh save my baby sister. Oh please save my baby sister." Instantly the hundreds of others began to plead for help. Boys cursed and women thirped their heads hopelessly. Bigger girl children hugged their smaller sisters, or tossed their hair in fright. Little children clung to the bigger, and cried helplessly. A moment of indescribable horror, and the flames and smoke rolled upward, then despair, then desperation, and then what Violet and her sisters feared more than ever, than the result of the great fire, the start of the panic. The young girl on the fourth floor climbed out to the sill, preparing to hurl herself into the street. If one jumped, Violet and her watching sisters knew the others would follow, and they would come tumbling and twisting to their deaths on the stones below, because the cruel glandelinians knowing them to be child slaves refused to rescue them. Directing their voices at the young girl, and paying no attention to the screams of the glandelinians, Violet and her sisters began to call as calmly as they could:

"Don't be afraid. Don't jump." "The ladders are right around the corner," shouted Joice, and we will have you down as soon as possible ourselves, if the glandelinian murderers won't rescue you. Don't jump."

and Violet and her sisters never knew that it would be five minutes before they could expect the firemen to bring the first ladder. In the roaring and booming of the flames, and the incessant wailing above, their sweet bird-like voices were not heard in the upper stories. Violet gave Joice a hand, and boosted her up to the stand up the stand pipe to the first balcony of the fire escape, and the jeers, and cat calls of all the fire men, who did not dare go near enough to such a dangerous furnace to hinder the little heroines.

Joice now reached down Violet a hand and helped her up, while her other sisters went to find some ladders. Violet and Joice were nearer to the frightened children now, and they kept on shouting:

"Don't jump. The ladders will be here in a minute. There is no danger. Stay right where you are."

It was completely impossible for the two human little fairies to stay on the fire escape with the big flames curling out at them, and they climbed along an edge to a window. From here they managed some how to climb to the third floor. Then they pleadingly begged the frightened children on the upper stories to stay where they were, and not jump. It was the only chance to save them. The fire at that part was yet very insignificant, the danger was from a possible panic. Some how, probably from their presence alone, (being so beautiful as well as brave) they held them there until the ladders came, and the work was begun by the little "ivian" girls alone. Joice and Violet slid down the ladder with a baby under each arm. These placed in safety, they again darted toward the ladder, and rushed up to the fourth floor. It was terribly smoky up there on the fourth floor, it was completely suffocating. Violet found an eight old year old boy already suffocated to death by the black smoke. These kind of rescues were indeed too slow, but soon accomplished altogether to the rage and indignation of the firemen and the crowds. Only five more were left to be rescued. The fire was fearful by this time, every room on that portion on fire, and soon it would be too late to do anything for those remaining helpless children.

Even when the ladder reached the window where they were standing, almost obscured in smoke, they were afraid to attempt the climb down through the smoke from the lower floors. They were all helpless with fright. When Violet and her sisters reached the window, the frightened children hung back even afraid to trust them. There was no time for ceremony. The building might cave in at any moment now. Violet reached through the window drew this out, and slid down the ladder to the ground her sisters doing the same before she did, for she handed a child to them first. As soon as all the rescued ones were saved, most of the walls caved in with a roar, the fire burning more fiercely than ever. Only the back rooms of this wing were still intact though already smoking and smoke smouldering, and the glandelinian firemen decided to go in and try once more to check the blaze.

"If the fire ever gets past the back rooms," uttered Gannon as he trust open the street door to look in. "There won't be anything left to this place."

"Shall I turn in another alarm and bring another company here?" asked Gabbie. "No rush the hose in here boys. Axe and pike men follow. We have got to fight the fire hand to hand, and never mind boys."

James Gannon himself darted out to get an axe. He secured the axe and darted back. One young fellow with raven black hair, and a small black mustache brushed close to the glandelinian hero. As he did so the unknown made a swift move of hand and arm, that is well known to pick pockets. But the stranger who ever he was, took nothing from James Gannon's pockets. Instead he dropped something in them, and then darted quickly away, just as Violet passed the captain.

"Come and get busy there you men with the axes," shouted the fire captain. "I'll be you into it. Never mind a few turns."

The glandelinian fire captain had spun sprung at the head of his axe squad, while the hose men first played a drenching stream into the scorching room.

"Go on, and pike men. Come with me and scatter some of this blazing wood," called James Gannon.

But at this word they sailed, and panels and blazing walls yielded quickly under these hard blows and shoves, placing embers littered the floor, and were played upon while these in the crowd outside heard a deafening explosion from the building. Gabe with a wrench on a hydrant regulating the water pressure, under Kelligans order saw Violet brush close to James Gannon, after that black haired stranger had disappeared. Gannon instantly Gabbie looked, and was thoughtful. Then came a sharp order from Kelligan and Gabbie's mind was turned back wholly to his duties.

Over a mascot dog of James Gannon which had slept lately at the fire house and had been fed by various vagrant members of the company had kept at the back guard. Yet that knowing glandelinian dog was at the thrilling fire which had already burned over eight hours, as he felt it his duty to be. He was moving in and out of the crowd, sniffing at people's legs in an inquiring way, when he suddenly stopped short. His hair bristled, and a growl came from between his teeth, as his nose detected the presence of some one behind poor Violet. "Gee-gee-gee-gee," he uttered savagely, and poor little Violet

fearing that the dog was mad, and was going to attack her, jumped back several feet bumping into a woman as she squeezed in a jiffy Gabbie's abandoned wrench and hydrant.

"Come on, one to the hydrant," he demanded of Kelligan, and dashed up the steps of the rear portion still standing.

"Where is the captain?" he demanded shouting up at the doors of one of the blazing back rooms.

"Here," answered James Gannon from near one of the windows.

"Oh James—oh Violet—ivian—girl that young Angelinian or glandelinian prince in the crowd thrust something into your pocket—oh sure she did—and never forgetting something awful at the little girls now." (He was growling at the black haired man.)

"Which pocket?" demanded the glandelinian fire captain stopping back.

"That one," James Gannon laying a hand on the pocket. Quickly James Gannon thrust his hand into his pocket, and both he and Gabbie changed color in a twinkling. As it was brief instant both glandelinian fire men glanced at each other at a quick glimpse in James Gannon's hand.

"Dynamite," whispered James Gannon in a voice that could barely be heard. Then he tossed it out into the yard through an open window, while at another room of the window, Gourke and four others had hoisted a burning lounge.

"Out with it," roared Gourke and the blazing lounge went heaving through the door. Lounge and dynamite struck some feet apart, but from the burning articles of furniture, a shower of sparks went up, and settled, some of them touching the bed of dynamite.

The explosion that the crowd of onlooking glandelinians outside outside the burning building heard.

"What the low of Mike!" roared Gourke falling back. "What was that I wonder?"

"Dynamite," said James Gannon quietly, going through his other pockets while Gabbie quivered speechlessly.

